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APRIL—SEPTEMBER 1820.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

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T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON.

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FRANCIS CHANTREY, SCULPTOR.

A man of genius and taste, Gray the poet, lamented that his native country had made no advance in sculpture. This reproach has been removed, and removed too by a masterly hand. Those who wish to trace the return of English sculpture from the foreign artificial and allegorical style, to its natural and original character—from cold and conceited fiction to tender and elevated truth, will find it chiefly in the history of Francis Chantrey and his productions. Of him, and of them, we shall try to render some account. For it is instructive to follow the progress of an original and powerful mind, from the rudeness of its early conceptions, till it comes forth with native and unborrowed might in creations of grace, and beauty, and dignity.

Francis Chantrey was born at Norton, a small village on the borders of Derbyshire, on the 7th of April, 1782. His ancestors were in respectable if not opulent circumstances, and some heritable possessions still belong to the family. He was deprived of his father very early in life, and being an only child, was educated by his mother with abundance of tenderness and solicitude. He attended the school at Norton—but of his progress there, we have been unable to obtain any particular account. Education and agriculture shared his time between them till his seventeenth year; and a farmer's education is not always the most liberal. About this time he became weary of the pursuits of his forefathers, and resolved to study the law under a respectable solicitor at Sheffield. Whether this was his own choice or that of his relations we have not learned, and it matters not, for another destiny awaited him. To accident, we owe much of what we are willing to attribute to our wisdom; and, certainly to pure accident, we owe whatever delight we have received from the productions of Mr Chantrey.

During the hours of intermission from labour at the farm, and instruction at the school, he had amused himself in making resemblances of various objects in clay, and to this employment he was much attached. But his affection thus early shown for art was but a matter of amusement—he calculated as little of the scope it presented to the ambition of genius, as he was unconscious that it was the path which nature had prepared for his fame. The day named for commencing his new profession arrived, and with the usual eagerness of youth for novelty, he reached Sheffield a full hour sooner than his friends had appointed to meet him. As he walked up and down the street, expecting their coming, his attention was attracted by some figures in the window of one Ramsay, a carver and gilder. He stopped to examine them, and was not without those emotions which original minds feel in seeing something congenial. He resolved at once to become an artist; and perhaps, even then, associated his determination with those ideas and creations of beauty from which his name is now inseparable. Common wonder is fond of attributing the first visible impulse of any extraordinary mind to some singular circumstance, but nothing can be better authenticated than the fact which decided the destiny of his talents. What his friends thought of his sudden resolution it is useless to inquire—we have heard that they did not condole with him, like the illustrious Burns over the pursuits of Fergusson:

> "Thy glorious parts
> Ill suited laws dry musty arts."

The labours in which Ramsay employed him were too limited for his powers; his hours of leisure were therefore dedicated to modelling and drawing, and he always preferred copying nature. He had no other idea of style but that with which nature supplied him—he had his own notions of art and of excellence to rough-hew for himself, and the style and character he then formed, he pursues with success now. These we have learned were much more pleasant speculations to him than to Ramsay, who, incensed

either at the enthusiasm with which they were followed, or the success with which they were executed, defaced them, and ordered all such labours to be discontinued in future. For this conduct, it is difficult to find either an excuse or a parallel. But true genius, no power on earth can keep back—it will work its way to distinction through all the obstructions of folly or envy. It loves to expatiate in secrecy over its future plans—it contemplates its growing powers with silent joy, and prepares to come forth on the world, in the fulness of might and the freshness of beauty.

It is related at Sheffield, that during the intervals of ordinary labour, Mr Chantrey was not to be found amusing himself like other young men—that he retired to his lodgings, and light might be seen in his window at midnight—frequently far in the morning—and there he might be found working at groupes and figures with unabated diligence and enthusiasm. Of these early efforts, little is visible—except the effect they wrought. It is said, that his mother took great interest and delight in his early productions; and this venerable woman enjoys the unspeakable felicity of living to rejoice in her son's reputation.

He continued nearly three years in the employment of Ramsay, and the clandestine labours of his leisure hours began to obtain notice. Judicious counsellors seldom fall to the lot of early genius, and Mr Chantrey found friends who, in the warmth of misjudging zeal, wished to obtrude him on the world before his talents were matured, or his hand or his mind disciplined. Others, of more discernment, confirmed him in his natural and correct notions of art, and directed his enthusiasm. Among the latter, was Raphael Smith—himself a man of no common talents. He soon discovered that the young artist's powers to excel in art equalled his ambition—and he encouraged him to pursue the attainment of excellence; for in sculpture, as in poetry and painting, no one is charmed with mediocrity, though all are doomed to endure it.

Sculpture is a profession infinitely more laborious than painting, depending on shape and expression for its fascination—demanding an acquaintance not only with varied nature—but with curious and delicate mechanical operations, and with that rare talent of combining the conceptions of genius with the niceties of acquired skill. The march therefore of the sculptor to distinction is a long one—and with much of this mechanical knowledge Mr Chantrey had to become acquainted when he went to London. He had also other obstacles to surmount—the artificial and unnatural style imported from Italy and France, and which had been supported by the ablest Sculptors of England.

Our sculpture, till lately, never sought to free itself from the absurdities and allegorical subtleties of the foreign school. Nature was working her own free way with art, and working successfully, till our literature, as well as our sculpture, was overwhelmed by a flood which accompanied Charles II. to his throne. Art then fell off from reflecting nature—began to speak an obscure language—full of dark conceits and remote personifications. The common figures of poetry or speech were exalted into monumental heroes and heroines, illustrated by symbols as unintelligible as themselves. Nor did allegory remain pure and unmixed—Death was made to extend his figurative dart at the substantial bosom of a lady, whose husband endeavoured to avert it with an arm of flesh. And the conceits of the sculptor were worse than his allegory—the Duke of Argyle expires on his monument, while the pen of Fame is writing him Duke of Greenwich—a title that awaited him,—turning the monument of a hero into the record of a contemptible conceit: and these are favourable specimens.

On a mind unschooled in the conceited pedantries of art, the impression must have been curious and bewildering. Art must not pretend to instruct nature—what is not of nature cannot be of art—nothing better can be found to be imitated, and those who wish to excel can only collect the members of beauty together which nature has scattered over creation. The true beau-ideal is only a speculation of man on the perfection of nature—its beauty must be tried by nature, and by her permission must it stand, or by her sentence it must fall. Our poetry, our philosophy, and our actions, reflect the might, and the bold and peculiar character of the people. Should the nation pass away, her works and her deeds will always command admiration and awe, and will

tell to future ages the national mind and the national might. Sculpture alone has refused to receive this strong and original stamp—it speaks with no native tongue, it wears no native garb. It grows not out of our minds and souls, nor does it claim limb or lineament of the heroic islanders.

In his twentieth year, Mr Chantrey purchased the remainder of his engagement from Ramsay, and the separation gave mutual pleasure. In the month of May 1802, he went to London, and began to apply himself with ardent diligence to the study of sculpture. But those who expect this ardour to continue unabated must consent to be disappointed, for in June the same year, we find him on his way to Dublin, resolved to make a tour through Ireland and Scotland. With his motives for this journey, we profess not to be acquainted; these are not regions eminent for the productions of art, and likely to attract young artists. A dangerous fever arrested his progress at Dublin, and he did not entirely recover till the ensuing summer. His illness cured him of love for travelling; he returned to London in autumn, and, with his return, his studies were recommenced.

His application was great, and his progress was rapid and visible. He had already conceived the character of his works, and wanted only opportunity to invest them with their present truth and tenderness. One of his earliest works is a bust of his friend, Raphael Smith, created with a felicity at that time rare in bust sculpture. Surrounded, as it now is, with the busts of more eminent men, it is usually singled out by strangers as a production of particular merit. Akin to this is his bust of Horne Tooke, to which he has communicated an expression of keen penetration and clear-sighted sagacity. A colossal head of Satan belongs to this period; and, in the attempt to invest this fearful and undefined fiend with character and form, he has by no means lessened his own reputation. Eclipsed, as it is now, with more celebrated works, its gaze of dark and malignant despair never escapes notice.

Sometime in 1810, he fixed his residence in Pimlico, and constructed a study of very modest dimensions. The absolute nature and singular felicity of his busts procured him immediate and extensive employment. Their fidelity to the living image, and the power and ease with which the character is expressed, the free and unconstrained attitude, have been often remarked and acknowledged. In this department of art his earliest busts placed him beyond rivalship, and there he is likely to continue. His name and his works were already known beyond the limits of London, when he became the successful candidate for a statue of George III. for that city. Competition among artists in finished works is the fair race of reputation, and public criticism compels genius to finish her labours with an elegant and scrupulous exactness. Not so with sketches and drawings. Simplicity is the presiding star of art—a simple design has a mean look, and a man may make imposing sketches on paper, who has not the capacity to follow them to finished excellence. Gentlemen, whether of the city or the plain, may be imposed upon by handsome sketches, as Fluellan was by the valour of ancient Pistol;—"He spoke as brave words, look you, as a man would wish to hear on a summer day." In truth, genius must feel reluctance at thus measuring its might in the dark with inferior minds, and the field of adventure is usually occupied either by men of moderate or dubious merit, or youths, who are willing to risk a chance for distinction. Thus an inferior hand has been permitted to profane the dust of the illustrious Robert Burns. A statue of the inspired peasant from the hand of his fellow-plowman, Chantrey, was what his fame deserved, and what Scotland, had she consulted her fame, would have given.

A curious circumstance had nearly deprived London of the fine statue of the king. To the study of sculpture, it seems Mr Chantrey had added that of painting, and some of his pictures are still to be found: of their merits, we are unable, from personal inspection to speak, but we have been told, by one well qualified to judge, that they do his sculpture no discredit. His pencil portraits are esteemed by many as admirable as his busts, and are still more difficult to be obtained. When he presented his design for the king's statue, it was approved of in preference to others, but a member of the Common Council observed, that the successful artist was a painter, and therefore incapable of executing the work of a sculptor. Sir William Cur-

tis said, "You hear this, young man, what say you—are you a painter or a sculptor."—"I live by sculpture," was the reply, and the statue was immediately confided to his hands—a statue of equal ease and dignity will not readily be found.

He had made some progress in this work, when he was employed by Mr Johnes of Hafod, the accomplished translator of Froissart, to make a monument—a very extensive one—in memory of his only daughter. This was a congenial task, and confided to his hands under circumstances honourable to English sculpture. It has long been finished, and is a production of beauty and tenderness—a scene of domestic sorrow exalted by meditation. Invention does not consist in investing abstract ideas with human form—in conferring substance on an empty shade—or in creating forms, unsanctioned by human belief, either written or traditional. Much genius has been squandered in attempting to create an elegant and intelligible race of allegorical beings, but for the want of human belief in their existence, the absence of flesh and blood, nothing can atone. No one ever sympathised with the grief of Britannia, or shared their feelings with that cold, cloudy, and obscure generation. Mr Chantrey's talents refuse all intercourse with this figurative and frozen race.

A statue of President Blair, a judge of singular capacity and penetration, and a statue of the late Lord Melville, were required for Edinburgh, and Mr Chantrey was employed to execute them. He has acquitted himself with great felicity. The calm, contemplative, and penetrating mind of Blair is visibly expressed in the marble. It must be difficult to work with a poet's eye in productions which the artist's own mind has not selected and consecrated. During his stay in Scotland, he modelled a bust of the eminent Playfair, in which he appears to have hit off the face and intellect of the man—and they were both remarkable ones—at one heat. Many artists obtain their likenesses by patient and frequent retouchings—Mr Chantrey generally seizes on the character in one hour's work. Once, and but once only, we saw a bust on which he had bestowed a single hour;—the likeness was roughed out of the clay with the happiest fidelity and vigour. We saw, too, the finished work—his hand had passed over it in a more delicate manner—but the general resemblance was not rendered more perfect. His bust of the lady of a Scottish judge belongs to this period—Nature furnished him with a beautiful form, and his art reflects back Nature.

On his return from Scotland, he was employed by the government to execute monuments for St Pauls, in memory of Colonel Cadogan and General Bowes, and afterwards of General Gillespie. These subjects are embodied in a manner almost strictly historical, and may be said to form portions of British history. Though the walls of our churches are encumbered with monuments in memory of our warriors, no heroes were ever so unhappy. Sculptors have lavished their bad taste in the service of government. Fame, and valour, and wisdom, and Britannia, are the eternal vassals of monotonous art. A great evil in allegory is the limited and particular attributes of each figure—each possesses an unchangeable vocation, and this proscription hangs over them as a spell. The art, too, of humble talents is apt to evaporate in allegory—it is less difficult to exaggerate than be natural, and vast repose is obtained among the divinities of abstract ideas. Simple nature, in ungifted hands, looks degraded and mean; but a master-spirit works it up at once into tenderness and majesty.

Amid a wide increase of business, Mr Chantrey omitted no opportunity of improving his talents and his taste. In 1814, he visited Paris, when the Louvre was filled with the plundered sculptures of Italy, and admired, in common with all mankind, the grace, the beauty, and serene majesty of these wonderful works. Of the works of the French themselves, his praise was very limited. In the succeeding year he paid the Louvre another visit, during the stormy period of its occupation by the English and Prussians. He was accompanied by Mrs Chantrey, and his intimate friend, Stothard the painter. He returned by the way of Rouen, and filled his sketch-book with drawings of the pure and impressive Gothic architecture of that ancient city. It has been said that acquaintance with the divine works of Greece dispirits rather than encourages a young artist. Images of other men's perfections are present to his mind—ideas of unattainable excellence damp

his ardour; and the power of imagining something noble and original is swallowed up in the contemplation. This may be true of second-rate minds; but the master-spirits rise up to an equality of rank, and run the race of excellence in awe, and with ardour. French sculpture profited little by the admirable models which the sweeping ambition of Bonaparte reft from other nations. The inordinate vanity of the nation, and the pride of the reigning family, encouraged sculpture to an unlimited extent. Yet with all the feverish impatience for distinction which rendered that reign remarkable, not a single figure was created that deserves to go down to posterity. The French have no conception of the awful repose and majesty of the ancient figures, and into native grace and simple elegance they never deviate. Their grave and austere matrons are the tragic dames of the drama, and their virgins the dancing damsels of the opera.

On Mr Chantrey's return from France, he modelled his famous group of Children, now placed in Lichfield Cathedral, and certainly a work more opposite to the foreign style could not well be imagined. The sisters lie asleep in each other's arms, in the most unconstrained and graceful repose; the snow-drops, which the youngest had plucked, are undropped from her hand. Never was sleep, and innocent and artless beauty, more happily expressed. It is a lovely and a fearful thing to look on those beautiful and breathless images of death. They were placed in the exhibition by the side of the Hebe and Terphsicore of Canova—the goddesses obtained few admirers compared to them. So eager was the press to see them, that a look could not always be obtained—mothers stood over them and wept; and the deep impression they made on the public mind must be permanent.

A work of such pathetic beauty, and finished with such exquisite skill, is an unusual sight, and its reward was no common one. The artist received various orders for poetic figures and groups, and the choice of the subject was left to his own judgment. Such commissions are new to English sculpture. The work selected for Lord Egremont has been made publicly known—a colossal figure of Satan: The sketch has been some time finished; and we may soon expect to see the fiend invested with the visible and awful grandeur of his character. A subject selected from Christian belief is worthy of a Christian people. A guardian angel, a just man made perfect, must be dearer to us than all the dumb gods of the heathens. They exist in our faith and our feeling—we believe they watch over us, and will welcome our translation to a happier state. But the gods of the Greeks have not lived in superstition these eighteen hundred years. We do not feel for them—we do not love them, neither do we fear them. What is Jupiter to us, or we to Jupiter. They are not glorious by association with Paradise, like our angels of light—nor terrible, like those of darkness. We are neither inspired by their power, nor elevated by their majesty. Revelling among forgotten gods has long been the reproach of sculptors. The Christian world has had no Raphaels in marble.

A devotional statue of Lady St Vincent is a work created in the artist's happiest manner. The figure is kneeling—the hands folded in resignation over the bosom—the head gently and meekly bowed, and the face impressed deeply with the motionless and holy composure of devotion. All attempt at display is avoided—a simple and negligent drapery covers the figure. It is now placed in the chancel of Caverswell-church, in Staffordshire.

Along with many other productions, his next important work was a statue of Louisa Russel, one of the Duke of Bedford's daughters. The child stands on tiptoe, with delight fondling a dove in her bosom, an almost breathing and moving image of arch-simplicity and innocent grace. It is finished with the same felicity in which it is conceived. The truth and nature of this figure was proved, had proof been necessary, by a singular incident. A child of three years old came into the study of the artist—it fixed its eyes on the lovely marble child—went and held up its hands to the statue, and called aloud and laughed with the evident hope of being attended to. This figure is now at Woburn-abbey, in company with a group of the Graces from the chisel of Canova.

Many of Mr Chantrey's finest busts belong to this period. His head of John Rennie, the civil-engineer, is by many reckoned his masterpiece; and we have heard that the sculptor seems not unwilling to allow it that preference. Naturally it is a head of evident exten-

sive capacity and thought, and to express these the artist has had his gifted moments. A head of the great Watt, is of the same order.

Sometime in the year 1818, he was made a member of the Royal Society, a member of the Society of Antiquaries, and finally a member of the Royal Academy. To the former he presented a marble bust of their president, Sir Joseph Banks—a work of much power and felicity; and to the latter he gave, as the customary admission proof of genius, a marble bust of Benjamin West. The tardy acknowledgment of his talents, by the Royal Academy, has been the frequent subject of conversation and surprise. Institutions to support or reward the efforts of genius may be salutary; for they can cherish what they cannot create; but they seem to take away the charm or spell of inspiration which artists are presumed to share in common with poets. The magic of art seems reduced to the level of a better kind of manufactory, in which men serve an apprenticeship, and try to study "The art unteachable untaught." Genius too, is wayward, and its directors may be capricious—they may be wedded to some particular system—may wish to lay the line and level of their own tastes, and their own works, to those of more gifted minds, and by pedantic and limited definitions of sculpture, confine their honours to those who worship their rules. They were slow in honouring their academy; and in all the compass of art, they could not have admitted one who deserved it more, or who needed it less, than Francis Chantrey.

In 1818, he produced the statue of Dr Anderson, which, for unaffected ease of attitude, and native and unborrowed and individual power of thought, has been so much admired. The figure is seated, and seems in deep and grave meditation. When we look at the statues of this artist, we think not of art, but of nature. Constrained and imposing theatrical postures, make no part of his taste.—All his figures stand or sit with a natural and dignified ease; and they are all alike remarkable for the truth and felicity of their portraits, and the graceful simplicity of their garb. The statue of Anderson has been esteemed by many as the most masterly of all his large works; and we have heard him make something very like such an admission himself. But the subject, though an eminent and venerable man, is by no means so interesting as that of the famous Two Children. The very circumstances of the untimely death of two such innocent and lovely beings, is deeply affecting, and the power of association, a matter for meditation to all artists, is too strong for the statue, admirable as that production is. In the same year, he placed the statues of Blair and Melville in Edinburgh, and was treated by the people of Scotland with great kindness and distinction.

In the following year, he made a journey, which he had long meditated, through Italy. Rome, Venice, and Florence, were the chief places of attraction; but he found leisure to examine the remains of art in many places of lesser note. He returned through France, and arrived in London, after an absence of eighteen weeks. Of the works of Canova, he speaks and writes with a warmth and an admiration he seeks not to conceal. These two gifted artists are on the most friendly terms, "Above all modern art in Rome," he thus writes to a friend, "Canova's works are the chief attractions. His latter productions are of a far more natural and exalted character than his earlier works; and his fame is wronged by his masterly statues which are now common in England. He is excelling in simplicity and in grace every day. An Endymion for the Duke of Devonshire, a Magdalen for Lord Liverpool, and a Nymph are his latest works and his best. There is also a noble equestrian statue of the King of Naples—the revolutions of its head have kept pace with those of the kingdom. A poet in Rome has published a book of Sonnets, on Canova's works, each production has its particular sonnet—of their excellence I can give you no information."

Such is the account given by our illustrious Englishman, of the productions of the famous Roman; but there is a kindness, a generosity, an extreme tenderness about the minds of men of high genius, when they speak of the works of each other, which must not glow on the page of stern and candid criticism. The character of Canova's works seems neither very natural nor original. What Phidias and the im-

mortal sculptors of Greece saw in sunshine, he sees in twilight—his art is dimly reflected back from the light of ancient ages. The Grecian beauty and nature which he has chosen for his models, he sees through the eyes of other men—he cannot contemplate living, the very excellence he seeks to attain. Of the meek austere composure of ancient art, he seems to feel but little, and that late in life—he retires from the awful front of Jupiter, to pipe with Apollo among the flocks of Admetus. Though with the severe and the majestic, he has limited acquaintance—with the graceful, the gentle, and the soft, he seems particularly intimate, and this, though a high, is but a recent acquirement. His earlier works are all infected with the theatrical or affected styles—every figure strains to make the most of the graces of its person. He was polluted by his intercourse with the French. He seems not a sculptor by the grace of God alone, but has become eminent by patient study and reflection. The character of his works lives not in living nature, he deals with the demi-gods, and seems ambitious to restore the lost statues of older Greece to their pedestals. He looks not on nature and revealed religion as Raphael looked—he has no intense and passionate feeling for the heroes or the heroines of whom Tasso sung so divinely—he seeks not to embody the glorious forms of the Christian faith. He has no visions of angels ascending and descending—he feels for a race which forsook the world when the cross was seen on Calvary, and he must be content to feel alone. He has no twilight visitations from the muse of modern beauty. The softness, the sweetness, and grace of his best works have been felt and echoed by all. His Hebe is buoyant and sylphlike, but not modest—with such a loose look and air, she never had dared to deal ambrosia among the graver divinities. The Cawdor Hebe came from the hands of Canova, with her cheeks vermilioned. His statue of Madame Mere, the mother of Napoleon, is a work of great merit—easy and dignified; and his colossal statue of Buonaparte, now in Apsley-house, aspires to the serene majesty of the antique.

It is customary to couple the names of Canova and Chantrey together, and some have not scrupled to add that of Thorwaldsen, the Dane. Their styles and their powers are essentially different, and widely removed from each other. Canova seeks to revive the might and beauty of Greek art on earth—the art of Chantrey is a pure emanation of English genius—a style without transcript or imitation—resembling the ancients no more than the wild romantic dramas of Shakspeare resemble the plays of Euripides, or the heroes of Walter Scott's chivalry, the heroes of heathen song. It seeks to personify the strength and the beauty of the "mighty island." From them both the Dane differs, and we are sensible of a descent, and a deep one, when we write his name. He has not the powerful tact of speculating on ancient and departed excellence like the Roman—nor has he the native might, and grace, and unborrowed vigour of the Englishman in hewing out a natural and noble style of his own. The group of the graces which he modelled in feverish emulation of those of Canova, measure out the immense distance between them; they are a total failure, and below mediocrity. His figure of the Duke of Bedford's daughter is unworthy of the company of her sister Louisa by Chantrey. He studies living nature, but with no poet's eye.

Of the impressions which the works of Michael Angelo made on our Englishman, we may be expected to say something—it would be unwise to be silent, yet what we have to say must be of a mixed kind; we have to speak of great excellencies and grievous faults. Of the powers of this wonderful man the world is fully sensible, but he seems always to have aspired at expressing too much—grasping at unattainable perfections beyond the power of his art. He wished to embody and impress the glowing, the sublime, and extensive associations of poetry, and was repulsed by the limits of art, and the grossness of his materials. Amid all his grandeur he has constrained elevations, and with all his truth, an exaggeration of the human form, which he mistook for strength. He was remarkably ardent and impatient; few of his works are finished. A new work presented itself to his restless imagination, and he left an hero with his hand or his foot for ever in the block, to relieve the form of some new beauty of which his fancy had dreamed. Had he not aimed at so much, he would have ac-

complished more, and his name would have gone to posterity without abatement or drawback.

Of the beauties of Italian scenery, as well as those of Italian art, Mr Chantrey made many drawings—they are executed with great skill and facility. Those from the martyrdom of St Stephen are eminently beautiful; the originals are diminutive and little known, but are inspired with much of the serene and divine repose of Raphael.*

We close with reluctance this hasty and imperfect account of our illustrious countryman and his productions. We have omitted to notice some of the peculiar excellencies of his style, and to mention many of his works—of numbers and of importance enough to form a fair reputation of themselves. We have confined ourselves to those with which we are most conversant. In the conception and in the finish of his works, the artist is extremely fastidious, and meditates with a care, and works with a diligence, of which there are too few examples. He is an early mover, and may be found labouring in summer-time, before sunrise, on some favourite work, nor has he forgot his early and intense application; with a candle in the front of his hat, and a chisel in his hand, we have seen him at midnight, and far in the morning, employed in finishing some of his principal works.†

Of works now in progress we shall endeavour to give a brief notice. 1. A Monument in memory of David P. Watts, of Dovedale in Derbyshire; the subject is a father blessing his children—This extensive work is partly modelled, and promises to become one of the noblest productions of his mind—moral, pathetic, and exalted. 2. A Monument for Mr Wildman of Chilham castle is of the same character, though the subject is different. A mother reclines on her husband's tomb in settled and serene sorrow; her daughter kneels at her feet, and buries her face in anguish in her parent's robe. The marble is in a forward state. 3. A Statue of Francis Horner, M. P., for Westminster Abbey—a production of great dignity and tranquil power—is also in marble, and will be finished in the course of the Autumn. 4. A sleeping child, the daughter of Sir Thomas Acland, is a gentle and lovely creation, and equals or surpasses the beauty and repose of the famous Children now in Lichfield Cathedral. 5. Another reposing child, the daughter of Mr Boswell of Auchenleck, is a work of great merit. There is a softness and silent grace about all the artist's labours of this kind. 6. A Statue of General Washington, for America, not in a condition for criticism. Canova has finished a Statue of this eminent person for the same country. The unequalled talent of the English artist in expressing grave and vigorous character, will be doubtless put forth here. 7. A Statue of Chief Baron Robert Dundas, for Edinburgh;—and many Busts of remarkable men, and Monuments of importance.

Of the poetic groupes and figures which he has been commissioned to execute, it may be imprudent to speak, and our information might be inaccurate. Something in the highest poetical walk of sculpture has been long expected from his hand; and whether he may choose to come before the world in the soft and gentle, or in the dignified and impressive, it is useless to conjecture. Before the world he *will* come, in a subject of his own choice and election, and that soon. He is now modelling the Bust of Walter Scott. From the gifted hand we require the inspired head, and can consent to take it from no other. This is a circumstance we have long desired. The "form and pressure" of the great poet will now remain on the earth; and the names of Walter Scott and Francis Chantrey will descend to posterity together.

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* Drawing seems a favourite pastime with this artist. The popular excursion of Mr Rhodes, in Derbyshire, is indebted to his pencil for its best illustrations—romantic scenes, and several ancient and beautiful Saxon crosses. These have been presented to the author by the artist, from the love he bears to his native country.

† The writer of this brief notice once saw a sketch of great talent from the hand of the late Edward Bird, R. A., in which his friend, Mr Chantrey, is represented employed in this nocturnal labour. The light from below shot upwards on the front of the figure—the statue of Louisa Russel,—and the head and busy hand of the sculptor, were in a manner half-seen half-hid. The painter said he made the sketch at midnight, in the study of his friend. He did not live to finish what he had so beautifully begun.

THE WARDER.

No VI.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN IS LIKE APPLES OF GOLD IN PICTURES OF SILVER.—PROVERBS XXV. 11.

[Our readers, we are sure, will be grateful to us for pressing into our service an entire Speech delivered by Mr Canning, at the dinner given in celebration of his re-election as Member for Liverpool. We rejoice in having an opportunity of giving any additional circulation to a production which, whether we regard the matter or the manner of it, we cannot help regarding as the very masterpiece of its illustrious author's genius,—which seems to us to embody by far the most clear, distinct, and philosophical views that have yet been laid before any portion of the British public in regard to the present internal disturbance, and disturbers of our country;—and which, under the blessing of Divine Providence, may, we would fondly hope, contribute signally and speedily to the re-establishment of sober reflection and mutual confidence among all orders of the people. The natural effects, indeed, even of the wisdom and the eloquence of the greatest and best of men are thwarted and weakened in these days, by the unrelenting persevering spleen with which all such men are persecuted by the base rabble, who have obtruded themselves, in the character of teachers and writers, on the too credulous ears of by far too great a part of our population: nor, among all the living statesmen of England, is there any one who has had to contend either with so continuous or so foul a stream of this abuse, as the Right Honourable George Canning. None, indeed, have the audacity to deny his talents—but Whig-radical, and Radical-whig, and every organ of vulgar slander, by whatever name it is known—all seem, with one unceasing pertinacious spitefulness, to be leagued together in one common conspiracy of perpetual detraction against his personal character as a politician. And yet, when one looks back to the history of this remarkable man's public life, not only does it defy the utmost zeal of all his enemies to find one instance from which any conclusion hostile to his character as a man of honour and principle can possibly be drawn;—but we venture fearlessly to assert, that of all living English statesmen, of all parties, he is the one whose career exhibits the greatest and most memorable sacrifices of personal interest; and which, to men of his cast, is out of all comparison more difficult, of personal feeling and personal pride to the purity and firmness of principle. There needs no one to rise from the dead to inform us, that of all human objects a clever Tory is to a stupid Whig the most exalted and essential of abominations. But when one sees by how many Whigs, that nobody calls stupid, these absurd and wicked reproaches are for ever re-echoed and reiterated, one cannot help feeling some little emotion, not of contempt merely, but of astonishment. These men are not aware how miserably they are pulling down their own authority, by convincing the whole world that their minds are incapable of any sympathy in regard to any one matter, either of thought or of feeling, with one, whom every body that reads a page of any of his works, knows and feels irresistibly, to be among the most accomplished and powerful intellects of his age and country,—one, we devoutly believe, of the most upright and honourable men that ever devoted the energies of a great genius to the ill-rewarded toils of British Statesmanship.]

SPEECH OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING,

At the Liverpool Dinner, given in Celebration of his Re-election.

Gentlemen,—Short as the interval is since I last met you in this place on a similar occasion, the events which have filled up that interval have not been unimportant. The great moral disease which we then talked of as gaining ground on the community, has, since that period, arrived at its most extravagant height; and, since that period also, remedies have been applied to it, if not of permanent cure, at least of temporary mitigation.

Gentlemen, with respect to those remedies, I mean with respect to the transactions of the last short session of Parliament, previous to the dissolution, I feel that it is my duty, as your representative, to render to you some account of the part which I took in that assembly to which you sent me;

I feel it my duty also, as a member of the Government by which those measures were advised. Upon occasions of such trying exigency as those which we have lately experienced, I hold it to be of the very essence of our free and popular Constitution, that an unreserved interchange of sentiment should take place between the representative and his constituents: and if it accidentally happen, that he who addresses you as your representative, stands also in the situation of a responsible adviser of the crown, I recognise in that more rare occurrence, a not less striking or less valuable peculiarity of that reviled Constitution under which we have the happiness to live; by which a minister of the crown is brought into contact with the great body of the community; and the service of the king is shown to be a part of the service of the people.

Gentlemen, it has been one advantage of the transactions of the last Session of Parliament, that while they were addressed to meet the evils which had grown out of charges heaped upon the House of Commons, they have also, in a great measure, falsified the charges themselves.

I would appeal to the recollection of every man who now hears me, of any the most careless estimator of public sentiment, or the most indifferent spectator of public events, whether any country, in any two epochs, however distant, of its history, ever presented such a contrast with itself as this country, in November, 1819, and this country in January 1820? What was the situation of the country in November, 1819?—Do I exaggerate when I say, that there was not a man of property who did not tremble for his possessions? that there was not a man of retired and peaceable habits who did not tremble for the tranquillity and security of his home? that there was not a man of orderly and religious principles who did not fear that those principles were about to be cut from under the feet of succeeding generations? Was there any man who did not apprehend the Crown to be in danger? Was there any man attached to the other branches of the Constitution, who did not contemplate, with anxiety and dismay, the rapid and, apparently, irresistible diffusion of doctrines hostile to the very existence of Parliament as at present constituted, and calculated to excite, not hatred and contempt merely, but open and audacious force, especially against the House of Commons?—What is, in these respects, the situation of the country now? Is there a man of property who does not feel the tenure by which he holds his possessions to have been strengthened? Is there a man of peace who does not feel his domestic tranquillity to have been secured? Is there a man of moral and religious principles who does not look forward with better hope to see his children educated in those principles? who does not hail with renewed confidence the revival and re-establishment of that moral and religious sense which had been attempted to be obliterated from the hearts of mankind?

Well, Gentlemen, and what has intervened between the two periods? A meeting of that degraded Parliament, a meeting of that scoffed at and derided House of Commons, a concurrence of those three branches of an imperfect constitution, not one of which, if we are to believe the Radical Reformers, lived in the hearts, or swayed the feelings, or commanded the respect of the nation; but which, despised as they were while in a state of separation and inaction, did, by a co-operation of four short weeks, restore order, confidence, a reverence for the laws, and a just sense of their own legitimate authority.

Another event, indeed, has intervened, in itself of a most painful nature, but powerful in aiding and confirming the impressions which the assembling and the proceedings of Parliament were calculated to produce. I mean the loss which the nation has sustained by the death of a Sovereign, with whose person all that is venerable in Monarchy has been identified in the eyes of successive generations of his subjects; a Sovereign, whose goodness, whose years, whose sorrows and sufferings, must have softened the hearts of the most ferocious enemies of kingly power;—whose active virtues, and the memory of whose virtues, when it pleased Divine Providence that they should be active no more, have been the guide and guardian of his people through many a weary and many a stormy pilgrimage;—scarce less a guide, and quite as much a guardian, in the cloud of his evening darkness as in the brightness of his meridian day.

That such a loss, and the recollections and reflections naturally arising from it, must have had a tendency to revive and refresh the attach-

ment to Monarchy, and to root that attachment deeper in the hearts of the people, might easily be shown by reasoning; but a feeling truer than all reasoning anticipates the result, and renders the process of argument unnecessary. So far, therefore, has this great calamity brought with it its own compensation, and conspired to the restoration of peace throughout the country, with the measures adopted by Parliament.

And, Gentlemen, what was the character of those measures?—The best eulogy of them I take to be this: it may be said of them, as has been said of some of the most consummate productions of literary art, that though no man beforehand had exactly anticipated them, no man, when they were laid before him, did not feel that they were such as he would himself have suggested. So faithfully adapted to the case which they were framed to meet, so correctly adjusted to the degree and nature of the mischief which they were intended to control, that while we all feel that they have done their work, I think none will say there has been any thing in them of excess or supererogation.

We were loudly assured by the Reformers, that the test throughout the country by which those who were ambitious of seats in the new Parliament would be tried was to be—whether they had supported those measures. I have inquired, with as much diligence as was compatible with my duties here, after the proceedings of other elections; and I protest I know no place yet, besides the hustings of Westminster and Southwark, at which that menaced test has been put to any candidates. To me, indeed, it was not put as a test, but objected as a charge. You know how that charge was answered: and the result is to me a majority of 1300 out of 2000 voters upon the poll.

But, Gentlemen, though this question has not, as was threatened, been the watchword of popular elections, every other effort has, nevertheless, been industriously employed to persuade the country, that their liberties have been essentially abridged by the regulation of popular meetings. Against that one of the measures passed by Parliament it is that the attacks of the Radical Reformers have been particularly directed. Gentlemen, the first answer to this averment is, that the Act leaves untouched all the constitutional modes of assembly which have been known to the nation since it became free. We are fond of dating our freedom from the Revolution. I should be glad to know in what period since the Revolution, (up to a very late period indeed, which I will specify,) in what period of those reigns growing out of the Revolution—I mean, of the first reigns of the House of Brunswick—did it enter into the head of man, that such meetings could be holden, or that the Legislature would tolerate the holding of such meetings, as disgraced the country for some months previous to the last session of Parliament? When, therefore, it is asserted that such meetings were never before suppressed, the simple answer is, they were never before systematically attempted to be holden.

I verily believe, the first meeting of the kind that was ever attempted and tolerated (I know of none anterior to it) was that called by Lord George Gordon, in St George's-fields, in the year 1780, which led to the demolition of chapels and dwelling-houses, the breaking of prisons, and the conflagration of London. Was England never free till 1780? Did British liberty spring to light from the ashes of the metropolis? What! was there no freedom in the reign of George the Second? None in that of George the First? None in the reign of Queen Ann or of King William? Beyond the Revolution I will not go. But I have always heard, that British liberty was established long before the commencement of the late reign; nay, that in the late reign (according to popular politicians) it rather sunk and retrograded; and yet, never till that reign was such an abuse of popular meetings dreamt of, much less erected into a right, not to be questioned by Magistrates, and not to be controlled by Parliament.

Do I deny, then, the general right of the people to meet, to petition, or to deliberate upon their grievances? God forbid! But right is not a simple, abstract, positive, unqualified term. Rights are in the same individual to be compared with his duties; and rights in one person are to be balanced with the rights of others. But let us take the right to meet in its most extended construction. The persons who called the meeting at Manchester tell you, that they had a right to collect together countless multitudes to discuss the question of Parliamentary Reform; to collect them when they would, and where they would, without consent

of Magistrates, or concurrence of inhabitants, or reference to the comfort and convenience of the neighbourhood. Now may not the peaceable, the industrious inhabitant of Manchester say, "I have a right to quiet in my house; I have a right to carry on my manufactory, on which not my existence only and that of my children, but that of my workmen and their numerous families depends. I have a right to be protected in the exercise of this my lawful calling. I have a right to be protected, not against violence and plunder only, against fire and sword, but against the terror of these calamities, and against the risk of these inflictions; against the intimidation or seduction of my workmen; against the distraction of that attention and the interruption of that industry, without which neither they nor I can gain our livelihood. I call upon the laws to afford me that protection; and if the laws in this country cannot afford it, depend upon it, I and my manufactures must emigrate to some country where they can." Here is a conflict of rights, between which, what is the decision? Which of the two claims is to give way? Can any reasonable being doubt? Can any honest man hesitate? Let private justice or public expediency decide, and can the decision by possibility be other, than that the peaceable and industrious shall be protected, the turbulent and mischievous put down?

But what similarity is there between tumults such as these, and an orderly meeting, recognised by the law, for all legitimate purposes of discussion or petition? God forbid, that there should not be modes of assembly by which every class of this great nation may be brought together to deliberate on any matters connected with their interest and their freedom. It is, however, an inversion of the natural order of things, it is a disturbance of the settled course of society, to represent discussion as every thing, and the ordinary occupations of life as nothing. To protect the peaceable in their ordinary occupations, is as much the province of the laws, as to provide opportunities of discussion for every purpose to which it is necessarily and properly applicable. The laws do both; but it is no part of the contrivance of the laws that immense multitudes should wantonly be brought together, month after month and day after day, where the very bringing together of a multitude is of itself the source of terror and of danger.

It is no part of the provision of the laws, nor is it in the spirit of them, that such multitudes should be brought together at the will of unauthorised and irresponsible individuals, changing the scene of meeting as may suit their caprice or convenience, and fixing it where they have neither property, nor domicile, nor connexion. The spirit of the law goes directly the other way. It is, if I may so express myself, eminently a spirit of corporation. Counties, parishes, townships, guilds, professions, trades, and callings, form so many local and political subdivisions, into which the people of England are distributed by the law; and the pervading principle of the whole is that of vicinage or neighbourhood; by which each man is held to act under the view and inspection of his neighbours; to lend his aid to them, to borrow theirs; to share their councils, their duties, and their burdens; and to bear with them his share of responsibility for the acts of any of the members of the community of which he forms a part.

Observe, I am not speaking here of the reviled and discredited statute law only, but of that venerable common law to which our Reformers are so fond of appealing on all occasions, as well as of the statute law by which it is modified, explained, or enforced. Guided by the spirit of the one, no less than by the letter of the other, what man is there in this country who cannot point out the portion of society to which it belongs? If injury is sustained, upon whom is the injured person expressly entitled to come for redress? Upon the hundred, or the division in which he has sustained the injury. On what principle? On the principle, that as the individual is amenable to the division of the community to which he specially belongs, so neighbours are answerable for each other. Just laws, to be sure, and admirable equity, if a stranger is to collect a mob which is to set half Manchester on fire; and the burnt half is to come upon the other half for indemnity, while the stranger goes off unquestioned, by the stage!

That such was the nature, such the tendency, nay, that such, in all human probability, might have been the result of such meetings, as that of the 16th of August, who can deny? Who that weighs all the particulars of that

day's transactions, comparing them with the rumours and the threats that preceded them, will dispute that such might have been the result of that very day's meeting, if that meeting, so very legally assembled, had not, by the happy decision of the magistrates, been so very illegally dispersed?

It is, therefore, not in consonance, but in contradiction to the spirit of the law, that such meetings have been holden. The law prescribes a corporate character. The callers of these meetings have always studiously avoided it. No summons of freeholders—none of freemen—none of the inhabitants of particular places or parishes—no acknowledgment of local or political classification. Just so at the beginning of the French revolution: the first work of the Reformers was to loosen every established political relation, every legal holding of man to man, to destroy every corporation, to dissolve every subsisting class of society, and to reduce the nation into individuals, in order, afterwards, to congregate them into mobs.

Let no person, therefore, run away with the notion, that these things were done without design. To bring together the inhabitants of a particular division, or men sharing a common franchise, is to bring together an assembly, of which the component parts act with some respect and awe of each other: ancient habits, which the Reformers would call prejudices, preconceived attachments, which they would call corruption, that mutual respect which makes the eye of a neighbour a security for each man's good conduct, but which the Reformers would stigmatize as a confederacy among the few for dominion over their fellows—all these things make men difficult to be moved on the sudden to any extravagant and violent enterprize. But bring together a multitude of individuals having no permanent relation to each other, no common tie, but what arises from their concurrence as members of that meeting—a tie dissolved as soon as the meeting is at an end;—in such an aggregation of individuals there is no such mutual respect, no such check upon the proceedings of each man from the awe of his neighbour's disapprobation; and if ever a multitudinous assembly can be wrought up to purposes of mischief, it will be an assembly so composed.

How monstrous is it to confound such meetings with the genuine and recognized modes of collecting the sense of the English people! Was it by meetings such as these that the revolution was brought about, the great event to which our antagonists are so fond of referring? Was it by a meeting in St George's-fields? in Spa-fields? in Smith-field? Was it by untold multitudes collected in a village in the north? No; it was by meeting of corporations in their corporate capacity—by the assembly of recognised bodies of the State—by the interchange of opinions among portions of the community known to each other, and capable of estimating each others views and characters. Do we want a more striking mode of remedying grievances than this? Do we require a more animating example? And did it remain for the Reformers of the present day to strike out the course by which alone Great Britain could make and keep herself free?

Gentlemen, all power is, or ought to be, accompanied by responsibility. Tyranny is irresponsible power. This definition is equally true, whether the power be lodged in one or many; whether in a despot, exempted by the form of government from the control of law; or in a mob, whose numbers put them beyond the reach of law. Idle, therefore, and absurd, to talk of freedom where a mob domineers! Idle, therefore, and absurd, to talk of liberty, when you hold your property, perhaps your life, not indeed at the nod of a despot, but at the will of an inflamed, an infuriated populace! If, therefore, during the reign of terror at Manchester or at Spa-fields, there were persons in this country who had a right to complain of tyranny, it was they who loved the Constitution, who loved the Monarchy, but who dared not utter their opinions or their wishes until their houses were barricadoed, and their children sent to a place of safety. That was tyranny! and, so far as the mobs were under the control of a leader, that was despotism. And it was against that tyranny, that despotism, that Parliament at length raised its arm.

All power, I say, is vicious, that is not accompanied by proportionate responsibility. Personal responsibility prevents the abuse of individual power; responsibility of character is the security against the abuse of collective power, when exercised by bodies of men whose existence is permanent

and defined. But strip such bodies of these qualities, you degrade them into multitudes, and then what security have you against any thing that they may do or resolve; knowing that the moment the meeting is at an end, there is no human being responsible for their proceedings? The meeting at Manchester, the meeting at Birmingham, the meeting at Spafields or Smithfield, what pledge could they give to the nation of the soundness or sincerity of their designs? The local character of Manchester, the local character of Birmingham, was not pledged to any of the proceedings to which their names were appended. A certain number of ambulatory tribunes of the people, self-elected to that high function, assumed the name and authority of whatever place they thought proper to select for a place of meeting; their rostrum was pitched, sometimes here, sometimes there, according to the fancy of the mob, or the patience of the Magistrates; but the proposition, the proposer was in all places nearly alike; and when, by a sort of political ventriloquism, the same voice had been made to issue from half a dozen different corners of the country, it was impudently assumed to be a concord of sweet sounds, composing the united voice of the people of England.

Now, Gentlemen, let us estimate the mighty mischief that has been done to liberty by putting down meetings such as I have described. Let us ask, what lawful authority has been curtailed; let us ask, what respectable community has been injured; let us ask, what form of municipal institutions has been abrogated by a law which fixes the migratory complaint to the spot whence it professes to originate, and desires to hear of the grievance from those by whom that grievance is felt; which leaves to Manchester as Manchester, to Birmingham as Birmingham, to London as London, all the free scope of utterance which they have at any time enjoyed for making known their wants, their feelings, their wishes, their remonstrances; which leaves to each of these divisions, its separate authority, to the union of all or of many of them the aggregate authority of such a consent and co-operation; but which denies to an itinerant hawker of grievances, the power of stamping their names upon his wares; of pretending, because he may raise an outcry *at* Manchester or *at* Birmingham, that he therefore speaks the sense of the town which he disquiets and endangers; or still more preposterously, that because he has disquieted and endangered half a dozen neighbourhoods in their turn, he is, therefore, the organ of them all, and, through them, of the whole British people.

Such are the stupid fallacies which the law of the last session has extinguished! and such is the object and effect of the measures which British liberty is not to survive!

To remedy the dreadful wound thus inflicted upon British liberty, to restore to the people what the people have not lost, to give a new impulse to that spirit of freedom, which nothing has been done to embarrass or restrain, we are invited to alter the constitution of that assembly through which the people share in the Legislature; in short, to make a Radical Reform in the House of Commons.

It has always struck me as extraordinary, that there should be persons prepared to entertain the question of a change in so important a member of the constitution, without considering in what way that change must affect the situation of the other members, and the action of the constitution itself.

I have, on former occasions, stated here, and I have stated elsewhere, questions on this subject; to which, as yet, I have never received an answer. "You who wish to reform the House of Commons, do you mean to restore that branch of the Legislature to the same state in which it stood at some former period? or do you mean to re-construct it on new principles?"

Perhaps a moderate Reformer or Whig will answer, that he means only to restore the House of Commons to what it was at some former period. I then beg to ask, and to that question also I have never yet received an answer, "At what period of our history was the House of Commons in the state to which you wish to restore it?"

The House of Commons must, for the purpose of this argument, be considered in two views: first, with respect to its agency as a third part in the constitution; secondly, with respect to its composition, in relation to its constituents. As to its agency as a part of the constitution, I venture to say, without hazard, as I believe, of contradiction, that there is no period

in the history of this country in which the House of Commons will be found to have occupied so large a share of the functions of Government, as at present. Whatever else may be said of the House of Commons, this one point, at least, is indisputable, that from the earliest infancy of the constitution, the power of the House of Commons has been growing till it has almost, like the rod of Aaron, absorbed its fellows. I am not saying whether this is or is not as it ought to be. I merely mean to say why I think that it cannot be intended to complain of the want of power, and of a due share in the government as the defect of the modern House of Commons.

I admit, however, very willingly, that the greater share of power it exercises, the more jealous we ought to be of its composition; and I presume, therefore, that it is in this respect, and in relation to its constituents, that the state of the House of Commons is contended to want revision. Well, then, at what period of our history was the composition of the House of Commons materially different from what it is at present? Is there *any* period of our history in which the rights of election were not as various, and in which the influence of property was not as direct, in which recommendations of candidates were not as efficient, and some boroughs as close, as they are now? I ask for information, but that information, plain and simple as it is, and necessary, one should think, to a clear understanding, much more to a grave decision of the point at issue, I never, though soliciting it with all humility, have ever yet been able to obtain from any Reformer, Radical, or Whig.

The Radical Reformer, indeed, to do him justice, is not bound to furnish me with an answer to this question, because with his view of the matter, precedents (except one which I shall mention presently) have nothing to do. The Radical Reformer would, probably, give to my first question an answer very different from that which I have supposed his moderate brother to give. He will tell me fairly, that he means not simply to bring the House of Commons back either to the share of power which it formerly enjoyed, or to the modes of election by which it was formerly returned, but to make it, what, according to him, it ought to be, a direct effectual representative of the people; representing them not as a delegate commissioned to take care of their interests, but as a deputy appointed to speak their will. Now to this view of the matter I have no other objection than this—that the British Constitution is a limited Monarchy; that a limited Monarchy is, in the nature of things, a mixed Government; but that such a House of Commons as the Radical Reformer requires, would, in effect, constitute a pure Democracy, which, it appears to me, would be inconsistent with any Monarchy, and unsusceptible of any limitation.

I may have great respect for the person who theoretically prefers a Republic to a Monarchy. But, even supposing me to agree with him in this preference, I should have a previous question to discuss, by which he, perhaps, may not feel himself embarrassed; which is this, whether I, born as I am (and as I think it is my good fortune to be) under a Monarchy, am quite at liberty to consider myself as having a clear stage for political experiments; whether I should be authorized, if I were convinced of the expediency of such a change, to withdraw Monarchy altogether from the British Constitution, and to substitute an unqualified Democracy in its stead; or whether, whatever changes I may be desirous of introducing, I am not bound to consider the Constitution which I find as at least circumscribing the range and in some measure prescribing the nature of the improvement.

For my own part, I am undoubtedly prepared to uphold the ancient Monarchy of the country, by arguments drawn from what I think the blessings which we have enjoyed under it; and by arguments of another sort, if arguments of another sort shall ever be brought against it—But all that I am now contending for is, that whatever reformation is proposed, should be considered with some reference to the established constitution of the country. That point being conceded to me, I have no difficulty in saying, that I cannot conceive a constitution of which one-third part shall be an assembly delegated by the people, not to consult for the good of the nation, but to speak day by day, the people's will, which must not, in a few days sitting, sweep away every other branch of the constitution that might attempt

to oppose or control it. I cannot conceive how, in fair reasoning, any other branch of the constitution should pretend to stand against it. If Government be a matter of will, all that we have to do is to collect the will of the nation, and, having collected it by an adequate organ, that will is paramount and supreme. By what shadow of argument could the House of Lords be maintained in equal authority and jurisdiction with the House of Commons, when once that House of Commons should become a mere deputation, speaking the people's will, and that will the rule of the Government? In one way or other the House of Lords must act, if it be to remain a concurrent branch of the Legislature. Either it must uniformly affirm the the measures which come from the Commons, or it must occasionally take the liberty to reject them. If it uniformly affirm, it is without the pretence of authority. But to presume to reject an act of the deputies of the whole nation!—by what assumption of right could three or four hundred great proprietors set themselves against the national will? Grant the Reformers, then, what they ask, on the principles on which they ask it, and it is utterly impossible that, after such a Reform, the constitution should long consist of more than one body, and that one body a popular assembly.

Why, Gentlemen, is this theory? or is it a theory of mine? If there be among those who hear me any man who has been (as in the generous enthusiasm of youth any man may blamelessly have been) bitten by the doctrines of reform, I implore him, before he goes forward in his progress to embrace those doctrines in their radical extent, to turn to the history of the transactions in this country in the year 1648, and to examine the bearings of those transactions on this very question of Radical Reform. He will find, Gentlemen, that the House of Commons of that day passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, that the people are under God, the original of all just powers!"

Well, can any sentiment be more just and reasonable? Is it not the foundation of all the liberties of mankind? Be it so. Let us proceed. The House of Commons followed up this resolution by a second, which runs in something like these terms:

"Resolved, That the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, being chosen by and representing the people, have the *supreme authority* of this nation."

In this resolution the leap is taken. Will the Radical Reformers say that it is taken unfairly—with such a tempting precedent before them? But the inference did not stop there. The House of Commons proceeded to resolve, without one dissenting voice:

"That whatsoever is enacted and declared law by the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, hath the force of law, and all the people of this nation are included thereby, although the consent and concurrence of the King and House of Peers be not had thereunto."

Such was the theoretical inference of the House of Commons in 1648, the logical dependence of which upon the foregoing proposition, I say, I should be glad to see logically disproved. The practical inferences were not tardy in their arrival, after the theory. In a few weeks the House of Lords was voted useless; and in a few more we all know what became of the Crown.

Such, I say, were the radical doctrines of 1648, and such the consequences to which they naturally led. If we are induced to admit the same premises now, who is it, I should be glad to know, that is to guarantee us against similar conclusions?

These, then, are the reasons why I look with jealousy at Parliamentary Reform. I look at it with still more jealousy, because in one of the two classes of men who co-operate in support of that question, I never yet found any two individuals who held the same doctrines; I never yet heard any intelligible theory of Reform, except that of the Radical Reformers. Theirs, indeed, it is easy enough to understand. But as for theirs I certainly am not yet fully prepared. I, for my part, will not consent to take one step without knowing on what principle I am invited to take it, and (which is perhaps of more consequence) without declaring on what principle I will *not* consent that any step, however harmless, shall be taken.

What more harmless than to disfranchise a corrupt borough in Cornwall, which has exercised its franchise amiss, and brought shame on itself, and on the system of which it is a

part?—Nothing. I have no sort of objection to doing, as Parliament has often done in such cases, (supposing always the case to be proved;) to disfranchising the borough, and rendering it incapable of abusing its franchise in future. But, though I have no objection to doing this, I will *not* do it on the principle of speculative improvement. I do it on the principle of specific punishment for an offence. And I will take good care that no inference shall be drawn from my consent in this specific case, as to any sweeping concurrence in a scheme of general alteration.

Nay, I should think it highly disingenuous to suffer the Radical Reformers to imagine that they had gained a single step towards the admission of their theory by any such instance of particular animadversion on proved misconduct. I consent to such disfranchisement; but I do so, not with a view of furthering the radical system, but rather of thwarting it. I am glad to wipe out any blot in the present system, because I mean the present system to stand. I will take away a franchise, because it has been practically abused, not because I am at all disposed to inquire into the origin or to discuss the utility of all such franchises, any more than I mean to inquire, Gentlemen, into your titles to your estates. Disfranchising Grampound, (if that is to be so,) I mean to save Old Sarum.

Now, Sir, I hope I deal fairly with the Radical Reformers, more fairly than those who would suffer it to be supposed that the disfranchisement of Grampound is to be the beginning of a system of Reform: while they know, and I hope mean as well as I do, *not* to Reform (in the sense of change) but to preserve the Constitution. I would not delude the Reformers, if I could; and I know it would be quite useless to attempt a delusion upon persons quite as sagacious in their generation as any moderate Reformers or Anti-reformers of us all. They know full well that the Whigs have no more notion than I have of parting with the close boroughs. Not they, indeed. A large, and perhaps the larger part of them, are in their hands. Why, in the assembly to which you send me, Gentlemen, some of those who sit on the same side with me, represent, to be sure, less popular places than Liverpool—but on the bench immediately over against me, I descry scarce any other sort of representatives than members for close, or, if you will, for rotten boroughs. To suppose, therefore, that our political opponents have any thoughts of getting rid of the close boroughs, would be a gross delusion; and, I have no doubt, they will be quite as fair and open with the Reformers on this point as I am.

And why, gentlemen, is it that I am satisfied with a system which, it is said, no man can support who is not in love with corruption? Is it that I, more than any other man, am afraid to face a popular election? To the last question you can give the answer. To the former I will answer for myself. I do verily believe, as I have already said, that a complete and perfect democratical representation, such as the Reformers aim at, cannot exist as part of a mixed government. It may exist, and, for ought I know or care, may exist beneficially as a whole. But I am not sent to Parliament to inquire into the question whether a democracy or a monarchy be the best. My lot is cast under the British Monarchy. Under that I have lived, under that I have seen my country flourish, under that I have seen it enjoy as great a share of prosperity, of happiness, and of glory, as I believe any modification of human society to be capable of bestowing; and I am not prepared to sacrifice or to hazard the fruit of centuries of experience, of centuries of struggles, and of more than one century of liberty as perfect as ever blessed any country upon the earth, for visionary schemes of ideal perfectibility, or doubtful experiments even of possible improvement.

I am, therefore, for the House of Commons as a part and not as the whole of the Government. And, as a part of the Government, I hold it to be frantic to suppose, that from the election of members of Parliament you can altogether exclude, by any contrivance, even if it were desireable to do so, the influence of property, rank, talents, family connexion, and whatever else, in the Radical language of the day, is considered as intimidation or corruption. I believe, that if a reform to the extent of that demanded by the Radical Reformers were granted, you would, before an annual election came round, find that there were

new connexions grown up which you must again destroy, new influence acquired which you must dispossess of its authority, and that in these fruitless attempts at unattainable purity you were working against the natural current of human nature.

I believe, therefore, that, contrive how you will, some such humble motives of action will find room to operate in the election of members of Parliament. I think that it must and ought to be so, unless you mean to exclude from the concerns of the nation all inert wealth, all inactive talent, the retired, the aged, and the infirm, all who cannot face popular assemblies or engage in busy life; in short, unless you have found some expedient for disarming property of influence, without (what I hope we are not yet ripe for) the abolition of property itself.

I would have by choice—if the choice were yet to be made—I would have in the House of Commons great variety of interests, and I would have them find their way there by a great variety of rights of election; satisfied that uniformity of election would produce any thing but a just representation of various interests. As to the close boroughs, I know that through them have found their way into the House of Commons men whose talents have been an honour to their kind, and whose names are interwoven with the history of their country. I cannot think that system altogether vicious which has produced such fruits. I cannot think that there should be but one road into that assembly, or that no man should be presumed fit for the deliberations of a senate, who has not had the nerves previously to face the storms of the hustings.

I need not say, Gentlemen, that I am one of the last men to disparage the utility and dignity of popular elections. I have good cause to speak of them in far different language.—But, among numberless other considerations which endear to me the favours which I have received at your hands, I confess it is one, that as your representative I am enabled to speak my genuine sentiments on this (as I think it) vital question of Parliamentary Reform, without the imputation of shrinking from popular canvass, or of seeking shelter for myself in that species of representation which, as an element in the composition of Parliament, I never shall cease to defend.

In truth, Gentlemen, though the question of Reform is made the pretext of those persons, who have vexed the country for some months, I verily believe that there are very few even of them who either give credit to their own exaggerations, or care much about the improvements which they recommend. Why, do we not see that the most violent of the Reformers of the day are aiming at seats in that assembly, which, according to their own theories, they should have left to wallow in its own pollution, discountenanced and unredeemed? It is true, that if they had found their way there, they might have endeavoured to bring us to a sense of our misdeeds, and to urge us to redeem our character by some self-condemning ordinance; but would not the authority of their names, as our associates, have more than counterbalanced the force of their eloquence as our Reformers.

But, Gentlemen, I am for the whole constitution. The liberty of the subject as much depends on the maintenance of the constitutional prerogatives of the Crown, on the acknowledgment of the legitimate power of the other House of Parliament, as it does in upholding that supreme power (for such it is in one sense of the word, though not in that of the Revolution of 1648,) the power of the purse which resides in the democratical branch of the constitution. Whatever beyond its just proportion was gained by one part, would be gained at the expense of the whole; and the balance is now, perhaps, as nearly poised as human wisdom can adjust it. I fear to touch that balance, the disturbance of which must bring confusion on the nation.

Gentlemen, I trust there are few, very few, reasonable and enlightened men ready to lend themselves to projects of confusion. But I confess I very much wish, that all who are not ready to do so would consider the ill effect of any countenance given, publicly or by apparent implication, to those whom, in their heart and judgments, they despise. I remember that most excellent and able man, Mr Wilberforce, once saying in the House of Commons, that he "never believed an opposition really to wish mischief

to the country; that they only wished just so much mischief as might drive their opponents out, and place themselves in their room." Now, Gentlemen, I cannot help thinking, that there are some persons tampering with the question of Reform something in the same spirit. They do not go so far as the Reformers; they even state irreconcileable differences; but to a certain extent they agree and even co-operate with them. They co-operate with them in inflaming the public feeling not only against the Government, but against the support given by Parliament to that Government, in the hope, no doubt, of attracting to themselves the popularity which is lost to their opponents, and thus being enabled to correct and retrieve the errors of a displaced administration. Vain and hopeless task, to raise such a spirit and then to govern it! They may stimulate the steeds into fury, till the chariot is hurried to the brink of a precipice; but do they flatter themselves that they can then leap in, and, hurling the incompetent driver from his seat, check the reins just in time to turn from the precipice and avoid the fall? I fear they would attempt it in vain. The impulse once given, may be too impetuous to be controlled, and intending only to change the guidance of the machine, they may hurry it and themselves to irretrievable destruction.

May every man who has a stake in the country, whether from situation, from character, from wealth, from his family, and from the hopes of his children,—may every man who has a sense of the blessings for which he is indebted to the form of Government under which he lives, see that the time is come at which his decision must be taken, and, when once taken, stedfastly acted upon—for or against the institutions of the British Monarchy. The time is come at which there is but that line of demarkation. On which side of that line we, Gentlemen, shall range ourselves, our choice has long ago been made. In acting upon that our common choice with my best efforts and exertions, I shall at once, faithfully represent your sentiments and satisfy my own judgment and conscience.

LETTERS OF A LIBERAL WHIG.

No III.

MR EDITOR,

From the neutral position which I have ventured to assume, not as between conflicting *principles* (on which no man ought to be neuter) but as between contending *factions*, allow me to pursue a little farther the line I have adopted of reflection on the conduct of both. A distinguished political writer describes in a few words the situation of men who, in a state distracted by party divisions, refuse to go all lengths with those to whom they generally adhere. "Ceci m'est arrivé plus d'une fois dans ma vie.—Des hommes avec lesquels j'avois fait alliance parcequ'ils avoient raison, ont cru que j'etais engagé par cette alliance à les soutenir même quand ils avoient tort. Le cas n'est pas rare en politique. Pendant quelque tems les sages et les insensés marchent ensemble.—Il vient au moment oú les insensés s'elancent et crient à l'abandon quand on ne les suit pas. Les sages continuent leur route sans s'inquiéter."—There is an air of modest humility in this passage, which you will doubtless remark, and which I nevertheless feel unwilling to pass by without directing your attention to it, were it only for the purpose of shewing you that it has not escaped mine. The author does not expressly say that he is himself the wise man, "par excellence," who alone pursues his path without caring, while all the rest of the party, which he has hitherto thought worthy of that denomination, are suddenly transformed into fools and madmen, exclaiming against him for having deserted them. He only leaves this conclusion to be necessarily inferred from the premises; and yet, after all, it is the conclusion at which every man who expresses an opinion differing from others must expect his hearers to arrive—for, otherwise, of what value is his opinion? If he thinks himself wrong, it is not his opinion which he expresses. If right, it follows of necessity that he must think the others wrong—in plainer words, that to the extent at least of the present question, he alone is "le sage" the rest—"les fous" and "les insensés"—civil words, no doubt, but

still very properly expressions of his true meaning. Thus, it is rather a false modesty that leaves to be raised by implication, a construction which necessarily follows from every man's declaring that such, or such, is his particular opinion. Still, in the present refined state of society, it is far better that hard words should be avoided in every discussion; and therefore it is to be regretted that the writer above quoted did not add to the humility for which he is so conspicuous, a little forbearance, and substitute some milder epithets, by which to characterise the fault of those who choose to proceed farther than he does in the road to which he had, up to a certain point, journeyed with them. Of all shapes in which intemperance of thought or language displays itself, the most odious is that which it assumes when employed by men to whom the world (whether justly or unjustly) will always affix the stigma of political apostacy, when it hears them reviling and insulting their former partizans and associates. I entertain all possible indulgence for any honest change of opinions, and all possible respect for the honest account of such change; but the very consciousness of being subject to such mutability, ought to make *all men* cautious and moderate in their expressions regarding the opinions of others; and more especially, those who are not only theoretically but experimentally acquainted with this infirmity of human nature. Of the various gradations, therefore, of criminality, to which the vice of *exaggeration* is subject, the highest and most enormous is the exaggeration of renegades and apostates—which terms, in their popular sense, I take to include all men who have publicly altered their political creed, or separated themselves from their political associates. Next to that in flagitiousness, is the exaggeration of men in power, which I consider as incomparably less excuseable than that of Whigs and Reformers; both as it is more mischievous in its effects, and as there is less temptation to the commission of it. The party in power, when once firmly seated, have the command of innumerable engines, and methods of self-support, infinitely more efficient than the abuse and misrepresentation of their less fortunate rivals; besides, that to the fair and well-judging part of the community, that very abuse and misrepresentation are instruments of no potency in their hands when opposed to similar weapons in the grasp of their antagonists. The world, which looks upon the parties in and out of place with the same eyes that it contemplates two prize-fighters on a stage, feels naturally indignant when that which, in point of situation, has a great and overwhelming advantage, condescends, in addition, to resort to the same instruments of annoyance which the other employs as his only means of defence and resistance. It is like a combat between two swordsmen, of whom one is cased in complete armour, while the other is naked. But I have a stronger objection to urge against this method of ministerial warfare. In the hands of opposition, exaggeration and mis-statement, ridicule and calumny, are so far the recognised instruments of party purposes as to have lost at least half their effect, even with the multitude; and no man—I will not say no man of sense only—but nobody whatever—now thinks the worse of a minister's talents because the Edinburgh Review calls him incapable, or more highly of his opponents because the same journal represents that certain improvements in political knowledge, which are open to all the world, have by some unaccountable fatality remained as exclusively their own property as if they had been sealed up, and the use of them prohibited to every one else. But it is otherwise, when these same engines of fraud and contrivance are employed under the broad imposing cover of official or semi-official gravity. The Whig, bespattered with government dirt, becomes at once, in the eyes of half the world, the identical monster they would represent him to be; and as, unfortunately, there now exists a third party in the state, incomparably more dangerous and more hostile to the existence of both Whigs and Tories, than either of those can be to the other; and who are restrained, by no one scruple of honour or policy, by no one motive which can actuate the mind of a gentleman, and by no one principle that is seated in the breast of a patriot, by whom the old and regular opposition, so long as they retain the smallest portion of popular favour or esteem, are beyond all comparison more hated than the warmest and most violent among the supporters of government, the consequence is, that,

thus assailed on both sides, they must, as a political party, soon cease to have any being; and that with their fall, the old and well tried balance of the constitution will be destroyed, and the liberties of the nation delivered over, bound and fettered, to all the extremities which the prevalence of despotism or anarchy may inflict upon them. I am quite convinced that this deplorable crisis is not to be averted on the part of the Whigs, by the weak compromise of a single constitutional principle in the way of concession to popular clamour and insolence; and I am equally certain, that it must be incalculably accelerated by the system of abuse and recrimination so diligently pursued by the government writers against the remnant of a party, which, though politically opposed, is essentially united to them by one common interest against their more formidable and *radical* opponents. It is by measures of concession to and conciliation with all those of every class and mode of opinion to whom the ark of the constitution is yet properly the object of veneration and care, and not by the proud and uncompromising spirit of injustice, which would confound all shades and diversities of doubt and dissent in one indiscriminate charge of rebellion, that the state is now to be defended against the attacks of those who are openly pledged and sworn to its subversion; and it is well said by the author whom I have before cited, with feelings very different from those of entire approbation,—"Les amis aveugles des mesures violentes tombent sans cesse dans la même erreur. C'est au despotisme qu'ils demandent la reparation des maux que le despotisme a causés. Quand un état est prêt a peri faute de liberté, ils appellent à leur secours plus de servitude encore, et c'est par un accroissement d'arbitraire qu'ils croient apaiser le besoin des garantiés. Mais le pouvoir absolu n'est pas comme la lance d' Achille—il ne guerit point les blessures qu'il a faites—il les envenime et les rend incurables."

Now, if there is any truth in this observation, (and I think that every day's political experience more and more tends to confirm it,) how does it apply to the habit of perpetual abuse and altercation to which the public is condemned to listen, in the form of sound argument and fair discussion, between the contending parties which we denominate, (for want of more proper terms of distinction) Whig and Tory? Let us first calmly consider what is the actual situation of the country, and then, if we can persuade ourselves that it is really such as to leave those who have its interests at heart, sufficient leisure to devote themselves to this war of words, and that they can devote themselves to it securely, there is no more to be said. But, if higher and more immediate duties not only require their attention, but are of such a nature as to demand it entirely, what true Englishman will persist for a moment longer in the useless, the more than useless, exercise? The nation is no longer divided between Whig and Tory, or between Churchman and Dissenter, or between Protestant and Catholic; but between those of all parties who acknowledge an interest, and who claim a right, in the preservation of the commonwealth, and those whose only aim, secret or open, is to destroy it. It is impossible that any man, whether he be Whig or Tory, can be so blinded by the bigotry of faction, as not to be internally convinced, that it is as much the desire and the object of those of the contrary party, as it is his own, to defend the real interests of the state against the enemies who are leagued together for its overthrow. Then why any longer stoop to employ that false and execrable jargon, the sole tendency of which, is to confound the proudest and best established distinctions, and by levelling the barriers of truth, to expose the constitution, unarmed and naked, to every shaft which is aimed at its existence? Let me ask,—setting aside all motives of prudence and true political wisdom—whether, in common justice between man and man, the Whigs are strictly chargeable as a body, with all the warm and intemperate expressions, with all the extravagant doctrines or principles, to which the fury of the moment may have given birth in certain individuals of the party, any more than these whose profession is that of attachment to the existing government, are deserving of having imputed to them, in the mass, the exploded chimera of the divine right of kings, or the more dangerous notion of the perfection of absolute monarchy, upon which many of their too

zealous partizans appear ready to act, although they do not venture openly to profess them? But, if the false imputation of matters of opinion be justly reprehensible, how much more unpardonable is that of interested motives, and corrupt designs and intentions? How, after the experience of the last twenty or thirty years, it can still be asserted, by any person having the smallest pretension to truth or common honesty, (what, nevertheless we find unblushingly repeated in every page of every government journal, and often broadly insinuated, if not distinctly promulgated as the true political creed, from every quarter of the Treasury Bench), that the sole object of the party in opposition, is to dispossess their rivals, and bring themselves into place and power, and how an assertion, so self-evidently false, and almost ridiculous, can actually obtain credit, and pass current, with three-fourths of the nation, is, I think, among the most inexplicable phenomena of modern politics. Yet the mischief of such a persuasion is as extensive as its absurdity should seem to be palpable. Great as the preponderance of the government scale now is, and long has been in the opinions of the country at large, yet the time is not quite arrived—(and I hope to God it never will arrive—) for reposing a blind and unlimited confidence in any ministry, however popular and however virtuous. With all the prevailing bias in favour of the present ministers, the people still require—(and long may they continue to demand—) the constitutional check and security of a regular opposition. But, if that necessary and honourable part of our state establishment, whose legitimate office it is to watch the conduct of ministers, to weigh and investigate, and (for the purpose of their being the more scrupulously weighed and investigated) even frequently to oppose and impede, their minutest proceedings,—if the regular and constitutional opposition be vilified and calumniated, their principles misrepresented, and their intentions falsified, what is the self-evident and immediate consequence? What?—but to throw the unreflecting part of the nation—of that nation which will not consent to become the mere blind tools and simple adherents of even the best administration—upon the hollow and dangerous protection offered them by a set of unprincipled adventurers against *both* the conflicting parties, making no scruple to bespatter them equally with the dirt which each, in its blindness, imagined to be safely employed as the instrument of attack upon the other?

A general election is the fittest of all seasons to call forth in every breast which retains the smallest regard to truth and moderation of sentiment, observations of the nature of these which I have now addressed to you. On the more zealous and determined adherents of either party, I can have little hope that they are calculated to produce any effect; but if they should tend to preserve one candid and liberal mind from being merged in that vortex of faction, which threatens to swallow up all that remains of true honesty and sobriety in the nation, I shall be satisfied to bear all the rest of my life, the reproach which Mr Hobhouse—(not with much apparent justice or felicity,) the other day bestowed upon his less popular rival at Covent-Garden, and be classed, together with him, among those

> "Vile neutrals, who in caution's middle steering,
> Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring."

The "Golden Mean," which we were taught to venerate in our nurseries—the "Aurea Mediocritas," of which we read at school, and which was inculcated by Horace as the best standard to regulate the lives and actions of more than school-boys, has, since the new light of modern philosophy has visited us, (deservedly, I suppose,) been exploded and rejected. Yet, "in the golden days of good Queen Bess," it was still regarded as the golden rule of practice; and the most moral poet of that glorious age has, in his most moral and divine poem, devoted one entire canto to the celebration of it. I am, Sir, yours, &c. METRODORUS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ST PRIEST MSS. No II.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Portrait of Lise (late Baroness of Stael Holstein, when Mademoiselle Necker,) by the Chevalier Charles Emmanuel de St Priest.

Par che n'egli occhi a vampi una facella.
Orlando Furioso.

No one posesses more wit than Lise. A ready conception; a retentive memory; a liveliness of repartee; a just *coup d'œil*, when she allows her attention to be fixed on any object; a sentiment of agreeable things; a facility in expressing them; information; accomplishments. She is mistress, in short, of all which is calculated to please; and this *all* is embellished by the natural charm of her expressions, when she describes the sensations she feels.

Too much ardour, or, at least, too great a vivacity, sometimes carries her beyond the bounds which custom seems to have prescribed. But until experience shall have given her a sufficient command over herself, to enable her to be fully sensible of the utility and wisdom of the received notions of what is fit and congruous, and shall have taught her to correct the work of nature without spoiling it, these transports, or, rather, these flights of the imagination, are not to be otherwise regarded than as we see, in a young poet, those inordinate sallies which bid defiance to the rules of art, without, however, overstepping them, or claiming exceptions in their favour, but which announce the fire of genius, and are its scintillations.

Racine composed fine verses with facility: the rigid Boileau recommended to him to give them a still higher polish. The young poet, sensible of the goodness of his friend's advice, bestowed more pains on the composition of his pieces, and rendered them chefs-d'œuvres of harmony.

Such will be the operation of reason on Lise, when Lise shall have felt and judged: she will perfectionate the work of nature * * * * * * if art were to interfere it would be a profanation.

The heart of Lise ought not to occupy my thoughts: my profession* condemns me to be ignorant of it. I may, however, be permitted to say, that I think it susceptible. When she speaks of it herself, her expressions border somewhat on extravagance; but this is because her conceptions are not as yet to be confined within the narrow boundaries of what is real.—Her vague imagination creating in her fancy a chimerical being, the only one which has sufficient pretensions to please her, it is very natural that she should arrogate to herself sentiments which are not within the scope of humanity, to the end that she may be deserving of the phantom she embraces. Her talents are allied to her gayety, and partake of its freedom.

Her physiognomy indicates attention; but this is deranged at intervals by the movement of her eyes: sometimes mild in their expression, and often ardent; they are the mirror of her soul. When mention is made of her father, they are animated to an uncommon degree. If he were nothing more than an ordinary individual, she would betray her sensibility in speaking of him; but her heart rises to the level of the reputation of this celebrated man.

The sensation which is felt by those who listen to Lise for the first time is astonishment. She subdues the self-love of others without wounding it—and it is not long before each finds, to his surprise, that he is more deeply interested in the conquests of Lise than in his own.

Chi vive amando il sa, senza ch'io'l scriva.
Orl. Furo.

TO LISE.

Vouchsafe * * * * * *
* * * * * *
* * * these humble lines to take,
The sole return your poet e'er can make
Nor deem the labour poor, or tribute small
'Tis all he has, and thus he offers all!
HOOLE'S *Orlando.*

* The Knights of Malta were enjoined a vow of celibacy.

Extract of a Letter relative to the Death of Voltaire, and that of Jean Jacques Rousseau.

M. de Voltaire has just terminated his long career amid the honours paid to him by Parisian enthusiasm. He was crowned at the Theatre Français, at the close of the representation of his Irene, a tragedy which savours strongly of the chilled age when he wrote it. On quitting the theatre, he was surrounded by the minor poets, who demanded, on their knees, the honour of kissing his hands. This excess of enthusiasm, which was very ridiculous, became still more absurd on his reaching the house of Mr Franklin, who fell on his knees, and asked a blessing of him for his young nephew. The excruciating pains felt by M. de Voltaire led him to ask a remedy of his friend M. D. Richelieu, who laboured under the same complaint. The latter sent him opium, the remedy to which he had himself had recourse; and by its abuse he was poisoned. In his latest moments, he expressed a wish to consult M. Tronchin, of whom, however, he did not entertain the most favourable opinion, and treated him as a quack, his art as imposture, &c. Exasperated at these insults, M. Tronchin told him, with much gravity, that, at the most, he had not more than two hours to live, and that therefore it behoved him to see to his affairs. On this observation he was desired to withdraw.

M. de Voltaire now raised himself on his bed, with the help of his nurse and of his notary. The latter having handled him somewhat roughly, received a cuff, the force of which led him to enter his protest against the prognostic of the doctor. As soon as he was recovered from the disorder into which the awkwardness of the notary had thrown him, he said to himself, "At length I am to die.—Be it so; but let my end be conformable to my life. It is more than probable that my body will be deposited in the Chantier (timber-yard) of Maurapas, where the ashes of La Couvreur* repose. Forty years ago she would not permit me to sleep with her, but she will now be constrained to endure me at her side." He was not allowed to be interred in Paris; and the church in which he was buried at Troyes en Champagne, has been interdicted. His punishment was well merited by him, seeing that he protested, until his latest hour, against the divinity of Jesus Christ. He even composed the following epigram, if it may be so named, against religion, and repeated it to his friends, when the agonies of death were fast approaching.

Adieu, mes amis,
Adieu, la compagnie,
Dans une heure d'ici,
Mon ame, anéantie,
Sera ce qu'elle était une heure avant ma vie.

I have not heard that he has as yet had an epitaph bestowed on him, unless the ines which have been handed about, and which are quite in the epigrammatic style, are to be considered as such.

De Voltaire admirez la bizarre planette:
Il naquit chez Ninon, et mourut chez Villette.

The latter is a young Swiss lady, of whom he was greatly enamoured, and whom he had married to *M. de Villette.*†

Jean Jacques Rousseau has rendered his end singularly interesting by the memoirs of his life, in which he has made an exact avowal of all his actions. These memoirs are comprised in an octavo volume, which sells at a most extravagant price. It is even said that copies have been purchased at as high a rate as eighty livres, (more than three guineas,) and from that to twenty-five. The dearness of the book arises from the vigilance of the police, and from its interest—for M. Rousseau has developed in it the intrigue of his novel. It is as follows: His Julie is Mademoiselle de Montmorency, married to a French nobleman, whose name I have not been able to learn, and whom he styles Madame Wolmar. This unfortunate female has been long dead; and it is said by several persons who were acquainted with Rousseau, that from that time he became unsocial and mis-

* A celebrated actress, denied, with all those of her profession in the Catholic states, Christian burial.

† These details were given by M. Mercier, who was present when M. de Voltaire breathed his last.

anthropic. He acknowledges that he had carried on, during three months, an illicit intercourse with Madame de Montmorency, the mother of his Julie; and that this lady, conceiving herself to be the only object of his homage, had confided to him the education of her daughter, whom he seduced: That a nobleman had demanded her in marriage—and that he, Rousseau, having had satisfactory proofs of the probity of this nobleman, had beseeched him not to entail misery on the young lady and on himself. To this he consented, and retired to his country seat. This personage is his Milord Edouard. That the Viscount de Montmorency, who is still living,* on his return from the war in Hanover, having perceived that intrigues were carrying on under his roof, dismissed M. Rousseau, and married his daughter to the nobleman known by the name of Wolmar. He also says, that having become desperately enamoured of Madame de Montmorency's female attendant, his passion carried him to such a length as to instigate him to steal a gold trinket belonging to her mistress, with a view to criminate her: That having thrown out suspicions against this unfortunate girl, he caused her to be sent to prison, to the end that, as her deliverer, he might acquire certain rights over her person; and that, if she had not yielded to his passion, he would have had the courage to see her hanged, and to despatch himself afterwards with a poignard: That being in extreme distress, a doctor of the Sorbonne, whom he names, proposed to him to write against religion. This offer he accepted, and took care to fulfil his engagement. He names a dozen women of quality, still living, from whom he received favours, at times and under circumstances, which carry with them a great air of probability. His mistress is the daughter of M. le Vasseur, a director of imposts at Dijon. By his persuasives she was led to elope with him. Having brought together, at a dinner party, Messrs Diderot, d'Alembert, and others, he presented to them this female, saying, "I call God and my friends to witness that I acknowledge no other wife beside Mademoiselle le Vasseur." By this woman he had four children, three of whom are, agreeably to his testimony, in the foundling hospital. With the destiny of the other he professes to be unacquainted.

(Here is introduced an extract from the preface to "THE CONFESSIONS," already before the public. What follows, as referring to the manner of Rousseau's death, is not so well known. A loose hint is thrown out by Madame de Staël, in her memoirs of this extraordinary character, that a suspicion was entertained of his having been taken off by poison. The particulars are these.)

The mausoleum of Jean Jacques Rousseau is at Ermenonville, where he died, in the house of his friend the Marquis de Girardin. The cause of his death has been disguised, by ascribing it to an attack of apoplexy. He died of poison, because his memoirs had appeared before the time he had prescribed; and it was the infidelity of his mistress, who had stolen them from him, which led him to have recourse to poison. He is buried in a small island formed by a lake, in the centre of a *sombre* group of trees, in which he took particular delight. On one side of his tomb, which is a square of six feet, surmounted by a cornucopia, M. Girardin has inscribed the following lines.

Ici, sous ces ombres paisibles,
Pour les restes de Jean Jacques Rousseau,
L'amitié posa ce tombeau:
Mais c'est dans tous les cœurs sensibles
Que cet homme divin, qui fut tout sentiment,
Doit trouver du respect l'eternal monument.

The other side of the tomb has a musical trophy for his operatic piece, "LE DEVIN DE VILLAGE." Behind is a woman in tears, giving her breast to an infant, who holds in his hands "L'EMILE." The third side represents two doves billing, as an emblem of the "NOUVELLE HELOISE."

* This was written shortly after the death of Rousseau.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

(SCENE—*The Vale of Enna.*)

PROSERPINE, VIRGINS.

Proser. Now come and sit around me,
And I'll divide the flowers, and give to each
What most becomes her beauty. What a vale
Is this of Enna! Every thing that comes
From the green earth, springs here more graciously,
And the blue day, methinks, smiles lovelier now
Than it was wont even in Sicily.
My spirit mounts as triumphing, and my heart,
In which the red blood hides, seems tumulted
By some delicious passion. Look, above,
Above: How nobly thro' the cloudless sky
The great Apollo goes—Jove's radiant son—
My father's son: and here, below, the bosom
Of the green earth is almost hid by flowers.
Who would be sad to-day! Come round, and cast
Each one her odorous heap from out her lap
Into one pile. Some we'll divide among us,
And, for the rest, we'll fling them to the Hours;
So may Aurora's path become more fair,
And we be blest in giving.
Here—This rose
(This one half-blown) shall be my Maia's portion,
For that, like it, her blush is beautiful:
And this deep violet, almost as blue
As Pallas' eye, or thine, Lycimnia,
I'll give to thee, for like thyself it wears
Its sweetness, never obtruding. For this lily,
Where can it hang but at Cyane's breast?
And yet 'twill wither on so white a bed,
If flowers have sense for envy:—It shall lie
Amongst thy raven tresses, Cytheris,
Like one star on the bosom of the night.
The cowslip and the yellow primrose—they
Are gone, my sad Leontia, to their graves,
And April hath wept o'er them, and the voice
Of March hath sung, even before their deaths,
The dirge of those young children of the year.—
But here is heart's-ease for your woes. And now,
The honey-suckle flower I give to thee,
And love it for my sake, my own Cyane:
It hangs upon the stem it loves, as thou
Hast clung to me thro' every joy and sorrow;
It flourishes with its guardian's growth, as thou dost;
And if the woodman's axe should droop the tree,
The woodbine too must perish.—Hark! what sound—
Do ye see aught?

CHORUS.

Behold, behold, Proserpina!
How hoary clouds from out the earth arise,
And wing their way towards the skies,
As they would veil the burning blush of day.
And, look, upon a rolling car,
Some fearful being from afar

Comes onward: As he moves along the ground,
A dull and subterranean sound
Companions him; and from his face doth shine,
Proclaiming him divine,
A light that darkens all the place around.

SEMICHORUS. *(Cyane.)*

'Tis he, 'tis he: he comes to us
From the depths of Tartarus.
For what of evil doth he roam
From his red and gloomy home,
In the centre of the world,
Where the sinful dead are hurled?
Mark him as he moves along,
Drawn by horses black and strong,
Such as may belong to Night,
'Ere she takes her morning flight.
Now the chariot stops: the god
On our grassy world hath trod:
Like a Titan steppeth he,
Yet full of his divinity.
On his mighty shoulders lie
Raven locks, and in his eye
A cruel beauty, such as none
Of us may wisely look upon.

Proser. He comes indeed. How like a god he looks!
Terribly lovely—Shall I shun his eye,
Which even here looks brightly beautiful?
What a wild leopard glance he has.—I am
Jove's daughter, and shall *I* then deign to fly?
I will not, yet methinks, I fear to stay.
Come, let us go, Cyane.

PLUTO *enters.*

Pluto. Stay, oh! stay.
Proserpina, Proserpina, I come
From my Tartarean kingdom to behold you.
The brother of Love am I. I come to say,
Gently, beside the blue Sicilian stream,
How much I love you, fair Proserpina.
Think me not rude that thus at once I tell
My passion. I disarm me of all power;
And in the accents of a man I sue,
Bowing before your beauty. Brightest maid!
Let me—still unpresuming—say I have
Roamed thro' the earth, where many an eye hath smil'd
In love upon me, tho' it knew me not;
But I have passed free from amongst them all,
To gaze on you alone. I might have clasped
Lovely and royal maids, and throned queens,
Sea-nymphs, or fairy shapes that glide along
Like light across the hills, or those that make
Mysterious music in the desert woods,
And shake the green leaves in the face of day,
Or lend a voice to fountains or to caves,
Or answering hush the river's sweet reproach—
Oh! I've escaped from all, to come and tell
How much I love you, sweet Proserpina.

SEMICHORUS.—*(Cyane.)*

Come with me, away, away,
Fair and young Proserpina,
You will die unless you flee,
Child of crowned Cybele!
Think on all your mother's love,
On every stream and pleasant grove
That you must for ever leave,
If the dark king you believe.
Think not on his eyes of fire,
Nor his wily heart's desire;
Nor his mighty monarch tread;
Nor the locks that 'round his head
Run like wreathed snakes, and fling
A shadow o'er his eyes' glancing;
Nor the dangerous whispers, hung
Like honey, roofing o'er his tongue.
But think of all thy mother's glory—
Of her love—of every story
Of the cruel Pluto told,
And which grey Tradition old,
With all its weight of grief and crime,
Hath barr'd from out the grave of Time.
Once again I bid thee flee,
Daughter of great Cybele.

Proser. You are too harsh, Cyane!
Pluto. Oh! my love,
Fairer than the white Naiad—fairer far
Than ought on earth, and fair as ought in heaven.—
Hear me, Proserpina!
Proser. Away, away.
I'll not believe you. What a cunning tongue
He has, Cyane; has he not. Away:
Can the gods flatter?
Pluto. By my burning throne!
I love you, sweetest: I will make you queen
Of my great kingdom. One third of the world
Shall you reign over, my Proserpina;
And you shall rank as high as any she,
Save one, within the starry court of Jove.
Proser. Will you be true?
Pluto. I swear it. By myself!
Come then, my bride.
Proser. Speak thou again, my friend.
Speak, harsh Cyane, in a harsher voice,
And bid me not believe him. Ah! you droop
Your head in silence.
Pluto. Come, my bright queen!
Come, beautiful Proserpina, and see
The regions over which your husband reigns;
His palaces and radiant treasures, which
Mock and outstrip all fable; his great power,
Which the living own, and wandering ghosts obey,
And all the elements——Oh! you shall sit
On my illuminated throne, and be
A Queen indeed; and round your forehead shall run
Circlets of gems, as bright as those that bind
The brows of Juno on Heaven's festal nights,
When all the Gods assemble, and bend down
In homage before Jove.

Proser. Speak out, Cyane!
Pluto. But, above all, in my heart shall you reign
Supreme, a Goddess and a Queen indeed,
Without a rival. Oh! and you shall share
My subterranean power, and sport upon
The fields Elysian, where 'midst softest sounds,
And odours springing from immortal flowers,
And mazy rivers, and eternal groves
Of bloom and beauty, the good spirits walk:
And you shall take your station in the skies
Nearest the Queen of Heaven, and with her hold
Celestial talk, and meet Jove's tender smile
So beautiful——.
Proser. Away, away, away,
Nothing but force shall ever.—Oh, away.
I'll not believe. Fool that I am to smile.
Come 'round me virgins. Am I then betrayed?
Oh! fraudful king!
Pluto. No, by this kiss, and this:
I am your own, my love; and you are mine
For ever and for ever. Weep, Cyane.
[*Forces off Proserpine.*

CHORUS.

They are gone—Afar, afar,
Like the shooting of a star,
See their chariot fade away.
Farewell, lost Proserpina.
(*Cyane is gradually transformed.*)
But, oh! what frightful change is here:
Cyane, raise your eyes, and hear—
We call thee.—Vainly—on the ground
She sinks, without a single sound,
And all her garments float around.
Again, again she rises—light,
Her head is like a fountain bright,
And her glossy ringlets fall,
With a murmur musical,
O'er her shoulders like a river,
That rushes and escapes for ever
Is the fair Cyane gone?
And is this fountain left alone,
For a sad remembrance, where
We may in after times repair,
With heavy heart and weeping eye,
To sing songs to her memory?

Oh! then, farewell! and now with hearts that mourn
Deeply, to Dian's temple will we go:
But ever on this day we will return,
Constant, to mark Cyane's fountain flow;
And, haply, for among us who can know
The secrets written on the scrolls of Fate,
A day may come when we may cease our woe,
And she, redeemed at last from Pluto's hate,
Rise, in her beauty old, pure and regenerate.

C.

ON SONGS AND SONG WRITERS.

MR EDITOR,

Every one who has dabbled in verse, must have found the difficulty of writing a tolerably satisfactory song,—I mean, satisfactory even to the author himself. Most people also, whether writers of verses or not, have some remembrance of being frequently disappointed in songs which seemed good, or pleased, against their judgment, with songs which seemed bad, before they were sung. These apparent contradictions, though a little puzzling at first sight, appear to me to be perfectly susceptible of explanation. Nor is that explanation difficult, if the assumption of certain premises be allowed. Hypothesis, however, has generally more or less to do with the illustration of mysterious or contradictory phenomena; and in attempting to elucidate those I have described, I shall be under the necessity of involving some degree of reference to Remarks on the Nature of Musical Expression, and on the Progress of Poetical Style, which have had the good fortune to appear in former numbers of your Miscellany. It will first be necessary to enumerate the difficulties and requisites of song writing. Having done this, I shall indulge myself in a few observations on well known songs, in their different classes, and on the obstacles to correct judgment on lyrical composition.

A good song may be defined to be a short piece of average metrical and poetical merit, adapted to an expressive air. It ought to possess poetical merit equal to that which other approved metrical compositions of the same length usually comprehend: it ought also to be truly lyrical, that is to say, its fitness for being vocally performed should be evident in the fact of the poetical effect of the song being heightened, rather than otherwise, by its being sung. These conditions certainly comprehend, in their performance, considerable difficulties. The song writer will be found to be limited by laws much more severe than those which are imposed upon the writer of other poetical effusions of equal length, whether apparently lyrical or confessedly not so. The expression, "apparently lyrical," I use as descriptive of poetical pieces, lyrical in their measure, but which are not intended to be sung, and which cannot be sung without manifest injury to the effect of the composition. This phrase, however, will probably be better understood, after considering the laws to the observance of which the lyrical author is bound.

The greatest difficulty, perhaps, in the composition of a song which is intended to be sung to an expressive air, arises from the necessity that every stanza, being sung to the same air, shall embody precisely the train of sentiment or passion which the air musically expresses.

This necessity is evident, in as much as if it does not do so, a discordance between the air and the words necessarily occurs; the air conveying one description or degree of feeling, and the words another, which is destructive of lyrical effect. For perfect effect, indeed, it is necessary that the greatest strength of poetical expression in the song should be so introduced as to correspond with those bars of the music in which the musical expression is strongest. When this is not done, although no actual discordance may be evident, the song loses considerably in performance. The expression of the air in some parts is necessarily too strong for the words, and in others too weak, and *vice versa*.

As all lyrical music, which is expressive at all, expresses some passion or powerful feeling, by supposition inherent in and exciting the singer, lyrical music may properly be said to be essentially dramatic. A song, when performed, is a passionate "discourse" in "most eloquent music." Its language must be exclusively that of the feelings; and being so, must, if it is true that simplicity is necessary to the pathetic, be also comparatively free from every appearance of the artificial. This is a severe restriction upon the song writer, who is constantly driven by it towards common-place. This is an unfortunate dilemma. It seems to be almost undeniable, that poetical originality is becoming every day more and more dependant upon far-sought and artificial combinations of thought. Now this directly tends to render more and more difficult the original exhibition of the pure pathetic, in poetical

composition, passion being only to be conveyed by strong and natural expression, which poetry has always found it impracticable to render susceptible of adventitious ornament. In short, to the lyric poet is allotted the almost impossible task of giving, without the aids which novelty of situation or of preparation affords the dramatic author, a natural and striking, as well as original expression of feeling, whilst he is at the same time subjected to lyrical difficulties and limitations from which the other is free. Such are the difficulties of this species of poetical composition; and it is from a noncompliance with some one or other of the requisites which have been described, that those disappointments which so often attend the lyrical efforts of the greatest poetical talents arise. Sometimes the structure of the thought embodied in each stanza is too artificial—sometimes the description of sentiment in one stanza differs from that in another, to which the same air is consequently inapplicable—sometimes the train of thought is throughout unsuitable to the air. Hence springs that apparent inconsistency which causes us to reject, when sung, stanzas of undoubted poetical merit, and to prefer lines of little original desert, of which, however, the sentiment is similar to, and continuous with the air to which they are joined.

The songs of the earlier poets, Shakspeare, Fletcher, and others, were probably written with little reference to the music which was to be appended to them. The crude and half barbarous science, which at once formalized and complicated the music of the age, would afford little encouragement to lyrics.

Milton indeed appears to have admired the rather more modern "Ayres" of "Master Henry Lawes," but if the crabbed passages and awkward modulation of Queen Elizabeth's lessons for the virginals are to be taken as samples of the taste of her times, musical inspiration, in any shape, must, I think, have been of rare occurrence. Whether or not any of the popular airs of that period have come down to us, I do not know. It seems, however, sufficiently evident, that England has never perfected a national style of music, and to this may be in part attributed the scarcity of good lyrics in English poetry.

Shakspeare's songs are very unequal; his most fanciful are perhaps his best. "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," powerful as is its language, is yet a little too didactic to be perfectly lyrical; "but that's not much."—"Five fathom deep thy father lies," is a beautiful disappointment. The conclusion does not answer the commencement. The "ding dong bell," in particular, I must venture to protest against; even the name of Shakspeare cannot sanctify the absurd burthens, the "heigh-hos!" and "hey nonny nonnies," which the fashion of his time has probably led him to affix to many of his songs. The formal quaintness of Harrington is directly at variance with lyrical effect, nor can I help thinking, that the lyrical parts of Fletcher's Faithful shepherdess have been over-praised. The well-known, "take, oh take those lips away," is, after all, to me, the finest song of the time. A little later, Ben Jonson's, "drink to me only with thine eyes," is much and deservedly celebrated. Those witty and elegant verses which are called the songs of Charles the Second's time, are nearly worthless as Lyrics. Let every one, however, read them, but let them only be read; they are pretty songs as they stand, and singing only spoils them.

At what period the description of lyrics, called "Hunting songs," became general, I cannot certainly say. They are less satisfactory to me than even drinking songs, of which last we have, considering all things, marvellously few good specimens. Yet the joyous and social spirit which is the spring of conviviality, would seem to be well adapted for lyrical and musical expression.

If we except a few excellent songs, which are certainly to be found scattered throughout the pages of English poetry, and the admirable specimens which are preserved amongst the early Scottish ballads, Robert Burns may be styled the first good song writer that has appeared. Not that Allan Ramsay is to be forgotten, many of whose songs, as for instance, "Woes my heart that we should sunder," and others in "the Gentle Shepherd," are of considerable poetical, as well as lyrical merit.—But Burns, besides his genius as a poet, seems to have hit, almost by a sort of instinct, upon the true principles of this department of writing. From these he has rarely

deviated. In his songs is displayed that continuity of passion or of pathetic sentiment, or of joyous or of humorous feeling, expressed in simple, yet bold and original language, which constitutes the beau ideal of lyrical composition. I would particularly instance, "Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;" "From thee, Eliza, I must go;" "Will ye gae to the Indies;" "Ae fond kiss, an' than we sever;" and, "O Tibbie, I hae seen the day;" as examples of perfect songs. The ballad, "When wild war's deadly blast;" "When Januar' winds;" though poetical chef d'œuvres, are lyrical failures. A few parts only accord with the expression of the airs, and the narrative stanzas which commence and conclude the poems, produce, when sung, a dreary discord.

The songs of Moore are in a different style. They will probably long be the models of future cultivators of English lyre poetry, of which generally speaking, they are the most perfect specimens. By his felicitous ease of expression, Moore has freed his originality from that apparent artifice or labour which is fatal to the effect of a song. His tact, also, in adapting the train of sentiment to the air is equal to that of Burns. They are the twin stars, the Castor and Pollux of the British lyre. It is almost needless to point out individual songs of this poet, as especially displaying that exquisite union of poetical and of musical expression, with which they all, more or less, abound. I cannot, however, resist mentioning, "Oh! breathe not his name;" "When he that adores thee;" and last and best, "Go where glory waits thee;" nor do I envy those who possess stoicism so great, or sympathies so small, as to hear these melodies sung, without experiencing some of the strongest emotions that genius has ever united to language. In the song, "Let them rail at this life," Mr Moore has suffered his satirical vein to entice him into a breach of the continuity of sentiment. The air is one of unmixed, though affectionate and feeling, cheerfulness, and ill bears the sarcastic turn which deforms the concluding stanza. Amongst the English lyrists, however, this author is unrivalled. He is worthy of the melodies of Ireland, and they of him. After these, Byron's Hebrew Melodies must not be named. To say the truth, they are neither Hebrew nor melodies; but his Lordship can well afford to suffer for the misnomer.

Of the dramatic songs of the present day I hardly know how to speak, for I have nothing good to say of them. As far as they include scientific difficulties, they may be interesting to a few, but they are "caviar to the general." The words are, for the most part, wisely drowned in the accompaniments, and "let them there lie mudded." I shall not attempt to disturb their repose. Of the said accompaniment, I would say, the fuller the better. The ear which would soon sicken upon the thin diet, "the water-brose or muslin-kail" of unmeaning lines to an unmeaning air, is excited and kept in good humour by the stimulus of the harmony. When a song is sung with a full accompaniment, the difficulty of judgment is much increased, the general excitement of the accompanying chords supplying the want of pleasurable expression in the air. This power of general harmonic excitement is best proved by the fact of its being known to produce an effect, even in direct opposition to the excitement of the air and words which it is intended to assist. Of this the autobiography of the celebrated Alfieri affords a singular and striking instance. Having before described the tendency to depression of spirits to which he was early subject, he says, "By this subterfuge I had the pleasure of hearing the Opera Buffa of Mercato di Malmantile. It was composed by a celebrated master, and performed by the first singers of Italy, Carratoli Baglioni, and her daughters. This varied and enchanting music sunk deep into my soul, and made the most astonishing impression on my imagination; it agitated the inmost recesses of my heart to such a degree, that for several weeks I experienced the most profound melancholy, which was not however wholly unattended with pleasure."—Chap. V. 2d Epoch. Again, after he had advanced to manhood, and his constitutional tendency to melancholy and nervous depression had more decidedly developed itself, he says, "My greatest pleasure consisted in attending the Opera Buffa, though the gay and lively music left a deep and melancholy impression on my mind."—Chap. II. 3d Epoch. The rationale of this seemingly anomalous result I take to be shortly this—that the melancholic tendency which the

lively songs failed to overcome, was exacerbated by the harmony of the accompaniments; inasmuch as general stimulants increase the predominant description of feeling of the mind to which they are applied; as for instance, drinking spirituous liquors is well known to heighten instead of alleviating the horrors of a shipwreck.

The songs of the Beggar's Opera are probably the most happy of dramatic lyrics. They are indeed the only English operatic songs that have become really and permanently popular. The airs of "Woman is like a fair flower in its lustre," "I like the fox shall grieve," and, "Can love be controlled by advice?" are in themselves beautiful, without reference to the peculiarities of the plot of the piece. For the right appreciation of the duet of "The Miser thus," and of the song of "The Charge is prepared," it must be recollected, that we set out with a highwayman for a hero, and the whole action is under the atmosphere of Newgate. The songs of the Duenna I must always regard as the weakest part of that performance, nor will the Elegiacs of Burgoyne and Jackson of Exeter, in the Lord of the Manor, go far to redeem the English opera from the mediocrity which seems to be its fate.

Incledon and Dibdin did their best to make sea songs popular, and for a while they succeeded. Dibdin, however, wanted judgment, for, from his attempts to clothe grave thoughts in seaman's phraseology, good taste will always revolt. In one of his songs, the resurrection is actually thus alluded to.—

"When he hears the last whistle,
He'll come upon deck."

One might as well think of extracting the sublime from a shopboard.

"Oh! penny pipers, and most painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a subject!"

But, to be serious—with vulgar slang grave interest can never amalgamate. Divested of this, however, I do not see why the peculiar vicissitudes of a sailor's life might not give variety to the lyric muse, or why the exploits of the "Vikingr," whether of good old Saxon or more modern times, are not as capable of tuneful commemoration as those of heroes upon dry land. Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," I have read a hundred times, but have never seen the music, if there is any appended to it. The Storm of G. A. Stevens, too, no doubt contains passages of high lyrical merit; but it is, upon the whole, by far too much of a ballad. Black-eyed Susan, and Glover's Admiral Hosier's Ghost, are, I think, hardly to be classed as sea songs. The scenes, to be sure, are laid on board of ship, but they embody no feelings or incidents of any consequence, which are peculiar to a sea life.—I am, &c. D. T.

ELEGY I.

When first I sought that smile of brightness,
More pleasing haply from its lightness,
I had but felt a transient grief,
To think our love might be as brief.

For tho' thine eyes, as now, were beaming,
Oh! Leila, I was far from dreaming,
That thou would'st claim, when we should part,
So large a portion of my heart.

Methought the ice my breast defended
Would only make its fires more splendid,
As sunbeams that in winter glow,
Glance brightest from the wreathed snow.

But, oh! my bosom, which before
Began so lightly to adore,
Would now perversely have thee be
E'en constant in inconstancy.

And, as the harp's enliven'd strain
Doth oft to melancholy wane
Without the players will or care—
So I am sad, ere well aware.

Alas! though I had ever known
My buried heart was turn'd to stone,
I might have known that this would prove
No hindrance to the growth of love.

Which to the flinty rock will cling,
And as the slender lichens spring,
Obtaining life one knows not where,
Strike root, and live, and flourish there:

Or say the fragile verdure drew
Its being from the air and dew;
So love its tender leaf uprears,
Sown but by sighs, and fed with tears.

ELEGY II.

If fate will tear thee from my heart,
Without a warning sign depart,
For I can give no answering sign,
Nor faulter a farewell to thine.

If the last wafture of thy hand
Could let my soul forth where I stand,
If the stabb'd heart would truly bleed,
Then kindness would be kind indeed.

Were death to part us, I could rest
My sinking head upon thy breast,
And when the agony was past,
My gaze would fade from thine at last.

But, oh! what other pow'r shall break
My lips' last hold upon thy cheek,
Or loose my stiffen'd arms that strain
Thy waist in grief's convulsive pain—

Or from my shoulder's resting place
Turn that pale tear-besullied face,
Or part our trembling hands that clasp
Their latest and long-ling'ring grasp.

If fate will tear thee from my heart,
Without a warning sign depart,
For I can give no answering sign,
Nor faulter a farewell to thine.

Thou wast like angel here below,
And from me, angel-like, must go,
That, losing, I may know, not how,
But that thou art no longer now.

Nor let it dwell with thee—nor pine
That thou hast no adieu of mine;
Ev'n from thyself thy going hide,
Think thou art here, and I have died.

Count me no longer to be one
Whom earthly airs will breathe upon;
But keep, when thou hast ceas'd to grieve,
The legacy of love I leave.

Yes—so preserve my every sigh,
Stored deeply in thy memory,
So hold my love, since we must part,
As if thou had'st embalm'd my heart.

May he to whom kind Heav'n shall give
Once more to bid thy wishes live,
And wake that eye's soft ray, serene,
Be to thee—what I would have been.

Give thou to him, with thine, the heart
Thou takest from me, now we part;
Give it, and, of that heart possess't,
He shall be true as well as blest. D. T.

The following touching Verses are taken from a Newcastle Newspaper, the "Tyne Mercury."

A WINTER MORNING.

It was upon a wint'ry morn,—
When snow flakes on the wind were borne,
The keen black frost had scarcely failed,
And sleet and rain by turns assailed—
I marked, as where in warmth I stood,
And the sight did almost freeze my blood,
A little infant, on a stone,
Chilled and shivering, sat alone.

The snow fell thick and fast, yet he
Did never speak, but piteously
Upon each passer, with a sigh,
Bent his little, tearful eye—
Yet of him notice none was taken,
He seemed to be by all forsaken,
As cold and shivering on the stone,
The little sufferer sat alone.

He asked not aid—he looked for one
Who came not—who, alas! was gone
For ever from him—ne'er was he
Again that guilty one to see,
Nor e'er again was that sweet boy
To warm his mother's heart with joy—
For she, that morn, upon that stone,
Had left him there to sit alone.

At length his fears his silence broke,
And thus the little lost one spoke:
'Alas! methinks she lingers long—
I cannot see her in the throng,
I strain my eyes to look in vain,
Alas! she will not come again—
And yet she promised, when alone
She left me sitting on this stone.

"Oh, mother! come to me, for I
Am cold—and sick—and verily
Methinks the night begins to fall,
For darkness shuts me out from all
I saw before—I feel not now
The damp snow falling on my brow,
And sure the cold has left this stone,
Where I have sat so long alone.

"Come, mother, come! nor tarry longer,
For oh! this weakness grows still stronger;
Come, mother! take me to my home—
How faint I am—come—mother—come."
He said no more—his little breast
Heaved but once, then sunk to rest.
Now calm, and colder than the stone
Where first he sat, he lies alone.

But soon that wretched mother came,
With her eyes in tears and her heart in flame;
And—God!—how she stood in mute surprise
When first the vision met her eyes,
When first his little face she knew—
So chang'd from the last and lovely hue
It wore that morn, when she left him alone,
In tempest and storm, on a damp cold stone.

But who shall tell the pangs she felt,
As madly in the snow she knelt
And clasp'd him round, in her deep distress,
In all his chilling iciness?—
The tear at once forsook her eye,
And she rais'd a harsh and horrid cry,
That seem'd on its rushing wing to bear
The last of her knowledge of grief and care.

Oh! ne'er will she taste sweet rest again—
For madness reigns in her troubled brain,
For her boy she calls through day and night;
In coldness—in darkness—in pale moonlight—
"My boy!—my boy!—have you seen my boy?"
Not another thought does her mind employ—
Not a gleam of hope from the past can she borrow,
As she wanders along in the grasp of her sorrow!

Newcastle, Dec. 2.

THE SNOW STORM.

" 'Tis only from the belief of the goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man."—HENRY MACKENZIE.

IN Summer there is beauty in the wildest moors of Scotland, and the wayfaring man who sits down for an hour's rest beside some little spring that flows unheard through the brightened moss and water-cresses, feels his weary heart revived by the silent, serene, and solitary prospect. On every side sweet sunny spots of verdure smile towards him from among the melancholy heather—unexpectedly in the solitude a stray sheep, it may be with its lambs, starts half-alarmed at his motionless figure—insects large, bright, and beautiful come careering by him through the desert air—nor does the Wild want its own songsters, the grey linnet, fond of the blooming furze, and now and then the lark mounting up to heaven above the summits of the green pastoral hills. During such a sunshiny hour, the lonely cottage on the waste seems to stand in a paradise; and as he rises to pursue his journey, the traveller looks back and blesses it with a mingled emotion of delight and envy. There, thinks he, abide the children of Innocence and Contentment, the two most benign spirits that watch over human life.

But other thoughts arise in the mind of him who may chance to journey through the same scene in the desolation of Winter. The cold bleak sky girdles the moor as with a belt of ice—life is frozen in air and on earth. The silence is not of repose but extinction—and should a solitary human dwelling catch his eye half-buried in the snow, he is sad for the sake of them whose destiny it is to abide far from the cheerful haunts of men, shrouded up in melancholy, by poverty held in thrall, or pining away in unvisited and untended disease.

But, in good truth, the heart of human life is but imperfectly discovered from its countenance; and before we can know what the summer, or what the winter yields for enjoyment or trial to our country's peasantry, we must have conversed with them in their fields and by their firesides; and made ourselves acquainted with the powerful ministry of the Seasons, not over those objects alone that feed the eye and the imagination, but over all the incidents, occupations, and events that modify or constitute the existence of the poor.

I have a short and simple story to tell of the winter-life of the moorland cottager—a story but of one evening—with few events and no signal catastrophe—but which may haply please those hearts whose delight it is to think on the humble under-plots that are carrying on in the great Drama of Life.

Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sitting by their cheerful peat-fire one winter evening, in a small lonely hut on the edge of a wide moor, at some miles distance from any other habitation. There had been, at one time, several huts of the same kind erected close together, and inhabited by families of the poorest class of day-labourers who found work among the distant farms, and at night returned to dwellings which were rent-free, with their little gardens won from the waste. But one family after another had dwindled away, and the turf-built huts had all fallen into ruins, except one that had always stood in the centre of this little solitary village, with its summer-walls covered with the richest honeysuckles, and in the midst of the brightest of all the gardens. It alone now sent up its smoke into the clear winter sky—and its little end-window, now lighted up, was the only ground star that shone towards the belated traveller, if any such ventured to cross, on a winter night, a scene so dreary and desolate. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough poney that had drawn in a sledge, from the heart of the Black-Moss, the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were now sitting cheerily, and the little Highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together, under cover of a rude shed, of which one side was formed by the peat-stack, and which was at once byre, and stable, and hen-roost. Within, the clock ticked cheerfully as the fire-light reached its old oak-wood case across the yellow-sanded floor—and a small round table stood between, covered with a snow-white cloth, on which were milk and oat-cakes, the morning, mid-day, and evening meal of these frugal and contented cotters. The

spades and the mattocks of the labourer were collected into one corner, and showed that the succeeding day was the blessed Sabbath—while on the wooden chimney-piece was seen lying an open Bible ready for family worship.

The father and the mother were sitting together without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with happiness, for on this Saturday-night they were, every minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their only daughter, a maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills. This dutiful child was, as they knew, to bring home to them "her sair-worn penny fee," a pittance which, in the beauty of her girl-hood, she earned singing at her work, and which, in the benignity of that sinless time, she would pour with tears into the bosoms she so dearly loved. Forty shillings a-year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee—but though she wore at her labour a tortoise-shell comb in her auburn hair, and though in the kirk none were more becomingly arrayed than she, one half, at least, of her earnings were to be reserved for the holiest of all purposes, and her kind innocent heart was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the long-expected Saturday-night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

Of such a child the happy cotters were thinking in their silence. And well indeed might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial piety is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladness of childhood, but had not yet reached that time, when inevitable selfishness mixes with the pure current of love. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had felt so long; and when she looked on the pale face and bending frame of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and whitening hairs of her father, often would she lie weeping for their sakes on her midnight bed—and wish that she were beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayer. The parents whom before she had only loved, her expanding heart now also venerated. With gushing tenderness was now mingled a holy fear and an awful reverence. She had discerned the relation in which she an only child stood to her poor parents now that they were getting old, and there was not a passage in Scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the Cross, that was not written, never to be obliterated, on her uncorrupted heart.

The father rose from his seat, and went to the door to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands—and the full moon was risen. It was almost light as day, and the snow, that seemed encrusted with diamonds, was so hardened by the frost, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface. He had been toiling all day among the distant Castle-woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child—but his wife's kind voice dissuaded him, and returning to the fireside, they began to talk of her whose image had been so long passing before them in their silence.

"She is growing up to be a bonny lassie," said the mother, "her long and weary attendance on me during my fever last spring kept her down awhile—but now she is sprouting fast and fair as a lily, and may the blessing of God be as dew and as sunshine to our sweet flower all the days she bloometh upon this earth." "Aye, Agnes," replied the father, "we are not very old yet—though we are getting older—and a few years will bring her to woman's estate, and what thing on this earth, think ye, human or brute, would ever think of injuring her? Why, I was speaking about her yesterday to the minister as he was riding by, and he told me that none answered at the Examination in the Kirk so well as Hannah. Poor thing—I well think she has all the bible by heart—indeed, she has read but little else—only some stories, too true ones, of the blessed martyrs, and some o' the auld sangs o' Scotland, in which there is nothing but what is good, and which, to be sure, she sings, God bless her, sweeter than any laverock." "Aye—were we both to die this very night she would be happy. Not that she would forget us, all the days of her life. But have you not seen, husband, that God always makes the orphan

happy? None so little lonesome as they! They come to make friends o' all the bonny and sweet things in the world around them, and all the kind hearts in the world make friends o' them. They come to know that God is more especially the father o' them on earth whose parents he has taken up to heaven—and therefore it is that they for whom so many have fears, fear not at all for themselves, but go dancing and singing along like children whose parents are both alive! Would it not be so with our dear Hannah? So douce and thoughtful a child—but never sad nor miserable—ready it is true to shed tears for little, but as ready to dry them up and break out into smiles! I know not why it is, husband, but this night my heart warms toward her beyond usual. The moon and stars are at this moment looking down upon her, and she looking up to them, as she is glinting homewards over the snow. I wish she were but here, and taking the comb out o' her bonny hair and letting it all fall down in clusters before the fire, to melt away the cranreuch!"

While the parents were thus speaking of their daughter, a loud sugh of wind came suddenly over the cottage, and the leafless ash-tree under whose shelter it stood, creaked and groaned dismally as it passed by. The father started up, and going again to the door, saw that a sudden change had come over the face of the night. The moon had nearly disappeared, and was just visible in a dim, yellow, glimmering den in the sky. All the remote stars were obscured, and only one or two faintly seemed in a sky that half-an-hour before was perfectly cloudless, but that was now driving with rack, and mist, and sleet, the whole atmosphere being in commotion. He stood for a single moment to observe the direction of this unforeseen storm, and then hastily asked for his staff. "I thought I had been more weather-wise—A storm is coming down from the Cairnbrae-hawse, and we shall have nothing but a wild night." He then whistled on his dog—an old sheep-dog, too old for its former labours—and set off to meet his daughter, who might then, for ought he knew, be crossing the Black-moss. The mother accompanied her husband to the door, and took a long frightened look at the angry sky. As she kept gazing, it became still more terrible. The last shred of blue was extinguished—the wind went whirling in roaring eddies, and great flakes of snow circled about in the middle air, whether drifted up from the ground, or driven down from the clouds, the fear-stricken mother knew not, but she at least knew, that it seemed a night of danger, despair, and death. "Lord have mercy on us, James, what will become of our poor bairn!" But her husband heard not her words, for he was already out of sight in the snow-storm, and she was left to the terror of her own soul in that lonesome cottage.

Little Hannah Lee had left her master's house, soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of providence. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the poney and the cow;—friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow-diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls around her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Scrae, and in a few

seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song; and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadow on her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home, was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself, but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep," thought she,—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity of others' sorrow. At last, she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted,—and shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow,—of a mother and child frozen to death on that very moor,—and, in a moment, she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep, for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her,—so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work,—happy in her sleep,—happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child,—and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this,—she was to be frozen to death—and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirk-yard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed,—and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an over-ruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bittern sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer." And drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover; "Our father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,—thy kingdom come,—thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity,—and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden having prayed to her Father in Heaven—then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child;—he too had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.

There was all this while a blazing fire in the cottage—a white spread table—and beds prepared for the family to lie down in peace. Yet was she who sat therein more to be pitied than the old man and the child stretched upon the snow. "I will not go to seek them—that would be tempting providence—and wilfully putting out the lamp of life. No! I will abide

here, and pray for their souls!" Then, as she knelt down, looked she at the useless fire burning away so cheerfully, when all she loved might be dying of cold—and unable to bear the thought, she shrieked out a prayer, as if she might pierce the sky up to the very throne of God, and send with it her own miserable soul to plead before him for the deliverance of her child and husband. She then fell down in blessed forgetfulness of all trouble, in the midst of the solitary cheerfulness of that bright-burning hearth—and the bible, which she had been trying to read in the pauses of her agony, remained clasped in her hands.

Hannah Lee had been a servant for more than six months—and it was not to be thought that she was not beloved in her master's family. Soon after she had left the house, her master's son, a youth of about eighteen years, who had been among the hills looking after the sheep, came home, and was disappointed to find that he had lost an opportunity of accompanying Hannah part of the way to her father's cottage. But the hour of eight had gone by, and not even the company of young William Grieve could induce the kind-hearted daughter to delay setting out on her journey a few minutes beyond the time promised to her parents. "I do not like the night," said William—"there will be a fresh fall of snow soon, or the witch of Glen Scrae is a liar, for a snow cloud is hanging o'er the Birch-tree-linn, and it may be down to the Black-moss as soon as Hannah Lee." So he called his two sheep-dogs that had taken their place under the long-table before the window, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely across the Black-moss.

The snow began to drift so fast, that before he had reached the head of the glen, there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the Sauch-burn. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in a large pastoral parish—he had often past the night among the the wintry hills for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever fell from heaven would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him; and as his terrified heart told him, in eminent danger of being lost.—As he advanced, he felt that it was no longer a walk of love or friendship, for which he had been glad of an excuse. Death stared him in the face, and his young soul, now beginning to feel all the passions of youth, was filled with phrenzy. He had seen Hannah every day—at the fireside—at work—in the kirk—on holidays—at prayers—bringing supper to his aged parents—smiling and singing about the house from morning till night. She had often brought his own meal to him among the hills—and he now found that though he had never talked to her about love, except smilingly and playfully, that he loved her beyond father or mother or his own soul. "I will save thee, Hannah," he cried with a loud sob, "or lie down beside thee in the snow—and we will die together in our youth." A wild whistling wind went by him, and the snow-flakes whirled so fiercely round his head, that he staggered on for a while in utter blindness. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forwards shouting aloud, and stopping every twenty yards to listen for a voice. He sent his well-trained dogs over the snow in all directions—repeating to them her name, "Hannah Lee," that the dumb animals might, in their sagacity, know for whom they were searching; and as they looked up in his face, and set off to scour the moor, he almost believed that they knew his meaning (and it is probable they did) and were eager to find in her bewilderment the kind maiden by whose hand they had so often been fed. Often went they off into the darkness, and as often returned, but their looks shewed that every quest had been in vain. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling without intermission or diminution. Had the young shepherd been thus alone, walking across the moor on his ordinary business, it is probable that he might have been alarmed for his own safety—nay that, in spite of all his strength and agility, he might have sunk down beneath the inclemency of the night and perished. But now the passion of his soul carried him with supernatural strength along, and extricated him from wreath and pitfal. Still there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee—and one of his dogs at last came close to his feet, worn out entirely, and afraid to leave its master—while the other was mute, and, as

the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hollow or through some floundering drift. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead—and dashed himself down in the snow in a fit of passion. It was the first time that the youth had ever been sorely tried—all his hidden and unconscious love for the fair lost girl had flowed up from the bottom of his heart—and at once the sole object which had blessed his life and made him the happiest of the happy, was taken away and cruelly destroyed—so that sullen, wrathful, baffled, and despairing, there he lay cursing his existence, and in too great agony to think of prayer. "God," he then thought, "has forsaken me—and why should he think on me, when he suffers one so good and beautiful as Hannah to be frozen to death." God thought both of him and Hannah—and through his infinite mercy forgave the sinner in his wild turbulence of passion. William Grieve had never gone to bed without joining in prayer—and he revered the Sabbath-day and kept it holy. Much is forgiven to the human heart by him who so fearfully framed it; and God is not slow to pardon the love which one human being bears to another, in his frailty—even though that love forget or arraign his own unsleeping providence. His voice has told us to love one another—and William loved Hannah in simplicity, innocence, and truth. That she should perish was a thought so dreadful, that, in its agony, God seemed a ruthless being—"blow—blow—blow—and drift us up for ever—we cannot be far asunder—O Hannah—Hannah—think ye not that the fearful God has forsaken us?"

As the boy groaned these words passionately through his quivering lips, there was a sudden lowness in the air, and he heard the barking of his absent dog, while the one at his feet hurried off in the direction of the sound, and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise—or anger—or fear—but of recognition and love. William sprung up from his bed in the snow, and with his heart knocking at his bosom even to sickness, he rushed headlong through the drifts, with a giant's strength, and fell down half dead with joy and terror beside the body of Hannah Lee.

But he soon recovered from that fit, and lifting the cold corpse in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her forehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a long deep sigh came from her inmost bosom. "She is yet alive, thank God!"—and as that expression left his lips for the first time that night, he felt a pang of remorse: "I said, O God, that thou hadst forsaken us—I am not worthy to be saved; but let not this maiden perish, for the sake of her parents, who have no other child." The distracted youth prayed to God with the same earnestness as if he had been beseeching a fellow-creature, in whose hand was the power of life and of death. The presence of the Great Being was felt by him in the dark and howling wild, and strength was imparted to him as to a deliverer. He bore along the fair child in his arms, even as if she had been a lamb. The snow-drift blew not—the wind fell dead—a sort of glimmer, like that of an upbreaking and disparting storm, gathered about him—his dogs barked, and jumped, and burrowed joyfully in the snow—and the youth, strong in sudden hope, exclaimed, "With the blessing of God, who has not deserted us in our sore distress, will I carry thee, Hannah, in my arms, and lay thee down alive in the house of thy father." At this moment there were no stars in heaven, but she opened her dim blue eyes upon him in whose bosom she was unconsciously lying, and said, as in a dream, "Send the ribbon that ties up my hair, as a keepsake to William Grieve." "She thinks that she is on her death-bed, and forgets not the son of her master. It is the voice of God that tells me she will not now die, and that, under His grace, I shall be her deliverer."

The short-lived rage of the storm was soon over, and William could attend to the beloved being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse life into her's; and as he gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plaid, as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity and bewilderment faintly inquired, where she was, and what fearful catastrophe had befallen them? She was, however, too weak to walk; and as her young master carried her along, she

murmured, "O William! what if my father be in the moor?—For if you who need care so little about me, have come hither, as I suppose, to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during the storm." As she spoke it was calm below, but the wind was still alive in the upper air, and cloud, rack, mist, and sleet, were all driving about in the sky. Out shone for a moment the pallid and ghostly moon, through a rent in the gloom, and by that uncertain light, came staggering forward the figure of a man. "Father—Father," cried Hannah—and his gray hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear, as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature, he had roused himself from that fatal torpor, and prest through the snow-wreath that had separated him from his child. As yet they knew not of the danger each had endured,—but each judged of the other's suffering from their own, and father and daughter regarded one another as creatures rescued, and hardly yet rescued, from death.

But a few minutes ago, and the three human beings who loved each other so well, and now feared not to cross the Moor in safety, were, as they thought, on their death-beds. Deliverance now shone upon them all like a gentle fire, dispelling that pleasant but deadly drowsiness; and the old man was soon able to assist William Grieve in leading Hannah along through the snow. Her colour and her warmth returned, and her lover—for so might he well now be called—felt her heart gently beating against his side. Filled as that heart was with gratitude to God, joy in her deliverance, love to her father, and purest affection for her master's son, never before had the innocent maiden known what was happiness—and never more was she to forget it. The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty—when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the Cottage of the Moor. They soon were at the garden gate—and to relieve the heart of the wife and mother within, they talked loudly and cheerfully—naming each other familiarly, and laughing between, like persons who had known neither danger nor distress.

No voice answered from within—no footstep came to the door, which stood open as when the father had left it in his fear, and now he thought with affright that his wife, feeble as she was, had been unable to support the loneliness, and had followed him out into the night, never to be brought home alive. As they bore Hannah into the house, this fear gave way to worse, for there upon the hard clay floor lay the mother upon her face, as if murdered by some savage blow. She was in the same deadly swoon into which she had fallen on her husband's departure three hours before. The old man raised her up, and her pulse was still—so was her heart—her face pale and sunken—and her body cold as ice. "I have recovered a daughter," said the old man, "but I have lost a wife;" and he carried her, with a groan, to the bed, on which he laid her lifeless body. The sight was too much for Hannah, worn out as she was, and who had hitherto been able to support herself in the delightful expectation of gladdening her mother's heart by her safe arrival.—She, too, now swooned away, and, as she was placed on the bed beside her mother, it seemed, indeed, that death, disappointed of his prey on the wild moor, had seized it in the cottage, and by the fireside. The husband knelt down by the bed-side, and held his wife's icy hand in his, while William Grieve, appalled and awe-stricken, hung over his Hannah, and inwardly implored God that the night's wild adventure might not have so ghastly an end. But Hannah's young heart soon began once more to beat—and soon as she came to her recollection, she rose up with a face whiter than ashes and free from all smiles, as if none had ever played there, and joined her father and young master in their efforts to restore her mother to life.

It was the mercy of God that had struck her down to the earth, insensible to the shrieking winds, and the fears that would otherwise have killed her. Three hours of that wild storm had passed over her head, and she heard nothing more than if she had been asleep in a breathless night of the summer dew. Not even a dream

had touched her brain, and when she opened her eyes which, as she thought, had been but a moment shut, she had scarcely time to recal to her recollection the image of her husband rushing out into the storm, and of a daughter therein lost, till she beheld that very husband kneeling tenderly by her bed-side, and that very daughter smoothing the pillow on which her aching temples reclined. But she knew from the white stedfast countenances before her that there had been tribulation and deliverance, and she looked on the beloved beings ministering by her bed, as more fearfully dear to her from the unimagined danger from which she felt assured they had been rescued by the arm of the Almighty.

There is little need to speak of returning recollection, and returning strength. They had all now power to weep, and power to pray. The Bible had been lying in its place ready for worship—and the father read aloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which he saved Peter from the sea. Soon as the solemn thoughts awakened by that act of mercy so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death had subsided, and they had all risen up from prayer, they gathered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood so many hours spread—and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal and simple meal partaken of in silent thankfulness. The whole story of the night was then calmly recited—and when the mother heard how the stripling had followed her sweet Hannah into the storm, and borne her in his arms through a hundred drifted heaps—and then looked upon her in her pride, so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, she knew, that were the child indeed to become an orphan, there was one, who, if there was either trust in nature, or truth in religion, would guard and cherish her all the days of her life.

It was not nine o'clock when the storm came down from Glen Scrae upon the Black-moss, and now in a pause of silence the clock struck twelve. Within these three hours William and Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them—and they felt that henceforth they were to live wholly for each other's sakes. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer who, under Providence, had saved from the frost and the snow the innocence and the beauty of which his young passionate heart had been so desperately enamoured—and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee ever more moving about in his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter—and when some few happy years had gone by, his own most beautiful and most loving wife. The innocent maiden still called him her young master—but was not ashamed of the holy affection which she now knew that she had long felt for the fearless youth on whose bosom she had thought herself dying in that cold and miserable moor. Her heart leapt within her when she heard her parents bless him by his name—and when he took her hand into his before them, and vowed before that Power who had that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should ere long be his wedded wife—she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break in a fit of strange and insupportable happiness.

The young shepherd rose to bid them farewell—"my father will think I am lost," said he, with a grave smile, "and my Hannah's mother knows what it is to fear for a child." So nothing was said to detain him, and the family went with him to the door. The skies smiled as serenely as if a storm had never swept before the stars—the moon was sinking from her meridian, but in cloudless splendour—and the hollow of the hills was hushed as that of heaven. Danger there was none over the placid night-scene—the happy youth soon crost the Black-Moss, now perfectly still—and, perhaps, just as he was passing, with a shudder of gratitude, the very spot where his sweet Hannah Lee had so nearly perished, she was lying down to sleep in her innocence, or dreaming of one now dearer to her than all on earth but her parents.

Eremus.

MOODS OF THE MIND.

No I.

Despondency.—A Reverie.

'Twas on the evening of an August day,
A day of clouds and tempest, that I stood
Within the shade of over-arching wood,
My bosom filled with visions of decay;
Around were strewed the shivered leaves, all wet;
The boughs above were dripping; and the sky
Threw down the shadows of despondency,—
As if all melancholy things were met
To blast this lower world. I leaned my side
Against an oak, and sighed o'er human pride!

I thought of life, and love, and earthly bliss,
Of all we pine for, pant for, and pursue,
And found them like the mist, or matin dew,
Fading to nothingness in Time's abyss.
Our fathers,—where are they? The moss is green
Upon the tablet that records their worth;
They have co-mingled with their parent earth,
And only in our dreams of yore are seen,—
Our visions of the by-past, which have fled,
To leave us wandering 'mid the buried dead.

I thought of men, who looked upon my face,
Breathing, and life-like, breathless now and cold,—
I heard their voices issuing from the mould,
Amid the scenes that bear of them no trace.
I thought of smiling children, who have sat
All evening on my knees, and pressed my hand,
Their cherub features and their accents bland,—
Their innocence,—and their untimely fate;—
How soon their flower was cropt, and laid below
The turf, where daisies spring, and lilies blow.

I thought of sunless regions, where the day
Smiles not, and all is dreariness and death;—
Of weltering oceans, where the winter's breath
Beats on the emerald ice, and rocky bay;
I thought me of the old times,—of the halls
Of ancient castles mouldering to the dust—
Of swords, long used in war, bedimm'd with rust,
Hanging in danky vaults, upon the walls,
Where coffined warriors rest, amid the night
Of darkness, never tinged by morning light.

The unsheltered cattle lowed upon the plain;—
The speckled frog was leaping 'mid the grass,
Down to the lakelets edge, whose breast of glass
Was wrinkled only by the tardy rain.
Dim was the aspect of the sullen sky;—
The night scowled gloomier down:—I could not throw
From off my heart the weary weight of woe,
But loathed the world, and coveted to die;
Beholding only in the earth and air
Omens of desolation and despair."

No II.

The Woodland Glen.

1.

The sun is sinking behind the mountain,
The Evening Star is bright,
And the ceaseless gush of the twilight fountain
Is heard, with calm delight,
By the spirit, that far from the homes of men,
Delights in the still of the woodland glen.

2.

When the heart is sullen, and sad, and lonely,
Mid worldly toil and care;
When pleasure, and friendship, and love forsaking,
Behind leave blank despair,
Oh! fly to the lone, the sequestered spot,
Where Nature presides, and where man is not!

3.

The hazel, the willow, and birch tree weeping,
With tresses long and drear,
Descending from slaty rocks, and steeping
Their boughs in waters clear;
The flap of the night bird skimming by,
And the drowsy hum of the beetle fly.

4.

The sound of the gentle rills, that tinkle
Adown their pebbly beds;
The aspect of the stars that twinkle,
The azure gloom that spreads,
Soften the troubled heart, and sooth
The waves of the spirit, till all is smooth.

5.

If sorrow the blossom of manhood wither,
If fortune prove unkind,
If the world to thee is estranged, come hither
And breathe the fragrant wind,
And learn, that far from the snares of men,
Peace and Liberty dwell in the woodland glen! Δ

No III.

The Isle of Despair. A Vision.

Cold blew the noisy winds unceasingly
Across the waste, where never summer-flower,
Expanding, spread its bosom to the sun,
Or drank the freshness of the matin dew;
Where never tree was seen to rear its head,
Branching, nor verdure to o'erspread the lawn;
Where sound was never heard, except the roar
Of battling elements—the sleety north
When Eurus buffeted, or tortured waves
Lashed foaming on the rocks—except the howl
Of famished bears and sea birds; or the crash

Of frozen masses, with o'erwhelming force,
That, bursting, thundered from the mountain-tops,
And woke the slumbering echoes from repose.
A solitary waste—a waste of snows—
Bleak rocks and frozen waters—desolate,
Beyond the painter's touch, or poet's thought.
Dark precipices bound it, giant-like,
Hiding their snowy scalps amid the clouds,
And listening to the storms that growled below,
And to the lazy ocean fathomless,
In icy greenness, rolling with its waves.

Sure to the voice of man these barren rocks
Re-echoed never! sure, by human steps,
Were never trodden these eternal snows,
But silence, slumbering on her mountain, though
Voiceless, hath governed since the first of time,
A region darkened with the shadow of death!
More bleak and blank, more desolate and drear,
Than ever fancy conjured to the mind
Of dreaming murderer, on his midnight couch.

What moving creature stirs on yonder height,
And, with his breath, disturbs the solitude?
Severed from all communion with mankind,
For ever severed, like a ghost he stands
Above the ocean, where he cannot drown;
And where, thro' countless labyrinths of years,
Years that have neither origin nor end,
Summer nor sunshine, he is doomed to bear
The burden of his solitude; to drink
The thoughts of gall and bitterness; to feel
The curse of immortality; and long
For death that mocks him still. His hollow eye,
His haggard visage, and his flowing beard,
White as December's billow, wind-enchafed,
Bespeak the desolation of his soul;
And as the she-wolf, when the hunter's hand
Hath robbed her of her young, with starting eye,
And piercing howl, stands maddening in her den,
So, in the torment, but without the power
To utter it unto the winds of heaven,
Voiceless he stood.
The famished bear came by,
Grinding his teeth in famine; in the path
Prostrate he threw himself, and hoped for death
Turning his eye towards her—'twas in vain!
Howling she fled in cruel mockery,
And, with remorseless and unnatural rage,
I saw her rush towards her suckling cubs,
Dart on them in her hungry wretchedness,
And crunch their young bones, with unfeeling maw!

The clouds grew dark—the shadows hovered round—
They hovered round, and compassed him about,
As with a garment; and I heard a cry,
Ear-piercing—horrible—a desolate cry—
The circling hills re-echoed it; around
They caught the tone, till faint and far away
Lowly it died; and, listening there I heard,
Alone, the weltering of the dreary sea.

RECOLLECTIONS.

No IV.

Mark Macrabin, *the Cameronian.*

(Continued from Last Number.)

Adventure with the Gypsies.

Mine honest and ancient friend, the Cameronian, having forsaken the gentle lady of Lagghill, and her kind and enthusiastic followers, thus continued his narrative. "Truly, Miles Cameron, wise was he who rendered into rhyme that famous maxim of circumspection and prudence, 'Ay keep something to yoursel', you scarcely tell to ony,' and wiser still would men be could they practise it. My next adventure was a strange one, and happened among a people of unstable residence, infirm faith, and imperfect morality. When I promised to relate my history, I might have held, by mental reservation, the right of exercising my own judgment on indiscreet or unseemly circumstances; and truly, my adventure with the hopeful progeny of Black-at-the-bane is a thing not to be proclaimed in the public places. The profane songs and profaner conduct of a moving camp of roving gypsies will sound unseemly after the enthusiastic hymns and hosannahs of my excellent friends the Buchanites. And yet there is a kind of pleasure in speaking of conduct and relating conversation, of which prudence cannot wholly approve—it relieves the monotony of sedate thought, brings the sunny morning of youth upon us again—it is a joy that the gravest indulge in—and so, with the quiet attention of my friend, and the inspiring aid of this potent 'peat reek,' I shall proceed.

"Leaving Lagghill and Lagg's ruined tower behind me, I ascended a green eminence on the opposite side, and, looking back from its summit, saw the camp of our lady descending into the plain towards the stream of Dalgonar. It was conducted with all the precision, and much of the pomp, of a regular march. Four men bearing green boughs marched in front—two others followed, blowing at intervals on harvest horns—then came our lady, mounted on a white poney, a present from the minister's wife of Kipplekimmer—a handmaiden on either side accompanied her on foot, and four men, bearing green branches, followed. The procession was closed by the congregation marching in mass, conducting a cavalcade of horses loaded with the travelling equipage of the establishment. The men and the women sung, alternately, verses of a wild hymn—between every verse the four men winded their horns, and thus they pursued their journey till they passed from my sight among the woods of the vale of Dalgonar.

"From gazing on those respectable enthusiasts, I turned my face towards the river Nith, my forlorn condition began to claim my concern, and I resolved to pass into the moorland part of the parish of Closeburn, and seek employment as a shepherd. I was acquainted with several opulent Cameronian moorland farmers, and I had a love for their patriarchal calling. I had acquired, from tale and from song, a great liking to shepherds' pipes, well replenished scrips, kilted damsels, and kitted whey. I thought, too, it was assuredly a pleasant thing to lie in the sun, on the green side of a high hill, with all my flocks around me, listening to the lilting o' the laverocks, and daun'er with them down the green margin of a burn among the flowers and the primroses. Resolving to prove the charms of this primitive vocation, I hastened on my way, making the uplands ring with the charming old Nithsdale song of the 'Wakerife Minnie.'

"I soon found myself on the borders of the old forest, which covers the eastern side of the hills of the Keir, and reaching down to the Nith, lines its margin with stately groves of ash, elm, and oak, the whole thickly interwoven with hazel, mountain-ash, sloe-thorn, and green holly. Through these ancient groves, and chiefly on the river bank, the laird had cut many

pathways, and as no one ever accused him of an aim in his improvements, his roads had singular terminations. One greensward winding-way led, with a kind of Will-o'-wisp wandering, to the sheer brink of one of the deepest pools in the river—another pathway pursued its course to the verge of an impassable thicket—and one, more beautiful still, chose to stop at the base of a steep rock, where the wild cats reared their young, and the eagle found a resting-place when he chose his first spring lamb from the flocks of Nithsdale. It was full three miles of rough road round, to go by either the eastern or western extremity of the wood—and as the night was calm and unclouded, I leaped over the fence which defined, but did not defend, the limit of the forest, and setting my face for the green mountain of Queensberry, went fearlessly forward. The way at first was exceedingly pleasant—the forest was portioned out into clumps of trees, the tall, and the dwarf, and the shrub all intermixed, and among them green knolls and green sward plats were thick and delightful. The moon poured full on my path her slant and softened light, and showed the ring-doves and the rooks sitting in pairs abreast among the thickest branches. I crossed one or two of the laird's roads, and rested myself on several of his hermitages, or rude lodges of dry stone, matted over floor, and wall, and roof, with a thick and trailing mass of green ivy. Proceeding onward, I entered the dark and untrodden bosom of the wood, nor did I enter it without awe. The trees, over-arching high above me, formed a roof thick and verdant, through which the moon could visit me with little of her cheering light, and the wood-pigeons, having forsaken this thick and gloomy grove, left it to the undisturbed possession of the gleds, and the hooded ravens. These birds of prey and evil omen sat visible on the upper boughs, evidently enjoying the luxury of the sweet evening.

"My progress was at last impeded by a natural barrier of thick green holly, which, sloping upwards from the forest-sward, formed a rampart fifteen feet high, as close and impassable as a wall of stone. Nature had woven this verdant tracery round a large green knoll in the centre of the wood: the peasants, from the seclusion and beauty of the place, called it the "Fairy Knowe." But the folly of man had profaned the haunt of the 'Good Folk;' the spade and the axe had cut their way through many a thicket of honeysuckle and holly, to the foot of this beautiful hillock, and two lodges, floored and thatched with ivy, seemed to promise centinels to watch the sacred ground. Into this winding path it was my fortune to fall, as I endeavoured to force my way round the enclosure of holly, and I obtained a sight, for the first time, of the famous Fairy Knowe, reposing in the silent splendour of moonlight. The folly of the laird had not halted at the foot of the hillock; it had found its way to the summit. In the very centre of the Fairy ring a square tower of masonry had been constructing for many years, and had already reached the height of forty feet, with buttress, loop-hole, and embrazure. The laird had some hopes of finding a use for it. He had long hesitated about a suitable name. When his masons were weary with building houses, whose ponderous roofs and impending battlements scared away all tenants—with raising stone walls round fields which lacked nourishment for a thistle—and with rearing buttresses of mortar and stone on scaurs and burn-banks, to preserve trees from falling that were not worth tenpence—when they had finished all these, away they marched with trowel and hammer, to the Fairy Knowe, to add another annual yard to the altitude of this new Babel.

"I stood and looked on this mass of mortar and rock, which encumbered this romantic hillock, but I soon found another subject for contemplation. Advancing through an arch-way, cut out of the holly rampart by the removal of a dwarf-bush, I observed the building, unfinished though it was, was inhabited, for a thin blue smoke curled slowly towards the moon, and a light glimmered from all the lower loop-holes. The character of those who had thus chosen to themselves an habitation, and entered as tenants at will, required little waste of thought. A dozen of asses, all tethered and reposing round the building, were to me as sure a sign of a troop of gypsies, as the personal assurance of the patriarch of the tribe himself; and this assurance was not long wanting. Advancing with a rash eagerness to reconnoitre,

my foot touched one of the wires which those wary nocturnal visitants had placed in the path, and connected with a cracked bell behind the seat of their leader. I felt the touch, and heard a kind of riven clang; when out started to the door the hoary leader of the horde himself, even as a spider runs forth when a fly touches the extremest thread of her mesh. I longed to fly, but I knew flight was vain, and certainly dangerous; and so I stood unconcerned, and still gazing on the tree-tops and the unfinished tower, like any youth smitten with the desire of verse-making. The ancient gypsey looked forth on me in silence, and with caution; several round bullet heads, covered with a profusion of sooty and curled locks, soon came as auxiliaries in the scrutiny, and I had hopes they would let me depart in peace, for I heard something like a suppressed voice of command and admonition,—but I was soon undeceived. In a moment a young powerful man freed himself from the grasp of the patriarch, and came darting forward on me, making bounds something like the springs of a wild cat. I saw the gleam of a dagger or a knife under the long loose sleeve of his coat. He accosted me in a harsh rough voice. 'Rab Spoolpin, deevil are ye doing here, sae far frae yere heddles;' mistaking me for the son of a Cameronian weaver, who volunteered his gift of prayer to sick and despairing maidens, and often was seen by the gypsies returning from these nocturnal visits of consolation. Out came the gypsey's dagger as he spoke, and I lifted my staff and fronted him firmly. 'God, sir, cast away your kibling, or may I be whuppet through the burning pit wi' the gray tail of my auld ass, if I disnae gie ye red sowen for yere wab, and that frae 'neath yere fifth rib.' I assured him I came for no harm; that I had lost my way, and was sorry for disturbing him. His wrath abated nothing. 'Cast down yere rung,' said he, in a voice choking with fury, 'or by the stars I'se shaw ye what kind o' scarlet yere best bleede's of.' I still held my staff; and he made a spring at me with his naked dagger. Though I was but seventeen I was both stout and stubborn. I presented the long and sharp iron socket of my oak staff against my assailant's naked bosom, and kept him off. The patriarch, followed by two more of the tribe, now came up; and the old man, throwing himself between us, said to my adversary in red and keen wrath, 'Curse yere madness—ye wad breed discord atween twa bosom banes—ye aye gang atween the sappy bark and the sweet tree—if ye gang on i' thae reckless gates, there'll no be a blade o' grass for our beasts, or a gray stone to lay our ain heads on, i' the wide world—Clod down yere knife, or I'll burn powder under yere nose.' With a growling voice and a stormy brow, the young desperado disposed of his knife. The patriarch, looking on me for a moment, took me kindly by the hand, and said, 'I vow by the banes o' my forefathers—by a' my sowdering irons and ram-horn spoons, no forgetting twelve as good asses as ever pu'd grass, that this stripling is nae scent-the-sod, nae track-the-dew and thread-the-wood to that auld donard justice, Cursan Collieson—but a sonsie and sure acquaintance, even young Mark Macrabin, turned out o' haddin and hame for singing the sweet tune o' Stroudwater—Lord, lad, ye may sing what ye like for me—I'm no religious.' With this comforting assurance he led me, silent and loath, to the door of his tenement, followed by his comrades, murmuring a kind of hoarse welcome to their new associate.

"Alarmed and sorrowful as I was, I could not avoid remarking the care and circumspection with which this establishment was guarded against surprise, and prepared for resistance or retreat. Not only were wires, connecting themselves with a small bell in the house, placed double across the avenue, but on the other side of the hillock an opening was made in the rampart of thick holly, large enough to allow a loaded ass to march through, and the boughs were tied back with small cords, so that, by cutting the bands, the hedge assumed in a moment its natural and impenetrable appearance. This verdant archway opened into the thickest and most inaccessible part of the forest, and in a minute all commodities likely to be reclaimed by their late owners, namely, the produce of the fold, the furrow, or the henroost, could be removed into the wood, together with two or three of the most warlike of the tribe, reducing the roving camp to a domestic look—from the hostile aspect of war,

to the harmless posture of a peace establishment. The asses, too, lay all ready, with panniers bound on their backs, ready to receive the domestic wealth of the tribe, should hasty measures be necessary.

"The patriarch conducted me into the very middle of his establishment; and there I beheld a scene of a new and a singular kind. A large fire flamed and glowed in the bottom of a turret destined to contain the future stair, and though the hour was late, wood had been heaped on with unsparing hand. The skin of a sheep, lately separated from the fat carcase, and which bore the mark and birn of Cursan Collieson fair and legibly upon it, was hung on the wall; the skins of several hares were hung beside it; nor did I fail to observe a brace of fat turkeys, and half-a-dozen plump pullets, which but the evening before graced the innumerable roosts of the laird of Caponcrapia, a neighbouring gentleman, eminently skilled in the whole domestic mystery of hatching, feeding, fattening, strangling, dressing and finally devouring, all denominations of carcasses that carried feathers, with the exception, I have heard, of the raven and the owl. On the floor, elevated by layers of boughs and sheaves of straw, out of which the barnman's flail had not removed the corn, for they were abstracted from a new-shorn field, were made six or eight beds, plentifully heaped with blankets, and covered with those thick and ample wool quilts, for which the moorland looms of the Sanquhar were once so celebrated. From beneath these peeped out a variety of heads, large and little, and their thick masses of sooty and curling locks were not incommoded by caps or any kind of restraint. The shining and swarthy glances, and the tawned looks, told of an uncorrupted race of gypsies; a laugh at my consternation circulated speedily from lair to lair, the lesser heads all ducking below the covers, or peeping out, as the mirth rose or subsided. The rest of the establishment presented no objects of repose, and it appeared to me that the portion of the tribe who dedicated their labours to sunshine were now in their places of slumber, while the minions of the moon were exercising their calling under the beams of their patron planets. Two brawny and smoky personages sat beside a reeking cauldron of water, pursuing the art and calling of manufacturing ram-horn spoons. Nor did they confine their labours to the wrinkled and crooked horns of the ram; the green and transparent horns of the heifer, and the huge and darker daggers of the bull, alike demanded the application of their craft. Nor were their productions confined to the tables of the farmer and the peasant, they appeared in their most laboured and delicate shapes on the sideboards of country lairds, and even barons. Others of the tribe polished and ornamented the shafts and the mouths of the spoons, but the chieftain himself was the only person present who could inlay them with silver ornaments, make a clear toned whistle in the shaft of a punch ladle, or fashion a horn into a harvest bugle. Indeed my appearance had interrupted his labours at a long and very beautiful horn which he was preparing as a present to the daughter of a neighbouring laird; it was to have a band and a mouth-piece of silver, and the name of the rural heroine was promised in addition to these embellishments. This was no common horn—it was shed from the head of a living bull—no ordinary occurrence—(and it is currently credited, that a living cow's horn can cure sundry diseases); I have since heard the damsel wind it long and loudly myself; with the same horn she cracked the collar-bone of a lad when he first made love to her, and said, "Him that marries me shall blaw o' his horn"—and what woman prophecies of that kind, she commonly brings to pass. On the other side of the fire, appeared others of the fraternity, pursuing a more noisy occupation—repairing fractured kettles, and copper sauce pans, and cementing and clasping glass and china. Nor did they lack tools for defence, as well as for trade. Against the wall lay several long and rusty swords, five or six dirks or knives, and a couple of good firelocks. Gins, and traps, nets, and fish-spears, were in abundance. Each man was armed with a long cut and thrust knife, sheathed in his coat sleeves when he went abroad. A dagger of this description, with a brace of old fashioned silver mounted pistols, depended from the girdle of the chieftain. They amounted to fifteen in all—seven men, three women, and five children.

With a face of mustered courage and resignation I sat down on an ass's old pannier beside the chieftain, and submitted with silence and fear to the sharp scrutiny of many members of the tribe, and which continued for several minutes. One fellow, with a sinister cast of face, affected to measure me over with the scrupulous attention of a hunter after the bumps and knobs which men have discovered indicative of an evil genius. "I'll haud a horn spoon," said he, "to a handful of meal," uniting in his wager his past and present professions, for he had begged meal down the water of Kinnel, and baked bread up the water of Scaur, "that this younker comes like a hoodie craw before a flock of ravens—he'll lilt up a psalm, and a dozen of gullies will come and sneg our thrapples."—"D'ye think sae, Sandy Macfen," said the brawny desperado, who had drawn his knife on me before—"Dash it, dy'e think sae—by a' the bells o' Gotterbeg, and there were ance seventeen o' them, I'll slit his weazon, if he sings a sang or a psalm here—or opens a lip, save for a horn spoon—dom me if I disnae"—and he half unsheathed his knife, to show his sincerity. "Hoot, hoot, Jamie," said a gypsie, whose dialect announced a stark Galwegian, laying aside, at the same time, a most intractable ram-horn he was straightening—"od yere aye sae fear'd—faith ye'll quarrel with the very mools, because mools makes graves, and may make yours, if ye dinnaglower through hemp, and gang for dissection—od ye'll die ere yere day comes through nought but fear."—Gypsie Jamie, who was a fiery man of Annandale, and long a companion in the famous horde of the Kennedies of the Hightae, stared on the Galwegian at this sally, the redness of wrath rising triumphant o'er his dusky complexion. The Galwegian, however, bearing the name, and boasting of a share in the blood of the potent, and ancient family of the Macgrabs, returned the stare of the borderer, nothing daunted—and said—"Let me tell ye, man, I've sauld mony a spoon, and got mony a bite and soup frae the name of Macrabin—and by the dunnerin Troughs o' Tongland, if ye touch this bairn wi' a harmfu' hand, I'll make a cart-road for the worms through amang yere ribs." In the midst of this unexpected altercation, a ripe and handsome young woman, the grand-daughter of the chieftain, made her appearance from the remotest end of the hall.—She drew a sanquhar mantle, or rather, a counterpane, from her shoulders, as she advanced, leaving her person arrayed in the extreme simplicity of her tribe. "Hooly, hooly," said the damsel, stepping between the contending dependants of her tribe, holding the mantle in her hand, ready to cast upon the daggers, which were expected to be drawn. Her stature was rather above the middle size—her whole person shaped like the most perfect production of a statuary—firm, full, and elegant—and her carriage erect, wild, and unconstrained. Her locks, long and curling, flowed freely on her shoulders—and her large dark eyes sat shining under a close mass of raven curls, with which nature had striven to conceal a high and polished forehead. "Hooly, hooly, said the fearless damsel—folly has been and will be the downfall of our race. The hard hand o' the law, with a halter in't, cares for neither yere red anger, nor yere sharp dirks—drap yere wrath—will ye be fierce with ane anither, and fear'd for a' beside—yere just like twa corbies, pyking out ane anither's een o'er a dead lamb, when the gun o' the shepherd's cocked at their crapins.—Weel may I say, the days o' our might are gane—and Kate Marshall maun be wife to some soulless coof, wha wants the courage to cock a pistol, and sense to haud his hands from folk's hen bawks—she'll be brided in a mortclaith sooner."

All applauded this speech of the young heroine, and their wrath had a brief truce. The Annandale desperado named "Jamie o' the dub o' Dryfe," threw his knife at his feet, and cried aloud,—"Weel said, ye bonny chicken o' the bauld blue hen. By the best haft to a steel blade, and that's a strang shackle-bane—and by the best sheath for a sharp gully, and that's an enemy's wame, ye're a bauld lass, and a bonny—dome me, if thou isnae. By a' the tup horns o' Dryfe, I wish auld Daddie Clinkkettle would sowder us together, and cry, The Bridal's done—bairns to bed." The fierce dignity with which the offended heroine greeted this audacious proposal from a dependant, might have become a queen of the Amazons. She drew

herself back, adding, by the movement, a nail on my auld elwand to her natural height, and shook back the profusion of raven curls from her brow. Her swarthy eyes glimmered fearfully bright, and words to give utterance to all this visible scorn and wrath were ready to pass her lips, when the interposition of a hitherto unheeded and silent dependant took all attention away from meaner things. Ere the hero of the Dub o' Dryfe had concluded his address, a young and powerful man, who sat cementing china in the corner, and who had regarded all that had hitherto happened as common occurrences, began to shew the deep interest he took in this unexpected proposal. He started up, muttering, as he rose, some of the readiest words in which fury manifests herself—the forerunners of the fiercest language and the most desperate deeds, and the china he was repairing was crushed to dust against the distant walls of the room. "By the cravat of your Grandfather," said he to the man of Dryfe, "and that was a hempen one—and by the hand that fitted it on, and that was the hangman's, I shall save the collar that's destined to grace the craigs of your kindred all future trouble, if ye dare but to touch the hand of my cousin, bonny Kate Marshall." To this speech, in which, perhaps, the jealousy of rivalry embittered the cup of offence that had been proffered to the lips of his kindred, the man of Drysdale replied with a loud and discordant laugh, something like the shrieking scream of the owl when, with expanded wings, it comes pounce on its prey. His face grew black as death, and even dilated with the infernal smile which curled his lips, and his whole frame quivered with rage—it was only for a moment. He seized the mortal weapon, which lay at his feet, by the point, and launched it with amazing force at the head of the cousin of Kate Marshall. But he had to combat with a man far more cool, and equally desperate as himself. He ducked his head as a water-hen does when the fowler's gun flashes; the dangerous missile grazed his hair as he sunk, and flying far beyond, sunk deep into the pannier of an old ass, the property of the Patriarch himself, which, covered with a worn mantle, and caparisons of untanned leather, stood ruminating over a sheaf of fresh corn in the corner. The ass, at this aggression, addressed to the hand from which the harm proceeded, a deep and dolorous bray—a moving cry of the most pathetic expostulation; and, snapping its halter in two, came rushing between the gypsey combatants, effectually shielding them from the mortal thrusts which, with bared swords, they were aiming at each other.

During this period of controversy and aggression, the chieftain sat on the old pannier with most perfect composure and unconcern; he heard all, but heeded none; and seemed, by his silence, to decide that the death of one or two of the most ferocious and turbulent of his gang would be an acceptable event. He even applied himself with more than common diligence to the construction of a silver mouthpiece for the living cow's horn, and I cannot say that his skill in this elegant craft was abated by the mortal conclusion to which his dependants seemed hastening; nay, he even gave one "tout" on the instrument, for the apparent purpose of proving the merit of his labour; but as it was uttered at the moment the dirks were drawn, I suspect he internally considered it as a bugle note to battle. But this composure was soon to be shaken. The moment he perceived what had befallen his ancient and favourite ass, he started from his seat with unexpected agility, and pulling a silver mounted pistol from his girdle, cocked it, and unbuckled the panniers of the animal. The ashen hue of his cheek waxed of a kindlier colour when, on removing the caparisons, he discovered that the missile had drawn blood, but only penetrated skin deep. It had been thrown from a hand so desperate and so powerful, that it forced its way through among two bunches of horn spoons, and the lid of a brass sauce-pan. The old man uncocked his pistol, replaced it in his belt, and, stroking the neck of the old and conscious animal, said, with a visible and tender kindness, "Thou auld sonsie beast—thou best piece of ass's flesh that ever cropped corn—thou that hast balanced spoons on thy back to Mall Marshall and her seventeen lad weans, and seen them all laid under the green turf, waes me! The living hand that harms thy life shall soon belong to a dead man, else let never man trust a spark wi' powder mair." So saying, he led the aged

animal back to its stance, adding a piece of wheat bread to its pittance of corn, and then slowly returned and resumed his seat. All this passed in a few moment's space. I had seen blood heated, and blood spilt at fairs, at trystes, and even at hill preachings, but I had never witnessed mortal weapons drawn in mortal wrath before; and I began to look around for some edge tool to defend myself during the general strife which I saw approaching. But the moment the chieftain cocked his pistol, a signal, I understood afterwards, that he was deeply incensed, and resolved to punish, the men who fronted each other in desperate and deadly opposition, and all those who were preparing to second them, recoiled and dropt their weapons, and stood silent and dark, waiting to see on whom the storm would burst. The old man, however, singled out no one for punishment either by eye or by word, but, seated in his pannier, resumed his labour at the harvest-horn, with an unruffled composure worthy of a saint. All the others, weary of the monotony of opposition and strife, resumed their employments—the chieftain began to croon, or sing in an under tone, a gypsey ballad of ancient adventure—the Galwegian tinker, imitating the example of the chief, ranted out some stray verses, which required the purifying pen of those who make family Fieldings, and family Shakspeares, and the hammer of the hero of the Dub o' Dryfe produced, from the bottom of an old cauldron, a corresponding clamour, for he was much too angry for song.

Peace having resumed her reign once more in the unfinished mansion of the Laird of Collieson, the gypsie damsel, Katherine Marshall, walked slowly away to her place of repose, shrouding her beauties as she went in the Sanquhar mantle. "Damsel," said the chieftain, stopping her, "hast thou ought on spit, in cauldron, in bottle or in basket, to comfort this cannie youth with—he has been leaping on the top of the Lagg hill for three lang nights and a day, holding his two hands to the cauld moon, with deel soupit atween his lips, save the fizzenless verse of a sang." Willingly, and with a smile that came direct from the heart, the maiden turned back, and said—"It is nigh the supper hour, and the strange lad will like company—a single spoon is aye laithful"—and so she proceeded to prepare supper, glad to be the means of placing horns reeking with delicious soup in her companion's hands, instead of cold and merciless steel. Two loaded panniers were placed on the floor, a cloth was spread over them—of its whiteness I have little to say—and a sheaf of horn spoons was thrown down loose on this simple supper board. The clatter of these instruments of good cheer was the signal for supper, and instantly from all parts of the house came man and woman, and squatted down as they arrived around the table. From a cauldron that had sometime simmered on the fire, the damsel came charged, in succession, with two capacious basins turned out of the solid bole of a plane tree, and hooped with bands of copper—she placed them on the board, and the savoury steam of hares, and hens, and onions, ascended thick and luscious, and eddyed round our heads. A cake of meal, brown and thick, and bearing the knuckle marks of the maiden who brought it, was placed beside each person, the spoons were snatched up, and all seemed to await the signal to commence—grace, I dare not presume to call it—from the lips of the chieftain—whatever the old man's wishes were—he was forestalled by the impatient Galwegean of the lineage of the Macgrabs, who, plunging his spoon into one of the basins, sang out, "Ram horns a piece and hae done we't," and instantly the spoons passed from the dish to the lip, and from the lip to the dish, with a rapidity I had never seen equalled. The soup, thick and brown, and delicious, and thickened with fowls both wild and tame and other choice things, began to vanish before the application of the guests. The damsel, who had seated herself beside me, and furnished my hand with a good implement of green horn, invited me, by many a kind look, to prove the merits of her cookery. This I performed with a good will, and a celerity almost rivalling the proverbial prowess of Hughie Hiddlestane, who supped the parridge of three mowers, to show he had no ill will to the house. My ability at the spoon was welcomed in the kindest manner, and the chieftain said, in his softest tone, "Fair fall ye, lad—ye're a red-handed chield—slow to meat and slow to wark—ye'll either make a good spoon or spill a fair horn."

As soon as we had emptied the basins of their savoury contents, the damsel removed them, and in their place produced a large jar full of smuggled brandy. Drinking cups made of horn, both deep and wide, accompanied it, and the guests proceeded to replenish and empty them with the regularity and rapidity of platoon firing. The gloom and wrath which were visible on the brows of the Galwegean, the man of Dryfe Dubs, and the fiery cousin of Kate Marshall, began to brighten up, smiles were succeeded by opener mirth—mirth by laughter, loud, and long, and boisterous. The names of the ancient heroes and heroines of the clan were toasted, and the toasts were accompanied by brief notices and allusions to their characters and their achievements.—The chieftain, hoary and furrowed, and his might subdued by the force of eighty years and odd, sat up erect, and joyous as the glories of ancient times arose to his recollection. The light of youth came back to his faded eyes in fitful and broken gleams.—"Ah! lads," said he, with a tone of sorrowful reflection, and conscious that he was fallen on evil days and among little men, "the times are sadly changed—and man, once stately and stark, is now stunted and feckless—where is the fallow now like black Jamie Macall, the game cock of Glenmannah, who threw a fat wether o'er the West Bow Port of Edinburgh, on a wager of a plack with a porter." "And sad and sair he rued it," said Kate Marshall, "the deed was done in anger, and the poor creature bleated as it flew owre the wall, thirty feet high and three, and Jamie said he heard the bleat o' the waefu brute in his lug as he lay on his death-bed!" "Then there was Jock Johnstone," said the chieftain, heedless of his grand-daughter's illustrations, "Rab's Jock of the Donkeydubs of Lochmaben, kenned far and near by the name of double-ribbed Jock, who fought his way from among iron stanchells, with nae better weapon in his hands than the jail-door, (it had once been a harrow,) whilk he reft frae the bands, and cleared his way through the seven corporations of King Bruce's borough. He was a rough unsonsie chield, and lost his life through the fault of strang hemp, when he was but twenty years auld and twa. But where was there a man like our ain Tam Marshall, known in his own sangs by the name of Galloway Tam, who had sic a cunning hand that he stole the purse of Serjeant Macraw from his very belt, as he paid him for a new snuff-mull, and a' for a wager o' twall pennys—and, by my fay, he had a hand as strang as it was cunning, for he fought the het-blooded Highlander wi' a crabtree stick against cauld steel for a round sound hour, and then gae him back his purse to mend his sair banes." "Ah, grandfather," said Kate Marshall, "my uncle was the pride o' ancient Galloway. Compared with him, what are those handless and heartless coofs that carry on the calling now—reavers of auld wives haddins, and robbers of hen-roosts.—And yet thae sackless sinners sigh for the hand o' strang Tam Marshall's niece—of a' the miseries and dools that women are doomed to dree, that of bearing bairns to a gomeril is the saddest and the sairest." "And what serves all this sighing about auld times," said the descendant of the Macgrabs of Galloway, "the days are gane when a stark chap, with a drawn sword, bought pleasure and wealth—the hempen might of civil law lies stretched over the land, and deel soupit it is else but a desperate foumart trap—a cursed gird-an-girns to grip all kinds of spulziers—*slight* maun to do, for *might* canna do, sae said Tam Marshall, wight as he was, and sae say I—and talking o' gallant Tam, I might do waur than gie ye ane of his sangs—he had a soul to make, and a sweet voice to sing—sangs that shall live while heads wear horns, and that's a right bauld boast."

The audience seemed as prepared to listen as the Galwegean was to sing, and he accordingly delivered, in a kind of rough and careless chant, the following rude verses:

1

My love shall neither sigh nor sab
While men wear gold, and steel can stab,
While moor-cocks, crow-birds, live i' the wood,
And flocks i' the fold, and fish i' the flood.

When the linns o' Clouden have ceased to roar,
The glen to grien for the gorlines gore,
And the buds to shoot on Dalgonar tree,
Then look for days of dool to me.

2

The moor-hen swears by her rough legs,
She scorns the carle and his corn bags;
She's fatter far on the heather top,
Than the cankered carle on fold and crop.
Let the hen beware of the foxes tooth—
The carle of blight, and blast, and drowth;
But holm and hill, and moor and tree,
Have crop, and flock, and fruit for me.

3

When the hare has might to break my mesh,
The feathers to flee wi' the dead birds flesh,
And the deer to bound o'er bank and river
Wi' an ounce o' lead i' th' lapp o' his liver.
Then may I dread that want and woe
Will crack my might, and crush me low;
Come maiden bonny, and frank, and free,
Leave father and mother, and follow me.

The Galwegean ceased, and applauses prolonged, and almost rivalling in discordance the mixed greeting of the owl and raven, when the fox glides under their secure roosts, followed the traditional ballad of the tribe.—"May I be ridden by the reeket deil round the roons o' Galloway," said the descendant of the Macgrabs, "without saddle or sonks, if lady's fingers ever touched stented thairm to a better sang than that. I should like to see the lad that said no till't—" "Its a ballad o' bauld bearing doubtless," said the chieftain, "and brags o' hership and bodily harm. Tam Marshall made sangs of a safter sort—he had a tender heart at times—it aye grew hardened by the Candlemas fair o' Dumfries—whan men rade hame with dizzy heads and heavy purses. Kate Marshall, my winsome lass, e'en sing me thy uncle's sang that he made for poor Christian Kennedy o' Cummertrees, whan the salt sea swallowed up the father o' her lad bairn." The gay look of the gypsey maiden saddened as the old man spoke, and she sung, with a voice exceedingly pathetic and sweet, some verses which I have never forgotten.

CHRISTIAN KENNEDY'S SONG.

1

The lea shall have its lily bells,
The tree its bud and blossom,
But when shall I have my leal love
Hame frae the faithless ocean.

2

Sair, sair I pled, and followed him
With weeping and with wailing;
He broke his vow, and broke my heart,
And sighed, and went a sailing.

3

All night I woo the tender stars,
With eyes upturned and mourning,
And every morn look to the sea,
For my leal love returning.

4

Oh sweetly sweet would be the sleep,
That knows no dream or waking,
And lang and green may the grass grow
Aboon a heart that's breaking.

"Sweet be your tongue, my sonsie lass," said the man of Galloway; "I shouldna scunner at a bed aneath the billows myself—providing I could be drowned within sight o' Tongland, my native place—to have sae saft and tender a voice to warble aboon me—Faith, I count it nae uncomfortable thing to have a sweet sang sung by cherry lips about ane whan their head's happit."—"And what voice shall sing owre thee," said the iron man of Dryfe, who had no sympathy for the fame of song after the turf had opened and closed upon him—"The hooded crow shall have its sunket off yere brisket bane some mornin, and ye winna hear its croakdom me, if ye will—" "It's now near ane o'clock," said Kate Marshall's cousin; "and we maun count the sheep on Cursan Collieson's hill-side—number the fat hens on Captain Capoucrapin's numerous roosts—see if the carse pool keeps a salmon with a fat mergh-fin—seek for a hare in the hedge, and a moorhen on the hill—and, aboon a', pluck some ripe plumbs and apples for my fair and kind cousin Kate—We maun cease singing and rin."

Instant preparation was made for this excursion, and I had no doubt that the laird and the captain would mourn o'er their diminished flocks in the morning, and plan an expedition with hound and horn, against the foxes of Dalswinton wood and Queensberry mountain. The alert Macgrab, and the cousin of bonny Kate, stood ready awaiting the signal to march from the chieftain, but the desperado from the Dub of Drufe shewed evident reluctance to prepare, and seemed contending with some strong internal feeling. He put his emotions in

words: "By the spur o' the Johnstones," said he, "and its a winged ane, if the sough of Christian Kennedy's sang is no ringing in baith my lugs, like the wether's bleat i' the lug o' black Jamie o' Glenmannah. De'il hae me if I'se owre prood ot. Kate, my winsome kimmer, hae ye nae sang—some kissing kind ane, to drive this wail o' dool and sorrow out of my lug. Conscience, if ye'll sing me ane, I'se bribe your lips with a pocket-full o' the sweetest plumbs that ever hung under a green leaf to the sun, d—n me if I disna." The gypsey maiden looked on the Drysdale suppliant with mingled pity and scorn;—but her grandfather said: "Sing him a sang, Katherine, my dow; its a sad thing to have the sough of a dirge in ane's ear,—it never comes but dole and sorrow follow—dinna let him gang to his doom, may be, uncheered, if your tongue can charm him." To her grandfather's request the maiden complied, and sung, with an easy and arch grace, the ballad I shall try to repeat to you.

THE GYPSEY'S SONG.

1.

O, haste ye, and come to our gate en',
And solder the stroup o' my lady's pan:
My lord's away to hunt the doe,
Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

2.

I ha'e a pan o' my ain to clout,
Before I can solder your lady's stroup;
And ye maun bide, my mettle to blaw,
My winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

3.

Now, wad ye but leave your gay lady,
And carry the tinkling tools wi' me;
And lie on kilns, on clean ait straw,
My winsome lass o' Gallowa."

4.

The fingers that starch my lady's frills
Never could carry your tinkling tools;
Ye're pans wad grime my neck of snaw,
Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

5.

Her hair in hanks o' gowden thread
O'er her milky shoulders was loosely spread;
And her bonnie blue e'en blinked love below,
My winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

6.

I took her by the jimpy waist;
And her lips stood tempting to be kist;
But whether I kiss'd them well or no,
Ye may ask the lass o' Gallowa'.

7.

Now quat the grip, thou gypsey loon.
Thou hast touzell'd me till my breath is done;
And my lady will fret frae bower to ha',
Quo' the winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

8.

Ye've coupit the soldering-pan, my lass,
And ye have scaled my clinks o' brass;
And my gude spoon caams ye've split in twa,
My winsome lass o' Gallowa'.

During the gypsey maiden's song, the sky, which before had become cloudy and overcast, darkened down to earth at once; thunder was heard nearer and nearer, and the crooked fires came flashing rapid and bright among the green branches of the forest. The applause which succeeded her song was sobered down by the presence of the tempest;—I was busy with internal prayer;—the old man alone seemed unawed,—he snatched up the unfinished harvest-horn that lay at his feet, and gave one brief blast: "Bairns, to wark!" he half shouted, "bairns to wark! when mankind are humbled we maun work,—a praying eye is aye steeked;—a dunt o' thunder and a flaff o' fire are just the tongue and the light to make our trade thrive;—mind, the fattest ewe has the fairest fleece; and the best hen sits at the wing o' the cock;—prime matters to remember.—Rin, rin while the light shines."—And away started the gypsey marauders, leaving me alone with the hoary conductor of this roving horde, and his hopeful grand-daughter.

LETTER, FROM A PROPRIETOR OF ST ANDREW'S-SQUARE, RELATIVE TO THE PROPOSED MONUMENT FOR LORD MELVILLE.

MR EDITOR,

I AM one of those Proprietors of St Andrew's-square who have been frequently alluded to of late in your Magazine, as well as in certain other publications, as having been the means of preventing the Naval Monument, in honour of the memory of the late Lord Melville, from being erected in that which, I agree with you in thinking, is the best situation for it, either within or in the neighbourhood of this city. I have not the least intention of entering into any discussion on the subject, nor do I think it would be reasonable to request of you to admit any additional *arguments*, either on the one side or the other, relative to a matter which has already occupied fully enough of your valuable Miscellany. At the same time, I must confess, that I am anxious that such gentlemen as may choose to favour the public with their speculations, should be fully acquainted with the facts of the case before they begin to reason upon the subject; and the more so, that, from the language employed by a gallant member of the Naval Committee, whose letter appeared in the last Number of your Magazine, and from certain other circumstances which have recently come to my knowledge, I am fully convinced, that, however strange it may appear, the Committee are at this moment in a state of considerable ignorance of the history and progress of their negotiation with the proprietors of St Andrew's-square. I am aware that, in point of fact, no official answer was transmitted by the proprietors of the Square to the last communication of the Naval Committee. This was doubtless a great omission on the part of the gentlemen who ought to have returned such answer. From not having been a member of the last Committee appointed by the proprietors, I am not personally responsible for the neglect; and the truth is, that I was not aware of it till after I had read the "*General Report*," which was published by the Naval Committee on 6th March last. Even after that, I merely considered it as a piece of neglect in point of etiquette; for I had reason to know that the secretary to the Naval Committee had constantly had access to the whole of our minutes; nor was it till I read the letter from "*One of the Committee*," that I came to be satisfied that this omission had been of more importance than I had previously imagined. I cannot persuade myself that the negotiation would ever have been broken off, had the Naval Committee been as well informed of our proceedings as we were with regard to theirs, nor that they would have neglected as they did a communication which was made to them by "*a learned gentleman**" shortly before they adopted their last resolution, (unless, indeed, they considered themselves bound by their agreement with Sir Patrick Walker,) had they known, that it was not with any proprietor of the square that any change of measures originated, and, that after they themselves had agreed upon an ultimatum, point after point was conceded by the proprietors, with no other view than that of consulting the feelings and desires of the Naval Committee, before any one of the members of the square ever thought of protesting against the erection of the pillar.

As I said before, I have no intention of arguing the matter; but trusting that you will agree with me in thinking, that in fairness and justice to all parties concerned, the facts of the case ought to be known to the public, I hope you will have the kindness to indulge me with inserting the following extracts from the minutes of the proprietors of the square, to which I will annex no farther explanation than seems to me to be necessary to render them intelligible to such persons as did not hear the verbal statements by which they were ac-

* I hope there are none of us who are incapable of acknowledging and endeavouring to repair any error which we may happen to commit, but this gentleman was mistaken in saying that two of the proprietors might be induced to withdraw their objections, and your correspondent in the Number for February, who said they had made the amende honourable, was also wrong, and both for the same reason, that those proprietors had expressly consented to terms more favourable to the Naval Committee, than they themselves had signified their satisfaction with, before the negotiation was broken off.

companied, and from them I think you will be satisfied that the following is a correct detail of the facts of the case.

1st, The negociation was opened by a printed letter, dated 9th December 1818, and signed by the secretary to the Naval Committee; in which he asked permission of the Proprietors to erect the pillar in the square under certain conditions, which were all of them highly reasonable and proper.

On the 21st of the same month the Proprietors of the Square held a meeting, for the purpose of taking this letter into their consideration, where the only differences of opinion among them were, as to whether the pillar should be erected in the centre, or at the west gate of the Square, and whether an answer should be returned to the Naval Committee, consenting to the erection, before or after it should be ascertained whether the absent Proprietors would concur with those who attended the meeting.

At this meeting, all the gentlemen who have ever been stated as objectors, excepting one, were present, and it was unanimously agreed, that the proposal of the Naval Committee should be approved of, provided this general consent was got; and several meetings of the Proprietors, and of their Committee were held for the purpose of forwarding the object in view.

2d, It had been signified, that it would be as cheap, and that the pillar would be stronger, if it were built with a stair in the inside, than it would be if it were solid, and that the stair would also be convenient when it should be necessary to repair the pillar. It was suggested, at one of our meetings, that in order to secure the privacy of the Square for the sake of the children of the Proprietors, and to prevent strangers from getting within the area, under the pretence of ascending the stair, the door of the Pillar should be built up, and should never be opened excepting when repairs were wanted. It was also thought, that gas lights might be combined with the pillar in such a manner, as to prove ornamental to it, and useful to the Square.

These suggestions, together with the proposal, that the pillar should be erected at the side of the Square, were communicated to the Naval Committee; and on the 9th of March 1819, they entered into the following resolution: "The Committee, having considered the extract of the minute of the Committee of Proprietors of St Andrew's Square, of date the 8th instant, hereby instruct their secretary to inform the Committee of Proprietors, that the Naval Committee cannot agree to the modifications proposed by the proprietors of the Square, relative to the introduction of gas, and building up the door of the monument."

3d, The different gentlemen who had proposed the modifications which I have mentioned, having been privately informed of this resolution of the Naval Committee, and being sincerely desirous to throw no obstacle in the way, withdrew their respective proposals. At the same time, in agreeing to a door being made in the pillar, it was thought advisable, that measures should be adopted to prevent the indiscriminate access of strangers. And whether the idea was correct in a legal view or not, it was also deemed necessary that this should be done before the pillar was erected, for this reason, that any condition agreed to beforehand by the Proprietors among themselves would have been binding upon them, and might have been enforced at any time by a minority, or even by one of their number; whereas a regulation made after the pillar was finished, would have been liable to constant alterations at the pleasure of every meeting of proprietors, or of persons obtaining authority from non-residents, however small the number of such meeting might be.

This explanation will explain the next resolution of the Committee of Proprietors, which was entered into on 20th March, 1819, in these terms: "The Committee unanimously agree, that no gas-light shall be combined with the pillar; and that the door of the pillar shall be under lock and key, and entirely under the control of the Proprietors, and never opened excepting for necessary repairs, and that any individual proprietor shall have the power of a veto against opening the door, excepting for repairs."

4th, This explicit offer was as explicitly accepted by the Naval Committee, by a minute dated on the same day, in which they state, that they consider the transaction with the Proprietors of the Square to be closed. Their minute was in these terms: "——— having

communicated the following resolution of the Committee of Proprietors," (Here was engrossed the resolution last quoted,) " The Naval Committee were of opinion, that having already agreed that every thing connected with access to the pillar should be subject to the rules and regulations of the Proprietors, what is now proposed, sanctioned by the Proprietors at large, ought not to be objected to by them; and as the point as to the gas is now yielded, the Committee consider that all matters may now be considered as adjusted betwixt them and the Proprietors, though the Naval Committee will not proceed with their operations until the Committee of Proprietors shall have had an opportunity of consulting with their constituents."

5th, The matter being thus apparently closed, a general meeting of the Proprietors of the Square was held on the 29th March 1819, when one of the gentlemen, who is stated as an objector, moved, that the transaction so entered into should be approved of, and that measures should be taken for rendering the veto effectual. No Proprietor of the Square stated any objection, but the secretary to the Naval Committee, who had always been permitted to attend the Square meetings, and a member of the Naval Committee, who held a proxy from the Royal Bank, as proprietors of two houses in the Square, moved that the veto should not be agreed to. That there may be no suspicion of misrepresentation in this statement, I insert the motions precisely as they were made.

" ———Moved, That the meeting do approve of the report of the Committee, now read, that the proposed Pillar be erected in the centre of the Square, and that the entrance to the same be by a door, secured by a lock and key: That there shall be affixed to the Pillar, so soon as it is constructed, a rod-conductor, to prevent risk from lightning. That it is reasonable and proper, that the Proprietors of the Square, having thus consented to every thing proposed by the Naval Committee, should, at the same time, take such measures as may be necessary, to secure the same exclusive use of the Square, to themselves and their families, that they have hitherto and do at present enjoy: That this can only be secured, by providing effectually, for keeping the door of the Pillar shut at all times, excepting in cases of necessity: And therefore, that a minute to be signed by all the Proprietors, be immediately engrossed in the sederunt book of the Square, providing, that each individual proprietor shall at all times have an effectual veto, against the said door being opened, on any condition, without his consent and approbation, excepting when the same shall be necessary for the purpose of repairs.

2d, " That immediately upon these signatures being obtained, the Committee of Proprietors be empowered, and directed to communicate these resolutions to the Naval Committee; and to obtain from that Committee, the necessary obligation or writing, for vesting the property of, and control over the Pillar, in the Proprietors of the Square; for finishing the same, in or before the month of May, 1821, and for providing a fund for keeping the same in repair, in all time coming.

" Mr ———" (the Secretary of the Naval Committee), " moved, and ——— adopted the following motion, which was seconded by Mr ———, that the door shall not be opened on any condition, without the consent and approbation of a majority of the Proprietors of the Square, and that the concession of the site requested, shall not either directly or indirectly, confer any right either of property or of servitude, in or over the Square, in terms of their circular, of the 9th December, 1818.

" This motion was withdrawn, and ——— (the same gentleman) moved to approve of the report, excepting as to the veto, and to remit to a Committee, to consider the most expedient arrangement relative to the mode of access to the Pillar."

6th, Though the veto had been agreed to by the Naval Committee, yet seeing that it was objected to by their representatives in our meeting, the gentleman who had proposed it, said, that to bring the matter to a close, he was willing to put his motion in the following manner: " That the meeting do approve of the report of the Committee now read; that the proposed pillar be erected in the centre of the Square, and that the entrance to the same be by a door secured by lock and key; that there shall be affixed to the pillar, as soon as it is constructed, a rod-conductor, to prevent risk from lightning."

This motion then proceeded to state as before, that it was reasonable and proper to secure the privacy of the Square; and, instead of proposing that the minute for that purpose should enact an absolute veto in each proprietor, it bore " that a minute to be signed by all the Proprietors be immediately engrossed in the sederunt book of the Square, providing that the said door shall never be opened on any condition, without the consent and approbation of three fourths of the resident Proprietors, excepting when the same shall be necessary for the purpose of repairs."

Then followed a repetition of the in-

structions to the Committee to communicate with the Naval Committee, upon which ——— (the same member of the Naval Committee who had adopted the first amendment) again moved "to approve of the report, excepting as to the veto, and to remit to a Committee to consider the most expedient arrangement relative to the mode of access to the pillar."

"The meeting resolved, before approving of the report, to remit to a Committee of Proprietors to consider the most expedient arrangements relative to the access of the pillar, with power to communicate to the Naval Committee.

7th, The Naval Committee, at their next meeting, sanctioned the opposition which had been so made by their secretary and member. Their minutes of 31st March 1819, bear,

"The minute of last meeting having been read, it was resolved, on the motion of —— seconded by ——— and unanimously adopted, That Saint Andrew's-Square should be the site of the Pillar, provided that the Proprietors of the Square agree to such terms, relative to the access, as the Naval Committee can approve of, and provided the funds are found to be sufficient for the purpose of erecting, and afterwards maintaining the Pillar. It was moreover, the opinion of the Committee, that a majority of the Proprietors of the square ought to regulate every matter relative to the access, so soon as the Pillar is completed. And in the event of this resolution not being agreed to, the Committee are of opinion, that the site of St. Andrew's-square should be given up."

8th, The Committee of Proprietors of St Andrew's Square agreed to this new proposal, by a majority, at a meeting held on 5th April 1819, two of their number, who dissented, signifying, verbally, that though, for the sake of unanimity, they would give up the veto, they still meant to insist that, whatever the regulations to be adopted with regard to the door of the pillar might be, they should be settled before it was erected, so as to have the force of a condition, instead of being postponed till afterwards, which would have rendered them mere rules, alterable at all times at pleasure.

9th, A meeting of the proprietors of the Square was held, at which even the resolution, with regard to three-fourths, was dropped, and no other security for the privacy of the Square required, than that four resident gentlemen should give their consent, in writing, before any person was admitted into the inside of the pillar. The resolutions proposed by those gentlemen, who wished to approve of the suggestion of the Naval Committee, were,

1mo, "That the gentlemen of the Naval Committee shall satisfy the Committee of Proprietors, herein after named, that the proposed Pillar be completed on or before the 21st day of May, 1821.

2do, That the Stones and Mortar of the Pillar shall be completely prepared out of the area of the Square, according to the proposal of the Naval Committee.

3tio, That the rights of the Proprietors to the inclosed area, shall not be altered in any respect, by giving their consent to the building of the Pillar.

4to, That in no event shall indiscriminate access to the public be allowed: And that a set of rules respecting the access shall be made out, and approved of by a meeting of the Proprietors of the Square, to be specially called for this purpose, who shall name a Committee of resident proprietors, to give effect to the rules so laid down.

5to, That a Committee of Proprietors be appointed for adjusting every detail respecting the completion of the work, and the securing the necessary means of keeping it in repair."

On the part of those who wished to have the management previously fixed on a definitive basis, Mr ——— proposed the following amendment to the 4th resolution:

"That the key of the Pillar shall never be entrusted to the custody of the square-keeper, or any other servant of the square: That no person shall have access to the Pillar at any time, without the consent in writing of a majority of a Committee of seven resident proprietors, appointed for the purpose, being specially obtained thereto, and that a minute be entered in the sederunt-book, and signed by all the proprietors, or their proxies duly authorised, binding the proprietors to each other: That every individual proprietor shall, at all times, have a valid and effectual veto against any other, or more, or indiscriminate access, being allowed to the Pillar, than is herein provided, excepting for the purpose of repairs."

This amendment was negatived by a majority of 10 to 9; whereupon the mover of it inserted a protest in the minutes, in precisely the same words, and "intimated that he would take all such measures as he might deem necessary, to prevent its being erected on any other condition."

Other matters were talked of during the course of the discussions, but as they dont appear in the minutes, and were, besides, of a nature which would tempt me to break my resolution not to argue, I shall say nothing about them here.

I trust you will now be able to judge whether the negotiation was broken off because one party proposed new or frivolous conditions, or, as "one of the Committee" expresses it, "made illiberal opposition," and stated "futile objections," or because the other party departed from a condition which they had at one time agreed to by an entry in their own minutes, officially communicated to the Proprietors of the Square, and did not choose to accept of the very important modifications in their own favour which were offered of that condition. And I have only farther to add, that it was not till after all this, that another proprietor, wearied out and disgusted with the number of meetings and disputes which there had been with regard to it, and especially with this refusal to abide by the terms which had been at one time distinctly agreed to, gave in a protest against the erection of the Monument in the square.

A PROPRIETOR OF ST ANDREW'S-SQUARE.

PROFESSOR BROWN'S OUTLINES OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE HUMAN MIND.*

In this volume is contained an abstract of Professor Brown's System relative to the Physiology of the Mind. It was meant to serve as a text-book for those attending his Lectures, and therefore the successive parts of the subject are discussed with a good deal of brevity, but, at the same time, with so much clearness, as to render the book by itself an agreeable and satisfactory vehicle of the author's leading doctrines, and to make the reader regret to find that it is broken off abruptly at a very interesting part; Dr Brown having been unable to finish what is set forth in the table of contents. For the sake of our readers, we shall endeavour to give an account of some of these new and remarkable speculations, of which till now there was no printed publication, to diffuse them beyond the limits of his class-room, and which cannot fail to be read with admiration for those penetrating talents, from which science must no longer hope to receive farther benefits. The language throughout is remarkable for precision, and for the dexterity and elegance with which it is used for the purposes of reasoning. It is well known, that Dr Brown was in the habit of introducing, in his Lectures, many illustrations beautiful as conceptions or pictures; but in the present publication these are almost entirely withheld, so that the reader finds few pauses or relaxations from abstract reasoning.

In what manner Dr Brown's ideas, at the outset, differ as to one important point, from those of former writers on the same subject, the following remarks upon the nature of consciousness will show.

"Consciousness has been generally considered as a peculiar power of the mind, of which all our various feelings when present, are to be distinguished as *objects*, in the same sense as light is not vision, but the object of vision, or fragrant particles not smell, but the object of smell.

"This view, which appears to me very manifestly erroneous, seems to be a part of that general error with respect to the mind, which, after endowing it with many Powers, —that are truly nothing more than certain relations of uniform antecedence of states of mind to other states of mind or to bodily movements,—learns to consider these Powers almost as separate entities, and assigns to each a sort of empire over phenomena, of which it is itself merely a name, expressive of a certain uniformity in the order of their succession.

"Consciousness, in its widest sense, is truly nothing more than such a general name, expressive of the whole variety of our feelings. In this sense, to feel is to be conscious, and not to be conscious is not to feel.

"The series of states in which the mind exists, from moment to moment, is all that can be known of the mind; and it cannot, *at the same moment*, exist in *two different states*, one of consciousness, and one of some other feeling wholly distinguishable from it. Whatever its momentary feeling may be, simple or complex,—a sensation, a thought, an emotion—this feeling or momentary state of the mind, which is said to be only the object of consciousness, as if consciousness were something different from a state in which the mind exists, is truly all the consciousness of the moment.

"*I am conscious of a particular feeling*, means only *I feel in a particular manner.*

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* Sketch of a System of the Philosophy of the Human Mind; Part I. comprehending the Physiology of the Mind; by Thomas Brown, M. D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh; Bell and Bradfute, &c. 1820.

As far as regards the present merely, it expresses the existence of a particular feeling, but nothing more.

"We may, indeed, look back on a particular feeling of the moment preceding, as we look back on some more distant event of years that are past; and from the belief of identity which arises intuitively in such a case, we may give the name of *Consciousness* to this brief retrospect and identification, as we give the name of *Memory* or *Remembrance* to the longer retrospect. But the difference is a difference of name only. The remembrance is in kind the same, whether the interval of recognition be long or short. The whole complex state of mind, in such a case, is in strictness of language *one* present feeling,—one state of the mind and nothing more; and even of this virtual complexity, we find, on analysis, no other elements than these—a certain feeling of some kind, the remembrance of some former feeling, and the belief of the identity of that which feels and has felt. If we take away the *memory* of every former feeling, we take away the very notion of self or identity, and with it every thing that distinguishes the complex feeling which is termed Consciousness, from the simpler feeling of which we are said to be conscious.

"It is but in a very small number of our feelings, as they succeed each other in endless variety, that any such retrospects and identifications of past and present feeling, in one self or continued subject of both, take place. The pleasure or pain begins and passes away, and is immediately succeeded by other pleasures or pains, or thoughts or emotions. In such a case, when there is no retrospect beyond the moment, and no notion, therefore, of self, as the continued subject of various feelings, the consciousness of the mind is either the brief simple present feeling itself, whatever that may be, or it is nothing; and when it is mingled with a retrospective feeling, there is no occasion to have recourse to a peculiar Faculty, to be distinguished from the ordinary cases of remembrance, in which there is, in like manner, a retrospect of some former feeling of the mind, together with that belief of identity which is common to memory in all its forms. We do not suppose, that when at one time we look back on some event of our boyhood, at another time on some event of the preceding hour, and, in both cases, identify the subject of the past feeling with that which is the subject of a present sensation, we exercise, in the recognition at the longer and shorter interval, a power of the mind that is specifically different in the two cases; and there is surely as little reason to suppose such a specific difference, when, in an interval still shorter, the recognition of a common subject of two feelings has regard to a present sensation, and to one so recent in its freshness as almost to seem present still.

From this extract it will be seen that Dr Brown views the thoughts and feelings of the mind as a mutually derived series, of which each successive phenomenon is generated from the last, or from external perceptions —the whole being so many different states of one sentient principle, and each state being uncompounded and simple, and including the whole essence of the mind so long as it lasts. But even this mode of viewing the phenomena is not inconsistent with the notion of the mind having particular faculties for particular purposes. A faculty means only the power of *existing in a particular state in relation to external objects;* for every thought or feeling is a relation of some kind to external objects. Cut off the mind's communication with the outward world, and take away the conception of things formerly perceived, and all thoughts and feelings would immediately cease. Now, it is not in consequence of any one quality that the mind is capable of existing in so many different relations to external objects, or (what is the same thing) to conceptions—and, if it be in consequence of different qualities, these qualities may without impropriety be called powers or faculties.

If the antecedent temporary state or affection of the mind were the *sole* cause of that which follows, then it would be unsuitable to speak of the mind's having permanent qualities; but the consequent state results not merely from the antecedent temporary state, but also from the permanent nature and constitution of the mind. If, on the other hand, it be said, that each successive state includes the permanent nature and capacities of the mind, and that, therefore, the antecedent state is the sole cause of what follows; it will be somewhat difficult to reconcile this notion with the perfect simplicity and unity which Dr Brown attributes to each mental state. In speaking of mental identity, he makes the following observations:

"I can imagine, for example, the following objection to be put.

"The changeful appearances of external things, it may be said, are easily conceivable, because a mass of matter admits of addition, or subtraction, or at least of change of place of the atoms that compose it. But if mind be, as is asserted, absolutely simple and indivisible, the same at every moment, without addition, or subtraction, or possible change of parts, —that which is by its very nature so completely incapable of essential alteration, cannot admit of any difference what-

ever. If strictly identical, it must be the same in every respect. Now we know, that what is called the Mind, far from being at every moment the same in every respect, scarcely presents for two successive moments the same phenomena. It is by its changes, indeed, indirectly, as sentient or percipient, and only by its changes, that all other changes become known to us; and independently of those varying perceptions, by which it reveals to us the phenomena of the material world, it is susceptible of innumerable modifications of feeling that have no direct relation to them. Without taking into account, therefore, such lasting changes of character, as the mind often exhibits, in different circumstances of fortune, or at different periods of life, are not even its more rapid changes, when the feeling of one moment has no resemblance whatever to the feeling of the preceding moment, sufficient to disprove its absolute identity? There is unquestionably in these changes a difference of some sort, and often a difference as striking, as can be supposed in the feelings of any two minds at the same moment. How, then, can that which is so *different* be absolutely *identical*?

"Absolute identity, in the strictest sense of that term, and difference of any sort, seem, I own, when we first consider them, to be incompatible: and yet, if such a compatibility be found to be true, not of mind only, but of matter itself, the objection that is founded on the analogy of matter, in the supposed necessity of some integral alteration in its changing phenomena, will lose the force which that analogy had seemed to give to it. If every material atom be unceasingly changing its state, so as often to exhibit tendencies the most opposite, and yet, in all its changes of physical character, be, without all question, the same substance which it was before; it may be allowed, in like manner, that the mind also, with corresponding diversities of character, may exist in various, and often in opposite states, at different times, and yet be in all these changes of state, whether the diversity be more or less brief or lasting, the same identical substance.

"The examination of this compatibility of diversity with sameness in external things, may involve a more subtile analysis of the general phenomena of matter, than has commonly been employed by philosophers. But it is a discussion that is interesting in itself, and that is particularly interesting in the present question, as obviating an objection, the force of which, but for such a proof of exact analogy in the phenomena of the material world, will be felt most strongly by those who are best qualified to judge of such questions.

"In the narrow limits of the present outlines, it is impossible to state the argument in its minuter physical bearings. A single illustration, however, from one of the most familiar of the phenomena of matter, may be sufficient to shew what is meant by that compatibility of sameness and diversity in things without, to which the internal phenomena of mind, in their similar union of diversity and sameness, present an analogy so striking, as to justify the assertion of the compatibility as a general law of nature.

"A body at rest, we believe, would remain for ever at rest, but for the application of some foreign force: when impelled by some other body, it moves, and, as we believe, would for ever in free space continue to move onward, in the line of impulse, with a certain velocity proportioned to that impulse. Let us take, then, any series of moments, a, b, c, in the continued quiescence, and any series of moments x, y, z, in the continued uniform motion. At the moment a, every atom of the body is in such a state, that, in consequence of this state, it does not exhibit any tendency to motion in the moment b; at the moment x every atom of it is in such a state, that in the subsequent moment y, though an impelling body be no longer present, it has a tendency to pass from one point of space to another; and thus progressively, through the series a, b, c, and the series x, y, z, the difference of tendency at each moment is indicative of a difference of state at each moment. Every atom of the body, at the moment y is, however, exactly the same atom which it was at the moment b. Nothing is added to the mass; nothing is taken away from the mass: yet how different are the phenomena exhibited, and consequently how different the tendencies, or physical character, of the identical atoms, at these two moments! Nay, more, as the varieties of velocity are infinite, increasing or diminishing with the force of the primary impulse or other cause of motion, and as, in the continual progressive motion, the cause of the particular velocity of that motion at the moment y is the peculiar state of the atoms at the moment x, with any difference of which the velocity also would be different, there is in the varieties even of such simple rectilinear motion, without taking into account any other varieties arising from any other foreign causes, an infinite number of states of every atom of every mass, with the same continued identity of the whole: and it is truly not more wonderful, therefore, that the substance to which we give the name of Mind should, without the slightest loss of identity, be affected in succession with joy, sorrow, love, hate, or any other feelings or tendencies the most opposite, than that a substance to which we give the name of Matter, without the slightest loss of identity, should have tendencies so opposite as those by which at one time it remains, moment after moment, in the same relative point of space, and afterwards flies through space with a velocity of which the varieties are infinite. However paradoxical, then, the statement may appear, it may yet safely be admitted, as a law both of mind and of matter, that

there may be a complete change of tendencies or physical character, without any essential change; and that absolute identity, in the strictest sense of that term, is consistent with infinite diversities.

It is easy to perceive that this new mode of viewing the subject must require a new classification of phenomena, unlike those of former metaphysicians; and Dr Brown accordingly treats the question of arrangement as follows:

"I. The very old classification of the mental phenomena, as belonging to the *Understanding* and to the *Will*, has little claim to be adopted on the ground of precision, even with respect to the phenomena which it comprehends; and there are innumerable phenomena, which belong neither to the one nor to the other.

"The arrangement of them under the *Intellectual Powers* of the Mind, and the *Active Powers* of the Mind, is as little worthy of adoption. It is indeed almost the same as the other, under a mere change of name. It does not comprehend all the phenomena; for, how is it possible to class such feelings as Grief, or the Emotion of Beauty, as in any peculiar sense, Intellectual or Active, any more than we could class them under the Understanding or the Will? And it confounds even the phenomena which it does include; for, if the word *active* have any meaning at all, we are surely as active when we prosecute trains of reasoning or of fancy, as when we simply love or esteem, despise or hate.

"II. Let us consider the phenomena, then, without regard to any former arrangement.

"The various feelings of the mind are nothing more than the mind itself, existing in a certain state. They may all, then, be designated *states of the mind*, if we consider the feelings simply as feelings: or *affections of mind*, if we consider the feelings in relation to the prior circumstances that have induced them, and wish to express by a particular word, not the momentary *state* of feeling merely, but the *reference* also to some antecedent on which we suppose the change of state to have been consequent.

"With this distinction of an implied reference in the one case and not in the other, the phrases *state of mind and affection of mind*, are completely synonimous. They may be used to comprehend all our feelings of every order, that are nothing more than states of the mind, the changes of which are co-extensive with the changeful circumstances, material or mental, that may have induced them.

"Of these states or affections of mind, when we consider them in all their variety, there is one physical distinction which cannot fail to strike us. Some of them arise in consequence of the operation of external things—the others, in consequence of mere previous feelings of the mind itself.

"In this difference, then, of their antecedents, we have a ground of primary division. The phenomena may be arranged as of two classes—the EXTERNAL AFFECTIONS OF THE MIND—the INTERNAL AFFECTIONS OF THE MIND.

"III. The former of these classes admits of very easy subdivision, according to the bodily organs affected.

"The latter may be divided into two Orders—INTELLECTUAL STATES OF THE MIND, and EMOTIONS. These Orders, which are sufficiently distinct in themselves, exhaust, as it appears to me, the whole phenomena of the class.

"When I say, however, that they are sufficiently distinct in their own nature, I do not mean to say, that they are not often mingled in one complex state of mind; in the same way as when I class separately and distinctly sights and sounds, I do not mean that we are incapable of perceiving visually the instrument of music, and the musician, to whom we may be at the same moment listening. *Sight* is still one state of mind, *hearing* another state of mind; though there may be a complex state of mind that is virtually inclusive of both; and when an *intellectual state* of mind is accompanied with an *emotion*, there is as little difficulty in distinguishing these elementary feelings by reflective analysis, as in distinguishing, by a similar analysis, the elements of the complex sensation of sight and hearing.

"There is one Emotion particularly, the Emotion of Desire, which, in this metaphysical sense of composition, mingles very largely with our other feelings, both of the External and Internal Class, and diversifies them so much, in many cases, as to have led to the supposition of many distinct Powers of the mind, from which the peculiar mixed results are supposed to flow. The nature of this illusive belief, however, will be best seen, when we analyze the complex results themselves."

In treating of the External Perceptions, Dr Brown begins with examining into the nature of those numerous bodily sensations which are not referable to the more important organs of perception, but diffused over the whole frame, and which had therefore, he thinks, been too little noticed and commented upon by former philosophers. He says,

"Our muscular frame would not be rightly estimated, if considered merely as that by which motion is performed. It is also truly an organ of sense.

"That it is capable, in certain states, of affording strong sensations, is shown by some of our most painful diseases, and by that oppressive uneasiness of fatigue which arises

when any part has been over-exerted. But there are feelings of a fainter kind, increasing in intensity with the exertion employed, which accompany the simpler contractions, and enable us in some measure to distinguish, independently of the aid of our other senses, our general position or attitude. These *muscular feelings* I conceive to form a very important element of many of our complex sensations, in which their influence has been little suspected.

"It is not to be supposed, however, that we are able, by a sort of instinctive anatomy, to distinguish the separate muscles of our frame, which may have been brought together into play. Our muscular movements themselves are almost always complicated; and our accompanying sensation, therefore, in such cases, is equally complex. But whether the number of muscles employed be more or less extensive, and the degree of their contraction be greater or less, there is one result of sensation which forms in every case one state of the mind; and it is this joint result alone, which we distinguish from other muscular sensations, that may have resulted, in like manner, from various degrees of contraction of the same or different muscles."

It is upon the nature of these muscular feelings that Dr Brown founds a most original and remarkable speculation, with regard to our mode of perceiving space, extension, and the resistance and dimensions of solid bodies. Our first notions of these, he thinks, are neither referable to sight nor to touch, but to the series of sensations experienced in bending the muscles, and the occasional interruptions of that series in grasping solid bodies.

"3. Let us once more consider the circumstances in which the infant first exists, when he is the subject indeed of various feelings, but is ignorant of the existence of his own organic frame, and of every thing external. If we observe him as he lies on his little couch, there is nothing which strikes us more than his tendency to continual muscular motion, particularly of the parts which are afterwards his great organs of touch. There is scarcely a moment while he is awake, at which he is not opening or closing his little fingers, or moving his little arms in some direction. Now, though he does not know that he has a muscular frame, he is yet susceptible of all the feelings that attend muscular contraction in all its stages. From the moment at which his fingers begin to move towards the palm, to the moment at which they close on it, there is a regular series of feelings, which is renewed as unceasingly as the motion itself is renewed. The beginning of this series, as in every other regular sequence of events in after life, leads to the expectation of the parts which are to follow; and, like any other number of continuous parts, the whole series, whether merely remembered as past, or anticipated as future, is felt as of a certain length. The notion of a certain regular and limited length is thus acquired, and very soon becomes habitual to the mind of the infant; so habitual to it, that the first feeling which attends the beginning contraction of the fingers, suggests, of itself, a length that may be expected to follow.

"It must be remembered, that it is the mere length of a sequence of feelings, attendant on muscular contraction, of which I speak, and not of any knowledge of muscular parts contracted. The infant does not know that he has fingers which move, even when, from an instinctive tendency, or other primary cause to which we are ignorant how to give a name, he sets them in motion; but when they are thus in motion, and a consequent series of feelings already familiar to him has commenced, he knows the regular series of feelings that are instantly to follow.

"In these circumstances, let us imagine some hard body to be placed on his little palm. The muscular contraction takes place, as before, to a certain extent, and with it a part of the accustomed series; but, from the resistance to the usual full contraction, there is a break in the anticipated series of feelings, the place of the remaining portion of which is supplied by a tactual feeling combined with a muscular feeling of another kind—that feeling of resistance which has been already considered by us. As often as the same body is placed again in the hand, the same portion of the series of feelings is interrupted by the same new complex feeling. It is as little wonderful, therefore, that this new feeling should suggest or become representative of the particular length of which it supplies the place, as that the reciprocal suggestion of one object by another should be the result of any other association as uniform. A smaller body interrupts proportionally a smaller part of the accustomed series—a larger body a larger portion: and, while the notion of a certain length of sequence interrupted, varies thus exactly with the dimensions of the external object felt, it is not very wonderful that the one should become representative of the other; and that the particular muscular feeling of resistance, in combination with the tactual feeling, should be attended with notions of different lengths, exactly according to the difference of the length of which it uniformly supplies the place.

"The only objection which I can conceive to be made to this theory—if the circstances be accurately stated, and if the inadequacy of touch as itself the direct sense of figure, have been sufficiently shown—is, that the length of a sequence of feelings is so completely distinct in character, as to be incapable of being blended with tactual notions of space. But this objection, as I flatter myself I have proved, arises from inattention, not to a few only of the phenomena

of tactual measurement, but to all the phenomena; for in the measurement even of the most familiar object, as we have seen, a difference of the mere rapidity or slowness with which we pass our hand along its surface, and therefore of the mere length or shortness of the accompanying series of feelings, is sufficient to give in our estimate a corresponding difference of length or shortness to the surface which we touch. Length, indeed, considered abstractly, whether it be of time or of space, is nothing more in our conception than a number of continuous parts; and this definition is equally applicable to it, in the one case as in the other.

"5. In whatever manner the first motions of the fingers may be produced, the infant will soon discover that they are renewable by his will; and he will often exercise this power. From the accustomed antecedents he will expect the accustomed consequents, exactly as in after life; since this anticipation, which is independent of all reasoning, seems to flow from a law of our physical being. Certain series of feelings, then, begin and end in uniform order; the anticipation of which is fulfilled as often as he does not will to suspend them. At last, however, they are suspended, without any will on his part, when some external substance has been placed in his hand. He expected the whole of the accustomed series: but the place of a portion of it is now supplied by another feeling; and since all of which he was conscious in himself at the moment preceding the interruption, was exactly the same as in the many former instances when the regular sequence took place, he ascribes the feeling of resistance to something that is foreign to him. There is something, then, which is not himself—something that represents a number of concurring lengths—something that gives rise to the feeling of resistance; and we have thus, however obscure they may be as first conceived by him, the rude elements, which afterwards become more distinct in his notion of a system of external things. Matter is that which is without us—which has parts—which resists our effort to compress it."

Thus he thinks that our notion of space is entirely founded upon a series of successive feelings experienced in bending the muscles, and that the notion so formed is afterwards transferred to sensations received through the medium of other organs, and accompanies them only as an acquired perception. He conceives that the optic nerve receives only the sensation of colour—that we do not originally perceive colour spread out in particular figures, but that we ascribe extension to colour in consequence of the series of muscular sensations experienced in moving the eye along the parts of a figure. In this hypothesis there is far more originality and invention shewn than in any former theory concerning the same subject. In so far as regards the perception of figure by sight, it is, however, so revolting to our natural feelings or original impressions, as almost to preclude serious belief. We are irresistibly led to attribute to colour the same connexion with the perception of space, as its cause really has with space in the external world. The muscular sensations experienced in moving the eye may remind us of succession and change in altering the sphere of vision; but the relations of parts in a simple figure appear to be perceived instantaneously; nor perhaps, if the figure occupies but a small space in the sphere of vision, does the perception of the relations of its parts employ any movement of the eye. A series of muscular changes of sensation may be conceived to produce something like the feeling of *linear* progression; but the proportions of a figure lengthways and breadthways (which, even when irregular, are often perceived instantaneously with the utmost distinctness) would require to be represented by a very great number of different trains of muscular sensations, corresponding to the different positions of the points that were compared in the figure—a number indeed far greater than the mind seems capable of recollecting or arranging into one conception. Whatever degree of probability may be ascribed to Dr Brown's notions concerning perception, they are, beyond dispute, an important addition to what had previously been thought upon the subject. The qualities of space have always proved the most fertile source of difficulties to those who have speculated upon perception. Former metaphysicians saw that the perception of them accompanied some sensations, but that the qualities of space were not themselves the causes of sensation; while all other objects of perception were causes of sensation. Dr Brown has endeavoured to shew that nothing is made known to us by the senses but objects that are causes of sensation; and that space is not an object of present perception, but of memory, our notions of it being founded entirely upon the succession of particulars in remembered trains of sensations.

Having, in the first part of the volume, discussed the external affections

of the mind, he next proceeds to consider the internal affections, which he subdivides into intellectual states and emotions. The part which relates to intellect is all that is found in the present volume, which was published in an unfinished state, before the interesting branch relative to the emotions, had been got ready for the press.

In examining the intellectual states of the mind, the author shows admirable powers of analysis. His observations are clear, comprehensive, and satisfactory; and the following quotation will enable the reader to perceive something of his mode of thinking.

"Our Intellectual States of Mind, however much they may specifically differ, will be found, even in their minutest variations, to exhibit only two generic diversities,—diversities which, in the ordinary metaphysical sense of those terms, may be expressed very nearly by the phrases, *Conceptions*, and *Feelings of Relation*. Our whole trains of thought, if we abstract from them the Sensations which external objects may occasionally induce, and the emotions that may frequently mingle with them, will be found to be composed of these, and of these alone. It is the very nature of the mind to be susceptible of these in certain trains; one perception or conception suggesting, or, in other words, having for its immediate consequent, some other conception: as when the sight of a picture suggests the Artist who painted it, and the conception of the painter suggests, in like manner, the name of some other artist of the same School, and this afterwards the City in which that School of painting chiefly flourished. The successive conceptions, in such cases, arise in the mind, in the absence of the external objects that produced originally the corresponding perceptions; and, though capable of being modified to a certain extent by states of the bodily frame, are, as far as any discoveries of the physiologist have yet been able to throw light on their origin, Internal Affections of the Mind,—results of a tendency of the mind itself, in certain circumstances, to exist in one state after existing in some other state. The tendency to this renovation of former feelings has commonly received the name of Association of Ideas;—a name that is faulty in various respects, as limiting to our mere Ideas an influence which is not confined to them, and as seeming to imply some mysterious process of union as necessary before the suggestion itself; which, whether it be found to be true or not, on a more subtile analysis of the phenomena, is at least not very easy to be reconciled with the opinions of those who invented, or have continued to employ the phrase. I have preferred, therefore, for the sake of greater precision, and for avoiding the intermixture of any thing that can be considered as conjectural, the name of Simple Suggestion; meaning by that phrase to express nothing more than is actually observed by us, in the readiness of certain feelings to arise after certain other feelings, as resemblances of former perceptions or conceptions or other preceding states of the mind; and restricting the phrase uniformly to such simple sequences of the similar feelings, exclusively of all notions of relation of object to object, that may occasionally arise from them, and be intermingled with them.

"Our trains of thought are not composed, then, merely of such conceptions, or other resemblances of former feelings, that begin, and continue, and pass away, as it were separately, without impressing us with any common relation which they bear. In the same manner as one conception suggests another conception, the perception or conception of two or more objects suggests or gives rise to certain feelings of relation, which, as states of the mind, differ from the mere perceptions or conceptions themselves, that have given rise to them, not merely as these perceptions or conceptions appear to differ from each other, but generically as a distinct order of feelings.

"There is an original tendency of the mind to the one species of suggestion, in certain circumstances, as much as to the other; and as to the one of these, which affords us mere copies of former feelings, I have given the name of Simple Suggestion; to the other, which developes a new order of states of mind, in our feelings of relation, I give the name of Relative Suggestion;—using the term Suggestion in both cases, as that which expresses most simply the mere general fact of the rise of the feelings in succession, without involving any hypothesis as to processes of former association, or any other circumstances, that may be justly or erroneously supposed to connect them."

He afterwards enters into an inquiry concerning the principles, according to which simple suggestion takes place. After taking a survey of Mr Hume's opinions concerning the laws of association, Dr Brown concludes, that all the relations by which conceptions suggest each other, may be traced into Resemblance, Contrast, and former Proximity. He even inclines to think, that suggestions, both of Resemblance and Contrast, may, by farther analysis, be resolved into the single principle of proximity.

"The general fact of the rise of one conception, in immediate suggestion by some other conception or perception, is shewn, as I have said, by all the phenomena of our trains of thought; and it could scarcely fail to be soon remarked, that the suggestion is not wholly vague and indiscriminate, but that certain conceptions are, according to

circumstances, more readily suggested than others. Of the knowledge of this readier suggestion, the use of verbal language, even in the rudest state of barbarous life, is a sufficient proof; as are all the rude symbols of every sort, that are employed by the most ignorant tribes in the first dawnings of civilization, for recording events in which they have nationally or individually taken interest.

"What even savages could not fail to discover, must have been remarked by philosophers of every Age. Yet, though the tendency to particular suggestions must have been the basis of all practical education, so little attention had been speculatively paid to the laws which regulate them, that Mr Hume, in reducing under a few general heads the phenomena of "the association of ideas," in his Essay on that subject, conceived himself to be the first who had attempted any such arrangement.

"The opinion of the originality of the attempt was indeed an erroneous one; since a brief enumeration of the kinds of reminiscences, very similar to his own division of them, is to be found in one of the Works of the great Founder of the Peripatetic Philosophy, and in other works of intervening authors, both of the time of the schoolmen and of more recent date. But the high authority of Mr Hume's name has given to his classification an importance and a consequent claim to our consideration, greater, perhaps, than in other respects it might justly be considered as deserving.

"Resemblance, Contiguity in place or time, and Causation, are, according to him, the principles of association of our ideas. Causation, it is evident, on his own principles, may be reduced to the head of Contiguity, of which it is in truth the most exquisite example; and Contrast, which he endeavours in vain, by a sort of obscure and almost contradictory analysis, very unworthy of his general acuteness, to reduce under the mixed influence of Resemblance and Causation, is at least as well entitled to form a separate class, as either of the two to which he would reduce it.

"It is, perhaps, however, only in consequence of our imperfect analysis of the phenomena of Suggestion, that it has been thought necessary to reduce them under distinct heads. It appears to me at least not improbable, that, on a more minute examination, they may all be found to admit of being considered as examples of the single influence to which Mr Hume has given the name of Contiguity; and that every suggestion, therefore, may be necessarily of feelings that have previously co-existed, or been so immediately proximate in succession, that the rapid sequence, where one feeling has scarcely ceased when the other has begun, may be considered almost like co-existence.

"Resemblance, for example, is said to be a principle of association. But, if one object resemble another, it must resemble it in some particular circumstance or number of circumstances. There must be some part, therefore, greater or less, of the complex perception or conception of each, that is the same, or nearly the same, as some part of the complex perception or conception of the other; and as, in both alike, this common element has co-existed with the other elements of the complex whole, it may, in either case, when only one of the objects is present to our perception or our thought, be sufficient for the reciprocal suggestion of the similar object, and may produce this effect without any other influence than that of the mere proximity of one part to the other parts that have before co-existed with it. In like manner, when two objects are strongly contrasted in any quality, they must agree at least in this one respect, that they are both extraordinary in relation to that quality; they are extremes of it, though different extremes. Each, therefore, singly, may have excited this common sentiment of extraordinariness with respect to the same particular quality; and the feeling of extraordinariness with respect to the same quality, that has attended the perception of both objects, may, like any other part of a complex whole in which two objects agree, be sufficient to produce a reciprocal suggestion, by the influence of mere co-existence.

In treating of simple suggestion, Dr Brown remarks, that he considers a tendency towards suggestions by analogy as the principle cause of what is called genius in individuals, as it serves greatly to diversify the order of our conceptions, and so to lead to invention; for, he observes, it is evident there could be nothing new in the products of suggestion, if objects, according to their mere proximity on former occasions, were to suggest only the very objects that had before co-existed with them: but there is a perpetual novelty of combination when the images, that rise after each other by that shadowy species of resemblance which constitutes analogy, are such as never existed before together, or in immediate succession.

So much for the succession of mere conceptions in the imagination, and the laws that regulate their succession. He next proceeds to examine, under the name of "Feelings of Relation," those states of the mind which are commonly called Acts of the Understanding.

We cannot long consider two or more objects, without being impressed with some relation which they seem to bear to each other: and this tendency to the suggestion of feel-

ings of relation is equally true of our conceptions, or other internal affections of the mind, as of our affections of sense; though, from the greater permanence of our perceptions when external objects are before us, they may naturally be supposed to give rise to a wider variety of such feelings of relation.

In conformity with our original view of the objects of physical inquiry, the variety of relations may be classed as Relations of Co-existence or Relations of Succession; according as, in the former case, they do not involve any notion of time, or as, in the latter case, they involve necessarily the notion which is expressed, in its double reference, by the words Before and After.

I. The Relations of Co-existence may be reduced under the following heads; Position,—Resemblance or Difference,—Proportion,—Degree,—Comprehensiveness, or the relation which a whole bears to the parts that are contained in it. When we say of a cottage, that it stands *on the slope of a hill*; —that it is very *like* the cottage beside it, but very *unlike* one that stands in the valley; that its large sashed windows are out of *proportion* to the size of so diminutive a building;—that it is therefore *less* beautiful with all its gaudy profusion of flowers, than the cottage in the valley, with its simple lattices, which seem to sparkle more brightly through the honeysuckle that is allowed to wreathe itself to their very edge;—and when, describing the interior of it also, we say, that it *contains* only three small chambers,—in these few simple references, we have illustrated the whole possible variety of the Relations of Co-existence; which may be induced indeed by various objects, with various specific differences, but which, generically, must always be the same with these. Indeed, by an effort of subtlety, more violent perhaps than the phenomena warrant, it might be possible to reduce still more even this small number, and to bring, or force, the relations of proportion and degree under the more comprehensive relation of a whole and its various parts. But at least the number under which I have arranged them, as it appears to me to be in its order of distribution very easily intelligible, seems to me also sufficient for exhausting the whole phenomena, for which it was necessary to find a place and a name.

We look on two cottages:—we are not merely impressed with all their sensible qualities, with which each separately, in perception, might have affected us exactly in the same manner as when we perceive them together; but we consider them relatively to each other or to other surrounding things. We think of them, therefore, in connexion with the place on which they stand; and we are impressed with their general resemblance or difference, with their various proportions, with their comparative degrees of beauty or convenience or other qualities, and with their comprehensiveness with regard to the number of parts which they respectively contain. The suggestion or instant sequence of any one of these feelings of relation, after the joint perception of the two objects, seems as little mysterious as the mere perception of the objects after the necessary previous organic change, or as any other sequence of feelings whatever: and if nothing had ever been written on the subject, the subject itself, as far as regards the mere simple feeling of relation in any particular suggestion, would scarcely seem to stand in need of any elucidation.

The dispute concerning the nature of general ideas (or what is present to the mind as the subject of abstract reasoning) is next treated of. Dr Brown thinks that, in reasoning concerning a species, there is certainly present to the mind a conception of those qualities in which the individuals of the species correspond. He says,

"II. When a resemblance is felt in some of the obvious qualities of external sense,—as when we look on a portrait or pictured landscape, and think of the person or the scene that was meant to be represented by it;—no difficulty is felt by any one, in considering the relation. A portrait, or a landscape, involves no technical word of mystery; and the simple process of nature, therefore, in which feelings of resemblance arise in the mind after certain perceptions or conceptions, is all of which we think. But when we are called by philosophers to consider the circumstances on which classification is founded; though all that truly takes place in this process as essential to it, is a feeling of resemblance of object to object, less extensive indeed as to the number of similar circumstances than in a portrait or landscape, but still exactly of the same kind, when considered as a mere feeling or mental state; we seem immediately to see a thousand difficulties, because a thousand words of terrible sound start instantly on our conception. Yet when, on looking successively at a square, an oblong, a rhombus and a rhomboid, we class them all verbally as *four-sided* figures, we make as simple and as intelligible an affirmation, in stating the similarity of these figures in one common circumstance, as when we say of any portrait in our chamber that it is like the friend for whom it was painted. The two affirmations express nothing more than a feeling of resemblance in certain respects; and, if we had never heard of the controversy in the Schools as to the nature of Universals, we should as little have suspected of the one affirmation as of the other, that it could give occasion to any fierce logical warfare. Still less could we have suspected, that philosophers who do not deny that we are capable of feeling the resemblance of a piece of coloured canvass to the living person whom it represents, are yet unwilling to allow that we feel the slightest general resemblance of a square, an oblong,

a rhombus and a rhomboid; and insist accordingly, that when we class these figures as *four-sided*, it is not because we have any common feeling of their similarity, or any intervening feeling or notion whatever, distinct from the perception of the separate figures, but because it is our arbitrary pleasure so to give the name.

The philosophers, to whose fundamental opinion on the subject of generalization I at present allude, are those who have been commonly distinguished by the title of Nominalists: and it is indeed a very striking proof of the darkening effect of a long technical controversy, that an error which appears to me, I confess, notwithstanding my high respect for the talents of those who have maintained it, a very gross one, should yet have united in its support, with the exception of a very few names, the genius of the most eminent metaphysicians of our own and other countries.

The essence of this theory of generalization is, that we have no general notions, or general feelings of any kind, which lead us to class certain objects with certain other objects,—that there is nothing general but the mere names, or other symbols, which we employ,—and that in all the ascending gradation, therefore, of Species, Genus, Order, and Class, the arrangement is constituted, as truly as it is defined by the mere word that expresses it, without any relative feeling of the mind as to any common circumstances of resemblance intermediate between the primary perception of the separate objects, and the verbal designation that ranks them together.

He justly argues, that before arranging objects into a class, or species, we must first have had a previous feeling of their agreement in some particular, which rendered them fit to be classed together; and that the conception of this quality common to them, with the conviction, that it is to be found in each of them, is all that is necessary to constitute our general idea of the class. Yet, in different cases, there are very great differences, with regard to the fitness of the common quality, to be conceived distinctly by itself.

In some cases, one definite conception can represent the common quality, and can be applied successively to the whole individuals of the species without suffering much change or modification. As, for instance, when we say, "all flowers with four white leaves," the conception of four white leaves may continue present to the mind during all our reasoning concerning the species. But in other cases, the common quality is, perhaps, some shifting relation, which cannot be represented by a one definite and permanent conception, kept steadily in view: As, for instance, when we say, "all numbers below seventy," the common quality here, is a proportion which seems to be only represented by the words; and of which no permanent or distinct conception can be formed, as it is different in each case. Probably, in abstract reasoning, the mind resorts to a great many shifts, and performs its operations in a very irregular manner. It retains a clear conception of the common quality, so long as it can. When it is no longer possible to do so, it probably lays hold of some subordinate circumstance in relation to it, which can be kept permanently in view: As, for instance, in speaking abstractly of the minor proposition of a syllogism, we may sometimes be contented to consider it as merely something holding an intermediate place between the major and the conclusion, which again may be considered as only the first and last propositions in the series, when we have not before us any particular syllogism, or minor proposition. And, probably, our last resort is really to mere nominalism; keeping the mind ready, however, for immediately flying to the common quality when particulars are presented to us.

As we have mentioned above, the part of the work which relates to the Emotions remains unpublished, a circumstance which will create disappointment for the present, although the defect may perhaps be afterwards supplied from Dr Brown's papers. The present volume, even in its unfinished state, is considerably larger than that abstract which was published of Professor Stewart's Lectures, for a similar purpose. There is nothing in it left obscure for the sake of brevity, (whatever might have been the interest of more copious illustrations) and it is not yet known whether there is an intention of publishing Dr Brown's Lectures in a more ample and perfect form. Perhaps the completion of the present volume would be the best step, in the mean time.

STANZAS, WRITTEN UPON ROBERT, THE SON OF CAPTAIN S. SHAW, OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY, NOW A RESIDENT IN THE EAST INDIES—A CHILD FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

By JAMES CROSSLEY, ESQ.

1.

A WITCHING child, to whom 'tis given
All hearts to challenge as thy due—
Thou fairest print of childhood's Heav'n
That ever Nature's pencil drew!
Delightful, as the holy hymn
Of meek and sainted cherubim,
And gladdening, as the fountain near
That greets the desert's wanderer—
Thy countenance I still behold
Pure, as if earth, and earth's despising,
Composed—as if from marble cold
Thou wert but just to life arising—
Still do I see thy silk-fring'd eyes
With innocence and archness dawning—
Thy cheek, which health's rich painting dyes
With all the loveliest hues of morning—
The rose, which blushes on a skin
Transparent as the mind within;
Thy mouth, whose upper lip, to smother
Its rival, hides its under brother,
As if too jealous to reveal
The prisoner of its coral seal;
Till sund'ring, when it shows beneath
A lip where heav'n itself might breathe—
As leaves, when by the breeze untwin'd,
They show the downy peach behind.

2.

Born, where the giant Ganges pours
His streams magnificent along,
'Mid sunny groves and golden bow'rs,
Which breathe aloft immortal song;
'Mid solemn glades and thickets lorn,
By Brachman's worshipp'd footsteps worn;
And now a flow'r of Eastern birth
Transplanted to a colder earth—
Torn from its parent genial stem
To grace the Western diadem,
Oh! o'er its head, may each rough gale
Unhurting pass with arrowy fleetness—
The gentlest breezes of the vale,
And but the gentlest, kiss its sweetness:
May o'er that flower some Sylph of Air
With more than parent's fondness hover;
Hang o'er its sweets with watchful care,
And all its budding charms discover—
Unfold its beauties one by one,
And ope its blossoms to the sun.

3.

Far, far from thee be sorrow's blight,
Remorse, or heart-corroding sadness;
Thy way may joy for ever light
With bounding mirth and heav'nly gladness;
For sure thou should'st a temple be,
From such inviolate and free—
An angel-like constructed fane,
With nought of earthly mould or stain—
A mirror only sent from high,
To catch the glories of the sky;
And sure that forehead, white as snow,
That smooth and yet unwrinkled brow—
That face eternally serene—
That eye where Eden's self is seen—
To wound, to mark, destroy, deface,
And all their characters of grace,
With grief or sorrow's piercing edge,
'Twere sin—'twere more than sacrilege.

4.

Tho' Sorrow's lot is borne by each,
And Man's sad cup on earth is care,
And bold is he who Pain will teach,
To torture these, and those to spare,
Yet some should sure be left Mankind,
The solace of their woes behind,
To gild this Lazar House with beams
That emanate from Light's pure streams,
On life to throw one transient ray,
And give its night the blaze of day;
Some, some there are, to whom their weakness
Itself, should strong protection yield,
Whom Innocence, and Angel Meekness,
Should cover as a seven-fold shield.
The great, unmourn'd, may fall or die,
But such shall have our sympathy.
When tempest's force, or lightning's stroke,
Cleaves from its base the lofty oak,
Unmov'd we see the mighty bound
That throws its greatness to the ground;
But who can see, and see unheeding,
The rose, but op'ning, fade away,
The mildew on its beauties feeding,
And blights corrode its sweets away?—
Or who can see, with eyes unwet,
Uptorn the lovely violet?

5.

Such, oh! may such be ne'er thy fate;
Thy couch may withering anguish flee:
May all that decks the good and great,
Its trophies lend to honour thee,
And render thee while here a guest
Of joy the giver and partaker,
A thing not blessing more than blest,
An angel made, and angel maker,—
An orb, whose glorious course of fire
No clouds can veil, or length can tire,
Whose lamp of light, and sundrawn flame
Shall, like its source, be still the same;
Or, as the symphony that springs
From some unseen, ethereal strings,
Which hearing, man in wonder lost,
That sounds so sweet should stray below,
Gives to the breeze his soul, as tost
Its magic whispers come and go,
Lists to its notes, as sweet they play,
And hears his grosser parts away.

6.

'Tis sweet to pause as on we creep,
Up Life's precipitous ascent,

And turn to view, from summit steep,
A new race go where once we went,
In youth's glad days, and journeying all,
As guests to some rich festival;
To watch them stray from side to side,
Nor fear the bandit gang of pain,
And then, with minds new purified,
Resume our pilgrimage again.
Yes, such a gladd'ning sense of glee
Hath oft thy presence shed on me;
And while to earth's enduring race
This mind and mem'ry shall belong,
In them, thy beaming charms and face
Shall ever live and linger long.
Charms which, as some bright form,—some spark
Of light and life our youth that met,
'Tis man's first work, and best, to mark,—
His last, and hardest to forget.

Manchester, 13th March, 1820.

Horæ Danicæ.

No. I.

Hakon Jarl, a Tragedy; by Adam Oehlenschlager.

We are about to introduce to the acquaintance of our readers, a great poet of Denmark, whose compositions, in his native language, have rendered him the chief living pride of his own country; while his German versions of these same compositions have entitled him, according to the judgment of his most enlightened contemporaries, to sit with the full privileges of an honoured denizen among the heirs and representatives of the illustrious founders of the modern poetry of Germany. The most severe of German critics are constrained to admit, that Oehlenschlager writes the language of Schiller as correctly, as if its accents had been the earliest that ever fell on his ear—so that we might very safely have considered him in the light of a proper German classic, and proceeded to analyze his works in part of the same series which has already made known to the readers of England the merits of Adolphus Müllner, and Francis Grillparzer. But every man of genius owes to his own country the sacred debt of cultivating, preserving, and cherishing her language; and as Oehlenschlager has, in spite of many temptations, adhered through life to this rule of duty, we should think ourselves very much to blame were we to treat him merely as a German poet. The literature of which he is the chief living ornament, is indeed closely allied to that of Germany; but it has been developed, notwithstanding, in a manner perfectly independent. It is as different from the literature of Germany as the literature of Germany is from that of England—or as the literature of Portugal is from that of Castille. Acting upon the same general principle of art, which has swayed the greatest of the German masters in their most successful efforts, the Danes have, in consequence of this very adherence, become poets of a totally different order from the Germans. Like them, they are intensely national—and that single circumstance points out abundantly both the nature of the resemblance they bear to them, and the wide measure of the difference which obtains between them. Drawing their imagery from the kindred, but far purer sources of Scandinavian mythology and romance—and applying these, and all the other instruments of their art, to the illustrations of the history, the manners, and the old life of a kindred also, but nevertheless a very different people,—the poets who sing of the downfall of Odin, and the rearing of the Cross among the rough Earls of the Baltic shores, are in no danger of being confounded, by such as have studied their works, with those that record the proud visions of Wallenstein, and the mild generosity of Egmont.

Of all the modern Danish Poets, Oehlenschlager is the most deeply and essentially imbued with this prevailing spirit of Scandinavian thought. Almost all the tragedies he has written—and all his excellent tragedies, with the one splendid exception of the Coneggio—are founded on incidents of the old history of the Norsemen. The wild unbridled spirits of those haughty Sea-kings that carried ravage and terror upon all the coasts of Europe—the high, warm, unswerving love of those northern dames that welcomed them on their return to their native ice-girt fastnesses—the dark ferocious superstitions which made these bold men the willing sport and tools of demons—their sacrifices of

blood—their uprootings of tenderness—their solemn and rejoicing submission when fate irresistible arrests them in their buoyant and triumphant breath of strife—their hot impetuous lawless living—their cold calm dying—and their desperate ignorance of the name of despair—such are the characters and such the passions that Oehlenschlager has delighted to contemplate as an antiquarian, and dared to depict as a Tragedian. The materials are rich surely—but it demanded all the audacity of genius to grapple with them—and all the delicacies of perfect skill to adorn the victory and justify the boldness.

The history of Earl Hakon, well known to all those who have read the Scandinavian ballads, forms the subject of, we think, the noblest of all this poet's tragedies. Olaf, the son of Harald the golden-haired, the rightful heir of the crown of Norway, was left by his father in possession of his Irish conquests, and there maintained in his youth the state of a pirate king—but all his Scandinavian possessions, except only the royal title, were usurped in his infancy by Earl Hakon. The young king, however, in the course of one of his expeditions, landed on one of the green islands off the Norwegian coast, and his arrival there was no sooner known, than a strong party in Norway, disgusted with the tyrannies and the licentiousness of the usurper, began to proclaim their sense of his rights, and their determination to throw off their allegiance to Hakon. The Christian faith of Olaf, however, (for the young prince had been converted at Dublin) gives Hakon confidence—he is persuaded that Odin will protect him, and that the mass of his subjects will not receive as their monarch an apostate from the creed of their forefathers. The first scene we shall extract represents Hakon as talking in a holy grove of pines, with Thorer, one of his chief captains, concerning the arrival of the Christian prince.

Hak. We are alone. Within this sacred wood
Dares no one come but Odin's priests and Hakon.
Tho. Such confidence, my lord, makes Thorer proud.
Hak. So, Thorer, thou believ'st all that to-day
Was told of Olaf Trygvason at table,
Till that hour was unknown to me?
Tho. To judge
By your surprise, my lord, and if I dare
To say so, by your looks, such was the truth.
Hak. Trust not my looks—My features are mine own,
And must obey their owner. What I *seem*
Is only *seeming*. With the multitude
I must dissemble.—Now we are alone,
Hear me! Whate'er of Olaf thou hast said,
I knew it long before.
Tho. His warlike fame
Had reach'd to Norway?
Hak. Aye.
Tho. But thou art serious.—
What mean'st thou, noble Jarl?
Hak. Give me thine hand,
In pledge of thy firm loyalty!
Tho. Thereto,
Thy kindness and my gratitude must bind me.
Hak. Thou art a man even after mine own heart!
For such a friend oft had I long'd.—With prudence
Thou know'st to regulate thine own affairs;
And if obstructions unforeseen arise,
With boldness thou can'st use thy battle-sword,
And as thy wisdom is exerted, still
So must thy plans succeed.
Tho. The gods endow us
With souls and bodies—Each must bear their part.
Hak. Man soon discovers that to which by nature
He has been destin'd. His own impulses
Awake the slumbering energies of mind;
Thence he attains what he feels power to reach;
Nor for his actions other ground requires.
Tho. It is most true.
Hak. My passion evermore
Has been to rule—to wear the crown of Norway—
This was the favourite vision of my soul.
Tho. That vision is already realized.
Hak. Not quite, my friend—Almost, but yet not wholly.
Still am I styl'd but Hakon Jarl—the name
Whereto I was begot and born.
Tho. 'Tis true;
But when thou wilt then art thou king.
Hak. My hopes
Have oft suggested that our Northern heroes
Will soon perceive it more befits their honour,
A monarch to obey than a mere Jarl.
Therefore at the next congress I resolve
At once to explain my wishes and intent.
Bergthor, the smith, a brave old Drontheimer,
Labours already to prepare my crown.—
When it is made I shall appoint the day.
Tho. Whate'er may chance, thou art indeed a king.
Hak. Thou judgest like a trader, still of gain—
But yet, methinks, the mere external splendour

Is not to be despised. Even to the lover
A maiden's warm embrace is not so rapturous
As to a monarch's head the golden crown—
My favourite goal is near. But now the day
Draws to a close; the twilight dews descend;
And, as the poet sings, my raven locks
Are mixed with frequent gray. Give me thine hand:
Erewhile I could have grasp'd thee, till the blood
Sprung from thy nails, like sap from a green twig—
Say to me truly, hast thou felt it now?

Tho. The strongest pressure may not, from a man,
Extort complaint.

Hak. But mine was no strong pressure.
Thou speak'st but to console me. See'st thou here?
My forehead is with wrinkles deeply plough'd.

Tho. Such lineaments become a warlike hero.

Hak. Yet Norway's maidens love them not. In short,
My friend, I now grow old; but therefore still
The twilight of mine evening would enjoy.—
Clearly my sun shall set. Woe to the cloud
That strives to darken its last purple radiance!

Tho. Where is that cloud?

Hak. Even in the West.

Tho. Thou mean'st
Olaf in Dublin?

Hak. He is sprung from Harald,
Surnam'd the Yellow-lock'd—Know'st thou the Norsemen?
A powerful, strong, heroic race, yet full
Of superstition and of prejudice;
I know full well that in a moment's space
All Hakon's services they will forget,
And only think of Olaf's birth, whene'er
They know that he survives.

Tho. Can this be so?

Hak. I know my people.—And shall this enthusiast,
This traitor to his country (who has serv'd
With Otto against Norway, on pretence
Of Christian piety), ascend our throne,
And tear the crown from Hakon?

Tho. Who dare think so?

Hak. I think so, friend, and Olaf too—
Now mark me:
He is the last descendant of King Harald;
Yet Hakon's race yields not to his. Of old
The Jarls of Hlade ever were the first
After the King; and no one now remains
Of our old royal line, but this vain dreamer,
Who has forsworn the manners and the faith
Of his own native land—a ransom'd slave,
Born in a desart of an exil'd mother, &c.

The speech of the earl is here interrupted by the discovery that he is overheard by a beautiful virgin, who had concealed herself behind one of the consecrated trees. This maiden Gudrun, daughter of the old Smith Bergthor, has come thither to make an offering to the Goddess Freya,—for she is a bride, and the day of her nuptials is at hand. The earl is captivated by her beauty, and immediately begins to urge the suit of a tyrant with tyrannic boldness; but the arrival of Carlsofut and Jostein, two more of his friends, constrains him to resume his conversation concerning Olaf, and the maiden makes her escape for the present.

Hak. Enough. I call'd you to this meeting here,
That I may speak in friendly confidence:
I know you love me, and deserve this trust.
Then listen—for the times require decision.
My life has past away in strife and storm,—
Full many a rock, and many a thicket wild,
Have I by violence torn up and destroyed,
Ere in its lofty strength, the tree at last
Could rise on high. Well! that is now fulfill'd,—
My name has spread o'er Norway with renown,—
Only mine enemies can my fame decry.
I have met bravery with bravery—
And artifice with art—and death with death!
Weak Harald Schaafell, and his brothers, now
Injure the realm no more; for they are fallen!
If I prov'd faithless to the gold-rich Harald,
Yet had his baseness well deserved his fate.—
The youthful powers of Jomsburg now no more
May fill the seas with terror. I have them
Extirpated. This kingdom every storm
Has honourably weather'd—and 'twas I
That had the helm—I only was the pilot;
I have alone directed—sav'd the vessel,—
And therefore would I still the steersman be;
Still hold my station.

Thor. 'Tis no more than justice.

Hak. Olaf alone is left of the old line;
And think'st thou he is tranquil now in Ireland?
What would'st thou say, wise Thorer, if I told thee,
In one brief word, that he is here?

Tho. Here?

Hak. Aye.

Carls. What, here in Norway? is it possible!

Hak. (*to Thorer.*) I could not choose but smile, when thou to-day,
Long stories told us of thy pious friend
Olaf, in Dublin,—even as if mine eyes
Have not long since been watching him!—I heard
Your words in silence *then*,—but now 'tis time
Freely to speak. This morning news arrived,
That Olaf with a fleet had sail'd from Dublin,
To visit Russia, but meanwhile has landed

Hard by us here at Moster, with intent,
As it is said, but to salute his country
After long absence.
Thor. This indeed is strange.
Hak. If, like a wild enthusiast, he in truth
Has lingered on his way but to refresh
His lungs with some pure draughts of mountain air,
I know not; but this much must be determin'd,—
Whether beneath an innocent wish he bears not
Some deep concealed intention. Thou hast been
His guest at Dublin; therefore, on the claim
Of old acquaintance, now can'st visit him.
The wind is fair;—early to-morrow morning
Thou could'st be there.
Thor. And what is thy design?
Hak. No more but to discover *his* designs;
And if he tarries longer on our ground,
At once to meet him on the battle-field.
Brave warriors love such meetings, and search not
Too scrupulously for grounds of their contention.
He has a fleet like mine;—power against power;—
Such is our northern courtesy. Few words,
Methinks, are needful.
Jos. Surely not.
Thor. But how
Shall I detain him?
Hak. Visit him! and say,
What doubtless he has wish'd to hear,—That Hakon
Far through the land is hated; that men wait
But for a warrior of the rightful line
To tear him from the throne. If this succeeds,
Then let him disembark. On the firm ground
Right gladly will I try the chance of war;
But if the bait allures not,—why, 'tis well,
Then let him go.
Thor. Now, Sir, I understand,
And am obedient.
Hak. Thou shall not in vain
Have served me, Thorer.
Tho. That, indeed, I know,
Hakon's rewards are princely,—yet without them
I had been firm.
Hak. (*Shaking him by the hand*).
Mine honest friend. (*Turning to the others.*) And you,
As Olaf's cousins, will you go with Thorer,
And second his attempts?
Jos. We are his cousins,—
But Hakon is our patron and commander;
By joining in this plan we shall but prove
King Olaf's innocence.
Thor. 'Tis well.

They all three then swear fidelity to Hakon; at which instant the marble statue of Odin falls to the ground. Hakon endeavours to persuade them that the marble has long been in a state of decay; but after their departure, expresses, in a soliloquy, his sensibility to the event as a disastrous omen.

The concluding scene of the first act has been much approved by a contemporary critic, Francis Horn. In it, Hakon is represented as visiting the old Smith already alluded to. After expressing his admiration of Gudrun, (whom her father by this time has locked up in a cellar with iron doors) he tries on his crown, which, being framed on an old measure of the Norwegian kings, is too large, and falls down over his eyes. He threatens the unsuccessful maker, and gives him three days to complete his work;—on which Bergthor observes:

I am an old man; and my hoary head
Is like a snow-crown'd rock. Thou giv'st three days,
And Heaven, perchance, may not allow three hours!
Think'st thou that I shall tremble at thy words?
No—sooner on mine own sword let me fall,
Than change the measure of the sacred crown;—
Let it remain for those to whom Heaven gave
Capacity to wear it.—

The second act opens with the first interview between the crafty ambassador of Hakon and king Olaf—at which the cousins of the latter, Carlshofort and Jostein, are also present. Olaf thus beautifully describes the feelings by which he had been guided to visit his native land.

Olaf. How stands old Norway, then, dear friends?—I go,
As you perchance have heard, to Russia.—
There lately died my foster-father Waldemar—
The kingdom is disordered;—and his son,
Iman, my friend, defends the Christian faith.
I hasten to his aid in war and council,—
With soldiers, priests, and ships. We sail'd right onward;
I had no thought of Norway.—Yet behold
Out of the sea, from far, the well-known rocks
Rose on my sight. There with their massy boughs
The dark tall pine trees seem'd to beckon to me!—
Then all at once, the azure waves that play'd

Around our ship were chang'd to fairy forms;—
Their dashing sound was music; and they sung
To me alone a half-forgotten lay
Of early childhood.—The full swelling sails
Heav'd their white bosoms, amorously to gain
The much lov'd shore. The streamer gaily play'd,
Spreading its red wings like a bird on high,
As if impatiently it would forsake
The mast, and flutter to the land. Oh then,
No longer could I think of sailing past—
Lives there a son, who from a mother's arms
Kindly outstretched, will coldly turn away?
All observation to avoid, have I
Landed upon this lonely isle, by none
Inhabited; where some poor shepherds' huts
But rarely mid the rocks are found. Yet still
Right gladly of old Norway would I hear
Some tidings ere I go. Who knows if ever
My native land I shall again behold?
Therefore, I pray thee, Thorer, tell me truly,
How stands our country now—still prosperous?

Thor. Norway on her own everlasting rocks
Stands firm indeed; and vainly as before
Beats the wild ocean round her towering ramparts—
Whereon the proud sun moderates his beams,
Only to shine within the vales more warmly,
And ripen the rich harvest. Yet while all
So flourishes *without*, a frightful poison
Devours the vitals of the unhappy land.—

Olaf. Is not Jarl Hakon dear to his tried soldiers?—

Thor. The wretch is hated as he hath deserved.

Olaf. Yet undisturb'd has reigned for eighteen years?

Thor. Such reign he owes all to his former prudence—
His luck in war—and the rash choice of Norway,
Who had no better ruler.—

Olaf. But has prudence
Deserted him?

Thor. Nay he deserted her;—
Proudly believ'd such aid no longer needful—
Jarl Hakon! (it was said)—He is indeed
An hero! Erich's sons has vanquished all—
And Norway rescued from the yoke of Denmark.—
The warlike powers of Jomsburg rooted out!—
What may resist his prowess?—By such fame
And fortune rais'd to pride and confidence,
He lost all caution, and ere long forgot,
That of a kingly throne the subject's love
Should be the surest pillar. Now he gave
Loose veins to every lust and every passion;
The husband's right—the law that guards the peasant,
No more respected—from their sacred homes
Brought wives and daughters to return dishonour'd.—
What need of more? At once in many places
The flames of insurrection 'gan to blaze—
He fear'd no more a foreign foe, and saw not
That which in secret, like a slow disease,
Rose in the heart of Norway. Hence his life
Is but a ceaseless warfare. Now on this,
And now on that side angry foes arise.—
Our country waits but one brave rightful master
To hurl the robber from the throne.

Olaf. Indeed?
Can this be possible?

Thor. Your cousins here,
My words can well confirm.—

The rest of this fine scene gradually unfolds the determination of Olaf to deliver Norway from the tyranny of Hakon; and assert his own rightful claims to the throne. Towards the end he is left alone, and overpowered by his feelings of patriotic attachment, and by the high designs which he has conceived, he bursts into tears, and, falling on his knees, utters the following prayer or soliloquy.

My heart is melted by the thought—Oh Heaven,
Am I indeed the humble instrument
That thou hast chosen on earth to spread thy blessings?
Father! I do resign all will but thine—
Oh guide—instruct me!—
(*Rising up with animation.*)
I can feel it now!
Mine arm is strong—my bosom swells with power.—
I shall be thine apostle.—With this sword
In likeness of the cross, I shall resist
With dauntless heart thine enemies and guard—
My flocks paternally. Where Odin's temple
In gloom and horror stood, with blood-stain'd altars,
Now shall the clouds of incense float around;
No horrid sacrifice again be known;—
No mingling cry of victims or beholders
Profane the quiet woods; but soothing music,
On downy wings, exalt the soul to heaven.—
With deep devotion shall the people stand
The service to behold of the true church.
No more shall feasts pollute the sanctuary—
Only the holy supper shall to us
Announce that every joy must come from heaven!
Away with hatred, violence and blood!
Now innocence and love shall reign and conquer!

In the next scene, Hakon, cased in armour, meets by accident with Thora, his principal favourite among many mistresses, and the only one by whom,

as it afterwards appears, he had been really beloved. Irritated by the circumstances in which he now finds himself, he speaks to her with coldness, levity, and disdain; which provokes, on her part, severe complaints and reproaches. In truth, the charms of Gudrun (betrothed to Orm of Lyrgia) seem to have wholly effaced in the mind of Hakon his love for the unfortunate Thora. She is left to the care of servants, with commands that she shall be carried to Rimol, where she afterwards receives and protects the faithless Jarl, in a situation which will be fully developed in the fifth act.

After her exit, Einar (an archer) comes on the stage (the scene is a wood), and after sitting on the stump of a tree, and adjusting his bow, looks about for some object to shoot at, when he perceives Hakon Jarl walking at a distance, and shoots an arrow right through the plume of his helmet. The Dialogue here is given with great spirit. Hakon, who at first accuses Einar of intended assassination, is afterwards convinced, by trials of his superior skill, not only that no injury was intended, but that such a marksman will be of infinite advantage in his army; and, of course, engages Einar as one of his most valuable adherents.

The second act concludes with a powerful and effective scene at the wedding feast of Gudrun, where, according to a common practice of the tyrant Jarl, a band of soldiers enter, and endeavour, by violence, to carry off the bride. This insult, however, meets at last with due punishment. The vile emissaries of Hakon are repulsed, and all the wedding party solemnly swear implacable revenge against the usurper.

In the beginning of the third act, the scene of which is on the island *Moster*, Grib, the servant of Thorer, informs Carlshofut and Jostein, that Hakon has arrived privately, and moored his vessel in a small bay, under covert of the wood. They are surprised that Olaf has not encountered him on the water, as he had appointed to sail round with his fleet to the same side of the island; but it appears that Hakon had come before day-light. Grib then discloses to the two young men an abominable plot for the private assassination of Olaf, contrived by his master Thorer and Hakon, which he had overheard in their private conversation together. He also describes the powerful insurrection against the tyrant, in consequence of his attempt to carry off the bride, Gudrun, from the marriage festival. Filled with horror and indignation, they consider themselves absolved from every former engagement, and all three join in resolving to protect king Olaf; and to render futile the vile plot which the watchfulness of Grib had discovered.

Meanwhile a sound of choral music is heard from the now-approaching ships of Olaf, who is soon afterwards seen to land with a large white banner, on which a red cross is woven, in his hand; and, after a solemn hymn by his priests, he lifts it on high, and then strikes it into the ground, with the following address:—

Olaf. Here deeply in the rocky northern soil
I plant this Christian standard. Like a tree,
Powerfully will it strike forth roots, and bear
The richest blossoms. Tears of penitence
And deep devotion will its leaves bedew;
And the warm summer breath of pious sighs
Ripen the fruit. The choir of mingling voices
Shall, like the music of the summer wood,
From the deep vaulted shade arise on high;
And the green branches of the deathless oak
Over their native land extend afar.
Within their sanctuary, Love and Faith
And Hope will take their places, and like children,
Look from the mighty stem with confidence
To the last twilight glow of life. The kings
Of Norway will, upon the sacred bark
Engrave their names. Like rosy cherubims,
Spreading their wings, the flowers of Innocence
Will circle round the tree. In wild affright,
Shall one-eyed fiery Odin wend afar
To naked rocks and deserts. Vainly there
In powerless efforts waste himself once more
To gain the rescued land, and, like a wolf,
Despairing howl aloud. But the broad leaves
Will from the sons of Norway turn away
The giant's cry, while in the verdant bower
Calmly they rest.

All. Amen!

Olaf. The land is bless'd.
Go now, my friends, and pitch your tents, and there
Enjoy refreshment. God be with you!
(*The Priests and Soldiers retire.*)
Now,
Dear cousins, honest friends, will you not join
Olaf against his foes?

Jos. Ah sir!
Carl. Great king!
Olaf. How's this?
Jos. (*kneeling.*) Accept our forfeit lives.
Carl. Strike off
Our heads.
Olaf. What means this kneeling?
Jos. We are traitors.
Carl. Basely we have betray'd thee.
Olaf. How?—betray'd!
It cannot be. Is all then but a dream?
Am I in Hakon's snares?
Jos. Fear nothing, sire.
Olaf. I fear not hell itself—far less Jarl Hakon.
Rise up!—Why should'st thou kneel?—If thou hast sinn'd,
Kneel before God, and tremble at the thought
Of Heaven's avenging sword!

The rest of this scene is occupied with a full disclosure to Olaf of the snares which had been laid for him; and Jostein satisfactorily accounts for his own and his brother's former participation in Hakon's plans, and for their determination now to become his most decided enemies. They suggest to Olaf that Hakon is now in his power, having arrived at the island with a force infinitely inferior to that of the king.

After their disappearance, Thorer, carrying a basket and a dagger, enters, followed by Grib, in whom he still supposes himself to possess an obedient and faithful adherent. We regret not having room for the spirited and effective dialogue which passes between them. Thorer gives the poisoned dagger to Grib, and instructs him, that when they have come up with, and entered into conversation with Olaf, he shall suddenly plunge the weapon into his heart, and afterwards cut off his head, and carry it in the basket to Hakon, who will be waiting to receive it, and to reward the murderer with liberty and a sword of honour. The slave listens, with affected obsequiousness and inward contempt, to all the discourse of Thorer, (which is skilfully protracted) till at last, in a paroxysm of indignation, he renders his master the victim of his own treacherous plans, by stabbing him to the heart.

Olaf, who happens to return immediately after the death of Thorer, rewards Grib (who is thenceforward called Greif or Griffin) with those honours which had been promised to him as an adherent of Hakon. The scene then changes to another part of the wood.

(*Hakon, sitting on a stone before a shepherd's hut, meditating, and striking his forehead.*)
Hak. It was not my resolve—it came from Thorer.—
Aye, by the gods, let him defend the deed!—
Yet Odin must approve. Shall not the madness
That threatens even the gods, be overwhelm'd?
Not Hakon's power alone, but Odin's too,
He would resist. So let him fall, and then
Fortune will smile again, and all be well.
'Tis time indeed—my hair is gray—but now,
Ere long the maidens on my head will view
The golden crown, that with its yellow light,
Shall more than youthful charms bestow—
Who's there?—
'Tis Thorer surely with the head of Olaf.
I dare not look on it.
(*He remains in his former position. Olaf enters, wrapt up in a cloak, with a large hat drawn over his eyes.*)
Mine honest Thorer!
Has all gone well?—and hast thou brought to me
What thou didst promise? Answer me, good friend.
Olaf. All has gone well. Forgive thy servant Thorer,
That he has not himself brought Olaf's head.
He sends me here as his ambassador.
Hak. Well, go, and in the earth let it be buried,
Deep, deep, I say!—I cannot bear to see it.
Mine eyes abhor the sight. In waking dreams,
In sleep it floats before me. Go, I say,
Bury his lifeless frame; and say to Thorer
That I command his presence instantly.
Olaf. Thorer is now asleep.
Hak. How's this!—Asleep!
Olaf. His noon-day slumber.—In the farthest shades
He lies, stretch'd out and tranquil.
Hak. Then awake him.—
After a deed like this to sleep!—Ha! Thorer,
I do admire thy courage. Rouse him up.
Olaf. That may not be till the last trumpet blow.—
Wilt thou not look on Olaf's head?
Hak. I shall not.
Already have I told thee.
Olaf. Nay, Lord Jarl,
Thou think'st to view some grinning spectre here—
It is not so—There is no head in Norway
Looks better than King Olaf's now.
Hak. Go, slave!
Begone, I tell thee.
Olaf. How is this?—Men say
Jarl Hakon is a peerless champion;
And yet he trembles at a lifeless head!
How would'st thou feel, great Jarl, if thou should'st view

The head upon the shoulders still?
Hak. How dar'st thou?
Insolent slave!—Where is it?
Olaf. (*Throwing off his disguise.*)
Here, Lord Jarl—
Forgive me that I *thus* have brought mine head;
I found it most convenient.
Hak. (*Drawing his sword.*) Ha!—betrayed!
Olaf. Old man, restrain thine anger—Recollect
My head is on my shoulders. 'Tis no longer
The headless spectre of thy conscience now
That stands before thee.
Hak. (*attacking Olaf.*) Death and hell!
Olaf. (*beating back his sword.*) No more!
Have I not warn'd thee?—Sheath thy sword. This wood
Is all surrounded by my trusty soldiers.
My power is greater here than thine—My kingdom
I shall obtain by victory on the field.
To this (though with malicious intent)
Thou hast thyself invited me. But now
By thine own snares thou art fast bound. Thy Thorer
Is call'd before the Eternal Judge. Thou seest
How easily I might detain thee captive;
Thy death were yet more easy; but a Christian
Disdains such mean advantage. Therefore choose
Between two lots. Be still what thou hast been;
As Jarl of Hlade swear to me allegiance—
Thou wilt not?—Well then, fly.—When next we meet,
No more of choice or quarter then—Our strife
Shall be for life and death.
Hak. I choose the last,
The strife of life and death. Think'st thou to find
A coward slave in Hakon? With the smile
Of scorn I do requite thee. But 'tis true,
Olaf, thou art an youth. Such arrogance
And rashness are the heralds that announce
Thy lack of years and wisdom. Look at me—
Look at this forehead, and these eyes; and say,
Hast thou in slaves beheld such lineaments?
Or can'st thou find that fraud or meanness here
These furrows have imprinted?—I enticed thee?
'Tis true.—Why not?—I knew full well thy birth
Was in thine estimation of more worth
Than all the far-fam'd deeds of Hakon Jarl;
And that thou waited'st but for the fit time,
The quiet of mine old age to invade;
And is it strange that such design as this
I wish'd to cross—or that the vain enthusiast,
That scorn'd the immortal gods, I should ensnare?
Or wonder'st thou, that to a friend's advice
For thy destruction, I should lend an ear;
When hostile fate, not o'er myself alone,
But all Walhalla's deities, impended?
Olaf. Poor blind old man! I have compassion on thee,
And thy gray hairs———
Hak. Compassion!—Thou proud boy!
Thou see'st even here the last remaining embers
Of the old fire and valour of the North;
And think'st thou, that a feeble power like thine,
Nourish'd by weak and feverish dreams, that flame
Will e'er extinguish? Truly, I know well,
It is the part of Christians, with compassion
Forsooth, to mend our morals and gain converts—
While ours is with our whole hearts to despise you,
And strive for your destruction, as the foes
Of our old northern gods and warlike fame.
This was the part of Hakon, and therein
Consists his crime. By Odin and by Thor,
Thou shalt not with thy melancholy clouds
Obscure the brave heroic sons of Norway.
Olaf. Well, time will try thy words—Now let us part—
But wo to thee when we shall meet again!
Hak. Aye—wo to me, if I shall not o'erwhelm thee!
Olaf. The avenging spear of Heaven shall pierce thy heart.
Hak. The arm of Thor shall break thy cross in fragments!
(*Exeunt severally.*)

Thus ends the third act. In the beginning of the fourth, Hakon, now returned to the main land, is informed by a special messenger, that his eldest and favourite son, Erland, has just been killed by Olaf in a skirmish on the sea shore. He adds, that Olaf, misled by the splendid dress of Erland, believed at first that it was Hakon whom he had struck—and was much disappointed when he discovered his mistake. Hakon, in the presence of the messenger, preserves a proud appearance of indifference, and coldly inquires, whether he has any more intelligence? On reflection, however, we shall insert a considerable part of the first scene for the sake of the soliloquy by which it is concluded.

Hak. Now—tell me all—where stands the insurgent army?
Mess. In Orkdale, sire, by Orm of Lyrgia
Commanded, and by Ekialm and Alf
Of Rimol. They are there with hearts intent,
Their sister to avenge.
Hak. I do confide
In my tried bands of heroes, who will soon
This wild horde put to flight.

Mess. Yet anger, sire,
Has arm'd them powerfully.
Hak. With sudden rage—
A momentary fire that vanishes—
Whene'er the sword of Hakon Jarl appears.
Has Olaf's fleet approach'd near to the land?
Mess. He is in Drontheim's bay already harbour'd.
Hak. How? And my son has not there made him captive?
Not barr'd his entrance? Ha! What then has happened?
Mess. At early morning, Sire, King Olaf came,—
He had five ships,—thy son had three,—in size
Far less. A heavy fog reign'd all around:
Lord Erland deem'd that Olaf's fleet was thine,
Then, on a nearer view, perceived too late
His error, and would have return'd, but soon
Was overtaken by the enemy.
His ship was stranded. Then on deck he sprung,
With all his crew; but on a sinking wreck
They could not fight; but in the waves sought refuge,—
Diving beneath the flood, they swam to land;
Yet Olaf never lost sight of thy son;
From his bright armour and his burnish'd shield,
He deem'd it was thyself, and call'd aloud,
Hakon! thou shalt not now escape from death,—
When last we met, I swore our next encounter
Should be the unsparing strife of life and death!
With these words, suddenly, he seiz'd a pole
That on the water floated. Oh! forgive me,
If I would spare myself the dread recital,
And thee the knowledge of the rest.
Hak. Not so:
I charge thee, tell the whole: He seized an oar,—
What then?
Mess. He struck thy son upon the head,
So that his brains burst forth into the sea.
Hak. Hast thou no more to tell?
Mess. It vex'd king Olaf—
When 'twas explain'd that he who had been struck,
Was not Jarl Hakon!—Many men were slain.
Yet some he spared, and learn'd from them the news,
Where stood the insurgent army; and how much
The people against thee had been incens'd.
Hak. Hast thou yet more to tell?
Mess. My liege, I have not.
Hak. Then go! (*The Messenger goes out.*) "It vex'd king Olaf, when 'twas prov'd
That he who had been struck was not Jarl Hakon!"
Not so! By Heaven, mine enemy could find
No other means to wound my heart so deeply!
Erland thou hast not struck, *he* feels it not;
And the sea-goddesses have now received him;
Have pressed him lovingly to their white bosoms,
Roll'd him in their blue mantles, and so borne him
To Odin's realm! But Hakon thou *hast* wounded;
Aye, struck *him* very deeply! Oh! dear Erland,
My son, my son! He was to me most dear;
The light and hope of my declining age!
I saw in him the heir of my renown,
And Norway's throne! Has fortune then resolved
To cast me off at last? And is Walhalla
Now veiled in clouds? Its glories all obscured?
The gods themselves o'erpower'd? Burns Odin's light
No longer? Is thy strength exhausted too,
Great Thor? The splendour of the immortal gods
Declining into twilight; and already
Their giant foes triumphant? Rouse thee, Hakon!
Men call thee Northern hero. Rouse thyself!
Forgive thy servant, Oh, Almighty Powers?
If, worldly-minded, he forgot Walhalla!
From this hour onwards all his life and deeds
To you are consecrated. The bright dream
That in the sunset placed upon my head
The golden crown, is fled. The storm on high
Rages,—the dark clouds meet, and rain pours down,—
The sun appears no more; and when again
The azure skies are clear'd, the stars in heaven
Will glimmer palely on the grave of Hakon!
The sea now holds my son! The little Erling,
'Tis true, remains behind. How can I hope
That such a tender youngling can resist
The raging storm's assault! So let me swear
By all the diamonds in the eternal throne,
Stars of the night, by you; and by thy car,
All powerful Thor, that turns the glittering pole,
At midnight, toward the south! Even from this hour
I live no more, but only for Walhalla!
My life is wholly to the gods devoted.
If worldly pride ere-while my heart deluded,
Yet may I be forgiven, thou noble *Saga*!
It was thy sovereign charms that led me on.
And have my deeds, Almighty Father! drawn
Thy wrath upon my head? Well then! desire
A sacrifice, whate'er thou wilt, it shall
Be thine!

At this critical moment a second messenger enters, bringing to Hakon a magnificent golden horn, which has

just been discovered by the soldiers or priests of Olaf in digging the foundation for a Christian church. This horn, which, as it appears, had been formerly used by the priests of Odin, in their solemn sacrifices, was immediately seized by the adherents of Hakon, who receives it with that superstitious reverence with which a wicked mind, conscious of extreme danger, grasps at every new and external event. Unluckily he discovers, engraven on the gold, an ancient inscription, which seems clearly to point out to him that the gods, in order to effect a reconciliation, desire from him the sacrifice of his remaining son! We regret not having room for the soliloquy, in which he gradually works up his mind to this horrible deed; which, however, is perfectly consistent with the spirit of the Northern mythology, and the system of worship by which it was distinguished. At the conclusion of the scene, Hakon vividly imagines that he beholds the grim goddess, THORGIERDUR HORGABRUD, (who accompanies the warrior in battle, mounted on a white horse, with a bloody mantle over her shoulders), holding out to him a sharp and polished dagger, which (like Macbeth) he endeavours to grasp, and walks out with extended arms, following his frightful conductress. We know not a finer subject for graphic illustration.

In the next scene, which is both long and spirited, a supernatural interview occurs, which reminds us of the "dark knight of the forest," as he appeared in the manuscript copies of Mr Maturin's "Bertram." Olaf, when walking alone in the forest, is met by a one-eyed old man, by name Auden, who endeavours, not without some degree of success, to persuade the king that his endeavours to establish the Christian religion in Norway are ill-founded, impracticable, and unworthy of being attended with any good result. This one-eyed Auden (as the reader will no doubt conjecture) proves to be the great Odin himself, an evil spirit who thus appears, in order, by specious arguments, to perplex and weaken the mind of his opponent, and, if possible, to preserve his influence as heretofore over the Norwegian people. On the entrance of Tangbrand, however, Olaf's father-confessor, all the snares that had been laid by the wicked spirit are at once broken, and the king's resolution and tranquillity restored.

The scene then changes to the sacred grove, inhabited by the statues of the Norwegian Deities. The whole dialogue breaths the bloody coldness of the Scandinavian creed.

Hakon enters, leading his son Erling by the hand.

Erl. 'Tis cold, my father!
Hak. 'Tis yet early morning.
Art thou so very chill?—
Erl. Nay—'tis no matter.—
I shall behold the rising sun—how grand!
A sight that I have never known before.
Hak. See'st thou yon ruddy streaks along the east?
Erl. What roses! how they bloom and spread on high!
Yet father, tell me whence come all these pearls,
Wherewith the valley here is richly strewn?
How brightly they reflect the rosy light!
Hak. They are not pearls—it is the morning dew!
And that which thou deem'st roses is the sun!
See'st thou? He rises now! Look at him boy!
Erl. Oh what a beauteous whirling globe he seems!
How fiery red! Dear father, can we never
Visit the sun in yonder distant land?
Hak. My child, our whole life thitherward is tending;
That flaming ball of light is Odin's eye—
His other is the moon, of milder light,
That he just now has left in Mimer's well,
There by the charmful waves to be refresh'd.
Erl. And where is Mimer's well?
Hak. The sacred ocean—
Down there, that foaming beats upon the rocks—
That is old Mimer's deep and potent well,
That strengthen's Odin's eyes. From the cool waves,
At morning duly comes the sun refreshed,
The moon again by night.
Erl. But now it hurts me—
It mounts too high.—
Hak. Upon his golden throne,
The Almighty Father mounts, soon to survey
The whole wide earth. The central diamond
In his meridian crown, our earthly sight
May not contemplate—What man dares to meet
The unveil'd aspect of the king of day?
Erl. (*terrified*) Hu! hu! my father—
In the forest yonder—
What are those bearded frightful men?
Hak. Fear not—
These are the statues of the gods, by men
Thus hewn in marble. *They* blind not with sun-gleams!
Before them we can pray with confidence,
And look upon them with untroubled firmness.
Come child—let us go nearer!
Erl. No—my father!

I am afraid—Seest thou that old man there?
Him with the beard? I am afraid of him!
Hak. Child, it is Odin—Would'st thou fly from Odin?
Erl. No—no. I fear not the great king in Heaven—
He is so good and beautiful; and calls
The flowers from the earth's bosom, and himself
Shines like a flower on high—But that pale sorcerer,
He grins like an assassin!
Hak. Ha!
Erl. Father, at least,
Let me first bring my crown of flowers, I left it
There on the hedge, when first thou brought'st me hither,
To see the sun rise. Then let us go home;
Believe me that old man means thee no good!
Hak. Go—bring thy wreathe, and quickly come again. (*Exit Erling.*)
A lamb for sacrifice is ever crown'd.
Immortal Powers! behold from Heaven the faith
Of Hakon in this deed!
Erl. Here am I, father,
And here's the crown.
Hak. Yet ere thou goest, my child,
Kneel down before great Odin. Stretch thy hands,
Both up to Heaven, and say, "Almighty Father,
Hear little Erling—As thy child receive him,
To thy paternal bosom!"

Erl. (*He kneels, stretching his arms out towards the sun, and says, with childish innocence and tranquillity*).
"Oh great Odin,
Hear little Erling! As thy child receive him
To thy paternal bosom!"

(*Hakon, who stands behind, draws his dagger, and intends to stab him, but it drops out of his hand. Erling turns out quietly, takes it up, and says as he rises*).
Here it is—
Your dagger, father! 'Tis *so* bright and sharp!
When I grow taller, I will have one too,
Thee to defend against thine enemies!
Hak. Ha! what enchanter with such words assists thee,
To move thy father's heart?
Erl. How's this my father?
You are not angry sure!—What have I done?
Hak. Come, Erling! follow me behind that statue!
Erl. Behind that frightful man? oh no!
Hak. (*resolutely.*) Yet listen!—
There are fine roses blooming there—not white—
But red and purple roses—'Tis a pleasure
To see them shooting forth—Come then, my child!
Erl. Dear father, stay: I am so much afraid—
I do not love red roses.
Hak. Come, I say!
Hear'st thou not Heimdal's cock?—He crows and crows.
Now it is time! [*Exeunt behind the statues.*

The miserable and despairing tyrant now fulfils the sacrifice of his son behind the scenes, an event which, however consistent, as we before observed, with the worship of Odin, would, of course, not be tolerated, with any modifications, on our stage. Immediately after the deed, Einar, the skilful archer (who, in a former scene, proved his extraordinary powers by shooting an arrow through the plumes on Hakon's helmet), enters to call his master to the field, where he had intended to support him. On discovering the horrid crime, however, that has just been committed, he leaves him for ever, with vehement execrations, and departs to join the forces of Olaf. The trumpets sound loudly at a distance, and Hakon rushes to the fight. Thus terminates the fourth act.

The battle goes against the blood-stained Hakon; but he acquits himself with his usual bravery, and slays, among many more, the two brothers of his deserted mistress Thora, who, to revenge their sister's wrongs, had joined, among the first of the Norwegians, the standard of King Olaf. Left alone, in the darkness of night, upon the field of lost battle, Hakon knows not whither to fly for refuge—and at last relying on the potency even of injured and despised love, he resolves to commit himself to the lady Thora—the mother of the child whom he had sacrificed to Odin. The fifth act opens with a view of Thora's mansion—where, attended by a single slave, the solitary woman sits in sorrow, waiting to hear the issue of the battle. This act is throughout so fine, that we shall extract almost the whole of it.

ACT V.

RIMOL.

Night.—Thora and Inger sitting at a table with work. The lights are nearly burnt out.

Tho. Sleep, Inger, weighs upon thee heavily.
Ing. Midnight has passed long since. But listen, now,
They come. There is a knocking at the gate.—
Tho. No—'twas the tempest. Through the livelong night,
It beats and howls, as if it would tear up
The house from its foundation.
Ing. In such weather

Your brothers, noble lady, will not come,
But wait till it is daylight.
Tho. Well then, child,
Go thou to bed. Sleep flies from me. This morning
The battle must have been;—and Ekialm
And Alf have promised me to come with tidings.
Go thou to bed; and I shall watch alone.
Ing. If you permit me. But again I hear
That sound. Methinks it cannot be the storm. (*Exit.*)
Tho. How sad am I! How sorely is my heart
Oppress'd!—my brothers against Hakon Jarl!—
Whoever wins, poor Thora must be lost!—
(*An archer comes.*)
Ein. God save thee, noble Thora! and good morning!
For, if I err not, it is morn already;—
The cock crows loudly in the court without:
Tidings I bring for thee. My name is Einar,
Einar the bowman!—Fear not, tho' I were
Erewhile the friend of Hakon;—for since he
Offered his own child for a sacrifice,
To gain the victory, I have been to him
A foe relentless.
Tho. Oh immortal powers!—
Ein. Just cause, indeed, hast thou for thy dislike,
And he deserves abhorrence even from all,
But most from thee. But to the point. For me,—
I am king Olaf's liegeman. I have known
Thy brothers but for a short space; yet soon
Firm friends had we become. Vicissitudes
Of war cement in one brief hour a bond
That years of peaceful life could not unite.
They fought like Normans,—Well—so did we all;—
And Olaf conquered. Like the waste sea foam,
The worn-out troops of Hakon were dispersed.—
Hotly the battle raged beneath the clash
Of blood-stain'd shields; and every sword and spear
With gore was reeking. The war goddesses
Descended on the field. They would have carnage,
And had their fill.—More freely pours not forth
Odin the foaming nectar in Walhalla!—
Thousands were slain; but Hakon and his squire
Escap'd our swords. We now pursue their flight!—
Tho. (*anxiously*) But my dear brothers—Einar—what of them?—
Thou com'st a stranger—late at night—I tremble—
My brothers—tell me!—
Ein. They have sent me hither—
They could not come themselves. But noble Thora,
Rejoice—for Ekialm and Alf have now
Rode with the sun-rise to Walhalla's towers.—
With Odin there they sit amid the heroes,
And to their meeting drain the golden horn!—
Tho. Oh Freya!—
Ein. Noble lady, at their fate
Thou shouldst rejoice. To few, alas! is given
A death so glorious. Ever in the van
They shone distinguished—*There* it was I found them!—
Jarl Hakon, like a wild bear of the forest,
Raged in the battle; and the strife was hard.—
Together whole battalions intermixed;—
Half Norway fought for Hakon; and the rest
Against them on the side of our king Olaf.
Thy brothers strove with vehemence thee to avenge
By the life blood of Hakon. Yet behold!
Both fell beneath his sword.—His arm, indeed,
Is powerful, when 'tis energized by wrath.
What more? they found a noble conqueror.
Whate'er men say, Jarl is a peerless hero;
This on the field to day was amply proved.
Tho. Alas! my brothers!—
Ein. Nay, I envy them!
Of Odin's realm they are the denizens,—
And wear their swords amid immortal heroes.
Ere morning will their monument be raised
To brave the wreck of time. In gratitude,
There will King Olaf place the eternal wreathe
Of massy stone.—"Salute our sister Thora!"—
These were the last words on their lips.—I promised—
That promise I have thus fulfilled;—and now,
I ride about with a strong band of horsemen
In search of Hakon. Olaf too is with us.
We meet again at Gaula; for to day
The Congress is—but where it holds I know not.
Soon, as we hope, our prey shall be secured,
And all thy wrongs be fearfully avenged.—
Now may the Gods be with thee; and farewell! *Exit.*
Tho. Ye sacred powers! how have I then deserved
A fate so cruel? What have been my crimes,
That my poor heart should thus be rent asunder?—
(*Enter a stranger—muffled in a cloak.*)
Whence comes this unknown guest?—Stranger! who art thou?—
Stran. Are we alone and in security?
Tho. How! Speak'st thou of security—even now,
When thou thyself my solitude hast broken,
And on my grief intruded?—Say, what art thou?
Stran. (*Throwing off his disguise.*)
Know'st thou me now?
Tho. O heavenly powers! Jarl Hakon!
Hak. Even he himself.
Tho. And hast thou fled to me?
Hak. By all Walhalla's gods—Thou should'st not wonder!—

Will not the noble game that all day long
Has been pursued, at last for refuge fly
To haunts the most unmeet or unexpected?
Tho. Jarl, thou art pale, thy looks are desolate!
Hak. Heaven knows, I have contended like a wolf
That would protect her young. With this good sword
Souls have I sent enough this day to Lok
Or Odin. Now am I sore spent. My troops
Are broken—Fortune has prov'd treacherous,
And Olaf with his Christian charms has blunted
The swords of Northern heroes. Many fled—
Others more base endeavour'd to betray me;
No man is left in whom I may confide—
On my devoted head the hand of Rota,
Blood-loving goddess, icy-cold was laid,
And heavily. In silence with one slave
Have I rode through the night. By fiery thirst,
Long have I been tormented. In that cup
Is there cold water?
Tho. Wait, and I will bring you—
Hak. (*He drinks.*) No, stay. How much indeed this draught refresh'd me!
At Gaula fell my horse; I kill'd him there;
Threw off my war-cloak—drench'd it in his blood,
And left it to deceive mine enemies.
Tho. Oh Hakon!
Hak. As I passed thy dwelling by,
And stood before the dark and silent gate,
Whereon the storm was breaking, a deep thought
Awoke within me, that here yet one soul
Surviv'd, of whom I was not quite an outcast,
And who the gate to me would open gladly.
I call'd to mind how often thou had'st sworn
That I was dear to thee—Yet well I knew
That love can turn to hatred. Be it so!
Here am I, Thora! wilt thou now conceal me
From Olaf and his horsemen? For thy love
Then am I grateful—love that heretofore
I have not duly priz'd. If thou art doubtful,
I cannot supplicate. Then shall I go
Once more amid the desolate night, and climb
The highest cliff—look for the last time round
Even on that realm that honoured and obeyed me;
Then, with the tranquil heart of stern resolve
Rush on this tried and faithful sword. The storm
Will on its wild wings quickly bear my soul
Unto the Father of all victories;
And when the sun reveals my lifeless frame,
It shall be said, "As he hath *lived* exalted,
So did he nobly die!"
Tho. No more of this!
Oh Hakon, speak not so. My hatred now
Is past and gone. Gladly shall I afford
A refuge from thy numerous foes.
Hak. Know'st thou
That I with this hand sacrificed the boy,
The favourite little one, to thee so dear?
Tho. Thou to the gods hast offered him: I know it:
A deed that proves the miserable strife,
The oppression of thy heart.
Hak. But know'st thou too,
That I, with this hand which thou kindly graspest,
And—no—I cannot say the rest!
Tho. I know
That thou hast kill'd my brothers in the battle.
Hak. Indeed; and still—?
Tho. Thora is still the same.
Oh Hakon! thou hast acted cruelly;
With scorn repaid my love, and kill'd my brothers;
Yet in the battle it goes ever thus,
Life against life; and they, as Einar said,
Are in Walhalla blest.
Ah! tell me, Hakon,
Is this no vision? Art thou here indeed,
In Thora's humble cottage, far remote
From thy proud palace 'mid the forest wild,
Surrounded by the fearful gloom of night?
Say, is the pale and silent form that now
Leans on his sword, so worn and spiritless,
No longer with imperial robes adorn'd,
Thyself indeed?
Hak. The shadow which thou seest
Was once indeed the monarch of all Norway,
And heroes did him homage and obeisance;
He fell in one day's battle—'twas at Hlade.
Ha! that is long past now—almost forgot.
His pallid spectre wanders up and down,
To scare beholders in the gloom of night.
His name was Hakon!
Tho. I indeed am now
Reveng'd, and fearfully! Away with hatred,
Henceforth, and enmity—Come love again;
I were indeed a she-wolf, and no woman,
If in my bosom hatred not expired
At such a look as thine is now!—Come, then,
Lean on thy Thora; let me dry thy temples,
That fire again may light thy faded eyes.
Hak. (*wildly.*) What is thy name, thou gentle maid of Norway?
Tho. The maidens here have called me Violet.
Methinks, indeed, I was a little flower,
Grown up within the shelter of thine oak,
And there alone was nourish'd—therefore now
Must wither, since no longer 'tis allowed,
As wont, within that honour'd shade to bloom.
Hak. Violet! a pretty name.
Tho. How's this, oh Heaven!
A fever shakes thee in mine arms. This mood
Is new, indeed, and frightful. When, till now,
Have I beheld tears on *thy* cheeks?
Hak. How, Violet,
Thou pale blue flowret on the hero's grave,

And wonder'st thou if I shed tears? Ere now,
Hast thou not seen hard rocks appear to weep,
When suddenly, from freezing cold to warmth
Transported? It is but of death the token.
Then wonder not, pale, trembling flower!
Tho. Oh Jarl!
My own! my Hakon! Help me, Heaven!
Hak. The snow
Fades on the mountains; now its reign is o'er;
The powerful winter melts away, and yields
Before the charmful breath of flowery spring.
Jarl Hakon is no more—his ghost alone
Still wanders on the earth. Yet boldly go,
And thro' his body drive a wooden spear
Deep in the earth beneath. Then shall, at last,
His miserable spectre find repose.
Tho. My Hakon, be composed; speak not so wildly.
The loftiest spirit, howsoe'er endow'd,
Must yield at last to fortune. Thy proud heart
Has long with hate and enmity contended;
Now let its o'erstretch'd chords relent at last,
In tears upon the bosom of thy love.
But follow me.—Beneath this house a vault
Deep in the rock is broad and widely hewn,
That no one knows but I alone, and *there*
Will I conceal thee till the danger's past.—
Soon may a better fortune smile on us!
Hak. Say to me truly, Think'st thou that once more
Beyond that dusky vault the day will dawn?
Tho. My lord, I doubt it not.
Hak. And to the vault,
Hollow, obscure, unknown, deep in the earth,
(That barrier 'gainst all enemies and danger)
To that dark fortress—refuge most secure,
Wilt thou conduct me?
Tho. Aye, my best belov'd.
Hak. Come, then,
My bride in death, I'll follow thee, my HELA!
Lead on, I tremble not.
Tho. Oh heavenly powers!
Hak. Think'st thou thy looks can e'er appal my heart?
True—thou art pale, thy lips are blue—nay, more,
Thou kill'st not quickly with the glittering spear,
Like thy wild sisters Hildur and Geirskögul,
But slowly smother'st first with ice-cold anguish
(Ere life departs) the heart's internal fire—
Yet 'tis all one at last. Come then! In *me*,
Of valorous pride thou hast not yet o'ercome
The lingering flames. I follow thee, with steps
Firm and resolved, into the grave.
Tho. Ye Gods
Of mildness and of mercy look upon him!
Exeunt.

Woody country at Gaula.

Olaf, Carlshofut, Jostein, Greif, Soldiers.

Greif. It dawns, my liege. Methinks the day will prove
Clear and rejoicing, as the night was gloomy.
Wilt thou not, till the horses are refreshed,
Repose beneath these trees?
Olaf. I cannot rest
Till we have Hakon prisoner:—His army
Is but dispersed—not wholly overcome.
Young Einar deems that we already triumph;
But he has less of wisdom than of valour.
If Hakon gains but time he will be saved.
The streams will seek re-union with the sea.
I would not waste the land with ceaseless war,
But with the blessings of long peace enrich.
Hakon must fall; for while this heathen lives,
The rose of Christianity in Norway
Will never bloom.
(Einar the bowman enters with Hakon's war dress.)
Einar. Olaf! Thy toils are o'er.
Beside a mountain stream Jarl Hakon's steed
Lay bathed in gore,—and *there* I found his mantle,
All bloody too.—Thy soldiers must have met,
And kill'd him there.
Olaf. Indeed? Can this be so?
Is this his dress? Who recognises it?
Greif. The dress in truth is there,—but where's the Jarl?
Lay he there too?
Einar. His horse and cloak alone
Have I beheld.
Greif. Bring also the Jarl, and then
We may repose; but not before. Methought
Thou knew'st him better. He, if I mistake not,
By this time has assumed another dress—
Let not this trick mislead you, Sire. It suits
The crafty Jarl—He has contrived it all,
But to deceive us.
Olaf. Forward then, my friends;—
We are near Rimol. *There* is held the congress,
And we may gain some tidings of the foe.
Greif. Aye—there lives Thora, his devoted mistress.
Einar. Nay, that is past,—Jarl has deserted her,
And slain her brothers.
Greif. Well, but it is said
True love may never be outworn—and we
Must try all chances.
Olaf. Come, to horse! The day
Is dawning brightly. *Exeunt.*

A ROCKY VAULT.—(HAKON.—KARKER.)

(The last carries a burning lamp—And a plate with food. Hakon has a spear in his hand.)
Kark. In this cavern then
Are we to live? Here is not much prepared
For life's convenience. Where shall I set down
Our lamp?
Hak. There;—hang it on that hook.
Kark. At last,
This much is gain'd. And here too there are seats
Hewn in the rock, whereon one may repose.
My lord, will you not now take some refreshment!
This whole long day you have been without food.

Hak. I am not hungry, boy—but thou
may'st eat.
Kark. With your permission, then, I shall.
(He eats. Hakon walks up and down, taking long steps.)
Kark. My Lord—Hu! (looking round)
'Tis in sooth a frightful place!
Saw'st thou that black and hideous coffin
there,
Close to the door as we stept in?
Hak. Be silent—
And eat, I tell thee. *(Aside.)*—In this
dark abode,
Has Thora spent full many a sleepless night,
Lonely and weeping. Then, in her affliction,
That coffin she has secretly provided,
Even for herself; and here that fairest form
One day awaits corruption!
(*He looks at Karker.*)
Wherefore, Boy,
Wilt thou not eat! With eager haste, till
now,
Did'st thou devour thy food. What has thus
changed thee?
Kark. My Lord, I am not hungry, and
methinks
This food tastes not invitingly.
Hak. How so?
Be of good courage. Trust in me, thy master.
Kark. Lord Jarl, thou art thyself oppress'd and sad.
Hak. "Oppressed and sad!" How dar'st
thou, Slave, presume?
I say, be merry. If thou can'st not eat,
Then sing. I wish to hear a song.
Kark. Which, then,
Would you prefer?
Hak. Sing what thou wilt. However,
Let it be of a deep and hollow tone,
Even like the music of a wintry storm!
A lullaby—my child, a lullaby!
Kark. A lullaby!
Hak. Aye, that the grown-up child
May quietly by night repose.
Kark. My Lord,
I know a famous war-song—an old legend.
Hak. Has it a mournful ending? Seems
it first,
As if all things went prosperously on,
Then winds up suddenly with death and
murder?
Kark. No, Sire. The song is sad from
the beginning.
Hak. Well—that I most approve.—For
to commence
A song with calmness and serenity,
Only to end with more impressive horror—
This is a trick that poets too much use,—
Let clouds obscure the morning sky—and
then
We know the worst! Begin the song.
Kark. "King Harald and Erling they sailed
by night;
(And blythe is the greenwood strain,)
But when they came to Oglehof,
The doughty Jarl was slain!"
Hak. How, slave!—
Hast lost thy reason? Wilt thou sing to me
My father's death-song?
Kark. How! Was Sigurd Jarl
Your father, Sire? In truth, I knew not this;
His fate at last was mournful.
Hak. Silence!
Kark. Here,
One finds not even a little straw to rest on.
Hak. If thou art weary, on the naked
earth
Can'st thou not rest, as I have often done?
Kark. Since it must be so,—I shall try.
Hak. Enough.
Sleep,—sleep!
(Karker stretches himself on the ground, and falls asleep.)
Hak. (Looking at him.) Poor nature!—
slumber'st thou already?
The spark which restlessly betokened life
Already sunk in ashes! But 'tis well—
'Tis well for thee:—Within this heart what
flames
Violently rage!—Ha! stupid slave! hast
thou,
Commanded by the Normans, unto me
My father's death-song as a warning sung?
Shall Hakon's fate be like the fate of Ligurd?
He was, as I have been, unto the Gods
A priest of bloody sacrifice. But how!
Can the wise God of Christians have o'ercome
Odin and all his powers? And must *he*
fall
Who has of Christians been the enemy?
(He pauses.)
'Tis cold within this damp and dusky cave—
My blood is freezing in my veins.
(He looks at Karker.)
He dreams.
How hatefully his features are contorted!
He grins like some fantastic nightly spectre!
Shaking him.)
Ho! Karker! Slave, awake! What mean
those faces?
Karker. Ah! 'twas a dream.
Hakon. And what then has thou dream'd?
Karker. Methought I saw—
Hakon. Be silent. Hear'st thou not?
What is that noise above?
Karker. Horsemen—my Lord—
A numerous troop. I hear their armour
clashing.
They are, as I suspect, King Olaf's people,
Who search for us.
Hakon. This cave is all unknown.
Its iron gates are strong. I have the key.
Here are we safe.
Karker. But hear'st thou what the Herald
Is now proclaiming?
Hakon. No. What were the words?
Karker. King Olaf will, with riches and
with honour
Reward the man who brings to him the
head
Of Hakon, Jarl of Hlade.
Hak. (Looking at him scrutinizingly.)
Feel'st thou not
Desire to win this wealth—why art thou
trembling?

Why are thy lips turn'd pale?
Kark. The vision scar'd me.—
Perchance, my lord, you could explain it for me.
Hak. What hast thou dream'd?
Kark. That we were both at sea,
In one small vessel, 'mid the stormy waves;
I had the helm.
Hak. That must betoken, Karker,
That my life finally depends on thee.
Therefore be faithful. In the hour of need,
Stand by thy master firmly; and one day,
He shall reward thee better than King Olaf.
Kark. My lord—I dream'd yet more.
Hak. Boy—tell me all!
Kark. There came a tall black man down to the shore,
Who from the rocks proclaimed with fearful voice
That every harbour was barr'd up against us.
Hak. Karker, thou dream'st not well; for this betokens
Short life even for us both. Be faithful still—
As thou thyself hast told me, we were born
On the same night; and therefore in one day,
We both shall die.
Kark. And then, methought, once more,
I was at Hlade; and King Olaf there
Fixed round my neck a ring of gold.
Hak. Ha! this
Betokens that King Olaf round thy neck
A halter will entwine, when treacherously,
Thou hast betray'd thy master.—But no more.—
Place thyself in that corner. I will here
Recline, and so we both will go to sleep.
Kark. Even as thou wilt my lord.
Hak. What would'st thou do?
Kark. 'Twas but to trim the lamp.
Hak. Go take thy place;
And leave the lamp. Thou might'st extinguish it—
Then should we sit in darkness. It is more
Than I can well explain, how every night
Those who retire to sleep put out the light!
Of death it is methinks a fearful emblem,
More threatening far than slumber.—What appears
In life so strong and vivid as a light?
Where is the light when once it is extinguished?
Let my lamp stand. It burns but feebly now—
Yet still it burns—and where there's life is hope!
Go take thy place and sleep.
(He walks unquietly up and down, and then asks)
Now, Karker, sleep'st thou?—
Kark. Aye—my good lord.
Hak. Ha—stupid slave!—(*rising up.*) Jarl Hakon!
Is this wretch then the last that now remains
Of all thy mighty force?—I cannot trust him—
For what can such a dull and clouded brain
Conceive of honour and fidelity?
Like a chain'd dog, fawning he will come straight
To him who offers the most tempting morsels—
Karker—give me thy dagger. Slaves, thou knowest,
Should wear no weapons.
Kark. From yourself my lord
It was a gift; and here it is again.
Hak. 'Tis well. Now sleep.
Kark. Immediately.
Hak. (*Aside.*) A fever
Burns in my brain and blood. I am outworn,
Exhausted with the combat of the day,
With watching; and our long nocturnal flight.
Yet sleep I dare not—while that sordid slave— (*He pauses.*)
Well—I may rest awhile—yet carefully
Beware of sleep.—
(He sits down, and is overpowered by slumber.)
Kark. (*Softly.*) Ha! now—he sleeps!—He trusts me not—he fears
That I may now betray him to King Olaf—
Olaf gives wealth and honours for his life—
What can I more expect from Hakon Jarl?
He moves! Protect me, Heaven! He rises up,
And yet is not awake.—
Hak. (Rising up in his sleep, and coming forward towards Karker—as if he fled from some fearful apparition.)
GOLD-HARALD! SCHAAFELL!
What would'st thou with me? Go! leave me in peace!
Wherefore dost thou intrude thy death-pale visage
Between those broken rocks? HARALD! thou liest!
I was to thee no traitor. How, now, children!
What would you here? Go home! go home! for now
There is no time for dalliance. Then your bridegooom!
And Odin's marble statue—it has fallen!
And Freya stands with flowers upon her head!
(*Listening.*) Who weeps there 'mid the grass!
Ha! that is worst.
Poor child! poor little Erling! dost thou bleed?
And have I struck too deeply? Mid the roses,
Till now snow white, are purple drops descending?
(*Calling aloud.*) Ha! Karker! Karker!
Kark. Still he dreams. My lord,
Here is your faithful slave.
Hak. Hold! take that spear—
Strike it at once into my heart. 'Tis done!
There! strike!
Kark. My lord, can'st thou indeed desire
That I should such a deed fulfil?
Hak. No more!

(*Threatening.*) Thou wretch, strike instantly, for one of us
Must fall—we cannot both survive.
Kark. Nay, then,
Die thou!
(*He takes the spear and stabs Hakon.*)
Hak. (*Falling.*) Now in my heart the avenging spear
Of Heaven is deeply fixed. Thy threatening words,
Olaf, are now confirmed.
Kark. Now it is past;
And cannot be recalled. Therefore shall I
No time devote to lamentation here.
I could not weep him back to life again.
These iron doors now must I open wide,
And bring this dead Jarl to the king—then claim
The wealth and honour that to me are promised.
'Tis done! but he himself desired his death,
I blindly but perform'd what he commanded!
(*Exit, bearing out the body of Hakon Jarl.*)

Having already transcribed so largely, we now omit one scene, which contains the congress at Drontheim,—the coronation of King Olaf, (on whose head the crown, made unsuccessfully for Hakon, exactly fits,) and the mandate for the execution of the treacherous Karker. We shall insert, however, the concluding soliloquy of Thora, to whose care the remains of Hakon have been consigned by command of Olaf, now king of Norway.

The Cavern.

The lamp still burns. Servants bring in a coffin, set it silently in the cave, and retire. Thora comes slowly with a drawn sword, and a large pine tree garland in her hands. She remains long deeply meditative, and contemplates the coffin.

Tho. Now art thou in thy coffin laid,
Jarl Hakon!
In Thora's coffin. Who could have foreseen this?
May thy bones rest in peace! If thou hast err'd,
By sufferings thou has amply made atonement;
And no one now to thee, laid in the grave,
One insolent word may speak of blame or scorn!
As in thy life, so even in death I love thee!
For some brief years thy light o'er Norway shone,
Even like the sun new life through all diffusing!
Now have thy bands of warriors all forgot thee,
And sworn allegiance to a foreign power!
One feeble woman only now is left
To mourn and weep for thee. So let her now
Those honours pay, that others have neglected.
From Thora's hand receive this coronet
Of northern pine-trees woven; and let it twine
Around thy battle sword, and so betoken
That thou wert a brave champion of the north;
A noble forest tree, though by the storm
Of winter wild o'erpower'd at last. Old legends,
In distant ages, when the colours quite
Have from the picture faded, and no more
But the dark outline is beheld, will say,
"He was a wicked servant of the gods"—
Thy name will be a terror to the people—
Not so it is to me! for O I knew thee!
In thee the noblest gifts and greatest heart
Were in the tumult of wild times perverted.
So then, farewell! great Hakon Jarl! thy soul
Is now rejoicing in the halls of Odin.
Now must I leave thee here in solitude;
And when these gates are opened next, the slaves
Of Thora shall her lifeless frame deposite
Beside the loved remains of her dear friend.

Such is the noble termination of the tale of Hakon Jarl. The merits of the tragedy—more particularly of this last act, cannot require any comment from us. The highest and most acceptable compliment that could have been paid to Oehlenschlager, has been already offered in the diligence of a translator worthy of himself. There are some readers who may perhaps be surprised, that one who writes like Mr Gillies—(for it must be seen that we are again indebted to this gentleman's *MSS.*,)—should deal so largely in translation. But assuredly, he is the best judge, by what exercises he is most likely to train his own fine genius for the original flights, that, without doubt, await its maturity. If he designs to be hereafter a writer of English tragedies, we are at a loss to guess by what species of preparation he might be more effectually strengthening his powers, and smoothing his adventurous path. Besides, it should not be forgotten, that the great Goethé himself, has through the whole of his life delighted in the work of translation, and that even now, in the fulness of years and honours, the generous old master has not disdained to finish a German version of Lord Byron's Manfred. The day may perhaps come, when German and Danish poets may be proud to repay in kind, the services which Mr Gillies is now rendering to the genius of the North.

THE WARDER.

No VII.

"WHOSO KEEPETH THE FIG-TREE SHALL EAT THE FRUIT THEREOF: SO HE THAT WAITETH ON HIS MASTER SHALL BE HONOURED.

"OINTMENT AND PERFUME REJOICE THE HEART; SO DOTH THE SWEETNESS OF A MAN'S FRIEND BY HEARTY COUNSEL." PROVERBS XXVII. 18, 9.

For several months past, our opinion of the deeply and seriously alarming condition of many important districts of our country, has been laid openly and honestly before our readers. At the time when we first expressed that opinion, we are aware that not a few, whose character and judgment might have entitled them to very considerable respect, were inclined to accuse us of entertaining needless fears, and of greatly exaggerating, at the least, the extent both of the popular delusion and the general danger. The noisy leaders of the lower Whig party in Parliament threw every possible difficulty in the way of the Administration, when they called for the authority of the senate to enact laws of temporary coercion; and out of Parliament, these laws, after they had been enacted, were branded on every occasion by the adherents of the same party, as so many uncalled for and perilous attacks on the liberties and rights of the British people. Clamours so reiterated and prolonged, sought and found hundreds and thousands of voices to re-echo them; and in almost every company, a few weeks ago, where the subject was discussed, there were some who did not hesitate to express their belief that an alarm had been excited, to which timidity, if not worse than timidity, had given the main and moving impulse. Had the measures themselves been found sufficient to check at once the evil spirit that had gone abroad—had the remedy speedily and effectually arrested the external symptoms of the disease—there can be little doubt, that the very repose for which the country should have had occasion to thank those most salutary measures would have been pressed into the service of those who had so vehemently abused them, and represented as furnishing an unanswerable evidence of Ministerial exaggeration or Tory cowardice. It is so, that the Whigs have long been accustomed to beg the question, in every rational or irrational matter of dispute with their antagonists. It is by such unfair methods that they have now and then disgraced their cause, even when they chanced to be in the right—it is by the same want of candour, and by the same unworthy courting of the prejudices of the ignorant, that they have far more frequently, though perhaps more excusably, aggravated their offences when they were, and when, as on this last occasion we are well persuaded they felt themselves to be, in the wrong.

Now, however—we mean within the last week or two—the talk of the Whigs has undoubtedly made one of the most sudden and remarkable turns we ever remember to have heard of in all the history of their talking sect. They are at last convinced—a thousand thanks to them for the generous admission—they are satisfied at last that there are such men as Radicals and Rebels in the land; and by what arguments have their scrupulous and most philosophical understandings been brought over to this well-timed perception? Lawless and unconstitutional assemblies were congregated for years on end, and every record of what passed at these assemblies bore evidence to the copious poison that was circulated and infused by their means. The press teemed for years on end with the permanent and substantial memorials of conscious and confessing sedition, blasphemy, and treason—it was asserted by hundreds of the most candid, unprejudiced, and enlightened witnesses, that secret meetings, for the purposes of military drilling, were going on every night in every corner of the disaffected district—but all these things passed for nothing before the scrutinizing eye of Whig jealousy. At last a bold attempt is made to array in warlike guise the forces that had so long been in training against the best constitution, and the most upright government in the world. In the capital, a band of assassins are seized in the very act of marching to murder the confidential servants

of the crown. In the provinces, drums are beat at dead of night—men march in arms to their several appointed rendezvous. In at least three places the king's standard is assaulted by rebels prepared evidently with arms and equipments for a regular campaign.* The great city of Glasgow is actually beleaguered by thousands of deluded and desperate ruffians—alarm and consternation are spread over many hundred miles of the British territory—and repose is restored only by the skill of excellent officers, and the unwearied unshaken zeal of loyal troops. Discoveries are made of innumerable committees and ringleaders. Papers are seized, and among them scientific schemes of expected and desired battles. Insurrection, in short, has openly reared her front, and visibly been crushed in her commencement—and now, truly, the Whigs are pleased to be convinced that *all* the Ministers had said, and *all* the Tories had believed three months ago, was not total and premeditated falsehood.

"At times, in truth, submission is most graceful—
And there is pride in yielding."—

Since the submission has been made, however, on the one side, and the victory is complete in the other, there would be no propriety and no wisdom assuredly in prolonging the shadow of a terminated contest. Honest men of all parties, we take it for granted, are now at one in opinion, and we trust, they are most perfectly at one in purpose. It matters comparatively little by whom the danger was first descried, by whom it was latest acknowledged. The danger has now come in a shape that is not to be questioned—for the present, its movements have been repressed, and its aspect tamed—but the true object of concern is, to inquire by what means the now united and combined sense of all the better orders of the British people is to guard against any recurrence of these fearful manifestations—above all, if it be possible, by what measures the spirit that has for the moment been checked in its evil career, is to be healed and soothed into sanity—by what means confidence is most effectually to be re-established among the dissevered elements of a long kindly population—and a great and well regulated empire secured from the necessity of wasting any portion of her energies in watching long and doubtfully over the ashes and embers of an as yet ill-extinguished fire of treason.

And in considering by what methods order and good understanding are most likely to be restored among those that have been led astray, it is surely the most natural thing to inquire, in the first place, to what circumstances those among the lower classes of our people, that have, during this time of trouble, adhered to their duty, have been indebted for their safety from the too general contagion around them. Even in the heart of the disaffected regions, it is consolatory to know (which we do from the best of authorities) that many, very many thousands, have walked through some secret charm unhurt by the moral pestilence—and preserved entire, amidst all the outcries of their misguided fellows, their devotion to their own duties, and their respect for their natural superiors and protectors. It is most consolatory to know this fact; and very important lessons, we think, may be drawn from the knowledge of it. We would be the last in the world to throw the blame of the guilty upon the innocent—but may not the question be fairly put to those best acquainted with the districts of disloyalty, whether those employed by the most careful masters, have not been, in the hour of trial, found the least inclined to rise up against them, and to disturb the general peace of that community whereof they and their employers form alike useful and alike necessary parts. There is no occasion to push this question too far—a hint is all we would permit ourselves to offer—and indeed, in all reason, and in all likelihood, a most effectual warning has already been afforded, where it was most called for, by the personal experience and observation of those most immediately concerned in the inquiry.

The blame, if blame there be, is

* We write on the 19th of April—Bonnymuir, Greenock, and Huddersfield, *are* the places we allude to.

very far from lying solely or peculiarly at the door of the gentlemen to whom we allude. In our days it is not possible to look around upon the world, and to compare what we see in the style and structure of society with what we know to have been in the times of our fathers, without observing that many great and remarkable changes have taken place. Everywhere, and in every walk of life, it is too evident that the upper orders of society have been tending, more and more, to a separation of themselves from those whom nature, providence, and law, have placed beneath them. It is not now the season when men should hesitate to speak out fairly what they know and feel upon such subjects as these. A fastidious spirit of luxury and refinement has everywhere been gaining ground among us. The rich and the high have been indolently and slothfully allowing the barriers that separate them from their inferiors to increase and accumulate. An Epicurean spirit has gone wide abroad in our land, even among those that would be most inclined to startle at its name. Men have come to deride and despise a thousand of those means of communication that in former days knit all orders of the people together. Weary of pomp, and shew, and circumstance, and of all that used most to dazzle and delight the vulgar eye, men of rank and wealth have foolishly, we fear, laid aside, along with these things, many more modest and secret, but still more effectual instruments of attaching these dependents to their persons. The spirit of general kindliness has not assuredly become extinct;—but we have learned to be too much satisfied with the conscious excellence of that general spirit—and to be too negligent of those minute and laborious services of human concern, by which alone that spirit can be made to operate as a healing and cementing charm over the whole wide-spread and diversified surface of human society. The master has not ceased to care for his servants, but he has become too delicate to shew his care by that cordial and grateful condescension of personal communication that of old made the vassal look up to his lord like a son to his father. Societies, and subscriptions, and magnificent donations, and beneficent directions and regulations, are all excellent in their way—but the effect of all these things is nothing upon the heart of one poor man, compared with a single affectionate visit to his cottage—one simple gift to his children. The charm of sympathy is the only charm worthy of the name—but men are never willing to take the existence of that charm upon trust. He that is effectually to be obliged, must see the kind face, and touch the open hand, of his benefactor.—It is too much to expect that we are to sit in the seclusion of our own private luxury, and scatter forth the droppings of our bounty like deities—too great to be visible to the eyes of those whom we would serve. If we would have our good intentions recognised, and our kindness enshrined in warm and grateful hearts, we must not disdain to come down into the homely walks of humanity—to mingle with our brothers of the earth, and shew that we not only relieve, but are anxious and fervent in relieving and assisting them in their hour of human distress. Every thing will be pardoned except the apparent scorn and visible selfishness of remoteness—and mortal sufferers will forget every other text of holy writ, ere they blot from their memories the touching and awful declaration, that

PRIDE WAS NOT MADE FOR MAN.

The fault, as we have said, has been universal—in every condition and walk of social life—and it is just and necessary to be had in view, that where its bad effects have been most manifested, the fault has been most excusable. The immense extent of the manufacturing establishments in many parts both of England and Scotland, has rendered it, without doubt, a matter of most extreme difficulty for those at the head of them to keep up any thing like those habits of minute acquaintance and tangible sympathy with their people, which prevailed among the masters and apprentices of the comparatively limited and trifling establishments of former days. But, if our information be correct, and we have all faith that it is so, this great difficulty *has* been effectually struggled with, and happily overcome, even in instances when it was greatest,—and not a few of our most magnificent establishments have, through no visible human means, save the extraordinary personal zeal, and kindly habits of their superintendents, escaped quite

free from the plague that has laid waste so many, immeasurably inferior to them in riches and extent. He that knows what his duty is, and resolves to do his duty, will always, without question, find time and means to do it. But this is not all. Is it going too far to say, that, after what has passed, it is the plain and distinct duty of every man to limit his establishment within the bounds that admit of his discharging the obligations inseparable from his condition? Is the hope of any temporary gain to be permitted to make an honest man voluntarily and deliberately draw around himself difficulties with which he is aware of his own incapacity to cope? Nay, more, is the hope or the certainty of any personal gain whatever, to be permitted to tempt any loyal man to do that which abundant and most lamentable experience has shewn to be pregnant with the elements of all social and national calamity? We trust that thoughts such as these are at this moment busy in many an honest and in many a loyal bosom, and that many willing sacrifices are on the eve of being offered up at the altars of Conscience, Patriotism, and Religion. The gentlemen at the head of the establishments, which have suffered most in these last trials, are the best judges of the modes and regulations, in and under which they are to allow the return of their deluded dependents. We have no doubt, firmness and mercy will be mingled in the measures they are about to adopt—but when that first great object of their present endeavour shall have been arranged and settled—we would hope such considerations as we have now been expressing, may receive no superficial or hasty portion of their after concern.

In country life, however, not a little of the same general fault has been gaining ground, as well as in the life of cities and manufactories—although, as in that happier life it is infinitely more inexcusable, so it has also happily made far less dangerous and alarming progress. *There* assuredly, there is nothing to prevent the evil from being easily and effectually arrested. There the old spirit may yet be said to be entire and untainted, although some unwise assaults have been made upon its precious outworks. Nothing is more evident to those who have visited the scenes of recent tumult and disaffection, than the blessed effects which have been produced everywhere by the hearty and honest zeal of our yeomanry. Foolish, and shortsighted men, have indeed been found to condemn the great increase which has recently taken place in the establishment of yeomanry corps—but we fear not to say, that this voice of detraction can *now* find no listeners among the loyal men, either of Yorkshire or Lancashire, or of the West of Scotland. The services which these corps have rendered, are by no means to be summed up in their own marches and watchings. The intercourse which has occurred between them and the regular troops with whom they have acted, has, without all question, been productive of the happiest immediate effects—but above all, we look to the increased intercourse which they have already created, and which they must continue to create and strengthen between landlords and tenants, as affording by far the most sure and effectual pledge, for the future well-being of the wide face of the country. It is Shakspeare, we think, who remarks, that in times of war, the citizens of the same state are more affectionate towards each other than at any other time. The deeper sense which is then felt of the community—the identity of interests, is no doubt the chief element of this kindly feeling—but there is a charm for all human bosoms, in the very air and aspect of martial exercise, which may fairly be set by its side, as another and a most powerful strengthener of all the warmer affections of our nature. The foundations of the national character, both of England and Scotland, were laid deep and sure, in days when every gentleman and every yeoman was more or less a soldier—and now we confess, we look forward to the proud and willing revival of many manly feelings, which must necessarily attend the resumption of these manly exercises, as furnishing rich and bright hopes, for the welfare of ourselves and of our children. A single day spent by the young farmer on horseback in presence of his natural superior—a single dark wet ride shared with his young master, will do more to bind him to his person and to his house than all the intercourse that could possibly occur between them in many years of ordinary life. Were

there no fear of any thing that might call again, in our day, for the actual services of these corps, we should still be vehement in applauding their maintenance, were it only for the sake of the cordial kindliness which these meetings together cannot fail to nourish. But, in sober truth, the case does not as yet stand so—or nearly so. The evil has, for the moment, been repressed, but he must be a bold man who will say that he believes it to be at an end. The day may come when these men may have to draw the sword in good earnest, in defence of the firesides at which they were nursed and reared—the churches in which they were christened and wedded—and the halls, by which offices of kindness have for ages been exchanged with the cottages of their Christian ancestors.

The dark cloud has been dissipated, but alas! who shall prophecy that its lowering fragments may not again unite to blacken the free horizon of the land? The time is come when they who possess any thing that they hold dear and sacred should know that peril hovers near, and that it is their duty to be prepared to defend it. The apathy with which many at a distance from the immediate circles of danger, still persist in regarding what is going on in the country, is not so much to be pitied as to be despised. There is wickedness in such blindness, and it deserves to be punished as a sin. We allude, in particular, to the great city in which we write—where, within forty miles of what, ten days ago, scarcely merited a slighter name than that of raging rebellion, the Lord President of the Court of Session has, with all his ardent and most honourable zeal, found it impossible to raise his regiment of volunteers to any thing like its proper compliment. But this reproach we would hope is not destined to lie long upon our heads—and, at all events, we trust every man that has joined that, or any other corps raised for the same precious purposes, will abide there till he has a son able and willing to step into his place.

SONNET.

Deep fears long since I've had for England's weal,
Yet deeper are they now than long ago—
These bleeding wounds, O God! I pray thee heal,
And give the Land's Heart once again to feel
The joy of reflux, answering well to flow,
In Love her life-blood;—once again to know
That all is sound within—that the big throng
Of thoughts and wide affections rolls along
Peacefully—like unto yon calm large river,
Mild and majestic—beautiful and strong—
Far-streaming—washing with one tide serene,
The rocky base of the old Castle ever,
And the soft margin of the Hamlet-green,
Whose Sycamores half hide the Spire between.

SONNET.

I love to see you each upon his steed,
Ye Yeomanry of England, once agen
Ready, with spur and sword, to serve our need,
After the fashion of the ancient men
Of England.—War has been too much a trade.—
Among our Sires it was a Service paid
By peaceful livers—part as pastime plied
By Peasant and by Lord, because, that then
As now, it was their duty and their pride
To fight, with the same Omen, side by side,
For the same regal Banner. Therefore stay
Your ploughshares ever and anon—as now
With patriot steel prepared, and Christian vow,
To shield our sacred soil from the Anarch's sway.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr Davy's Scientific Tour in Ceylon.—The following Extract of a Letter from John Davy, M. D., to Sir H. Davy, dated Trincomalee, Oct. 3, 1817, relates to the same scientific tour in Ceylon of which a short notice was given in the *Asiatic Journal*, vol. VI. p. 475. But something more is unfolded of the extent to which Dr. Davy was able to explore the country. With chemical and geological researches he combined attention to the remains of antiquity, to existing specimens of natural history, to the manners of the native inhabitants, and to the statistics of an important dependency of the empire.

My different excursions have been highly interesting. As soon as possible I shall give you a pretty minute account of the results of my observations: now I must be very concise indeed. In July I went to the southern part of the island, and visited the districts of Matura and the Malagan-patton. In the former gems abound. I saw the natives at work in search of them in alluvial ground. Here I ascertained that the native rock of the sapphire, ruby, cat's-eye, and the different varieties of the zircon, is gneiss. These minerals and cinnamon-stone occur imbedded in this rock. In one place I found a great mass of rock, consisting almost entirely of zircon in a crystalline state, and deserving the name of the zircon rock. It is only a few miles distant from a rock called the cinnamon-stone rock, from its being chiefly composed of this mineral, in company with a little quartz and adularia.

In the Malagan-patton, the most remarkable phenomena, and what I went chiefly to see, are the salt-lakes, the nature of which hitherto has been considered very mysterious from the want of inquiry. This I was able to make in a very short time, and ascertain the source of the salt. Many of these lakes are of great extent, and in a great measure formed by an embankment of sand, thrown up by a heavy sea along a level shore; the water, that falls in torrents during the rainy season, is thus confined, and inundates a great part of the country; the sea, more or less, breaks over or percolates through the sand-banks, and thus the water is rendered brackish. In the dry season the wind is very strong and dry, and the air very hot; it was from 85° to 90° when I was there: the consequence is, a very rapid evaporation of the water, the drying of the shallow lakes, and the formation of salt. It is from these lakes chiefly that the island is supplied with salt. The revenue that this one article brings government, amounts to about £10,000 annually.

The Malagan-patton altogether is a singular country; its woods, and it is almost all wooded, are principally composed of euphorbia, and mimosæ; its few inhabitants are a sickly race, miasmata destroying their health, and the wild animals with which the country abounds, as elephants, hogs, deer of different kinds, leopards, bears, &c. destroying the fruits of their labour. In the beginning of January I attended the Governor and Lady Brownrigg to Kandy, and had a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manners of the natives. The country in the interior, and particularly round Kandy, is magnificent; its grand features are high hills and mountains, and deep vallies and perpetual wood, and perennial verdure; the wood is in faulty excess. The climate is fine; the air cool; generally at night below 75°, averaging all the year round the moderate temperature of 74°.

From Kandy I made an excursion alone into Doombera, and explored a mountainous region, where a white man was never seen before. My object was to examine a cave that yields nitre. It is a magnificent one in the side of a mountain, in the depths of a forest surrounded by mountains of great height and noble forms. I shall send you a particular account of this and other nitre caves I have visited. The rock is a mixture of quartz, felspar, mica, and talc, impregnated near the surface with nitre, nitrate of lime, and sulphate of magnesia, and in one spot with alum, and in another incrusted with hydralite, similar to that round the Geyser in Iceland. From the mountains of Doombera, I looked down on the wooded plains of Birtanna, and saw the great lake of Birtanna, which no European I believe ever before visited: it is full of alligators.

Returning to Kandy, after a short stay there I next came to this place, through a country almost entirely over-run with wood. I wish you could see some of the noble ebony trees which flourish here. Three days we travelled in a noble forest without seeing a single habitation, and without observing any traces of cultivation; but some fine remains of antiquity, especially about Candely lake, indicating that the country had once been in a very different state.

Topical Remedy for the Hydrophobia.—Sig. A. M. Salvatori of Petersburgh, in a letter to Professor Morrichini of Rome, gives the following remedy for this dreadful malady:

"The inhabitants of Gadici, but when or how I know not, have made the important discovery, that near the ligament of the tongue of the man or animal bitten by a rabid animal, and becoming rabid, pustules of a whitish hue make their appearance, which open spontaneously about the 13th

day after the bite; and at this time, they say, the first symptons of true hydrophobia make their appearance. Their method of cure consists in opening these pustules with a suitable instrument, and making the patient spit out the ichor and fluid which run from them, often washing the mouth with salt water. This operation should be performed the ninth day after the bite. The remedy is so effectual, that with these people this hitherto incurable disease has lost its terrors." *Bibl. Ital.* xiv. 428.

Recent Observations respecting the height of Mount Etna, by M. the Baron de Zach, of Genoa.—"Admitting the height of this mountain, as ascertained by Captain Smyth, the visual ray from its most elevated point will extend one hundred and thirty miles, which is in exact accordance with the testimony of the Knights. With respect to refraction, it may be shewn from calculation, that it produces the effect of elevating the mountain near seven thousand feet; that is to say, that if there was no refraction to see Mount Etna from Malta, it would require in addition twice the height of Mount Vesuvius to be seen.

The travellers who have scaled Mount Etna vary much in their reckoning as to its height above the level of the sea. The Canon Recupero, an indefatigable traverser of Mount Gibello, assigns to it 15,000 French feet, but this is too much. The Canon has been in the habit of making observations on the Volcano, near forty years successively, making his ascent once every year. M. le Comte de Borch, in his letters on Sicily, assigns only 9,660 feet, but this again is too little. M. de Saussure approaches nearer the truth, and finds the height by a barometrical observation 10,032 feet. Captain Smyth makes it out 10,203 feet. All travellers who have ascended Etna agree, that you may see from it the rock of Malta, the Æolian isles, the Ionian sea, the entrance of the Adriatic, and the coasts of Albania.

A remarkable Cataract in Norway.—NORWAY may boast of a cataract or waterfall, much superior to that of Schaffhausen on the Rhine, or even to the famous fall of Niagara in North America. It was discovered or noticed for the first time, about eight years ago, by Professor Esmark; a circumstance which is attributed to its very remote situation in the most lonely part of the interior, and to the very scanty number of curious travellers that resort to the Hyperborean regions, for the purpose of making observations.

It is situated in the district named Tellemarken, and named Riakan-Fossen, which in the Norwegian idiom, denotes the *smoke of water falling.* An immense cloud, formed by the drops of water in evaporation, to a spectator has the appearance of torrents of smoke.

Doctor Schow, of Copenhagen, visited this cataract in the summer of 1812. This gentleman is one of the fifteen voyagers that have been despatched by the King of Denmark into different parts of the world, for the purpose of illustrating the sciences. He was in Italy, in 1818. From his observations this account has been transcribed.

M. Schow could not fail to be struck with astonishment at the view of this magnificent spectacle of nature, so imposing and tremendous to the sense, though the fall is by far the most considerable in the spring, when the snow melts from the mountains. This immense descent consists, properly speaking, of three falls, two upon inclined planes, each of which, separately, would form such a cataract as is no where to be seen, and the last is an abrupt and precipitate perpendicular. Professor Esmark made a measurement of this last leap, and rates it at 800 feet in height!

In general, such cascades as are most elevated have the least water, and such as discharge large masses of water have little elevation; but in the Riakan-Fossen, the rule is reversed. The volume of its waters is supplied from a very considerable river, called the Maamelven, into which the lake Mioswatten, which is eight or ten German leagues in extent, empties itself, not far from the cascade.—*Monthly Magazine.*

Gauze Veils.—Mr Bartlett, in Thomson's Annals, has lately proposed gauze veils as preservatives from contagion. The idea is certainly deserving of serious consideration, more especially as Dr. Uwins, and some other medical gentlemen, consider that they may be adopted with a considerable prospect of success. The gauze employed for this purpose is similar in its properties to that so ingeniously applied by Sir Humphrey Davy in the *safety lamp.*

Salubrity of the London Air.—It was a saying of Mr Cline, many years ago, that "London is the healthiest place in the world." In no place are there so many human beings congregated together enjoying so high a degree of general good health. It has been stated, and we believe correctly, that the happy exemption which the inhabitants of London for the most part enjoy from the diseases common to other capitals, is owing to the sulphureous naptha emitted from the coal, serving the salutary purpose of checking the progress of febrile infection. To prove that the air is saturated with this naptha, we shall not be able to recognize the presence of a wasp, an insect to which sulphur is obnoxious, within the sphere of its action.

Architectural uniformity in rustic dwellings.—There is something rather pleasingly allied to good management in a practice now adopted by the Russian government, of sending to every city, town, and village under its influence—that is to say, not the exclusive property of any nobleman, a collection of engraved designs for dwellings, and buildings; among which any

person about to build himself a house may choose one to his mind, but he must choose one of the number submitted to his inspection. This duty is confided to the mayor or superior of the place (gorod-nisckew), and will by degrees introduce a general resemblance or conformity into the country towns. At the same time, orders are given for the regular arrangement of the streets; for their being formed into lines of proper breadths, and the houses being of equal heights, two stories only being allowed.—However rustic the construction of these abodes may be, and many are formed of nothing better than vast trunks of trees scarcely squared into timber, yet the effect will become equally striking and picturesque, especially with proper accompaniments of gardens, plantations, and other rustic embellishments.

Iron Rail or Carriage-ways.—In the neighbourhood of Newcastle, this ingenious mode of reducing friction, and facilitating the conveyance of loaded waggons, has been adopted to a very great extent. According to M. Gallois, an extent of 28 square miles on the surface of the earth, presents a series of 75 miles for this species of conveyance; while the interior of the adjacent coal mines contains them to as large an amount. Five or six waggons, made entirely of iron, fastened to each other in regular succession, descend these roads without any other mover than their own gravitating force. By means of a pulley, or wheel, a certain number of carriages in descending occasion a certain number of others to mount, in order to take in a load at the summit of the inclined plane they traverse. We are, however, naturally led to believe that, excepting in very peculiar circumstances, there will always be a great saving of power in conveyances by water, for this simple reason, that the whole weight of the burden so transported is transported by the stream with a comparatively small loss of power by friction, while the inclined plane on which the carriage runs supports only a part of its weight. On the other hand, however, it cannot be denied that many situations in which it would be quite impossible to open a canal, might admit of the establishment of metallic and other railways.

Varnish for Wood.—The Italian cabinet work in this respect excels that of any other country. To produce this effect, the workmen first saturate the surface with olive oil, and then apply a solution of gum arabic in boiling alcohol. This mode of varnishing is equally brilliant, if not superior, to that employed by the French in their most elaborate works.

Crocodiles' Flesh an Article of Food.—At Sennaar crocodiles are often brought to market, and their flesh is publicly sold there. I once tasted some of the meat at Esne, in Upper Egypt; it is of a dirty white colour not unlike young veal, with a slight fishy smell; the animal had been caught by some fishermen in a strong net, and was above twelve feet in length. The Governor of Esne ordered it to be brought into his court-yard, where more than a hundred balls were fired against it without any effect, till it was thrown upon its back, and the contents of a small swivel discharged in its belly, the skin of which is much softer than that of the back.—*Burkhardt's Travels.*

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A new edition, in five octavo volumes, of Mr Coxe's History of the House of Austria.

An Account of Timbuctoo and Houssa Territories in the Interior of Africa; by El Haye Abd Salem Shabeeniè, a Native of Morocco, who personally visited and resided as a Merchant in those interesting Countries. With Notes, critical and explanatory; by James Grey Jackson, late British Consul at Santu Cruz.

Travels in 1816 and 1817 through Nubia, Palestine, and Syria; in a series of familiar Letters to his Relations, written on the spot, by Captain Mangles, R. N.

The Life of Brainerd; by the Rev. Dr Styles.

A third Volume of Mr Grant's History of the English Church, brought down to the year 1800.

Travels in Holland, Germany, and part of France, in 1819, with References to their Statistics, Agriculture, and Manufactures; by Mr. Jacob, Author of Travels in Spain.

A Tale in Prose, entitled, "Nice Distinctions," will shortly be published.

In the press, Royal Virtue, with engravings; being a Tour to Kensington, Windsor, and Claremont; or, a Contemplation of the Character and Virtues of George III. the Duke of Kent, and the Princess Charlotte.

Le Guesta D'Henrico IV. in Italian verse; by M. Guazzaroni.

Shortly will be published, Marmor Norfolcience, a very scarce and curious Tract, by Dr Sam. Johnson (under the assumed

name of Probus Britannicus), which has never appeared in any edition of his Works.

The Picture of Yarmouth, embellished with twenty engravings; by John Preston, Esq.

The Village of Mariendorpt, a romance; by Miss Anna Maria Porter.

A Volume of Sermons; by Mr Bradley of High Wycombe.

The History of the late War in Spain; by Robert Southey, Esq.

A Refutation of the Objections to the New Translation of the Bible; by J. Bellamy, Author of the Anti-deist, &c.

A Reprint of the Rev. John Wesley's Christian Library, originally in fifty vols 12mo, but now to be comprised in thirty octavo volumes; from a copy with MS. Notes of the Author.

Shortly will be published, in 2 vols post 8vo, Winter Nights; by Nathan Drake, M.D. Author of Literary Hours, &c. &c.

A translation of Grillparzer's tragedy of Sappho, in English verse.

In May will be published, Travels in Sicily, Greece, and Albania, by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, with numerous fine engravings, in two volumes, quarto.

Lacon; or Many Things in Few Words, by the Rev. C. Colton.

Anecdotes illustrative of the importance of Tract Societies; by the Rev. S. Meek.

The Elementary parts of Pestalozzi's Mother's Book, in three parts; with Engravings by P. H. Pullen.

A History of the several Italian Schools of Painting, with Observations on the Present State of the Art.

Mr Fraser's Travels in the Himala Mountains.

Miss Holford's Novel of Sir Warbeck of Wolfsteen, 3 vols.

Dr Brown's Antiquities of the Jews, 2 vols, 8vo.

Mr C. P. Whitaker, formerly of the University of Gottingen, and author of the modern French Grammar, is preparing an improved edition of Hamonieres French and English Dictionary, which will be comprised in a portable volume, and printed on a bold and beautiful type.

A Narrative of the late Political and Military Events in British India, under the Marquis Hastings; with Maps, Plans, and Views; by H. T. Princep, Esq.

The Principles of Political Economy Considered; by Mr Malthus.

The seventy-eighth and last part of Dr Rees's Cyclopædia will speedily be published.

The first No of "Annals of Oriental Literature," to be published quarterly, will appear on the 1st of May.

An Italian and English Grammar, from Vergani's Italian and French Grammar, in twenty lessons, with exercises; a new edition by M. Piranesi; with a key.

Speedily will be published, A History of the Modes of Belief usually termed the Superstitions of the Middle Ages; with some curious plates.

Preparing for the press, a Mineralogical Dictionary; comprising an alphabetical nomenclature of mineralogical synonymes, and a description of each substance. To be illustrated by numerous plates, the whole of them to be engraved by Mr and Miss Lowry.

Mr Neele is employed upon a new narrative and descriptive poem, to be given to the public in the ensuing winter.

A Geological Primer, in verse; with a Poetical Geognosy, or feasting and fighting, and sundry right pleasant poems; to which is added, a critical dissertation on King Coul's Levee.

Printing, in an octavo volume, Porson's Euripides, complete, with an Index.

EDINBURGH.

The Edinburgh Encyclopedia, conducted by David Brewster, L.L.D. &c. &c. vol. 14. part I. will be ready in a few days.

Mr Murray's "Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Asia," which has been for some time announced, will make its appearance in the course of May next. The object of this work, as of that on Africa, is to comprise, within a moderate compass, whatever is most important and amusing in the narratives of the various travellers, who have visited this extensive quarter of the globe. Besides the best works of known and standard travellers, the author has introduced a considerable number, which, as they exist only in the less known European languages, or in the MSS. of our public libraries, may probably be new to the English reader. Among these may be mentioned, Clavijo's Embassy to Timur, in 1404—Andrada's Passages of the Himmaleh, in 1624—Don Garcia de Sylva's Embassy to the Court of Shah Abbas, in 1618—Sir Thomas Grantham's Voyage in the Indian Seas, in 1683-4—Proceedings of the Portuguese Missionaries in India and Japan, (from the great works of Gusman, Nieremberg, the *Oriente Conquistado*, &c.)—MS. Reports to the Senate of Venice, on various countries of the East; and narratives relative to Asiatic Russia, from the German collections of Pallas and Muller. The whole will be accompanied with geographical and historical illustrations of the past and present state of the continent.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

LONGMAN'S General Catalogue of Old Books, for 1820. Part. II. 2s.

Catalogue of Foreign Music for 1819, sold by Boosey and Co. 28, Holles Street. 2s.

A Catalogue of Books, Ancient and Modern, now selling at the prices affixed to each article, by John and George Todd, York. 2s.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John Sebastian Bach, with a Critical View of his Compositions and Musical Examples; Translated from the German of the celebrated Dr Forkel, Author of the History of Music. As a specimen of interesting Biography, the Life of the Immortal Bach, written by so celebrated a character as the late Dr Forkel, may fairly be ranked with the lives of Haydn and Mozart, but as a book of Musical Instruction (both to the Composer and Performer) its value is much greater, as Bach is universally allowed to have been the first writer in the strict and most learned style of Musical Composition.

Holt's Life of George III. 8vo. Part VI. 3s.

The Life of Rev. John Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism; by Rob. Southey, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. £1, 10s.

The Life of Fenelon; by Charles Buller, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

CHRONOLOGY.

A Key to the Chronology of the Hindus; being an attempt to facilitate the progress of Christianity in Hinduston. 8vo. 2 vols. 18s.

DRAMA.

Gonzalo, the Traitor, a Tragedy; by Thomas Roscoe. 2s. 6d.

Too Late for Dinner, a Farce; by R. Jones. 2s. 6d.

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EDUCATION.

A Greek and English Lexicon; by M. Bass. 18mo. 4s.

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Elements of Latin Prosody; by J. R. Bryce. 12mo. 1s.

Eight Familiar Lectures on Astronomy, for the use of young persons, with plates; by William Phillips, M. G. S. 6s. 6d.

The Nature and Genius of the German Language Displayed; by D. Boileau, in one thick vol. 12s.

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The Original and Genuine Works of Wm. Hogarth, from the Plates lately in the possession of Messrs Boydell, with explanations; by John Nichols, Esq. F.S.A. No 1. £1, 1s.

The Granger Portraits, No 5.

Rodd's Catalogue of British Portraits, from Egbert the Great to the Death of George III. 1s. 6d.

Hakewill's and Turner's Views in Italy. No 9. royal 4to. 12s. 6d.

An Inquiry into the Early History of Engraving upon Copper and Wood, with numerous fac-similes; by W. Y. Ottley, F.S.A. 4to. 2 vols. £8, 8s.

Notices Illustrative of the Drawings and Sketches of some of the most distinguished masters in all the principal schools of design; by the late Henry Revely, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

GEOGRAPHY.

A new and comprehensive system of Modern Geography, Mathematical, Physical, Political, and Commercial, with coloured maps and plates; by Thomas Myers, A.M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, 4to. Part I. 7s.

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An Historical Sketch of the Campaign of 1815. Illustrated by Plans of the Operations, and of the Battles of Quatre Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo. By Captain Batty, of the First or Grenadier Guards; Member of the Imperial Russian Order of St Anne. Second edition, considerably enlarged.

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Reports of Cases of Controverted Elections, in the sixth Parliament of the United Kingdom; by Uvedale Corbett, and E. R. Daniell, Esqs. barristers at law, 8vo. 9s.

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The Mother's Medical Guardian on the Diseases of Children; by C. F. Vandeburgh, M.D. 8vo. 6s.

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Medical Notes on Climate, Diseases, Hospitals, and Medical Schools in France, Italy, and Switzerland; by James Clark, M.D. resident physician at Rome. 8vo.

The Pharmacologia; by T. Paris, 8vo. 10s.

The London Medical Repository, No 75.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*April* 12, 1820.

Sugar.—The Sugar market, since our last, has had a considerable revival, and business for some time continued to be done freely at the market prices. For some days past, however, the market has been rather languid, but no depression of prices can be stated, nor is it probable that any will take place. The shipments of refined goods has been very considerable; and notwithstanding the general activity of the refiners, the stock on hand is low. The stock of raw sugars is also reducing by degrees, and no arrivals of any consequence can be anticipated before the month of June, as the crops in the Windward and Leeward Islands are very late this season. It may safely be presumed also, that the demand for home consumpt will, in future, be more considerable than it has been for many months past. These things should influence the market, and advance the price.——*Coffee.*—The market for this article has become dull, and a considerable depression has taken place. A general alarm has prevailed in the Coffee market for some days, but from what cause, or for what reason, we cannot ascertain. The holders, however, are pressing some descriptions of Coffee into the market at reduced prices; but we conceive that this panic cannot last long. The next advices from the Continent may change the face of affairs.——*Cotton.*—The prices for Cotton have declined, and the market was for some time dull. The considerable reduction in price, however, that has taken place, has tempted speculators to come forward and make purchases at the reduced rates. The stock on hand, however, is so considerable, that we cannot see any chance of great improvement in this branch of trade; besides, there is no immediate prospect of improvement in the manufacturing districts, so as materially to increase the demand.——*Tobacco.*—In this article a few sales are making, but the market may be considered as very flat.——*Grain*, of almost every description, which had advanced considerably, chiefly, we believe, from a spirit of speculation, is now on the decline, and the market is in general become languid and depressed. The appearance of the weather, so favourable for the seed-time, will, we conceive, tend still farther to depress the corn-trade.

The same languor continues to operate upon every other article of commerce, as we have so frequently had occasion to notice. There does not appear in the accounts from any market, any appearance of a material improvement in trade. The present distracted state of the manufacturing districts also, has, in some of them, destroyed all trade and all confidence. What has long been foreseen and anticipated by us, has at last taken place. Open rebellion has reared her audacious and frightful head, in the chief manufacturing districts of Scotland. That it has been prevented from extending its baneful pursuits and consequences, we have to thank the energy of our local authorities, our military, and those brave men who have voluntarily come forward to defend their king and their country. What has taken place, however, has affixed a blot on our national character, which many years of good conduct will not wipe away, and has given a shock to the commercial character of the country, the consequences of which are painful to contemplate. The wound must be probed to the bottom, in order to shew, not only the extent of the evil, but that it is overcome, otherwise we can never restore that confidence which foreign nations previously had in the character, strength, and security, of this country.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 3d to 24th March 1820.

	3d.	10th.	17th.	24th.
Bank stock,	224 ½	shut.	shut.	shut.
3 per cent. reduced,	69¼ ⅛	shut.	shut.	shut.
3 per cent. consols,	68⅞ ⅜	68⅞ ⅜	68¼ ½	68½ ⅜
3½ per cent. consols,	78	shut.	shut.	shut.
4 per cent. consols,	88½ ⅛	shut.	shut.	shut.
5 per cent. navy ann.	104¼ 4	103¾ ¾	103¾ ¾	103¾ 4
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	68⅛	——	67⅞	68
India stock,	——	——	——	——
—— bonds,	14 15 pr.	14 15 pr.	16 pr.	13 12 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2½d. p.d.	2 1 dis.	2 3 dis.	2 dis.	2 3 dis.
Consols for acc.	69¼	68⅞	68⅜	68⅜
American 3 per cents.	66¼	66½	66½	——
French 5 per cents.	74 fr.	74 fr. 50 cr.	72 fr. 75 cr.	——

Course of Exchange, April 4.—Amsterdam, 12 : 1. Paris, 25 : 40. Bourdeaux, 25 : 70. Frankfort on Maine, 152½ Madrid, 34. Cadiz, 34. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 47¼. Genoa, 44¼. Malta, 46. Naples, 38¾. Palermo, 116 per oz. Lisbon, 50¾. Rio Janeiro, 55½. Dublin, 9 per cent. Cork, 9.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½. New doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. New dollars, 4s. 11d. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 1d.

PRICES CURRENT.—*April* 1,—*London, March* 31, 1820.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Muse.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60 to 65		57 to 64		54 to 55		59 to 61	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76 86		65 80		61 85		63 72	
Fine and very fine, . .	84 96		— —		86 89		76 86	
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145		— —		— —		— —	
Powder ditto, . .	108 112		— —		— —		89 115	
Single ditto, . .	103 112		— —		103 106		— —	
Small Lumps . .	94 98		— —		105 108		85 86	
Large ditto, . .	92 96		— —		92 98		87 88	
Crushed Lumps, . .	47 60		— —		48 52		— —	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30 31		30 30 6		31s 6d —		27 —	
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	98 110		— —		120 131		97 129	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	112 122		— —		132 138		133 152	
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	85 96		— —		105 120		— —	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	102 112		— —		121 123		— —	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	112 117		— —		136 140		— —	
St Domingo,	95 105		— —		115 122		— —	
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	7d 8d		7½d 8½d		8d 9d		— —	
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 3d 3s 6d		2s 11d 3s 0d		3s 0d 3s 2d		2s 9d 4s 6d	
Brandy, . . .	4 0 4 6		— —		— —		3 6 4 0	
Geneva, . . .	2 9 3 0		— —		— —		2 4 2 6	
Grain Whisky, . .	6 9 7 0		— —		— —		— —	
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64		— —		— —		£35 65	
Portugal Red, pipe.	38 54		— —		— —		50 54	
Spanish White, butt.	34 55		— —		— —		— —	
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35		— —		— —		— —	
Madeira, . . .	60 70		— —		— —		35 45	
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£7 0 £0 0		5 10 5 15		6 0 6 5		6 10 7 0	
Honduras, . .	8 0 0 0		5 15 6 0		6 10 7 0		6 10 7 0	
Campeachy, . . .	8 0 0 0		6 10 7 0		7 0 7 10		— —	
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	7 0 0 0		7 10 8 0		7 0 7 10		8 8 9 0	
Cuba, . . .	9 0 11 0		9 10 10 0		9 5 10 0		1s 2d 1s 6d	
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d		7s 6d 8s 6d		9s 0d 10s 0d		10s 0d 10s 6d	
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 7 1 11		— —		— —		— —	
Ditto Oak, . .	3 2 3 6		— —		— —		— —	
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 0 0 0		— —		— —		— —	
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8		1 2 1 8		1 0 1 4		— —	
St Domingo, ditto .	— —		1 4 3 0		1 5½ 2 0		— —	
TAR, American, . brl.	— 20		— —		17 18		21 0 —	
Archangel, . .	20 22		— —		— —		22 0 —	
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	8 —		— —		— —		8 6 10 6	
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	68 —		68 70		66 —		— —	
Home Melted, . .	73 —		— —		— —		— —	
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	50 52		— —		— —		£49 —	
Petersburgh Clean, .	44 45		— —		45 46		45 0 —	
FLAX,								
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	56 58		— —		— —		70s 72s	
Dutch, . . .	58 100		— —		— —		70 80	
Irish, . . .	45 52		— —		— —		— —	
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	80 90		— —		— —		£4 5 —	
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 0 0		— —		— —		— —	
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	34 35		— —		— —		38s —	
Montreal ditto, . .	41 46		39 40		39 —		45s —	
Pot, . .	38 44		38 39		37 —		38s 44s	
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	32 33		33 34		— —		£32 —	
Cod. . . .	84 (p. brl.)		30 31		— —		29 —	
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	8 8½		9 9½		0 6½ 0 8		7 9	
Middling, . . .	6¾ 7½		7 8		0 4½ 0 6		5 5½	
Inferior, . . .	6 6½		4 5		0 3½ 0 4		— —	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —		1 0 1 1		0 11¼ 1 0¼		1s 0d 1s 0½	
Sea Island, fine, .	— —		2 4 2 6		2 2 2 3		1s 9d 2s 2	
Good, . .	— —		2 2 2 6		1 7½ 1 11		— —	
Middling, .	— —		1 10 2 0		1 2 1 5½		— —	
Demerara and Berbice,	— —		1 3 1 5		1 1¼ 1 5		1 2 1 5	
West India, . .	— —		1 0 1 1		1 0 1 1		0 11 1 1	
Pernambuco, . . .	— —		1 5 1 6		1 4 1 4½		1 4 1 4½	
Maranham, .	— —		1 4 1 5		1 3 1 3½		1 3 1 4	

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 28d of February and the 23d of March 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Arnott, J. Belle, Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, stationer
Asquith, T. G. & D. Asquith, Fenchurchstreet, merchants
Ashley, E. Liverpool, sail-maker
Atkinson, J. & T. A. Atkinson, Bradford, Yorkshire, wine-merchants
Aunger, J. Exeter, woollen-draper
Barnard, W. H. & C. Barnard, Liverpool, merchants
Beckwith, C. Preston, Lancashire, draper
Bilbrough, S. Gildersome, Yorkshire, cloth-merchant
Block, W. Bathwick, Somersetshire, cabinet-maker
Bonser, F. W. Bristol, sugar-refiner
Brooks, J. Great Windmill-street, butcher
Brook, I. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, tanner
Bunker, J. Grafton-street, Soho, ironmonger
Carter, W. jun. Nuneaton, Warwickshire, silk-manufacturer
Chapman, R. Beccles, Suffolk, founder
Cheetham, J. Stockport, Cheshire, cotton-spinner
Chesmer, H. Brompton, merchant
Comber, C. Dorking, Surrey, carpenter
Cook, J. Helmsley, Yorkshire, merchant
Dale, W. Richmond, Yorkshire, woollen-draper
Dann, G. Linton, Kent, butcher
Dyball, D. White-horse-tavern, Fetter-lane, tavern-keeper
Edwards, D. Newport, Monmouthshire, corn-dealer
Ellis, J. Wellingore, Lincolnshire, common-brewer
Emmett, D. Chippenham, Wiltshire, butcher
Flear, W. Turnagain-lane, Fleet-market, painter and glazier
Forster, J. H. & C. Dobson, Norwich, manufacturers
France, E. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, plumber and glazier
Freeman, T. of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, surgeon
Gidney, J. F. Gravil-hill, Greenhithe, Kent, victualler
Glover, C. Braintree, Essex, linen-draper
Gratwick, E. Milton, Kent, innkeeper
Haffner, M. Cannon-street, carpenter
Hatch, W. Eccleston, Lancashire, corn-merchant
Hamilton, G. & J. Saxon, Queen-street, Cheapside, warehousemen
Herbert, C. Warminster, Wiltshire, farmer
Hindle, W. Leeds, Yorkshire, draper
Hodgson, M. Sunderland-near-the-Sea, Durham, grocer
Horsfall, J. Gilderstone, Yorkshire, cloth-merchant
Horley, E. T. Harbury, Warwickshire, miller
Jackson, R. Otley, Yorkshire, woollen-draper
Jones, W. jun. Burscough, Lancashire, innkeeper
Keats, J. Leek, Staffordshire, innholder
King, J. Birmingham, wire-worker
Kingdon, C. Weston-super-mare, Somersetshire, innholder
Knight, J. Fore-street, London, cheesemonger
Knill, H. Duke-street, West Smithfield, butcher
Lawrence, J. Hatton-garden, woollen-draper
Lecand, B. L. Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields, carver and gilder
Leigh, R. Liverpool, soap-maker
Levy, J. Carter-street, Houndsditch
Littlewood, J. Manchester
Lister, J. & J. B. Lay, Longroyd-bridge, Huddersfield, dyers
Longden, J. Cam, Gloucestershire, coal-merchant
Lyne, J. & C. Lyne, Finsbury-square, merchants
Macmaster, J. Norfolk-street, Mile-end, master-mariner
Macintire, J. Temby, Pembrokeshire, cattle-dealer
Mackintosh, J. Kingston, Surrey, maltster
Morris, S. Blymhill-lawn, Staffordshire, butcher
Norris, W. Romsey, Southampton, timber-merchant
Oliver, J. Hemlington-row, Branspath, Durham, cattle-dealer
Potter, G. High-street, Poplar, grocer
Richards, W. Penzance, Cornwall, merchant-tailor
Ritchie, J. Woolwich, Kent, baker
Robinson, T. Cambridge, butcher
Russ, J. Devizes, Wilts, innkeeper
Samson, M. Dorset-place, Clapham-road, Surrey, exchange-broker
Shaw, J. Micklehurst, Mottram, Cheshire, clothier
Shuttleworth, T. Ipswich, Suffolk, linen-draper
Simpson, A. St Swithin's-lane, merchant
Smith, J. Doncaster, Yorkshire, grocer, seedsman
Smith, J. S. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, druggist
Sperrin, T. Thornbury, Gloucester, tallow-chandler
Taylor, J. Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire, wine-merchant
Taylor, W. K. Birmingham, dealer in bullion
Tinson, W. Christchurch, Southampton, innholder
Vaughan, W. Compton-dando, Somersetshire, maltster
Voysey, J. S. Ratcliffe-highway, grocer
Watson, P. Liverpool, merchant
Ward, S. Bolton, Lincolnshire, millwright
Wainwright, J. Birmingham, bellows-maker
Welman, C. Illminster, Somersetshire, linen-draper
Wilkinson, C. Wormwood-street, London, tea-dealer
Williams, J. Crowland, Lincolnshire, grocer
Wood, J. Thornes, & Wood, J. Wakefield, Yorkshire, dyers

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between 1st and 31st March 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Archer, Charles, & Son, merchants, Perth
Archer, William, & Co. merchants, Newburgh
Berrie, James, plasterer, Leith-walk
Bowman, T. grocer and ironmonger, Dundee
Campbell & Cowan, candlemakers and tobacconists, Stirling; and John Campbell & Co. candlemakers and tobacconists, High-street, Glasgow
Douglas, Lachlan, merchants, Oban
Hood, W. & J. tanners at Ladyburn, east parish of Greenock
Laing, Francis, merchant, Newburgh
Lancaster, Daniel, merchant, Denny, now residing in Duke-street, Glasgow
Mackid, R. writer, fish-curer, and dealer, Thurso
Melvin, James, & Son, dyers, Glasgow
Morgan, A. merchant and dealer in flax, Kirkaldy
Morgan, J. merchant and dealer in flax, Kirkaldy
M'Coull, Robert, merchant and ship-owner, Irvine
M'Gill, W. farmer and cattle-dealer, Drummullen
Ness, Alex. merchant, Edinburgh
Pride, William, merchant, Kettle, Fifeshire
Robertson, William, merchant, Inverness
Stevenson, J. & Co. dyers, Govan-Croft, near Glasgow, and merchants in Glasgow
The Perth Foundry Company
Vallance, H. & Co. timber-merchants, Paisley
Wilson, A. merchant and ship-owner, Aberdeen

DIVIDENDS.

Andrew, T. late brewer, Linlithgow—a dividend 19th April
Arnot, G. merchant, Leith—a dividend 16th April
Cadell, T. & Co. brewers, Edinburgh—a dividend 29th April
Patison & Connell, merchants, Edinburgh—a dividend 26th April
Robertson, John, merchant, Leith—a dividend 26th March

EDINBURGH.—March 29.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....38s. 6d.	1st,.....29s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 6d.
2d,.....36s. 6d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d,.....32s. 6d.	3d,.....22s. 6d.	3d,.....17s. 6d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 16 : 4 6-12ths per boll.

Tuesday, March 28.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.		Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.	
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.		Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.	
Lamb, per quarter	6s. 0d. to 9s. 9d.		Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.	
Veal	0s. 8d. to 1s. 0d.		Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.		Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	
Tallow, per stone	9s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.		Eggs, per dozen	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.	

HADDINGTON.—March 31.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....37s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 6d.
2d,.....36s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d,.....34s. 6d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 15 : 7 : 9-12ths.

London, Corn Exchange, March 27.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red	64 to	68	Boilers	46 to	48
Fine ditto	68 to	70	New	— to	—
Superfine ditto	72 to	75	Small Beans	43 to	44
White	64 to	68	Tick	36 to	38
Fine ditto	70 to	74	Foreign	36 to	40
Superfine do.	76 to	80	Feed Oats	21 to	23
Brank, new	32 to	38	Fine do.	24 to	26
Rye	32 to	34	Poland do	23 to	25
Barley	28 to	31	Fine do.	26 to	28
Fine do.	34 to	36	Potato do.	25 to	26
Superfine	37 to	40	Fine do.	28 to	30
Malt,	50 to	60	Flour, p. sack	65 to	70
Fine do.	65 to	70	Seconds	60 to	64
Hog Pease	39 to	42	North Country	55 to	60
Maple	43 to	44	Pollard, per qr.	20 to	28
White pease	42 to	44	Bran	12 to	14

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown,	15 to	20	Hempseed	45 to	56
—White	6 to	11	Linseed crush.	56 to	64
Tares	10 to	14	New for. Seed	76 to	80
Turnip, White	14 to	20	Ryegrass	15 to	40
—New	0 to	0	Clover, Red	60 to	98
—Yellow	0 to	0	—White	60 to	100
Carraway, new.	60 to	62	Coriander	16 to	—
Canary	80 to	90	Trefoil,	30 to	65

New Rapeseed, £38 to £42.

Liverpool, April 4.

	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.			Pease, grey	40 0 to	42 0
Eng. new	10 0 to	10 10	—White	50 0 to	58 0
American	9 0 to	9 6	Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	47 0 to	48 0
Dantzic	9 6 to	10 6	Irish	44 0 to	46 0
Dutch Red	9 0 to	9 10	Ameri. p. 196 lb.		
Riga	8 0 to	9 0	Sweet, U.S.	40 0 to	42 0
Archangel	8 0 to	9 0	Do. in bond	30 0 to	32 0
Canada	9 0 to	9 6	Sour do.	36 0 to	38 0
Scotch	9 9 to	10 6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
Irish, new	9 8 to	9 10	English	33 0 to	35 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.			Scotch	29 0 to	32 0
Eng. grind.	5 3 to	5 9	Irish	27 0 to	32 0
—Malting	0 0 to	0 0	Bran, p. 24 lbs.	1 1 to	1 2
Scotch	5 0 to	5 6	*Butter, Beef, &c.*		
Irish	4 4 to	4 8	Butter, per cwt.	s.	s.
Oats, per 45 lb.			Belfast	83 to	84
Eng. pota.	3 4 to	3 9	Newry	81 to	82
Irish do.	3 6 to	3 8	Waterford	72 to	75
Scotch do.	3 7 to	3 9	Cork, pick. 2d,	78 to	80
Rye, per qr.	38 0 to	40 0	3d dry	64 to	68
Malt per b.			Beef, p. tierce	100 to	110
—Fine	10 3 to	10 9	Tongu. p. firk.	75 to	80
—Middling	8 3 to	8 9	Pork, p. brl.	84 to	85
Beans, pr qr.			Bacon, per cwt.		
English	48 0 to	52 0	—Short middles	57 to	58
Irish	43 0 to	45 0	Hams, dry	55 to	58
Rapeseed, p. l.	£34 to	£36			

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 18th March, 1820.

Wheat, 70s. 1d.—Rye, 41s. 5d.—Barley, 36s. 5d.—Oats, 24s. 10d.—Beans, 45s. 5d.—Pease, 48s. 5d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 26s. 0d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE quantity of rain that fell during the month of March is less than that of any one month for the last six years. In other respects there is nothing deserving particular notice. The mean temperature has been gradually, though slowly, increasing—the average for the month being one degree and a half higher than that of February, the same quantity less than that of March 1819, and nearly a degree higher than the mean of March for the last four years. The Thermometer, during the month, sunk eight times below the freezing point, and rose eleven times above 50. The mean daily range is about half a degree greater than is usual for the season. The Barometer has not been so stationary as might have been expected during so long a tract of dry weather. The fluctuations were frequent, and sometimes of considerable extent, generally preceded or accompanied by gales of wind. The mean of the Hygrometer is above the usual average of the spring months, and the point of deposition is consequently below the mean minimum temperature. This is generally the case, indeed, during the months of March and April, owing, as has been often remarked, to the prevalence of dry cold winds from the north and north-east. The season altogether has been uncommonly favourable; and though vegetation has not been so rapid as last year, there is reason to expect a much more abundant crop of all kinds of fruit. In this district the orchards were scarcely ever known to present a more promising appearance than they do now.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

March 1820.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	46.9
..... cold,	34.8
..... temperature, 10 A.M.	41.6
..... 10 P.M.	39.0
..... of daily extremes,	40.8
..... 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	40.3
..... 4 daily observations,	40.6
Whole range of thermometer,	375.0
Mean daily ditto,	12.1
..... temperature of spring water,	40.6

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 47)	29.702
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 47)	29.714
..... both, (temp. of mer. 47)	29.708
Whole range of barometer,	3.070
Mean ditto, during the day,	.133
..... night,	.127
..... in 24 hours,	.260

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	0.332
Evaporation in ditto,	1.720
Mean daily Evaporation,	.055
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	16.5
..... 10 P. M.	11.3
..... both,	13.9
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	30.4
..... 10 P.M.	31.4
..... both,	30.9
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	70.1
..... 10 P. M.	77.7
..... both,	73.9
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	.154
..... 10 P.M.	.136
..... both,	.135

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Maximum, 15th day,	56.0
Minimum, 2d,	24.5
Lowest maximum, 2d,	35.5
Highest minimum, 28th,	44.0
Highest, 10 A. M. 15th,	54.5
Lowest ditto, 2d,	31.0
Highest, 10 P. M. 14th	49.5
Lowest ditto 2d,	28.5
Greatest range in 24 hours, 4th,	19.5
Least ditto, 12th,	6.0

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Highest, 10 A. M. 18th,	30.350
Lowest ditto, 23d,	28.700
Highest, 10 P. M. 17th,	30.415
Lowest ditto, 23d,	28.765
Greatest range in 24 hours, 22d,	.935
Least ditto, 11th,	.015

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 22d,	32.0
..... Lowest ditto, 14th,	3.0
..... Highest, 10 P. M. 30th,	21.0
..... Lowest ditto, 28th,	3.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M. 15th	48.0
..... Lowest ditto, 3d	10.0
..... Highest, 10 P.M. 14th	47.0
..... Lowest ditto, 3d	17.0
..... Relat. Hum. Highest. 10 A.M. 14th	95.0
..... Least ditto, 25th	39.0
..... Greatest, 10 P.M. 28th	96.0
..... Least ditto, 7th	63.0
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M. 15th	.226
..... Least ditto, 3d	.063
..... Greatest, 10 P. M. 14th	.223
..... Least ditto, 3d	.082

Fair days, 25; rainy days, 6. Wind west of meridian, 21; east of meridian, 10.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Mar. 1	M. 25½	29.159	M. 37	N. W.	Hail morn.
	E. 33	28.977	E. 39		frost day.
2	M. 22	.977	M. 37		
	E. 31	29.404	E. 35	N.	Frost&snow.
3	M. 20½	.738	M. 34	N.	Frost.
	E. 32	.792	E. 33		
4	M. 21	.451	M. 34		
	E. 33	.978	E. 36	Cble.	Snow morn.
5	M. 21½	30.120	M. 37	Cble.	Frost morn.
	E. 32	29.999	E. 35		
6	M. 25½	.990	M. 35	W.	Ditto.
	E. 34	.903	E. 36		
7	M. 25	.998	M. 37	W.	Mild.
	E. 36	.995	E. 40		
8	M. 30	.902	M. 41	N.W.	Dull, but
	E. 41	.878	E. 45		fair.
9	M. 36	.654	M. 46	W.	Fair.
	E. 45	.382	E. 45		
10	M. 32	.350	M. 44	Cble.	Fair, but
	E. 40	.487	E. 41		cold.
11	M. 24	.217	M. 40	S.E.	Frost morn.
	E. 35	.251	E. 43		
12	M. 27½	.205	M. 40	S.E.	Ditto.
	E. 37	.205	E. 40		
13	M. 29½	.518	M. 53	E.	Fair.
	E. 35	.525	E. 40		
14	M. 27½	.522	M. 43	Cble.	Slight shrs.
	E. 45	.728	E. 49		
15	M. 42	.912	M. 51	N. W.	Fair.
	E. 50	.999	E. 50		
16	M. 35	.999	M. 50	N. W.	Ditto.
	E. 46	.998	E. 49		
Mar. 17	M. 32½	30.130	M. 47	Cble.	Fair, but
	E. 45	.159	E. 46		dull.
18	M. 28	.145	M. 48	Cble.	Ditto, with
	E. 45	29.999	E. 45		sunshine.
19	M. 29	30.121	M. 45	W.	Mild.
	E. 41	.105	E. 43		
20	M. 27	29.998	M. 45	W.	Frost morn.
	E. 36	.888	E. 43		
21	M. 30½	.604	M. 46	W.	Showers.
	E. 45	.438	E. 44		
22	M. 27	.526	M. 45	W.	Cold foren.
	E. 40	.507	E. 45		rain after.
23	M. 30½	28.710	M. 45	W.	Dull, with
	E. 39	.608	E. 43		showers.
24	M. 27	.794	M. 42	Cble.	Snow.
	E. 37	.869	E. 40		
25	M. 25	.998	M. 40	Cble.	Snow morn.
	E. 35	29.320	E. 40		hail aftern.
26	M. 24½	.208	M. 38	Cble.	Snow morn.
	E. 34	.208	E. 41		dull day.
27	M. 32	.220	M. 43	S. W.	Fair foren.
	E. 44	.247	E. 44		Show. after.
28	M. 32½	.561	M. 47	W.	Fair,
	E. 45	.522	E. 49		rain aftern.
29	M. 40½	.518	M. 50	S W.	Fair day,
	E. 50	.457	E. 50		rain night.
30	M. 36	.519	M. 50	Cble.	Showers of
	E. 46	.605	E. 50		rain.
31	M. 33	.440	M. 50	S.W.	Cold,
	E. 48	.490	E. 47		rain aftern.

Average of Rain, 1.097 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. MILITARY.

Bt. Major Hon. F. Cathcart, 2 Dr. to be Lieut.-Col. 24th Feb. 1820
Capt. Frye, 4 F. Major 12th Aug. 1819
—— Cowell, Coldst. Guards, Major 17th Feb. 1820
1 Dr. G. General Gwyn, from 22 Dr. Colonel, vice Sir D. Dundas, dead 19th do.
Lieut. Elmsall, Captain by purch. vice Naylor, ret. 2d March
Cornet Grierson, Lieut. by purch. do.
T. Alcock, Cornet by purch. do.
15 Dr. Ramsden, Cornet by purch. vice Elton, prom. 24th Feb.
17 Ensign Dalzell, from 45 F. Cornet, vice Marriott, 67 F. 18th July
A. B. Bromwich, Cornet, vice Nixon, dead 17th Feb.
22 Cornet Bebb, Lieutenant, vice Taunton, dead 2d Sept. 1817
F. W. E. Barrell, Cornet, vice Davis, dead 1st Feb. 1820
1 F. Lieut. Clyne, Captain, vice Butler, dead 9th March
—— Anderson, from h. p. 97 F. Paym. vice Lonsdale, h. p. do.
10 —— Thaine, Captain, vice Mullengar, cancelled 17th Feb.
11 Ensign Hopkins, Lieutenant, vice Smith, 8 Vet. Bn. 2d March
Macduff Watt, Ensign do.
17 Ensign Cain, Lieut. vice Maw, dead 12th June 1819
G. D. Young, Ensign 6th April
18 Ensign Leslie, from 46 F. Ensign, vice Gordon, h. p. 83 F. rec. diff. 2d March 1820
22 Lieut. Craster, Captain by purch. v. Lay, ret. 24th Feb.
Ensign Butler, Lieutenant do.
J. B. Gough, Ensign do.
23 2d Lieut. Kennedy, 1st Lieut. vice Trotter, 9 Vet. Bn. 2d March
G. Buller, 2d Lieut. do.
24 Lieut. Berwick, from 24 Dr. Lieut. vice Smith, Adj. 19th Dec. 1818
Ensign Dore, Lieut. 21st Aug. 1819
M. Schorff, Ens. vice Chamberlin, dead 1st Feb. 1820
G. Frankland, Ens 1st Sept. 1819
25 Lieut. Robertson, Capt. vice Juxon, 10 Vet. Bn. 2d March 1820
Ensign Blackwell, Lieut. do.
T. Robinson, Ens. do.
29 Lieut. Popham, Capt. vice Patison, 8 Vet. Bn. 9th do.
Ensign Parker, Lieut. do.
30 Lieut. Spratt, from h. p. 4 W. I. R. Lieut. vice Ross, 4 Vet. Bn. 2d do.
34 Ensign Chambers, Lieut. v. Hearne, dead 5th July 1819
36 Lieut. Moody, Capt. by purch. vice Fane, 1 W. I. R. 2 March 1820
42 —— M'Kenzie, Capt. vice Chisholm, 4 Vet. Bn. do.
Ens. M'Iver, Lieut. do.
R. Macdonald, Ens. do.
43 Ensign Cradock, Lieut. vice Madden, 92 F. 24th Feb.
—— Ferguson, Ens. do.
45 T. Eman, Ensign, vice Dalzell, 17 Dr. 17th do.
N. Sykes, Ens. by purch. vice Williamson, 73 F. 9th March
46 Ensign Orange, Lieut. vice Watts, 73 F. 17th Feb.
W. N. Hutchinson, Ens. 24th do.
Ensign Tait, from h. p. 83 F. Ens. paying diff. vice Leslie, 18 F. 2d March
48 —— Weston, Lieut. vice Archer, 6 Vet. Bn. do.
W. Codd, Ens. do.
49 F. Lieut.-Gen. Sir M. Nightingall, Colonel, vice Maitland, dead 19th Feb.
Bt. Major Clegg, Major by purch. vice Ormsby, ret. 9th March
Lieut. Lamont, Capt. by purch. do.
Ensign Sanders, Lieut. by purch. do.
50 Gent. Cadet G. Ross, from R. M. Col. Ens. vice Power, cancelled 2d ditto
Surg. Jones, h. p. 1 F. Surg. vice Ross, h. p. 1 F. 17th Feb.
53 Lt.-Col. Fleming, fm. 2 Cey. Reg. Lt.-Col. vice Brereton, h. p. York Rang. 24th do.
W. Warren, Ensign 8th May 1819
59 Ensign Barlow, Lieut. vice Macpherson, dead 15th do.
65 —— Mulkern, Lieut. v. Thomson, dead 15th July
W. Fitzmaurice, Ens. do.
67 Cornet Marriott, from 17 Dr. Lieut. vice Jones, dead 18th do.
70 Lieut. Mackay, Capt. vice Cameron, 6 Vet. Bn. 2d March 1820
Ensign White, Lieut. do.
Gent. Cadet J. L. Clarke, from Roy. Mil. Coll. Ensign do.
73 Lieut. Watts, from 46 F. Capt. vice Vallance, dead 24th Feb.
75 Troop Quar. Master M. M'Phail, Quar. Mast. vice Murray, dead 9th March
79 Lieut. Cameron, from h. p. Lieut. vice M'Arthur, 2 Vet. Bn. do.
84 Ensign Ingilby, Lieut. vice M'Carthy, dead 30th May 1819
G. P. Clarke, Ens. 17th Feb. 1820
86 Surg. Rule, from h. p. 58 F. Surg. vice Bellairs, h. p. 58 F. 24 do.
87 Lieut. Carroll, Adj. vice Hutchinson, pro. 25th May 1819
89 Ens. Macdonald, Lieut. vice Hewson, dead 26th June
W. J. King, Ens. 1st March 1817
90 Ensign Sneyd, from h. p. 39 F. Ensign 9th March 1820
91 —— Trimmer, Lieut. vice Hood, 9 Vet. Bn. 2d do.
D. Macdowall, Ens. do.
92 Lt. Meiklejohn, from h. p. 56 F. Paym. vice Gordon, h. p. do.
93 Lieut. Sparks, Capt. vice Boulger, 7 Vet. Bn. 17th Feb.
Ensign Arthur, Lieut. 2d March
Spens, Ens. do.
R. Br. Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, K.G. & G.C.B. Colonel in Chief, vice Sir D. Dundas, dead 19th Feb.
1 W.I.R. Capt. Fane, from 36 F. Major by purch. vice Irby, ret. 2d March
R. S. C. Viscount Beauchamp, Ensign by purch. vice Myers, prom. 24th Feb.
2 Lieut. Barry, Capt. vice Hance, 1 Vet. Bn. 2d March
—— M'Lean, from h. p. Afr. Corps, Lt. do.
1 C. R. 2d Lieut. Gray, 1st Lieut. v. Tulloh, dead 1st June 1819
2 Lt.-Col. Smelt, from h. p. York Rangers, Lt.-Col. vice Fleming, 53 F. 24th Feb. 1820
York C. A. Boetefeur, Ensign by purch. vice Dormer, prom. 9th March

Medical Department.

J. Campbell, Hosp. Assist. vice Cousens, dead 24th Feb.

Garrisons.

Gen. Sir Samuel Hulse, Gov. of Chelsea Hospital, vice Dundas, dead 19 do.
Lt.-Gen. Sir Harry Calvert, Bt. G.C.B. Lt.-Gov. of Chelsea Hospital do.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt.-Col. O'Malley, from 38 F. with Maj. Cuyler, h. p. 60 F.

Bt. Lt. Col. Bourchier, from 11 Dr. with Major Smith, 22 Dr.
Bt. Major Milner, from 4 F. with Bt. Major Frye, h. p. 3 F.
Capt. Ramsey, from 14 F. rec. diff. with Captain Knollis, h. p.
—— Brownson, from 25 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Priestley, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn.
—— Nolan, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Captain Reed, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
Lieut. M'Kenzie, from 22 Dr. with Lt. Robison, 24 F.
—— Mullenger, from 10 F. with Lieut. Blane, h. p. 1 F. G.
—— Leavach, from 21 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Johnston, h. p. 3 W. I. R.
—— Reveley, from 46 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Campbell, h. p. 30 F.
—— Ridge, from 56 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mason, h. p.
—— Lee, from 81 F. with Lieut. Dixon, h. p. 85 F.
—— Boyton, from 2 Ceylon Reg. with Lieut. Poynts, h. p. 30 F.
—— Croft, from 1 F. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lyster, h. p.
—— Stacpoole, from 18 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lynar, h. p. 49 F.
—— Smith, fm. 20 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Holmes, h. p. 14 F.
—— Harrison, from 41 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Borrowes, h. p. 103 F.
—— Clemens, from 41 F. with Lieut. Purdon, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
—— Stern, from 60 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Williams, h. p. 61 F.
—— Prior, from 69 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Windsor, h. p. 1 W. I. R.
Cornet M'Cally, from 11 Dr. with Cornet Wymer, 22 Dr.
Ensign Forbes, from 22 F. with Ens. Smith, 89 F.
—— Dallas, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Lodington, h. p. 4 F.
Quarter-Master Smith, from 14 Dr. with Quarter-Master Houghton, h. p. 25 Dr.
—— Jackson, from 40 F. with Quarter-Master Hales, h. p. 67 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Cooke, 3 West York Militia
Lieut.-Colonel Irby, 1 W. I. R.
—— Ormsby, 49 F.
Major Naylor, 1 Dr. G.
Captain Lay, 22 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Captain Mullingar, 10 F.
Cornet Erskine, 21 Dr.
Ensign Power, 50 F.
Assist.-Surgeon Greig, 67 F.

Dismissed.

Dep. Assist. Commis. Gen. Phillips.

Deaths.

Gen. Walker, Roy. Art. at Chelsea 14th Mar. 1820
—— Hartcup, Roy. Eng. in London 28th Feb.
Lt.-Gen. Cheney, from G. Gds. at Beverley 9th March
Major-Gen. P. Mackenzie, Colonel of 3 Vet. Bn. at Sheffield 7th do.
—— C. Irvine 4th June 1819
—— Hamilton, R. Wag. Train, London 18th March 1820
Col. D. Rattray, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. 24th Feb.
—— Sheldrake, R. Art. at Reading 23d do.
Lieut.-Col. R. French, h. p. 89 F.
—— Hales, h. p. Canadian Fenc. at Fredericton, New Brunswick, Aide-de-camp to Maj. Gen. Smyth 30th Dec. 1819
—— Middleton, R. Mar. Chat. 5th Mar. 1820
Major A. Macdonald, h. p. Portuguese service 2d April 1819
—— Gilbert Elliott, R. Mar. on passage from the Mediterranean 17th Feb. 1820
Captain Nixon. 10 Vet. Bn. in Guernsey 25th Jan.
—— Haggerston, of late 8 Vet. Bn. 18th Oct. 1819
—— Whannell, 53 F. Duke of York Indiaman 19th Feb. 1820
—— Montgomerie, 57 F. Clonmell 28th Jan.
Capt. A. F. von Brandis, late G. L. 28th Jan. 1820
Lieut. S. Swiny, h. p. 58 F. 26th Nov. 1819
—— Lowson, h. p. 22 Dr. 25th Sept.
—— Ross, late 5 Vet. Bn. Guernsey 3d March 1820
—— Jas. Fraser Dunlop, h. p. 58 F. Londonderry, Ireland 9th March
—— Roberts, late 5 Vet. Bn. Alderney 30th Dec. 1819
—— Green, 67 F. Bombay 20th July
—— Burton, 5 Vet. Bn. late h. p. 4 Gar. Bn. Aberdeen 25th Feb. 1820
Ensign James Fraser, 1 Vet. Bn. 13th Feb.
—— F. Sander, late Germ. Leg. 19th do.
Paym. A. Macdonald, h. p. Rifle Brig.
—— Nichols, 19 F. 28th Aug. 1819
—— Burgess, 2d Lancashire Militia 14th Feb. 1820
Assist.-Surg. Ader, h. p. Ger. Leg. 30th Dec. 1819
—— Runstadt, Ger. Leg. 24th Oct.
Dep. Assist. Commis. Gen. Rankin, Canada

Additions and Alterations too late for insertion in their respective Places.

1 L. G. Capt. Earl of Uxbridge, from 7 Huss. to be Capt. vice Mayne, ex. rec. diff. 8th March 1820
1 D. G. Lt. Dames, from h. p. 56 F. Lieut. vice Waldron, ex. rec. diff. 16th do.
2 Dr. Capt. Spooner, Major by purch. v. James, ret. do.
Lieut. Graham, Capt. by purch. do.
Cornet Shawe, Lieut. by purch. do.
A. W. Wyndham, Cornet by purch. do.
7 Capt. Mayne, from 1 Life Gds. Capt. vice Earl of Uxbridge, exch. 8th do.
7 F. Lt. Black, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Lt. vice Payne, exc. rec. diff. 16th do.
3 F. G. J. Berners, Ens. & Lt. by purch. vice Armit, ret. do.
1 F. J. Mackenzie, Qua.-Mas. vice Park, dead do.
9 Lieut. St. John, from h. p. Meuron's R. Lt. vice Robinson, exc. do.
10 —— M'Nair, from h. p. 8 F. Lt. v. Sims exc. rec. diff. do.
28 —— Arbuthnot, from h. p. 11 Dr. Capt. by purch. vice Teulon, prom. do.
29 R. P. Douglas, Ens. vice Parker, pro. do.
53 Lieut. Emery, Capt. vice Whannel, dead do.
—— Prideaux, from h. p. 80 F. Lt. do.
55 —— Pack, from h. p. 71 F. Lieut. vice Clements, exc. rec. diff. do.
60 —— Chichester, from h. p. 14 F. Lt. vice O'Hehir, exc. rec. diff. do.
80 Capt. Addison, from h. p. 62 F. Capt. vice Dick, exc. rec. diff. do.
84 Lieut. Spottswood, Capt. by purch. vice Rowe, ret. do.
90 —— Conroy, Capt. vice Wood, 3 Vet. Bn. do.
R. Br. Quar.-Mas. Serj. W. Hill, Quar.-Mas. vice Surtees, 4 Vet. Bn. do.
2 W. I. R. Major Bradley, Lt.-Col. vice Ross, 7 Vet. Bn. do.
Captain Lord, Major do.
Lieut. Anderson, Capt. do.
Ensign Redman, Lieut. do.
—— Holt, fm. h. p. 4 W. I. R. Ens. do.
1 V. B. Lieut. Worlledge, from h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Lieut. 24th Feb. 1820
2 Bt. Major M'Intyre, fm. 2 W. I. R. Capt. do.
Lieut. Williams, from 60 F. Lieut. vice Semple, cancelled do.
3 Maj.-Gen. St. George, Col. v. Mackenzie, dead 16th March
Assist.-Surgeon Tonge, M.D. from h. p. 13 Vet. Bn. Assist.-Surg. vice La Cloche, exc. 24th Feb.
4 Quart.-Mast. Surtees, from R. Brig. Ens. Fraser, 7 Vet. Bn. do.
5 Bt. Major Ebrington, from h. p. 21 F. Capt. vice Campbell, cancelled do.
Lieut. Menzies, from h. p. 25 F. Lt. do.
Ensign Walker, from h. p. W. I. R. Ens. vice Bradley, cancelled do.
7 Lieut.-Col. Ross, from 2 W. I. R. Lieut.-Col. vice Walker, cancelled do.
Lieut. Tubb, from 5 Vet. Bn. Lieut. 1st Nov. 1819

7 V. B. Balderson, from h. p. 100 F. Lieut. 24th Feb. 1820
9 Capt. Logan, from R. Scots, Capt. vice Frederick, cancelled do.
Ensign Renwick, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Ens. vice Kemmeter, cancelled do.
—— Mackay, from h. p. Cape Reg. Ens. vice M'Pherson, cancelled do.
10 Lieut. Hargrove, from h. p. 92 F. Lieut. vice Taylor, cancelled do.
Ensign M'Phail, from h. p. 35 F. Ensign, vice Hay, cancelled do.

Medical Department.

Hosp. Assist. —— Arthur, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Moir, cancelled 13th do.

Staff.

Maj.-Gen. Sir Henry Torrens, K. C. B. to be Adj.-Gen. to his Majesty's Forces 25th March 1820

Horse Guards, 25th March 1820.

His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief has been pleased to appoint Major-Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, to be his Military Secretary.

Ordnance Department.

Royal Artillery.

2d Capt. Stopford, from h. p. 2 Capt. 26th Dec. 1819
1st Lieut. Campbell, 2d Capt. do.
—— Tomkyns, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
2d Lieut. Stow, 1st Lieut. do.
—— May, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.

Royal Engineers.

1st Lieut. Baddeley, from h. p. 1st Lt. 7th Sept.
2d Lieut. Foster, 1st Lieut. do.
—— Smith, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.

Medical.

2d Assist.-Surg. Parratt, from h. p. 2d Assist.-Surg. vice Humphreys, h. p. 1st Feb. 1820.

II. NAVAL.

Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
Commanders.	*Lieutenants.*	J. B. Toker
O. V. Vernon	Edward P. Cox	J. E. Griffith
John M'Dougall	W. D. Smethurst	Thomas Caswell
John Branford	George Spong	
Superannuated Commanders.	Edward Wavell	*Surgeon.*
John Alexander	W. A. Longmore	James Rankin
Charles Rundle	F. R. Dashwood	

Appointments.

Vice-Admiral, Sir Graham Moore, Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean.
Flag-Lieutenant, Secretary, Harry Munro.
Rear-Admiral, William Charles Fahie, Commander in Chief at the Leeward Islands.
Flag-Lieutenant, Joseph R. Thomas.——Secretary, E. E. Vidal.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
Captains.		Lloyd Edwards	Egeria
Roger Hall	Carnation	Geo. Patterson	Favourite
O. B. Vernon	Drake	N. Johnson	Pandora
J. T. Nicolas	Egeria	M. Brown	Wasp
Lieutenants.		*Surgeons.*	
Charles Hills	Brazen	Robt. Somerville	Bann
R. G. Welsh	Confiance	W. H. Clunes	Confiance
E. P. Cox	Creole	Jas Dobbie	Egeria
J. B. Toker	Drake	Chas Kent	Favourite
R. C. Curry	Egeria	Chas. Linton	Sybille
Robert Stuart	Ditto	John Rainey	Supernumerary do.
Robert Lowcay	Ditto	Peter Comrie	Ditto ditto
F. R. Dashwood	Euryalus	Chas Cameron	Ditto ditto
Charles Gosset	Favourite	Gilbert King	Ditto ditto
Joseph Roche	Harlequin	Wm Anderson	Tamar
Geo. Spong	Liverpool	*Assistant Surgeons.*	
Edward Luscombe	Minden	John Baird	Clinker
Edward Wavell	Nautilus	Rd. Warwick	Egeria
J. H. Boteler	Northumberland	Edward Finucane	Favourite
Wm Maxwell	Ontario	John Isatt	Kangaroo
J. Billingsley	Parthian	Rob. Gourley	Liffey
Edw. Sparshott	Revolutionnaire	And. Ramsay	Serapis
Arthur Morrell	Ditto	A. D. Wilson	Severn
Charles Parker	Sapphire	Rt. Morrison	Sir F. Drake
Thomas Edye	Shamrock	James Adair	Sybille
V. Munbee	Sir F. Drake	Rt. Lamont	Ditto
Francis Roberts	Tamar	Wm Black	Ditto
W. D. Smethurst	Tees	Wm M'Gee	Ditto
G. C. Gambier	Topaze	Dd. Gelatlie	Ditto
Wm Picking	Tribune	C. O'Friell	Tamur
J. R. Thomas, F.L.	Ditto	C. France	Vigo
G. R. Lambert, F.L.	Vigo	*Pursers.*	
Hon. M. Stopford	Will. & Mary, Yt.	H. B. H. Long	Bann
Wm Edwards	Cheerful Rev. Cr.	Henry Ennis	Confiance
Royal Marines.		Wm Turner	Cygnet
1st Lt. W. S. Knapman	Vigo	Wm Webb	Egeria
Masters.		Fk. Dillon	Fly
Alex. Watson	Alban	Robert Golding	Queen Charlotte
Wm Ramsay	Arab	W. H. Bond	Serapis
Edw. Franklin	Confiance	Wm Smith	Tyne

Miscellaneous Appointments.

Resident Commissioners of the Victualling at Plymouth and Portsmouth, respectively—Captain Richard Creyke, R.N., and Captain Henry Garrett, R.N.

Clerk of the Survey, Deptford-yard—Daniel B. Dawes.

Surgeon of Chatham-yard—David Rowlands, M.D.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Jan. 2. At Quebec, the lady of James Kerr, Esq. Judge of the Court of King's Bench, a son.

15. At Gibraltar, the lady of Major Thos. Fyers, royal engineers, a son.

Feb. 20. At Loanhead, the lady of the late R. Riccalton, Esq. surgeon, R. N. a daughter.

26. Mrs N. W. Robertson, a daughter.

— Mrs Grey, Minto-street, a son.

28. At Galashiels, Mrs Dickson, a son.

— At Reading, Berks, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Wemyss, a son and heir.

— At Deal, the lady of Captain M'Culloch, of his Majesty's ship Severn, a son.

29. The lady of Alexander Grant, Esq. Adam-street, Adelphi, a son.

March 1. At Edinburgh, the lady of Alexander Norman M'Leod, Esq. of Harris, a daughter.

— At Teviot-bank, the Honourable Mrs Elliot, a daughter.

2. At Parkhouse, Mrs Gordon, a son.

5. At Edinburgh, the lady of Major-General the Hon. Alexander Duff, a daughter.

— At Ladyland, Mrs Cochran, a daughter.

8. The lady of Major Martin, Broughton-place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

9. At Dundalk, Ireland, the lady of Major Wallace, of the King's dragoon guards, a son.

10. At Paisley, the lady of Captain Tronson, 13th regiment, a son.

11. At Shandwick-place, Edinburgh, the lady of Thomas M'Kenzie, a son.

12. Mrs Yule, Broughton-place, Edinburgh, a son.

13. At Altyre, the lady of Sir William G. Gordon Cumming, of Altyre and Gordonstown, Bart. a son.

14. At Ayr, Mrs Fullarton of Skeldon, a daughter.

15. In Lower Grosvenor-street, London, the Rt. Hon. Lady Catherine Whyte Melville, a daughter.

16. In Edinburgh-castle, the lady of Lieut. Johnstone, 26th regiment, a son.

— At Perth, Mrs Latta, spouse of Dr Latta, physician there, a still-born son.

17. At Marienville, Mrs Dudgeon, a son.

— At Albany-street, North Leith, Mrs Thomas Robertson, a son.

— At Mungall-cottage, Stirlingshire, the wife of Lieutenant Charles Smith, R. N. a son.

18. In Great Portland-street, London, the lady of William Anderson, Esq. a son.

19. In Bedford-square, London, the lady of A. Spottiswoode, Esq. a daughter.

20. At Pilrig-house, Mrs Balfour, a son.

— At Great King-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Crawfurd of Cartsburn, a son.

29. At Jamaica-street, Mrs Duncan Ballentine, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 28. At Bonnington-house, Lanarkshire, Sir Charles Macdonald Lockhart, of Lee and Carnwath, to Emilia Olivia Ross, daughter of the late General Sir Charles Ross, Bart. of Balnagowan.

29. At Edinburgh, Lieut. D. Macfarlan, late of the rifle brigade, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Drummond, Esq.

March 1. At Aberdeen, the Rev. Alex. Cushnie, Strachan, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Alexander Robertson, minister of Coull.

— Lieut.-Colonel Colquhoun Grant, Forres, to Margaret, second daughter of James Brodie, Esq.

2. At Edinburgh, Major Balmain, of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Jane, third daughter of the late Forest Dewar, Esq.

5. At her brother's house, of Straloch, Aberdeenshire, Mrs William Bretner, to H. George Leslie, Esq. of Denlugas.

6. At Liverpool, Alexander Hunter, Esq. to Catharine, second daughter of William Carson, Esq. merchant.

— At Edinburgh, by the Rev. John Campbell, Selkirk, James Cross, Esq. St John's, Newfoundland, to Barbara, third daughter of Mr Laidlaw, Johnston's-place, Stockbridge.

— At Glasgow, Mr Dundas Smith, surgeon in Saltcoats, to Margaret Sarah, daughter of the late Robert Thomson, Esq. of Jamaica.

7. At Scotscraig-house, Captain Hugh Lyon Playfair, of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Jane, youngest daughter of William Dalgleish, Esq. of Scotscraig.

8. At Edinburgh, Captain M'Queen, of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Mary, eldest daughter of the deceased John Moir, Esq. of Hillfoot.

11. At Beaconsfield-church, the Honourable Charles Augustus Fitzroy, eldest son of Lieutenant-Gen. Lord Charles Fitzroy, to Lady Mary Lennox, daughter of the late Duke of Richmond.

13. At Wells, Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Thavis Inn, London, to Eliza, second daughter of Robert Brooks, Esq. of Coxley, Gloucestershire.

— At Greenock, Mr Thomas Boyd, Dublin, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr John Pringle, Bottlework, Greenock.

— At Leith, William Henry Roberts, Esq. Albany, Surrey, to Anne, daughter of John Crawford, Esq. Leith.

14. At Taunton, Robert Grant, Esq. of the 4th light dragoons, youngest son of Sir Arch. Grant, Bart. of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late William Walter Yea, Esq. of Pyrland-hall, in the county of Somerset.

16. At Niddry, Mid-Lothian, Mr Robert Handyside, Fisherrow, to Marion, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Young.

17. W. G. M'Knight, Esq. of Green-castle, Jamaica, to Eliza, youngest daughter of T. Manners, Esq. of the Crescent, Minories.

— At Newington, Mr William M'Candlish, to Felicite Leslie, daughter of John M'Gregor, Esq.

18. Captain Robert Anderson, 91st regiment, to Charlotte Erskine, eldest daughter of the late J. P. Wade, M. D. of the Honourable East India Company's service.

20. At Kirkcudbright, Benjamin Welsh, M. D. Haddington, to Jane Blair, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr Mutter, Kirkcudbright.

24. At Edinburgh, Mr John Lunn, builder, to Jessie, eldest daughter of Mr Richard Fraser, Shakspeare-square.

Lately—At Paddington, William Lushing, Esq. of Paddington, to Miss West, only daughter of the late Captain H. West, R.N.

DEATHS.

April 12, 1818. At Benhampore, in the East Indies, Lieutenant Alexander Macleod, of the Madras infantry;—and at Badulla, in the island of Ceylon, on the 25th May last, in consequence of over-fatigue during the Candian war, Norman Macleod, Esq. assistant-surgeon to the forces, both sons of the late Maj. Macleod of Balineanach, Isle of Skye.

Aug. 17, 1819. At Fort-William, in the East Indies, H. Murray, Esq. younger of Rosemount.

26. In India, three months after his arrival, G. Anderson, Esq. surgeon, Madras establishment.

Oct. 13. At Trinidad, Mr William Cunningham, late of Glasgow.

Dec. 14. At Port Antonio, Jamaica, Dr Thomas Reid, eldest son of the late Mr Robert Reid, land-surveyor, Perth.

— At Trinidad, Charles Melville, Esq. formerly secretary to the governor of that island.

18. At Jamaica, William Donaldson, Esq. lately of St John's, New Brunswick.

Jan. 1, 1820. At Demerara, Milliken Craig, Esq. of Ballewen, late commander in the Honourable East India Company's service.

14. In St Vincents, Robert Porter, Esq.

20. At Springfield, near Forres, Neil Currie, Esq. of Springfield, late surgeon in the 78th regiment.

24. At Naples, Cardinal Carracciolo, bishop of Palestine.

27. At his seat, Trelowarren, in Cornwall, Sir Vyall Vyvyan, Bart.

Feb. 1. At the Villa Pen, near Spanish Town, Jamaica, after a protracted illness, Francis Graham, Esq. formerly a representative in Assembly for the parish of St Thomas in the Valla, in that island.

11. At Rothesay, in the 83d year of his age, John Blain, Esq. late collector of the customs there, sheriff-substitute of the county of Bute, commissary of the isles, &c.

— At Crieff, Mr William Maxton.

12. At Burntsfield-links, Martha S. Simpson, eldest daughter of John Simpson, late captain in the 27th foot.

16. At Brighton, Major-General John Lindsay.

17. At Orchard-house, Paisley, Henry Bowie, Esq. of Mountblow, aged 75.

— At Star-bank, Thomas Simson, Esq. of Star, aged 79.

18. At Annat-lodge, near Perth, Lieut.-General Robert Stuart of Rait, of his Majesty's army in India, and also a Lieut.-General in the service of the Honourable East India Company.

19. At Largo, Archibald Goodsir, Esq. M. D. member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, and late surgeon in the Fifeshire regiment of militia.

20. At Hillhouse, William Mackerrell, Esq. of Hillhouse.

21. At Ayr, Mr Henry Cowan, jun. writer and banker.

22. At Leslie, Tho. Inglis, Esq. of Feal, aged 69.

— At Melville-house, the Right Hon. Alexander, Earl of Leven and Melville, aged 70 years. His Lordship succeeded his father in the year 1802. He married, in the year 1784, Jane, the late Countess, only daughter of John Thornton, Esq. of Clapham in Surrey, and has left five sons and three daughters, of whom the eldest, Viscount Balgonie, inherits the family titles and estates. The late Earl of Leven and Melville was comptroller-general of the customs for Scotland, and one of the trustees for manufactures, &c.—Among the public charities of this city, with which his Lordship was officially connected, were the Lying-in Hospital, the House of Industry, the Society for the Industrious Blind, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, and the Bible Society.

23. At Thenurst-cottage, Berks, Colonel Sheldrake, of the royal artillery.

— At Daventry, Northamptonshire, Lieutenant-Colonel David Rattray, late of the 65d regiment of foot.

— At Dunkeld, Mr John Proudfoot, aged 79.

24. At Glasgow, Miss Eliza Cook, of Newtonhall, Northumberland.

— David Paterson, Esq. banker and insurance-broker in Edinburgh.

— At Perth, Mr Thomas Wishart, wood-merchant.

— On his passage from Leith to Montrose, on board the Susan, Hanton, Mr Jas. Duncan, writer, Edinburgh.

— At Ayr, Mr Gilbert M'Clure, merchant, aged 82.

25. At Glasgow, Mrs Coates of Baillieston.

— At Park-place, Edinburgh, Miss Mary Campbell, third daughter of Lord Succoth.

— At Lochead, Lieutenant William K. Burton, late of the 4th garrison battalion.

26. At Knock, Banffshire, Alex. Stronach, Esq.

— James Watt, Esq. aged 56, many years in the service of the Honourable East India Company.

— At Kirkwall, William Erskine, youngest son of Alexander Peterkin, Esq.

27. At Torr-house, David Irving, Esq. surgeon.

— At Montrose, Captain D. Valentine, R.N.

— At his house, Burntsfield-links, Mr Richard Dick, late tobacconist in Edinburgh.

— At the manse of Turiff, Mrs Stuart, wife of the Rev. William Stuart, minister of that parish.

28. At Dean-park, near Edinburgh, Mrs Susan Scott, wife of Mr Andrew Gibson.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Martin, late bookseller there.

— At Grange, Miss Anne Lauder, eldest daughter of the deceased Sir Andrew Lauder of Fountainhall, Bart.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Niven of Thornton.

29. At Kirkaldy, James Cruickshank Mylne, youngest son of Major Mylne, 79th regiment.

— At Hillhousefield-house, Mrs Isobel Hamilton, widow of the deceased Mr Alexander Brown, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Dumfries, Mr John Dunn, minister of the Independent Church there.

— At Selkirk, Mrs Mann, dame of E. Mann, Esq.

March 1. At Edinburgh, the infant daughter of George Wauchope, Esq.

— At Peckham, Mr William Stewart, late of the Cudbear Company, Westminster.

— At Leith, Mrs Janet Harper, widow of the late Thomas Hart, merchant there.

— At Crichton-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Gardiner, eldest daughter of the late Captain James Gardiner, royal marines.

— Captain James Aberdour, R.N. a native of this city.

— At Dumfries, James Graham, Esq. of Furthhead, late writer in Dumfries.

— At her house, Hope-park-end, Miss Hay.

— Mrs Katherine Burd, wife of Robert Dick, writer, Edinburgh.

2. Charlotte Elizabeth, infant daughter of Mr H. S. Bringloe, Nelson-street, Edinburgh,

— By shipwreck, on the coast of France, Mr Daniel Lane, jun. late of Hamburgh, aged 24.

— At Musselburgh, Mrs Guild, aged 73.

— At Perth, Mr Andrew Ramsay, preacher of the gospel.

3. At Broughton-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Greig of Lethangie.

4. Mrs Sanderson, aged 89, relict of Mr Thomas Sanderson, merchant.

— At Rankeillor-street, Edinburgh, Miss Grace Brown, eldest daughter of the late Captain Andrew Brown, R.N. of Johnstonburn.

— At Montrose, Miss Dickson, eldest daughter of the late James Dickson, Esq. merchant in Montrose.

5. At Stranraer, Miss Agnes Campbell of Airies.

6. At Burnside-cottage, Campsie, Rob. Bryson, Esq.

— At Irvine, David Dale, Esq.

— Suddenly, at Dean-hall, Stockbridge, Andrew Thomson, Esq. of the island of Trinidad, aged 45.

7. At Sharrow-head, near Sheffield, Major-Gen. Patrick Mackenzie, colonel of the 2d royal veteran battalion, after 42 years' active employment in the service of his country.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr John Torrance, baker, Hanover-street.

— At Bennals, Hugh Ronald, Esq. of Bennals.

9. At Torresdale, Major-General Keith Macalister of Loup.

— At Queensferry, Mrs Mary Mackenzie, wife of the Rev. John Henderson, minister of that parish.

9. At Beverly, of typhus fever, Lieut.-General Cheney.

10. At his house in Newman-street, Benjamin West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy, at the advanced age of 82 years. This distinguished artist was born at Springfield, in Chester, county of Pennsylvania, on the 10th of October 1738—his parents were Quakers. At a very early age he displayed the germ of those great talents as an artist, which afterwards placed him in so elevated a station in life. Through the patronage of some American gentlemen, among whom was, we believe, the late Mr Laurence, who became afterwards a distinguished actor in the American Revolution, Mr West was sent, when he was about sixteen years of age, to Italy, where he cultivated his taste with an enthusiasm that at one period was nearly fatal to his health, by an intense study of the great works of the old masters, which then filled the Roman, Venetian, Florentine, and Bolognese schools. At Rome Mr West attracted particular attention, and was patronised in that city by a number of English gentlemen of rank. It is nearly sixty years ago since Mr West first arrived in England:—he was an early member of the Academy of Arts in St Martin's-lane, and one of the first members of the present Royal Academy. Mr West succeeded the late Mr Barry, as President of the Academy. His characteristic mildness to the students, his kind and considerate attention to all who approached him, for that information which no man was more capable of diffusing, will long endear his memory to our rising artists. There never lived a more industrious artist than Mr West. He painted upwards of 3000 pictures, many of them of very large dimensions. Our late venerable Sovereign honoured him with his patronage and friendship, and employed him at Windsor upon many works, which will long perpetuate his fame. His historical pictures are to be found in many of the principal collections in Europe and America. Several of his best are in the royal collection at Buckingham-house; and the venerable artist retained in his own gallery many of great value. His last great works, dedicated to the diffusion of moral and religious sentiment, and in the application of his talents to such noble purposes he was never excelled, are, Christ Healing the Sick, and the two magnificent works now in the exhibition at Pall-mall. In his manners and deportment Mr West was peculiarly mild and unassuming, and retained to the last the primitive habits and simplicity of character which mark the respectable sect to which his parents belonged. He was well known to the artists of the Continent, and was a member of all the academies of art in Europe. He retained his faculties to the last, though his state of health was of late so feeble that he could not move without assistance. Mr West has left two sons, on whom his property will devolve. This principally consists of numerous works from his own pencil, and some choice specimens of the old masters, particularly of Titian; the whole valued at upwards of £100,000.

10. At Torwoodlee, Mrs Pringle of Torwoodlee.

— At Glennan, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Duncan Macdougall, Esq. Ardintrive.

— At his house, Leith-walk, James Peat, Esq. collector of excise.

11. At Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Butter, widow of Mungo Fleming, Esq. Prince's-street.

— At her house, in Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, Mrs Balfour, widow of John Balfour, Esq. of Balbirny.

— At Edinburgh, Alex. Paterson, Esq. youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Paterson, late of the 22d light dragoons.

— At Brachouse, Edinburgh, William Butter, Esq. aged 92.

12. Suddenly, at Dalwhinnie, near Blair Athol, where he had halted on his way to his country seat in the Highlands, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, well known for his adventurous journies in the deserts of North America.

— At Portobello, Mrs Susanna Harries, wife of Captain Pierie, R.N.

— At Easter Moffat, Miss Jane Waddell of Easter Moffat.

13. At Dalkeith, George Dickson Wilson, youngest son of Mr Alexander Wilson.

— At Paisley, Mrs Campbell, wife of Alexander Campbell, Esq. sheriff-substitute of Paisley.

— At Maxwelltown, Miss Ann Maxwell of Carruchan.

— At London, Mary, the only and beloved daughter of Allan Cunningham.

13. At Kirkcudbright, Sarah, wife of William Mure, Esq. of Twynholm-mains.

— In Sloane-street, London, General Walker, royal artillery.

16. At Edinburgh, Sarah Norcott, spouse of W. Maule, Esq.

— In Queen-street, Edinburgh, Miss Grame Hepburne, youngest daughter of the late Col. Rickart Hepburne of Rickarton.

— At Prince's-street, Edinburgh, Edmond Livingston, Esq. aged 89.

— At his father's house, in Leith, Hugh Waters, aged 20.

17. At Davidstone, Miss Calder of Davidstone.

18. At St John's-hill, Edinburgh, Isabella, youngest daughter of Mr Edward Robertson, in the 10th year of her age.

— In Cleveland-row, St James's, London, Maj. Gen. Hamilton, colonel of the royal waggon train.

19. At Edinburgh, at the early age of 18, Francis Alexander Gatherer, third son of John Gatherer, Esq. surveyor of taxes for Banffshire.

20. At Edinburgh, at the house of her nephew, the Rev. Dr Meiklejohn, Mrs Margaret Cree, eldest surviving daughter of the late Hugh Cree, Esq. of Saline-shaw.

— At his house, Grassmarket, Edinburgh, Mr William Fife, upwards of 80 years of age.

Lately—At his brother's house, in Leith, Mr W. Armstrong, aged 32.

— At Coimatore, near Madras, whither he was journeying to embark for England, after one day's illness of a cholera morbus, Major David Carstairs, of the 8th regiment of native infantry.

— Suddenly at Paris, Lady Courtenay Chichester. She was the wife of Mr Blunt, an English gentleman of respectability. In consequence of her coach having been overturned, she took a hackney-coach to pay a visit to some of her friends; and on leaving it she fell down dead, supposed to be from the effects of the fright.

— At Bath, in her 86th year, the relict of Dean Ogle, and mother of the late Mrs R. B. Sheridan.

— At his house in Great George-street, Westminster, John Hosier, Esq. aged 67.

— At London, John Grant, Esq. of Wallibon, in the parish of St Vincent.

— At Blackheath, R. Scott, Esq. of Shincliff-hall.

— At Auchterarder, George Hume, vintner there, aged 64.

— Mr Edward Smith of Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, one of the most singular characters in the kingdom, in the 75th year of his age. Until within a few years, it was his constant practice to ride on a bull, and instead of smoking tobacco he had his hay salted, and smoked it instead of that plant. By his will he directed that his body should be carried to the grave by poor men, who were to be paid 5s. each: That the funeral should take place early in the morning; and that none of his relatives or friends should attend, or any mourning be worn by them on his account, under a forfeiture of their respective legacies.

— At Maismore, near Gloucester, John Rogers, at the advanced age of 107 years. He had lived in five reigns, and enjoyed good bodily health till within about a year of his death.

— At Hampstead, the Hon. John Dimsdale, Baron of the Russian empire, in the 73d year of his age.

— At Rome, sister Fortunee Gioncarelli, of the Ursuline order, in the 109th year of her age, and 74th of her residence in the convent.

— At Budie-house, of the scarlet fever, Margaret Isabella Smith, eldest daughter of G. Smith, Esq.

— At Bath, the Rev. T. Haweis, LL.D. and M.D. in his 87th year. He was the father of the Missionary Society, and the mission to the islands in the Pacific Ocean originated with him.

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THE FALL OF JERUSALEM*.

It was generally felt, we think, that "Samor Lord of the Bright City," did not quite fulfil the rich promise of Mr Milman's first poem, "Fazio;" and, if we mistake not, it was scarcely less generally suspected that the chief cause of the failure lay in the choice of the subject. The scene, indeed, was placed in Britain, but we, modern English, could not flatter ourselves that it was placed among our forefathers—and in spite of many exquisite beauties, both of conception and of language, there was nothing in the poem itself to atone for the want of that national interest which, with one exception too illustrious to require being pointed out, has formed the deepest and most lasting charm of every successful production of the epic muse. The imitation of a certain great living master, besides, was perhaps too apparent both in the structure of the fable and in the developement of the characters, as well as in the diction of some of the finest passages in the piece; and, on the whole, although Samor would have been more than sufficient to attract great notice, had it come forth as the first production of a young author, its effect certainly was not to increase the reputation of one that had several years before exhibited his full possession, not only of a singularly rich and splendid imagination, but of scientific skill and acquaintance with the technical principles of his art, still more extraordinary in a person of his age.

Were any retrograde movement in the author's fame to be the consequence of the present poem, no apology, most assuredly, could be sought or found for him in the general selection of his theme. In fixing, on the contrary, for the subject of poetical embellishment, on the dark and predestined overthrow of that sacred city, where alone, for long centuries, the Most High had deigned to glorify an earthly temple with the visible mystery of his peculiar presence—where alone the light of revealed truth had, during ages of heathen blackness, been concentrated and enshrined—where, in the fulness of time, the Son of the Most High himself had appeared in the form and likeness of man, to crown a life of miracles with a death above all things miraculous—the chosen seat of one dispensation, and the chosen cradle of another,—Mr Milman unquestionably, has been fortunate enough to take possession of one of the noblest and most inspiring subjects that ever lay within the reach of any Christian poet. The Fall of Jerusalem was the last terrible scene in the history of a long favoured race, every incident of whose good and evil fortune formed a necessary link in a mysterious chain of supernatural annunciation and supernatural completion. Even in the books of Moses, written at the very beginning of the national existence, and many centuries before the fulness of the national glory of

* The Fall of Jerusalem, a dramatic poem: by the Rev. H. H. Milman, Vicar of St Mary's, Reading, and late Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford. London; John Murray, 1820.

the Israelites, this, the awful catastrophe of their national drama, had been distinctly foretold. Prophet followed prophet to awaken and encourage the devotion, or to rebuke the coldness and chastise the backslidings of the chosen people, and each in his turn pointed with a mournful but a steady finger to the same final overwhelming calamity. At length the long series of prophets terminated in the Son of God, and he, more clearly and decidedly than any that had gone before him, announced to the devoted nation the now near and impending consummation of their destiny. Of the many that heard and scorned his prediction, not a few lived to witness with their own eyes, and to share in their own persons, the terrors of its fulfilment; while far different was the fate of those that had embraced the glad tidings brought by the Prince of Peace, and obeyed the distinct warning, "flee ye to the mountains;" for the page of history testifies, that *not one* Christian Jew was a partaker in the last miseries of the beleaguered and captured city of his fathers. A more visible—a more sublime example of the completion of prophecy has never been exhibited to the world,—nor shall any such ever be exhibited, until (as the poet before us has very skilfully and powerfully suggested throughout the whole tenor of his performance) that last great day shall arrive, wherein it shall be manifested to the eyes of men and angels, that the downfall of Jerusalem was but the type and symbol of the closing catastrophe of all earthly things.

Grand and magnificent, however, as Mr Milman's subject must be admitted to be, it still remains a matter of some doubt with us, whether he judged well when he resolved to treat it in a dramatic form of composition. That a subject may be sublime and imposing, and in itself highly poetical, and yet not well adapted for the drama, has already been shown abundantly in the history of literary enterprise; and we are not prepared to say that Mr Milman has not followed many illustrious predecessors, in mistaking that for a tragic which by nature was more properly fitted to be an epic or a lyrical theme. In spite of all the genius of Æschylus the incidents properly arising out of the situation of Thebes as a besieged city, do not affect the imagination as peculiarly adapted for dramatic representation. The passions and the situations are too general and too much diffused over multitudes to be truly dramatic; for in that species of composition, the principal element of success has always been found in the happy delineation of a fine play of thought and sentiment in individual characters. Now, in the piece before us, there is no essential train of incidents regularly engendered out of the affections and relations of individuals, and consequently there is not much of consecutive personal interest extending through the whole course of the drama. The passions of the individual characters are vigorously expressed, and their sufferings are delineated with an appalling and commanding mastery of imagination, but all these are but so many detached pictures, for they lead to nothing, and the catastrophe comes on without any dependence upon them. And these circumstances, although they had not occurred to the poet when he was laying the plan of his work, have evidently, we think, exerted a great influence over him in the execution of it, —for—although the Fall of Jerusalem be in form a dramatic piece—the reader, who pauses after perusing it to consider by what passages he has been most pleased, will, we rather suppose, have little hesitation in deciding, that these, with scarcely one exception, are all specimens, not of proper tragic dialogue, but of magnificent epic description or of high lyrical inspiration, either pathetic or sublime.

We shall have enough to say hereafter on the beauties of this poem, but since we have begun with mentioning its defects, it may be as well to say here, once for all, that—granting the Fall of Jerusalem to have been an admirable subject not only for poetical embellishment, but even for dramatic embellishment—Mr Milman would still have done wrong in making, as he has done, the chief substance of his drama to consist of a delineation of the contending elements of the later Jewish fanaticism. It is not possible that we should give the fulness of our sympathy to beings stained with all human vices,—of whose character the only tolerable trait lies in their firm adherence to an outworn and supplanted system of religious belief. The three principal male characters introduced

by Mr Milman excite no deep interest—they neither fix the attention nor keep hold of it. The disputes between Simon the Pharisee and John the Sadducee are in general coldly conducted,—although there is one passage in which the denier of the doctrine of resurrection expresses, with a masterly energy, his mode of thinking in regard to the pleasures of life. But, indeed, what we have said concerning the dramatic imperfection of Mr Milman's composition, must be understood with many exceptions in favour of particular passages. Throughout there are scattered many fine touches expressive of the obstinate and infatuated hopes of the Jews, that they were soon to be delivered from all their miseries by some direct interposition of heavenly aid. Their hatred—their scorn of the Roman power is depicted so as to produce a very striking effect. The last remains of long cherished faith and confidence are seen fermenting and maddening a people whom God has abandoned. Their faith, not being answered by any divine protection, produces only a wild delirium of zeal, which destroys the balance of all natural feelings, and hurries the stubborn misbelievers into every species of dark and bloody atrocity. Had these circumstances been made to come before us more distinctly in the portraiture of individual minds, and had the action of the fable been made to hinge more closely upon what goes on by means of its persons, there can be little doubt that Mr Milman might have produced a far more perfect poem than he has done. But we are criticising too much where there is so much room to admire. Our apology must be found in our respect for the genius of our young poet, and our anxiety to see him as free from faults as he is already rich in beauties.

The tragedy opens on the evening preceding the last night of the siege—Titus and his Roman officers survey the beleaguered city from the Mount of Olives, as it lies before them gleaming in the rich golden light of that fatal sunset. The splendour of this antique capital is set forth in one of the speeches with prodigious luxury of diction,—though, after all, the poet's enthusiasm scarcely carries him beyond the sorrowful historic majesty of the lamentation of Josephus. In that, and in some other passages we are about to quote, the language appears to be chosen with exquisite skill, and is often put together with a fine gloss;—but, as we have said already, it is in passages purely descriptive that such praise is most frequently due to Mr Milman. We shall begin with this beautiful speech.

"*Tit.* It must be—
And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
The counsels of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspers'd;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength.
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle dust and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple,
In undisturb'd and lone serenity
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.
Tib. Alex. Wondrous indeed it is, great Son of Cæsar,
But it shall be more wond'rous, when the triumph
Of Titus marches through those brazen gates,
Which seem as though they would invite the world
To worship in the precincts of her Temple,
As he in laurell'd pomp is borne along
To that new palace of his pride.
Tit. Tiberius!
It cannot be——
Tib. What cannot be, which Rome
Commands, and Titus, the great heir of Rome?
Tit. I tell thee, Alexander, it must fall!
Yon lofty city, and yon gorgeous Temple,
Are consecrate to Ruin. Earth is weary
Of the wild factions of this jealous people,

And they must feel our wrath, the wrath of Rome,
Even so that the rapt stranger shall admire
Where that proud city stood, which was Jerusalem.
Dia. Thy brethren of the Porch, imperial Titus,
Of late esteem'd thee at the height of those
That with consummate wisdom have tamed down
The fierce and turbulent passions which distract
The vulgar soul: they deemed that, like Olympus,
Thou, on thy cold and lofty eminence,
Severely didst maintain thy sacred quiet
Above the clouds and tumult of low earth.
But now we see thee stooping to the thraldom
Of every fierce affection, now entranced
In deepest admiration, and anon
Wrath hath the absolute empire o'er thy soul,
Methinks we must unschool our royal pupil,
And cast him back to the common herd of men.
Tit. 'Tis true, Diagoras; yet wherefore ask not,
For vainly have I question'd mine own reason:
But thus it is—I know not whence or how,
There is a stern command upon my soul.
I feel the inexorable fate within
That tells me, carnage is a duty here,
And that the appointed desolation chides
the tardy vengeance of our war. Diagoras,
If that I err, impeach my tenets. Destiny
Is over all, and hard Necessity
Holds o'er the shifting course of human things
Her paramount dominion. Like a flood
The irresistible stream of fate flows on,
And urges in its vast and sweeping motion
Kings, Consuls, Cæsars, with their mightiest armies,
Each to his fix'd inevitable end.
Yea, even eternal Rome, and Father Jove,
Sternly submissive, sail that onward tide.
And now am I upon its rushing bosom,
I feel its silent billows swell beneath me,
Bearing me and the conquering arms of Rome
'Gainst yon devoted city.——

There is something exquisitely just as well as poetical in the idea which this passage unfolds of Titus, as being vehemently impelled towards the destruction of the city by an inward feeling for which he cannot account. This idea is the happiest that could have been selected for meeting us at the opening of the piece—but, perhaps, it might have been still better if Titus had not reasoned upon the impulse which he feels, or appeared to consider it as any thing that required to be accounted for. It would have produced a still stronger effect if he had merely shewn a determined enthusiasm of vengeance—of such a nature as to appear unusual and remarkable to those about him, but not to himself. He that is made the instrument of a preternatural and extraneous impulsion, such as that which hastened the footstep of Titus to the ruins of the temple, should not be represented as perceiving, in the midst of these inpoured energies, that he is feeling any thing more than the circumstances in which he is visibly placed are calculated to produce. Jove sails on, unquestioning, upon the tide of Fate—it becomes not Titus to speculate too much on the impulses of his own minor progress. The idea of Destiny is nothing unless it be kept swathed and shrouded in the stern unapproachable darkness of relentless gloom.—It sways, grasps, and hurries on the whole existence of its instruments—it does not divide the soul—it does not leave one part of the impelled spirit to theorize on the movements of the rest. The whole man is bound in his heavenly fetters—and his whole powers should have been represented as swallowed up in one blind overwhelming energy of human will, strung high to more than earthly enthusiasm.

While the Roman draws, closer and closer, his "imprisoning wall" without—the Jews within are divided by a thousand bigotries of contending sects and parties, and the want of cordiality among their leaders, is made the instrument to prevent them from executing any combined movement, or taking up any one rational scheme of defence. In this last night of the siege, the elements of their disunion are represented as more jarring than ever. The bitterness of defeat exasperates them not more against the common enemy than internally against themselves. In spite of the proud hopes which still awaken from time to time in their bosoms, the heaped up tide of their calamity begins to slacken their confidence in the misinterpreted prophecies whereon they had hitherto relied. A spirit of incipient Infidelity mingles itself visibly in the workings of their maddened souls. The high priest complains that his ephod and mitre command no respect among the furious disputants whose business it is to defend the temple of the Lord.—Rage, hunger, despair, stir every

bosom into a storm;—and when, at length, Heaven begins to pour forth prodigy on prodigy, and omen on omen, all full of thickening darkness —we feel that the waywardness of Man has already been preparing all things for the doom of the Almighty; and that the catastrophe, sudden and awful as it is, can scarcely surprize even those that are involved in its tempestuous visitation. The last prodigy is that recited by the High Priest himself—the audible, not visible desertion of the temple by the tutelary angels of the place—and when it is told, we perceive that all is completed.

Upon a sudden
The pavement seemed to swell beneath my feet,
And the veil shiver'd, and the pillars rock'd.
And there, within the very Holy of Holies,
There, from behind the winged Cherubim,
Where the Ark stood, noise, hurried and tumultuous,
Was heard, as when a king with all his host
Doth quit his palace. And anon, a voice,
Or voices, half in grief, half anger, yet
Nor human grief nor anger, even it seem'd
As though the hoarse and rolling thunder spake
With the articulate voice of man, it said,
"LET US DEPART!"

Amidst all the terrible spectacles exhibited in the beleaguered city, a delightful relief is ever and anon afforded by the underplot of Miriam and Javan—the conception and execution of which will form, we suspect, the most lasting charm of the poem. The Pharisee leader, Simon, has two daughters, both young and beautiful—the elder, Salone, of a high and enthusiastic temper, loves, with all the oriental warmth of imagination and passion, Amariah, a young Jewish hero, in whom, along with her father, the last hopes of the perishing nation are centred. She sits every day upon the ramparts of the city, her black locks thrown back from her front, and devouring with her eyes the blaze of the perpetual contest, where the path of her impetuous lover is marked by tenfold desolation. In the last night of the siege, Abiram, a false prophet, commands, in the name of the Most High, that the nuptials of this pair be immediately celebrated, and the mandate is listened to with applause by all the assembled leaders, who still entertain a shadow of hope that the Messiah is about to make his appearance, and kindle at the suggestion, that the daughter of Simon and the bride of Amariah may be likely, above all others of her tribe, to be the favoured mother of the mysterious infant. The bridal is held forthwith, in the house of the old Pharisee, and the last cup of wine is shed in its festive celebration.—Youths and maidens sing the nuptial song, full of all the old pride of their people, and the bridegroom is ushered into "the chamber of his rest," with a tumult of joy that contrasts fearfully with the general gloom all around the city and the habitation. While the song is yet prolonged, the final assault of Titus takes place—at that moment the angels desert the holy of holies,—and the whole of the city is wrapt in an instant in the darkness of its last agony. Could our limits permit us, we might quote many passages of the highest splendour from this part of the poem, but we prefer the episode of the younger sister Miriam, and her lover, Javan.

Javan is a Christian, and previous to the siege, had retreated with those of his faith to the safety of the mountainous region beyond Jerusalem. But Miriam, although she has embraced the creed of her lover, refuses to quit her father in the hour of his distress, and undergoes, in the strength of filial devotion, her share of all the calamities of the siege. Javan, however, meets her every night at the fountain of Siloe, to which she descends from the city wall by an old overgrown path-way in the rock, known only to herself and her sister. Here they interchange the renewal of their vows, but Miriam resists every importunity of her lover to flee from the ruin-stricken city. He brings to her a nightly offering of fruits, which she receives, for the secret solace of her father after his fatigues in the daily battle—while, wasted and worn out, she herself awaits in firm but gentle submissiveness, that hour of doom from whose terrors she has no hope to escape.—We must quote the first introduction of these lovers.

The Fountain of Siloe—Night.

JAVAN *Alone.*

Sweet fountain, once again I visit thee!
And thou art flowing on, and freshening still
The green moss, and the flowers that bend to thee,
Modestly with a soft unboastful murmur
Rejoicing at the blessings that thou bearest.
Pure, stainless, thou art flowing on; the stars
Make thee their mirror, and the moonlight beams

Course one another o'er thy silver bosom:
And yet thy flowing is through fields of blood,
And armed men their hot and weary brows
Slake with thy limpid and perennial coolness.
Even with such rare and singular purity
Mov'st thou, oh Miriam, in yon cruel city.
Men's eyes, o'erwearied with the sights of war,
With tumult and with grief, repose on thee
As on a refuge and a sweet refreshment.
Thou canst o'erawe, thou in thy gentleness,
A trembling, pale, and melancholy maid,
The brutal violence of ungodly men.
Thou glidest on amid the dark pollution
In modesty unstain'd, and heavenly influences,
More lovely than the light of star or moon,
As though delighted with their own reflection
From spirit so pure, dwell evermore upon thee.
Oh! how dost thou, beloved proselyte
To the high creed of him who died for men,
Oh! how dost thou commend the truths I teach thee,
By the strong faith and soft humility
Wherewith thy soul embraces them! Thou prayest,
And I, who pray with thee, feel my words wing'd,
And holier fervor gushing from my heart,
While heaven seems smiling kind acceptance down
On the associate of so pure a worshipper.
But ah! why com'st thou not? these two long nights
I've watch'd for thee in vain, and have not felt
The music of thy footsteps on my spirit——
(Voice at a distance.)—Javan!
Jav. It is her voice! the air is fond of it,
And enviously delays its tender sounds
From the ear that thirsteth for them——Miriam!

Javan, Miriam.

Jav. Nay, stand thus in thy timid breathlessness,
That I may gaze on thee, and thou not chide me
Because I gaze too fondly.
Mir. Hast thou brought me
Thy wonted offerings?
Jav. Dearest, they are here:
The bursting fig, the cool and ripe pomegranate,
The skin all rosy with the emprisoned wine;
All I can bear thee, more than thou canst bear
Home to the city.
Mir. Bless thee! Oh my father!
How will thy famish'd and thy toil-bow'd frame
Resume its native majesty! thy words,
When this bright draught hath slak'd thy parched lips,
Flow with their wonted freedom and command.
Jav. Thy father! still no thought but of thy father!
Nay, Miriam! but thou must hear me now,
Now ere we part—if we must part again,
If my sad spirit must be rent from thine.
Even now our city trembles on the verge
Of utter ruin. Yet a night or two,
And the fierce stranger in our burning streets
Stands conqueror; and how the Roman conquers,
Let Gischala, let fallen Jotapata
Tell, if one living man, one innocent child,
Yet wander o'er their cold and scatter'd ashes.
They slew them, Miriam, the old gray man,
Whose blood scarce tinged their swords—(nay, turn not from me,
The tears thou sheddest feel as though I wrung them
From mine own heart, my life-blood's dearest drops)—
They slew them, Miriam, at the mother's breast,
The smiling infants;—and the tender maid,
The soft, the loving, and the chaste, like thee,
They slew her not till——
Mir. Javan, 'tis unkind!
I have enough at home of thoughts like these,
Thoughts horrible, that freeze the blood, and make
A heavier burthen of this weary life.
I hop'd with thee t' have pass'd a tranquil hour!
A brief, a hurried, yet still tranquil hour!
But thou art like them all! the miserable
Have only Heaven, where they can rest in peace,
Without being mock'd and taunted with their misery.
Jav. Thou know'st it is a lover's wayward joy
To be reproach'd by her he loves, or thus
Thou would'st not speak. * * *

On her return, the maiden sings a hymn, of which the following beautiful verses form a part. They scarcely shrink from a comparison with the divine Christmas hymn of Milton—the lovely melody of which, indeed, has evidently been on the ear of the author.

For thou wert born of woman! thou didst come,
Oh Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way,
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high:
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The Eastern Sages leading on
As at a kingly throne,

To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraphs' burning lyres
Pour'd thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible Angels mourn'd with drooping plumes:
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary
With all thine own redeem'd out bursting from their tombs.
For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day
The world in darkness lay;
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun;
While thou didst sleep within the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom;
Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With Devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew;
But thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

In the interval which elapses between the commencement of Salone's Bridal-song and the final alarm, Miriam, who is standing in her father's gate, meets with an old Jew, who recounts to her that he had been present when Christ was led to the cross—that he had mingled in the fierce outcries of the Jews against the Messiah—and had heard with his own ears the last prophetic annunciation of the doom which awaits the city. The introduction of such a recital at that moment, shews great art in the poet, as it binds together the whole series of events, and places the reader in the best position to survey the impending burst of ruin. The chamber of Amariah is disturbed immediately afterwards, by the alarm that the Romans have forced the wall, and that the temple is wrapped in unquenchable flames. The bridegroom rushes forth;—having ascertained the measure of the calamity, he returns only to bury his sword in the bosom of his bride, as her sole protection from "the Gentile ravisher," and to wash away the pain of the wound with his last burning tears. Salone comes out in her nuptial veil, and dies in the arms of Miriam in the porch; and ere long the light of the conflagration shews the half-armed body of her husband stretched bloody by her side. At the moment when nothing seems to be reserved to save the Christian maiden from the common ruin, a Gentile soldier approaches her with a demeanour of unexpected gentleness, and in silence constrains her to follow him. He leads her, half unconscious whither she is going, over the burning fragments of the city on to the rampart, and thence down the path, with which she had supposed herself alone to be acquainted, to the fountain of Siloe. She starts on finding that she is once more at that haunted scene; and half suspects that Javan has assumed the disguise of a Roman soldier, and braved the dangers of the storm as a last effort for her protection.

The Fountain of Siloe.—Miriam, the Soldier.

Mir. Here, here—not here—oh! any where but here—
Not toward the fountain, not by this lone path.
If thou wilt bear me hence, I'll kiss thy feet,
I'll call down blessings, a lost virgin's blessings
Upon thy head. Thou hast hurried me along,
Through darkling street, and over smoking ruin,
And yet there seem'd a soft solicitude,
And an officious kindness in thy violence—
But I've not heard thy voice.
Oh, strangely cruel!
And wilt thou make me sit even on this stone,
Where I have sate so oft, when the calm moonlight
Lay in its slumber on the slumbering fountain?
Ah! where art thou, thou that wert ever with me,
Oh Javan! Javan!

The Soldier. When was Javan call'd
By Miriam, that Javan answer'd not?

Forgive me all thy tears, thy agonies.
I dar'd not speak to thee, lest the strong joy
Should overpower thee, and thy feeble limbs
Refuse to bear thee in thy flight.
Mir. What's here?
Am I in heaven, and thou forehasted thither
To welcome me? Ah, no! thy warlike garb,
And the wild light, that reddens all the air,
Those shrieks——and yet this could not be on earth,
The sad, the desolate, the sinful earth.
And thou could'st venture amid fire and death,
Amid thy country's ruins to protect me,
Dear Javan!
Jav. 'Tis not now the first time, Miriam,
That I have held my life a worthless sacrifice
For thine. Oh! all these later days of siege
I've slept in peril, and I've woke in peril.
For every meeting I've defied the cross,
On which the Roman, in his merciless scorn,
Bound all the sons of Salem. Sweet, I boast not;
But to thank rightly our Deliverer,
We must know all the extent of his deliverance.
Mir. And I can only weep!
Jav. Ay, thou should'st weep,
Lost Zion's daughter.
Mir. Ah! I thought not then
Of my dead sister, and my captive father—
Said they not "captive" as we pass'd?—I thought not
Of Zion's ruin and the Temple's waste.
Javan, I fear that mine are tears of joy;
'Tis sinful at such times—but thou art here,
And I am on thy bosom, and I cannot
Be, as I ought, entirely miserable.
Javan. My own beloved! I dare call thee mine,
For Heaven hath given thee to me—chosen out,
As we two are, for solitary blessing,
While the universal curse is pour'd around us
On every head, 'twere cold and barren gratitude
To stifle in our hearts the holy gladness.
But, oh Jerusalem! thy rescued children
May not, retir'd within their secret joy,
Shut out the mournful sight of thy calamities.
Oh, beauty of earth's cities! throned queen
Of thy milk-flowing valleys! crown'd with glory!
The envy of the nations! now no more
A city——One by one thy palaces
Sink into ashes, and the uniform smoke
O'er half thy circuit hath brought back the night
Which the insulting flames had made give place
To their untimely terrible day. The flames
That in the Temple, their last proudest conquest,
Now gather all their might, and furiously,
Like revellers, hold there exulting triumph.
Round every pillar, over all the roof,
On the wide gorgeous front, the holy depth
Of the far sanctuary, every portico,
And every court, at once, concentrated,
As though to glorify and not destroy,
They burn, they blaze——
Look, Miriam, how it stands!
Look!
Miriam. There are men around us!
Javan. They are friends,
Bound here to meet me, and behold the last
Of our devoted city. Look, oh Christians!
Still the Lord's house survives man's fallen dwellings,
And wears its ruin with a majesty
Peculiar and divine. Still, still it stands,
All one wide fire, and yet no stone hath fallen.
Hark—hark!
The feeble cry of an expiring nation.
Hark—hark!
The awe-struck shout of the unboasting conqueror.
Hark—hark!
It breaks—it severs—it is on the earth.
The smother'd fires are quench'd in their own ruins:
Like a huge dome, the vast and cloudy smoke
Hath cover'd all.
And it is now no more,
Nor ever shall be to the end of time,
The Temple of Jerusalem!——Fall down,
My brethren, on the dust, and worship here
The mysteries of God's wrath.
Even so shall perish,
In its own ashes, a more glorious Temple,
Yea, God's own architecture, this vast world,
This fated universe—the same destroyer,
The same destruction——Earth, Earth, Earth, behold!
And in that judgment look upon thine own!

The Christian spectators then sing together the following sublime chorus, which, as we have hinted before, completes, in the most felicitous manner, the whole of the tragic picture, by extending the interest of the catastrophe, and carrying on the mind of the reader to the contemplation of the greater catastrophe which it symbolizes. As a specimen of composition, it is, we think, superior to any thing Mr Milman ever has produced, and indeed inferior in very little to any thing we remember in the poetry either of his English or of his German contemporaries. When taken together with the passages we have already quoted, it cannot fail to impress our readers with a high sense of the native power of this youthful poet, and to fill them with the brightest hopes concerning what he may hereafter aspire and dare to execute.

HYMN.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
Oh Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,

That secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
Still to the noontide of that nightless day,
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the Cup of Woe;
Till Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And Heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

The hundred-gated Cities then,
The Towers and Temples, nam'd of men
Eternal, and the Thrones of Kings;
The gilded summer Palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the Bird of pleasure sings:
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd,
The skies are shrivell'd like a burning scroll,
And one vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been, is no more:
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy;
When for the breathing Earth, and sparkling Sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an Ark.

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perish'd sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred Monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and True! thou still wilt save thine own!
The Saints shall dwell within th' unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic Bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines,
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almightiest to redeem!

Such is the conclusion of the Fall of Jerusalem—by far the most soaring flight that Mr Milman has ever hitherto sustained. As a master of the high, serene, antique flow of lyrical declamation, we are free to say, that we consider him as far superior to any living poet; and he should profit by his past experience, by devoting himself more to the rare path in which nature seems to have offered him success so pre-eminent. With regard to the drama, much as we admire Mr Milman's genius, we cannot say that we entertain for him any so very sanguine expectations. He is a poet highly refined, and sometimes his conceptions are profound; but he has not as yet exhibited any proof of that noble reliance on the simplicity of natural associations, without which we cannot hope to see the slumbering spirit of the British stage bidden from its lethargy. Throughout the whole of his dialogue, the language is rather elaborately poetical, and artificially moulded, than inspired by the immediate feelings and impulses of the passing scene. To qualify, in some measure, these remarks, it should, however, be held in remembrance, that the sacredness and dignity of the subject may perhaps have acted, in the present instance, as a species of more than common restraint on the flow of the poet's imagination—still more of his language. With every deduction the rigour of criticism can make, there still remains abundance of praise, which no one can refuse to this performance. The highest compliment to the genius of the author is to be found, not in the admiration excited by any particular passage, but in the deep gravity and grandeur of the impression which the whole tenor of the poem is calculated to produce. The Terror and the Pity which agitate the mind throughout the earlier parts of the drama are subdued and softened, in the closing scene, into a profound repose of humility and Christian confidence; and he that lays down the volume will confess, that Mr Milman has, in the first fruits of his genius, offered a noble sacrifice at the altar to whose service he has devoted his life.

TALES OF THE CLOISTER.

MR NORTH,

From the perusal of "the Monastery," and the gratifying annunciation of an approaching sequel, under the title of "the Abbot," I was lately induced to turn back to a collection of Catholic legends already introduced to your notice—the "Prato Fiorito di varj Esempj"—and have found it to contain (as might be expected) a great number of stories relative to the different monastic orders, calculated not more for the edification of pious believers, than for the amusement of such infidels as may chance to have enrolled themselves among the "lovers of hoar antiquity," to whom, and to yourself, I shall make no apology for thus briefly introducing a few specimens to their notice.

TALE THE FIRST.

"Of the terrible chance that befell one who, with evil design, took upon himself the religious habit."

Marianus, in his Chronicle of the Minorites, relates of a certain sorry and wicked person, whom we shall name Bernardin, that, after having consumed his substance, and wasted the better years of his life in vain and riotous living, immersed in sin and iniquity, under the guidance of his sovereign lord and master the devil, he was at length induced, by the suggestions of the same terrible potentate, to seek admission into the order of minor friars, for the express purpose of disturbing the peace and contaminating the morals of that holy brotherhood. With this view he addressed himself to St Anthony, who was then preaching at Padua, and who, having examined him touching his pretensions, and finding him (as he thought) sufficiently apt for the sacred functions of the profession, received him accordingly, and afterwards perceiving him to have some knowledge of human sciences, constituted him a clerk, and took upon himself the charge of preparing him, by his efficacious instruction and exhortation, to become a shining light among those of the order to which he had thus been admitted. Bernardin, on his part, pushed his dissimulation to the utmost extremity, in the semblance of devout humility with which he listened to the saint's teaching, while he secretly plotted the destruction of that religion to which he appeared to be so zealous a convert; but Satan, whose jealousy is ever awake, and who began to entertain serious apprehensions lest the lessons to which he was a daily listener might, in the end, prevail with him to become a practiser also, began to devise means to secure his allegiance, or at least to deprive St Anthony of the glory of a conquest, by cutting short the days of the sinner before he should have lived to extricate himself from the toils of hell, in which he had hitherto remained a willing captive. He, therefore, infused into his ears a beginning fastidiousness of the religious life to which he had addicted himself, and a contempt of the instructions to which he had listened till he had almost yielded to the conviction they were calculated to produce; and, having thus infected his mind with the desire of change, he at last appeared before him one day in the likeness of a beautiful horse, ornamented with the fairest trappings, and furnished with every accoutrement necessary to the equipment of an honourable cavalier, which, when the false novice saw, as he issued forth from his cell to cross a meadow that lay between it and the refectory of his monastery, he cast thereon an admiring and covetous eye, accounting it the best and most gallant steed that it had ever fallen to his lot to behold. Accordingly, finding himself alone and unobserved, he went up to the noble animal and began to caress him, from whence he fell to examine his harness and accoutrements, when, in a portmanteau which was appended to the saddle, he discovered a complete suit of armour, with rich vestments, suited to a person of honour—and hard by a purse full of golden coin. Bernardin marvelled greatly at the sight, and began to conjecture who might be the fortunate possessor of such treasure, whom he imagined, without doubt, to be some one among the honourable knights of the vicinage. He did not, however, stop long in thinking about it, but soon threw off the religious

habit in which he was clad, and, rejoicing mightily in having so unexpectedly found that which he most desired, equipped himself speedily in those splendid arms, which fitted his person so exactly, that they appeared to have been just fashioned, by some master taylor, for his express use; as, indeed, true it was that the infernal artificer had so prepared them. He then sprang into the saddle right-gladly, and rode off as fast as the willing charger would carry him, with nothing to check his hilarity but the apprehension of meeting, on his way, with the true owner. This apprehension gradually died away, as league after league vanished with unequalled rapidity, from behind his tread—nor was he able, in the swiftness of his course, to keep any reckoning of the distance measured by him, until, to his unutterable astonishment, he found himself, at night-fall, before the gates of the town of Bourges, in Berry, having traversed, since morning, a space which it would have taken any but an infernal courser a week to perform. He entered the town, and alighted at an hostelry, where he commanded a good supper to be set before him, which he ate with exceeding good appetite. It chanced that he was waited on, at his meal, by a daughter of mine host, a very comely damsel, whose charms made such an impression on the senses of this carnal-minded apostate, that he set about devising how he might render them subservient to his dishonest pleasure. As soon as supper was ended, he therefore sent for mine host, and began to lay before him certain proposals of such a nature as to offend even the avaricious spirit of him to whom they were addressed, and to draw from him an indignant refusal. He then changed his tone, and offered marriage, which was, in like manner, resisted, until his ungoverned concupiscence, suborning all the suggestions of human prudence, as it had before stifled all remaining sense of religion, he displayed, to his greedy eyes, all the treasures of his purse and portmanteau, the sight of which finally wrought such a change in the sentiments of the astonished inspector, as to overcome all the repugnance he felt at the thoughts of delivering his beloved daughter to the arms of a stranger, insomuch that he exclaimed in rapture, he might win her and wear her as it listed him. The damsel's consent to become the bride of so rich and honourable a cavalier was gained with greater facility; and suitable arrangements being made for the succeeding nuptials, a chamber was prepared forthwith, to which the false monk retired with his mistress, little loath to indulge him in anticipating the sanction of a solemnity she knew not how ineffectual.

It was already past midnight, when the devil, who had assumed the likeness of a horse to hurry the wretched Bernardin to his destruction, put on the human form for the purpose of accomplishing his work, and disturbed the slumbers of mine host (but not the repose of the lovers) by a loud and impetuous knocking at the door of the hostelry; which being at length opened by the landlord, he was immediately interrogated by the unwelcome visitor, whether it indeed was true that he had, the evening before, given his daughter in marriage to a stranger? mine host answered in the affirmative, whereto his new guest rejoined, "a blessed day's work hast thou done, friend, with this marriage—seeing that thy most honourable son-in-law hath deceived thee, and betrayed and ruined thy daughter; he being one of a religious order, and incapable of contracting marriage in any manner whatsoever; whereby he hath done thee a grievous injury, in despoiling the damsel of her chastity, under false pretences. Weigh well, therefore, the consequences of this rash deed, and resolve within thyself not to endure the so great contumely, which hath been thus cast upon thy name and household, by a miserable apostate, who hath broke away from his cloister, and robbed a worshipful knight of his horse and armour, together with a considerable sum of money, and now proposes to do the like to thyself, and to murder thee, and take all that thou hast, and carry away thy daughter, whom, after having satiated his carnal appetite, he will complete the measure of his villanies, by putting in like manner to death. Follow, then, my counsel, which I give thee as a friend, and one who knows thee to be a man of worth. Go up softly into the chamber, where he is now lying in bed with thy daughter, and where thou wilt dis-

cover what I have said to be the truth, by the clerical tonsure of his head; and, having satisfied thyself that it is even as I have reported unto thee, cut his throat while he lies sleeping—in doing which, thou wilt perform only an act of justice on a thief and assassin—and one of self-defence, his design being (as I have said,) to murder thee and thine, if not in due time prevented. Thou mayest afterwards, with a safe conscience, possess thyself of his horse and armour, and rich vestures, and money, as a compensation for the dishonour done to thy daughter, and for her marriage-portion with some fitter husband. Neither needest thou fear any evil consequences to follow from this action, he being a stranger from a far country, and utterly unknown in all this vicinage; and, for myself, I promise to keep the secret, so that no man shall ever suspect what hath passed. Go, therefore—make no delay, lest he awake before thy purpose be accomplished."

Mine host gave willing ear to this devilish counsel of the arch enemy, and, full of rage and indignation at the thoughts of the dishonour he had sustained, thanked his new guest for the advice he had given him, and begged him only to wait till he had finished the job, which he undertook to perform, even in the very form and method according to his instructions, in order that he might help him to bring the body when all should be accomplished, promising him a part of the spoil for his reward, in so assisting him. The devil, with good will, undertook to await his bidding; whereupon mine host, having provided himself with a light, and being armed with a butcher's knife, well sharpened, mounted silently the stairs leading to the nuptial chamber, where he found Bernardin and his daughter asleep in each other's arms, as the devil had made him suppose, and detected, in the clerical tonsure, the full confirmation of all he had suggested to him. A fresh access of rage at this sight nerved his arm, and deadened his heart to every feeling of repugnance, which the thought of assassination might otherwise have excited. Instantly was the knife plunged to its hilt in the throat of the miserable apostate, who died without a movement or a groan; and, the moment the deed was accomplished, mine host retraced his steps, with intent to summon his visiter to assist him in burying the dead, according to his promise. But, on descending to the place where he had left him, to his utter dismay, he was not to be found. The machinations of hell were already fulfilled, and the guilty soul of the apostate had no sooner escaped from his body, than it was caught by the expectant dæmon, and carried away to the place which had long been prepared for its reception, in Gehenna. Mine host, not finding his satanic counsellor, became terrified at the risk of discovery, and hastened back to the fatal chamber, scarcely knowing what to do, or how to bestir himself in this emergency. Here his amazement was redoubled. The damsel, bathed in the blood of her lover, lay still asleep in the bed, unconscious of all that had happened; but the body of the false monk was there no longer, and, with his body had vanished his arms, his portmanteau and gorgeous habiliments, his purse, together with its contents, and every trace of all that had passed, except the dreadful stain of murder which remained on the bed, and the wretched consciousness of her dishonour, to which the unhappy damsel at length awoke, from that slumber which she could fain have wished to be eternal. The gallant courser, which had principally excited her father's cupidity, had also disappeared from the stable; and the disappointed landlord, after revolving in his mind the extraordinary circumstances which had happened, came to the conclusion, that it was a trick of Satan, although wherefore, and to what end invented, it passed his comprehension to imagine.

After a certain space, it chanced that St Anthony himself passed through the city of Bourges, on his pilgrimage of good works, and tarried a while with mine host, who became a convert to his preaching, and made to him one day, a full and true confession of the homicide, describing the form and features of the apostate monk, in such a way, as to bring distinctly back to the recollection of the holy father, the image of Bernardin, his late novice; after which, the good saint, with the permission of his penitent, made the history of this marvellous event the subject of his predication before the people, whereby

the hearts of many were turned to piety. Howbeit, he made revelation to none, of the place where it had happened, or the persons concerned, the same remaining unknown to all men, until after the death of mine host and his daughter, who both led holy and religious lives from that time forth, and, in good time, were gathered unto their fathers.

TALE THE SECOND.

A lesson for Mr Braham. How the devil laughed to scorn a certain young monk, who delighted himself in his singing.

An Abbot of Monte-Cassino, relates that, in his Monastery, there was once a youthful monk, who possessed a very sweet and delectable voice, but vain and effeminate withal, in which he greatly prided himself. It happened one day, when it fell to his turn, at some great solemnity, to chaunt certain antiphones and responses in the church, that he displayed in his chaunting, (with a design to excite the admiration of the populace,) so many false graces and flourishes, and such abominable affectation, as, by Divine permission, to induce the devil himself to come and hear him, which he did, appearing before him in the form of an ugly black child, who made mouths at him, and imitated all his contortions of voice and gesture, in a manner to excite the ridicule of all the bystanders, exclaiming, at the conclusion of his performance, in the tone of fashionable admiration, (but withal laughing the while,) "*O bene! O canta bene!* Sing again monk! sing again! seeing thou art so excellent a singer,"—and so saying, clapped his hands, and reiterated "Encore!" with such extreme noise and violence, that the people assembled, from laughing, fell at length to crossing themselves, and dispersing; till the crest-fallen performer, finding himself left alone, (for the devil himself had also disappeared in the general confusion,) could not choose but reflect on the vanity which had exposed him to such a severe humiliation; and which consequently proved the cause of his great amendment. (A much worse punishment was awarded to another monk, for the same fault of disfiguring sacred music, by his vain secular flourishes; for, at the close of one of his most brilliant falsettos, the devil honoured him with a visit in his own proper person, and actually took him away in a tempest, so that he was never more seen by men.)

TALE THE THIRD.

Of a Devout Monk, who was wrapt in ecstasy by the singing of a Bird, and so continued for many years.

A marvellous thing truly is that which is related by Henricus in his "Speculum Exemplorum," where he tells us how a devout and holy monk, reading one night in the choir, even until matins, with the rest of his brotherhood, came to that verse of the Psalmist where he saith, *Mille anni ante oculos tuos tanquam dies hesterna quæ præteriit;* whereat he began to ruminate, neither knowing, nor being able to comprehend, how the thing should be possible. After matins were over, he remained in the choir alone to make his orisons, as was his nightly custom, and prayed to God with the utmost fervour, that he would vouchsafe to reveal to him in what manner the above text of the anointed prophet is to be interpreted. And, while he was yet persisting in this his devout and earnest meditation, behold! a bird of most beautiful plumage entered, and began to fly about the choir; at sight whereof the holy brother was so ravished with delight, that he could not forbear from following it, that he might the more fully enjoy the contemplation of its celestial loveliness. The winged visitant from heaven (for such, undoubtedly, it was) seeing that his mind was so enchained, flew, first out of the church into the cloisters, and thence into a wood belonging to the monastery, which was very extensive, the devout monk still following wherever it led him, with marvellous gladness of spirit, being entirely absorbed in the object of his pursuit; and the bird often flew so near to him, that he might easily have caught it with his hand, if he had been so inclined. At last it perched upon the branch of a tree, where it began to sing a strain so divinely sweet, that the monk was wrapt in ecstasy at the contemplation of its celestial melody, and so remained until the angelic stranger, ascending into the air, gradually vanished from his sight, which was strained in following

its flight, till it could be discerned no longer. Then, being recovered from his ecstasy, he pensively retraced his steps to the monastery, which he expected to reach before the hour of prime, supposing that no longer space had elapsed since he was first attracted by the object of his late contemplation, than from matins to that time. When he reached the gate of the monastery, he found it closed, and, knocking, it was opened by a porter, whose face was unknown to him, and who inquired (as of a stranger) what he was, and wherefore he came thither. The monk, stupified with astonishment, answered, that he was the sacristan, and that he had gone out, after matins, into the woods to pray, and was now returned, having finished his devotions. At this, the porter believing that he was out of his senses, (inasmuch as his person was wholly unknown to him, and his vesture, although that which appertained to his order, very old and threadbare), asked if he knew him?—to which the monk having answered in the negative, the porter rejoined, "knowest thou, then, who is abbot of this our monastery, who is the prior, and who the cellarer?" The monk replied that he well knew them all, naming by their names, each and every one of them, in order, together with all the other brethren of the monastery who were his contemporaries, not doubting that they were all equally known to the inquirer, although he were himself a stranger to him. But the porter only shook his head, thinking himself confirmed in the opinion he had begun to entertain, and the monk was more and more astonished at his apparent ignorance. At last, he demanded admission to the father abbot, to whose cell the porter conducted him accordingly; but, when he entered, his amazement was beyond measure increased, on seeing the seat of his holy father occupied by one an entire stranger to him, who (having been informed by the porter of what had passed at the gate) addressed him by asking who he was, and whither he was bound, and what were that abbot, and those monks, whose names he had uttered. Whereto the monk replied, that he marvelled exceedingly at the greatness of the change which had been wrought during that night, in the short space since he had chaunted his matins in company with that same abbot, and those same monks, whose names he again repeated. The abbot, then, meditating on what he had heard, called to mind the name of that holy father, and some of those of the brotherhood, which he had seen recorded in the annals of the monastery; and who had all been dead three hundred years, and were buried in the cemetery. At the same time the devout monk himself, from comparing the present state and appearance of the monastery, which had been greatly altered since he left it, and the change which had taken place in all its inhabitants, with his recollection of what had passed, was gradually brought to the persuasion that he had, by the Divine permission, been entranced during some long and uncertain period of time, whereof no account could be rendered. He then related to the abbot and all the monks (who were by this time assembled) the circumstance of that heavenly bird, and of his ecstasy, and of the contemplation he had enjoyed of its divine melody, and how he had been led thereto by that verse of the Psalm above-mentioned; from all which it fully appeared, that he had remained so entranced during the whole of the aforesaid space of three hundred years, without tasting earthly nourishment. So, when he had made an end of relating what had befallen him, the abbot and monks, one by one, embraced him, with many tears, and much consolatory reflection, looking upon him as a thing rather of heavenly than of human nature, inasmuch as all that he spoke seemed to be of divine purport, and such as miraculously to inspire his hearers with devotional rapture. Soon afterwards, the holy brother, having received all the sacraments, piously rendered back his soul to the Lord, and departed that he might enjoy in heaven, through all eternity, that angelic melody, whereof a foretaste on earth had been so marvellously afforded unto him.

FLY-FISHING IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

" Pray, Sir, by your good favour, do you call, Sir,
Your occupation a mistery ?
Ay, Sir, a mistery"———

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

MR EDITOR,

A SORT of garrulity seems to be the privilege of anglers. From old Isaac Walton in print, down to my old preceptor in propria persona, a kind of quiet fluency, like one of those delightful deep streams that glide on so strongly yet so gently, and the surface of which, when free from "curl" during the intermissions of the breeze, is so pleasantly dimpled with quickly succeeding eddies, seems to be the lot of those who have spent many a happy hour in this best of sports. With us, the faculty of fighting our battles o'er again is developed in full perfection—and not less so the power of anticipating those mighty approaching events which with anglers cast their shadows so far before. I know, that at the moment I am writing Cheviot is two feet deep in snow, and the cairns on the summits of the Simonside-ridge invisible; yet this hardly a jot abates the elasticity of feeling with which I contemplate the feats to be performed on the approaching season, or recall the particulars of those I am about to dilate upon.

In the details of angling there is a pleasure which only anglers know; and I believe the best mode of conveying the few remarks I have to make, will be to give a sketch of an expedition made last year to Harbottle on the Coquet, in company with a skilful and intelligent friend. If the reflections shall chance to turn out to be more interesting than the facts, it will only shew that my theory is more perfect than my practice—a thing very possible, considering the many fireside as well as waterside lectures which my tutor gave me. Peace be to his ashes! He was one of the most accomplished fly-fishers Northumberland ever produced. I preserve a light rod of his—one of those old-fashioned black rods, in two pieces—with as much veneration as your countrymen can do the claymore of Robert the Bruce.

With this rod, and a common trout-fly, he once killed a salmon upwards of eighteen pounds weight. It was under Alnwick-bridge, and half the town witnessed the death. What a moment! No angler, in such a triumph, would have changed places with the duke whose towers overlooked the scene of action. For months after, as I have been told, in all companies of piscatory admixture, the fly was inquired for, and exhibited, with the characteristic introduction of—" This, gentlemen, is the little fellow that did the deed." I seldom, for obvious reasons, use this rod—but let not its antique fashion cast any doubt on its excellence. It is a real fly-rod—none of your top-heavy things, such as I have seen in the land of Cockaigne—(all the angling ideas of which celebrated place, I thank Heaven, I have been so well brought up as utterly to despise)—lumbering, awkward, and stiff; and which might possibly do to " troll " for pike, if they would do for any thing.—But I must begin my narrative, and in some form.

It was with this rod in my hand, on a fine morning on the 26th May, that I set out with my friend R—— from the village of Harbottle, to which we had walked from Rothbury the evening before, towards Shilmore, where we were to commence the day's sport. The morning, however, was one of those that, to the experienced eye, betoken the probability of too much sun and too little wind. Cool as the atmosphere was, we began to feel the beams before we reached the Wedder-loup. The Coquet here, for the space of a couple of hundred yards, appears to have literally bored and scooped a way through the granite barriers to its progress. At the Wedder-loup, as it is called, the stream may be stepped with a tolerably easy stride. This, however, is rendered somewhat awful by the gulf just below the pass, into which the river rushes with a trifling fall; and where, from its depth, the waters seem, even in the clearest weather, of a dark brown, almost black colour. Above this pass, the hills for the most part come down to the wa-

ter's edge—the course of the river presenting but few of those beautiful and comparatively fertile "haughs," the common ornaments even of the wildest streams. We soon reached the utmost point of our destination, where

"Coquet at Shilmore did embrace his Ouse,
As being near akin to his fair spouse;
For Usway is a Kidlander by birth"——
Marriage of the Coquet and Alwine.

It would be useless to describe to anglers, and impossible to those who are not anglers, the eager, almost palpitating sensation, with which even old fishers begin to arrange their tackle at the waterside. She was in tolerably good trim—a little too clear for a clear day; and the wind blowing gently from the south, shewed, as the morning advanced, symptoms of dying away. Having agreed, however, to pass each other after every three streams, we set briskly to work, at about three quarters past eight, fishing down the river.

I soon found that they *fought shy*, and that it was necessary to fish very "fine and far off;" and when we rejoined to hold a council of war between ten and eleven, we found that our fish were few, and not large—and that, as the sun became more meridian, the chances of immediate sport evidently decreased. We began to look rather black, and to think that this was to be worse than "the woful Wednesday of the Wreigh-hill," a traditionary day of disaster in Coquetdale. I saw that, under the circumstances of the case, it was lost labour to fish the *streams*, the trout in them rising shyly, and these little better than "pipeheads," as the small fry are technically termed. The only chance of any diversion was to wait for the breeze, and, during the prevalence of the "curl" upon their surface, to fish the *pools*, keeping as much as possible out of sight, and using the finest flies. In this service I employed some dressed for me by your celebrated Rawson of Prince's-street, putting on, besides my usual establishment of "black and red," a brown fly, woodcock-wing, and hare's-foot-body, I think, with a single turn of tinsel, recommended to me by that experienced artificer.

Many anglers, I know, will toss their heads at the phrase, "usual establishment of black and red." Let them do so. As to the *representative system* of fly-fishing being of any superior utility, I, for one, beg to declare my utter scepticism. Were I to adopt any complicated theory of changing flies, it should rather be that of interpreting dreams contradiction. I am of the faction of your correspondent from Aberfoyle. Over and over again have I killed trout, and seen trout killed, with a fly as different from that upon the water as night is from day, and this not unfrequently at the very moment when the water-fly was fluttering cross the pool in perfect security from attack. This opinion is now so general, that there is scarcely a Northumberland fisher, perhaps, who does not make black and red flies the foundation, at least, of his tackle. The red is cockshackle-body, with a woodcock-wing—the black, green plover's tuft, with a light starling's-wing feather. Many a wager, weight against weight, has my old master won fishing with plain black and red. I have certainly deviated so far from this plan as to put on a third experimental fly; but I cannot say that the results have produced in me any greater respect for those *Martinets*, who glory in a catalogue of flies as long as the army-list. I must own, I am never so convinced of the truth of the "μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον," as when I see a huge fishing-book, containing feathers and furs of greater variety of hues than Joseph's coat ever exhibited.

The grand fault of the fly-fishing of this district, and of Coquetdale in particular, is the propensity to an exclusive preference of the *streams*. This, no doubt, arises chiefly from their abundance and beauty; and also from the circumstance of the trout of the Coquet being for the most part only of middling size, which description of fish is generally to be found in greatest numbers in the streams; but an accomplished pool-fisher will find his account in exercising his art here. Large fish, though comparatively a little rare, are yet to be had in every part of this river, and especially in the neighbourhood of that remarkable rocky pass, the Thrum at Rothbury, where trout from eighteen to twenty-four inches long have frequently been taken. In the vicinity of lakes, where large fish are common, the native angler, in a certain degree, despises the river-trout, and fishes pools rather than streams, with a view to size and not

to number. During a day's fishing in the river of St John, I observed that my guide, Hewetson of Keswick, (whom, by the bye, I would recommend to all lakers as an excellent piscatory Cicerone,) was exclusively intent upon the "dubs," as he called them.

In the continued discouraging posture of our affairs, R—— and I determined that (after having taken a slight luncheon, with a taste of something which even the ensign himself would have pronounced palatable) he should spend an hour in trying *minnow*, whilst I *lay bye* for a little.

He is not a minnow-fisher con amore, and only succeeded in raising and hooking four or five good sized trout.—"I wish we had our friend who was here last week."—Better help could not have been desired, for I believe his pre-eminence, as a minnow-fisher, is known on the Coquet, from Thirlemore to Warkworth. He generally fishes up the stream, pitching the minnow with a long line, and an alleviation of fall quite unusual, and keeping out of sight of his game with unequalled management. Every minnow-fisher has a favourite arrangement of tackle, and infinite are the combinations of hooks, from two, even up to eight.—My friend, I believe, prefers simplicity; and, for the deeps, uses only a single long-shanked hook. The barb is brought out at the *head* of the minnow, the hook being inserted about the middle, and part of the shank left untied, to steady the tail, which covers it. This method may certainly be good, inasmuch as the trout always dashes at the head of the bait. A good deal of time however must be given.

It was now getting towards four o'clock, and the aspect of the day had changed materially. A fresh breeze, from the west, "curled" the faces of the pools at intervals; the small fly left off "flirting and rising;" the sun became shadowed with passing clouds, and we marked one or two large fish take the water-fly decidedly. The Coquet is what is here, not unhappily termed a "*petted water*," the "seed" generally coming on and going off with most capricious suddenness. The sport however, now commenced in a way I have not often seen—at least, not so often as I could have wished. Whether on pool or stream, whenever a puff of wind blew, success became absolutely certain.

I now began to feel the strap of my "creel" gall my shoulder. I shifted it; paused; looked at the joints of my rod, and the barbs of my hooks; and set to again, biting my lip, with an elation—a healthful bounding of the spirit, which every angler has felt with more or less of intensity. The vicissitudes of fly-fishing are amusing and frequent, from the delicacy of the means depended upon. I was just about to pass R——, who was fishing a long "slack," when a trout, of from fourteen to sixteen inches, and another of smaller dimensions, took his flies, nearly at the same moment. He soon began to find he had something on his hands. He was on the *brae*, or steep side of the water. His rod bent shrewdly, and, after a little play, it was evident that the prudent way was to cross the water, and land them on the shelving side. He had moved up as far as he could to avoid slackening the line, and was just taking the plunge, as easily as possible, into a rather awkward depth, when the hooked trout, making a violent *lurch*, as sailors call it, the "slip-line," which was old, gave way, and with it went fish, gut, and flies. The Miseries of Angling, with wood-cuts by Bewick, (who is himself a keen fisher) would be a pretty work. It is unnecessary to give the details of the sport that followed. The fish became more shy again towards six o'clock, when, upon comparing notes, each found he had got as many as he could conveniently carry, having yet to return two miles or more upon none of the best of tracks.

As R—— was slipping on the last leather which bound together the pieces of his rod, we were approached by some one with rod and pannier, apparently bent upon the same sport that we had been. He was an old man, but his firm step, amongst the loose shingles, sun-burnt face, and distinct voice, proved that his strength was not in accordance with his years.

"A stalwart Tinkler wight was he,
That weel could mend a pot or pan,
An' deftly Wull could thraw aflee,
An' neatly weave the willow wan."
Lay of the Reedwater Minstrel.—

He was in clogs, coarse grey jacket, and flapped hat. It was Ned Allan

the weaver, a namesake of the Wull alluded to in the stanza. "Guid day to ye, Gentlemen." "Good day, what sport?" "I've deun gay cannily the afterneun," (opening his pannier). "So have we; we're going down to Harbottle"—"Surely.—Ye'll be stoppin at Tommy Commons I reckon?" "Yes, and if you stop there, you shall not want a glass after your day's work—What sort of fishing is there between this and Rothbury?—We fish down to-morrow."—"Thank ye kindly—ye maun begin below the Squire's Preserve, ye ken, and fish down by Halystaen, and there away, an' I warrand ye'll come on gaily.—They've no netted here yet the year."—"Netted!" to cut short all intermission—we learned from Ned, that it was the annual custom of a great man in this quarter, to sweep the nettable parts of the Coquet to a large extent. I am (I trust) an orthodox church of England man, with as much zeal for her usages as generally falls to the lot of a layman; but I must confess, I never, in my life, felt my dislike to popery so strong as at that moment. Nor can it "sink in my head," that because a stream runs through a corner, or forms a boundary of a man's estate, he has therefore an equitable gentlemanly right to destroy the fish by wholesale for seven miles round. A few years ago, another worthy chose, by way of variety, to put pike into the river; but this scheme, luckily, was as absurd as it was illiberal. Who, "in the name of fresh cod," would expect these destroyers to thrive, in a stream that hardly has a weed in it from the source to the sea. He might as well have put in lobsters, but even this would not have been *quite* original. To say the truth, we have made little progress in Northumberland in improving the breed of our fish. The little river Pont possesses a stock of remarkably fine trout, which, when dressed, cut as red as any lake-trout I ever saw—but no attempts have been made to introduce them elsewhere.

Having supplied Ned with some silk-worm-gut, we left him, and made the best of our way to a late dinner. This old man was, in his day, famous for being the most expert eel-spearer of all Coquet-dale. It was, as I have often heard, a treat to see the admirable skill with which he struck, and the still more surprising energy with which he followed up an unsuccessful blow. Once, in the very tempest and whirlwind of his passion, pursuing a large eel down a pool, he fairly levelled with the ground, or rather water, an old acquaintance of mine, who had not got out of the way in time. Luckily, however, the leg was not touched by the points of the *five-taed leister*, which Allan was flourishing and launching with incredible activity. "Linny Wunters! ye sud steud farther aff, man!" was all he said, in his rapid smothered voice, still following up the devoted eel. It died at the bottom of the pool, and with it, Ned's irritability, who then came back with a face of real concern to inquire into the mishap.

We soon dined; and, taking our bottle up the hill behind the public-house, we arranged our artificial moths for half an hour's sport in the twilight, sitting amongst the ruins of the castle. Round the wooded crag on which they stand, the Coquet boils impetuously over a fine rocky channel; and here we drank "better luck still," and talked of the fishing in Reedwater, over which the sun was then beginning to decline. This was a prolific theme for R——, and would have outlasted another bottle—if we had had one.

"Sweet Reed, since I lost the lov'd sound
of thy river,
My current of life has run darkly and wild,
But still in mem'ry, as freshly as ever,
Are the charms of thy vale, as in spring-
time they smil'd;
And tho' now my winter is coming upon me,
Oh! how would it thrill me to gaze on thee
yet—
To revisit the first scenes of pleasure that
won me,
And feel once again what I cannot forget."

It is now, I believe, high time to conclude; yet a word or two before we go, on the tendency to cruelty, of which our recreation is accused by certain refined and accomplished persons. This is a heavy charge, and what provokes one most is, that it comes chiefly from the mouths of what are called *well educated* people.

These ladies and gentlemen must always pass for great authorities; and very properly so, inasmuch as they can lay you down the common-place mode of thinking upon almost every subject (angling amongst the rest), after the manner of that highly useful

and laudable compendium, a Pocket Encyclopædia. I have no room for lengthened argument, nor, on this occasion, is it much needed. Be it sufficient to say, that the pleasure of angling, like that of many other pastimes, depends principally upon that peculiar excitement which the play of chances always affords. In addition to this, it possesses more than any other sport, the delight inseparable from pursuits which are followed amidst rural scenery. The death of the animals pursued is as much as possible kept out of sight, and, excepting as far as it is connected with their capture, rather detracts from the sportsman's satisfaction than otherwise. It is with no unmixed feeling that we are sometimes startled by the flapping of a large trout, recently put into our pannier. The objectors to angling do not pretend to say, that fish are not to be killed for food, and, allowing this, they allow every thing. It is not, I repeat, in the actual death of the fish that we delight; and we know, that they suffer no more pain when taken by a fly or minnow, than when obtained by night-lines, nets, lime, and coculus indicus, the means resorted to by the licensed purveyors for educated sentimentalists, who "sit at good men's feasts, and wipe their eyes of tears that sacred pity hath engendered."

The love of field-sports has not been implanted without a reason. We are frequently injured by the omission of exercise—hardly ever by its use. Labour, healthful labour, still passes for an evil. Do we not talk of taking "*pains* and *trouble*," and of "*labouring* under" this or that? Nay, the etymological meaning of the very word *indolence* is the negation of grief! Whatever helps to wean us from this aversion to action is eminently useful. Let all sons of sentimental mothers, and nephews of blue-stocking aunts, remember this—especially if they be of weak digestion, or inclining to the ricketty. Let them prefer the smooth green margin and speckled inhabitants of the stream, to the baize and ivory-fish of the card-table. Let them adopt the fishing-rod, and after a hard day's work in "the shallow rivers, by whose falls melodious birds sing madrigals," which Sir Hugh Evans seems to have been so fond of, they may amuse themselves with the paper against angling by Mr Leigh Hunt, whose notion of it is about as correct as his idea of a Northumberland trout-stream, which he draws from the Serpentine River, or of a Scottish or Cumberland lake, which he imagines to be something very like the canal in St James's Park. After fishing six miles of water, let them smile at the Cockney supposition of angling dispensing with locomotion; after lugging home six dozen of trout, let them laugh at the "Printer," and his "glorious nibble;" and when they read about the dreaming patience of anglers, let them, if they please, get out of all patience. But let no sportsman *keep a conscience* to be alarmed by shallow, sickly, sentimentalities, more mawkishly insipid than a bad fig, and not worth a fig either good or bad.—Wishing you, Mr North, much sport this season, I am, &c. D. T.

Newcastle, March 1, 1820.

EXTRACTS FROM MATTHEW PARIS.

Continued from vol. VI. page 276.

Account of the death of Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror. 1134.

In the year 1134, the Empress Matilda brought forth a son, whom she named Geoffrey. On which account King Henry passed over into Normandy, and there tarried for joy of his grandchild. About the same time the bishop of Landaff, and Gilbert, bishop of London, died on their way to Rome. In the same year, after that our Lord Jesus Christ, who willeth that none should perish, had given ample leisure of repentance and humiliation unto Duke Robert—to wit, a thirty years space of seclusion from the things of the world in imprisonment—he, the said duke, nevertheless, abused the grace of God, swelling with pride, and giving vent to the spirit of detraction, and malediction, and complaint, when he had far better have submitted himself to the divine

will, with obedience and earnest supplications, as is befitting to one long afflicted and already advanced in years; and whom it would have become rather in tears to have said, "Deservedly do I suffer these things, yea, even heavier sufferings have I merited, who, when in the Holy Land, shook off from my neck the yoke of the Lord, which is pleasant, and his burthen, which is light, and obstinately refused the high privileges which Heaven offered unto me." Nothing like this was heard to proceed out of the mouth of that arrogant man. Now it happened upon a certain festival, when the King, (who was accustomed courteously to send for his brother's use cloth of the same sort that his own robes were made of, whenever he himself put on a new one,) designed to clad himself in a new scarlet gown, meet for the occasion, that, in trying to put the hood over his head, he found it was made too narrow, and a single stitch gave way in the trial, upon which, laying it aside, he said, "Let this be sent to my brother, for his head is smaller than mine." But, when the gown was brought to Duke Robert, he unluckily discovered the broken stitch, which had escaped unnoticed through the inattention of the taylor, and had never been sewed up. Upon which the duke said, "Whence came this fracture?" And, when the messenger had related to him exactly all that had occurred, the duke, like one deeply wounded, exclaimed in his rage, "Woe is me! woe is me! Seeing that I have lived too long already, why should I drag out this miserable life any farther. Lo! even my brother, he, who hath so traitorously supplanted me, being younger by birth than I am, and a lazy clerk also; who hath unjustly seated himself on my throne, and thrust me into a dungeon, and deprived me of sight—me, who have obtained so much glory by deeds of arms—now holds me so cheap and vile, that he hath sent to me, as to his prebendary, or beadsman, his old and unstitched garments, by way of almsgiving." And, thus exclaiming, he fell withal into an extreme passion of tears and lamentation, and vowed that he would eat no more; nor would he ever again either eat or drink, but actually suffered starvation, so furious was his blind rage against his own person. When the King was informed of his death, he was little grieved thereat, but ordered the corpse to be interred with honour in the conventual church of Gloucester. At this time also the Empress, daughter of the King, lay in great extremity of danger in consequence of her difficult childbirth; but, being a prudent matron, distributed with a liberal hand her treasures among widows, orphans, churches, and monasteries, and so escaped the peril of death.

The Battle of the Standard. 1138.

While King Stephen was fully occupied in the southern parts of the kingdom, the King of Scots led a very numerous army into Northumberland, which the northern nobles, following the command and admonitions of Thurstan, Archbishop of York, and having planted the royal standard at North Allerton, vigorously opposed. The chief of those who were thus engaged, were William Earl of Albemarle, William Earl of Nottingham, Walter le Espeke, and Gilbert de Lacy. The Archbishop being prevented by illness from attending in person, sent in his stead Ralph, bishop of Durham, to animate the people, who, taking his station in the midst of the army, upon a commanding spot, addressed them with the following exhortation. "Renowned English Chieftains of the race of Normandy, which hath made the power of France to tremble before its standard—ye by whom England was made captive and humbled, under whom the rich land of Apulia has attained new eminence, and to whom the famous Jerusalem and thrice noble Antioch, have both subjected themselves; Scotland, which is your own by ancient submission, now endeavours to repel you with the arms of sudden invasion, better suited to idle brawls than serious conflict. Let it, therefore, be no cause of fear, but rather of shame, that they whom we formerly sought out and found in their own country, and conquered there, have now (mad and intoxicated) changed the scene of action, and dare to affront us on this soil of ours. Now this, as your spiritual leader, I announce to you, being by divine providence ordained; that they, who have in this realm violated the temples of the most High, have polluted his altars, and slain his priest,

and have spared neither children nor women with child, are doomed within the same to pay the fit penalty of their atrocious actions. Raise up your minds, therefore, ye gentlemen of England, and go forth, under the auspices of the all-knowing God, to crush your invaders, doubting nothing. Your bosoms are guarded by the breast-plate, your heads by the helmet, your legs by the greaves, and your entire body by the warlike shield; nor can the enemy find a place uncovered, whereon to strike. Why therefore do ye hesitate, like men devoid of courage? But even while I yet speak, the enemy, rushing on us, put an end to my speaking. They come in disorder, like a host of tumultuous barbarians; and the sight is pleasing to me. If any of you, then, should fall, fighting for his king and country, we here absolve him from all the consequences of sin, in the name of the Father, whose creatures, in faith, these invaders have most horribly slaughtered — of the Son, whose altars they have defiled—and of the Holy Ghost, whose grace they have, by their enormous crimes, set at nought and despised." Whereto the whole multitude of the English people there assembled made response, and the hills and mountains reverberated Amen.

Then the Scots Highlanders, hearing the clamour, set up a loud shout, after the manner of women; but their noise and clamour were soon lost in the fury of the strife, and the dreadful rushing together of the conflicting armies. The men of Lothian, who had with difficulty obtained from the king the honour of striking the first blow, with a power of arrows and very long spears furiously fell upon the heavy armed English cavalry, who presented to their assault, as it were, a wall of iron, firm and impenetrable. But the English archers, mixed with the horsemen, raising a cloud of arrows over the Scots, pierced those who were unarmed, on whom they lighted. For the whole host of English and flower of Normandy, forming a circle around the standard, remained immoveable, as though immoveable; and the leader of the men of Lothian being pierced with an arrow, his whole band was immediately put to flight. For the most high God was displeased with them, wherefore all their power, broken like the web of a spider, perished and melted away. Which the main body of the Scots, while fighting hard on the other side, beholding, failed in courage, and betook itself to flight without delay. But the king's guard, which he had formed out of the men of divers nations, as soon as they saw this, began to fly, at first step by step, afterwards in confusion; which the friends of the king beholding, forced him to mount his horse and fly. In the mean time his son, like a courageous commander, not at all minding the flight of others, and eager only for glory, made a violent attack on the host of the enemy, although his forces were by no means able to resist heavy-armed horsemen. But at length, by the force of the armed men, they were fain to attempt a flight less annoying than resistance, and were disgracefully dispersed in the woods. It is said, that eleven thousand Scots were slain, besides those who were found mortally wounded among the standing corn and woods; while our men had a glorious victory, almost without shedding of blood. Among all the horsemen, a brother of Gilbert de Lacy alone was found slain. This battle was fought in the month of August, by the men of the provinces north of Humber.

What things happened to Thomas of Canterbury, on a Tuesday.

We know not by what chance it fell out, that many wonderful things happened to St Thomas on a Tuesday. On Tuesday, that is the day of St Thomas the apostle, he was born, on account of which he was named Thomas in baptism, according to a vow made by his mother. And he, fortunately, entered into the world on the day dedicated by the heathens to their god Mars, as one destined to fight battles against the devils; inasmuch as Mars is, according to the poets, called the god of war. For the whole life of the blessed St Thomas, according to those words in Job, "The life of man is a warfare upon earth,"—was a continuance of war against the enemy. On a Tuesday he also suffered; and on a Tuesday he was translated: So that the day which conferred on him his greatest glory, was also the æra of his passion. On Tuesday the nobles sat at Northampton and reviled him; on

Tuesday the Lord appeared to him at Pontinæ, saying, "Thomas, Thomas, my church shall be glorified in thy blood;" also, on Tuesday, he returned from banishment; and on Tuesday he gained the palm of martyrdom. It also happened, beyond human foresight, by the peculiar providence of God, that on the same day of the week, many years afterwards, the bosom of earth received King Henry, under whom he suffered; but these things will hereafter be related in their own places.

Liberties of the Church of Normandy.

About the same time (1190) the Church of God in Normandy was freed from its lasting yoke of servitude, under the assent and ordering of the famous King Richard.

1stly, It was determined, and granted by the king, That no clerks shall be seized on by the secular power, except for murder, theft, arson, and such like monstrous crimes; and that, if they be called for by the ecclesiastical judges, they shall be delivered up without delay or resistance, to be tried in an ecclesiastical court.

Item, That all causes concerning breach of trust, and perjury, shall be under the jurisdiction of an ecclesiastical court.

Item, That all cases concerning dowry or marriage-gifts, when moveable goods are required, are to be referred to the Church.

Item, All abbots, priors, or abbesses, shall be chosen with the consent of the bishop of the diocese in the conventical church.

Also, There shall be no recognition in the secular court in cases where ecclesiastics shall be able to prove, either by deed or in any other manner, that property has been bestowed for charitable purposes; but they shall be remitted to the ecclesiastical judges.

Item, Distributions of things left by will shall be made under the authority of the church; nor shall the tenth part, as formerly, be subtracted.

Item, Concerning the possessions of ecclesiastics, even though it should appear that they have been usurers, and by whatever means they may have come to their death, nothing appertains to the secular power, but they shall be distributed in works of charity, by the auth ority of the bishop.

Item, Whatsoever laymen may have given during their lifetime, or alienated by whatsoever title, although they may be said to have been usurers, shall not be revoked. But what goods be found at their death unalienated, if they be proved to have been usurers at the time of their death, shall be confiscated.

Also, That if any man shall have died in possession of any mortgaged estate, out of which he has already received what was due to him, his portion shall return free to the mortgager and his heirs. And the same shall be as to the shares of his wife and children after their deaths. For if any one shall have been carried away by sudden death, or any accident whatever, so as to be prevented from disposing of his goods, the distribution thereof shall be made by authority of the Church. The same shall be done with the portions of his wife and sons after his death.

Apparition of St Thomas to the Sailors on board the Royal Vessel.

In the same year (1190) when the fleet of the king of England, troubled with many dangers of the sea, was sailing towards Lisbon, and had passed Britany, having Finisterre on their left hand, and the great sea over which men pass to Jerusalem on the right, and had passed Poictou and Gascony on the left, and had entered into the Spanish Sea; on the day of the Ascension of our Lord, a fierce tempest attacked the fleet, and the ships were separated from one another in a moment. And while the tempest raged, and all were calling on the Lord in their tribulation, the blessed martyr, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, visibly appeared three times to three several persons in the ship of the Londoners, saying, "Be not afraid, for I, and the holy martyr Edmund, and St Nicholas the confessor, are appointed by the Lord defenders of this fleet of the king of England. And if the men and captains of this fleet will keep themselves from evil doings, and do penance for their former sins, the Lord will give them a safe journey, and their steps shall be directed in the right way." These things having been thrice repeated and heard, St Thomas vanished, and immediately the storm ceased. There were in that ship, William

Fitz-Osbert, and Godfrey, a goldsmith, and with them many citizens of London, who soon passed Lisbon and the Cape of St Vincent, and came near the city Silva, which was then the farthest Christian city of Spain, and as yet but a novice in the faith of Christ, as having been made a Christian city but the year before, and captured from the Pagans. And while they were sailing near the city, they knew, by certain signs, that Christians inhabited it. The ship of the Londoners therefore cast anchor, and its crew was received with much honour by the bishop and all the people. There were in the ship more than eighty young men well provided with arms, whom the citizens and king of Portugal retained in their service, for fear of the Emperor of Morocco, giving them all manner of security for sufficient pay, and also providing much more for them out of the abundance of their munificence. Also, ten other English ships, dispersed different ways, at length, by the direction of the Lord, arrived at the city Lisbon, sailing up the river callad Tajo. Afterwards the Archbishop Robert de Sabulis, Richard de Arville, and William de Forz, journeying with the fleet between Africa and Spain, after many storms, arrived at Marseilles, on the octave of St Mary, with all the fleet entrusted to them; where, finding the king of England, they stayed awhile for some necessary repairs of the ships.

Legend of Ulfric the Anchoret.

In the same year at Aylesbury, the blessed and solitary anchoret, Ulfric, departed to the Lord, having for twenty-nine years contended with the enemies of the human race, and gained a final victory; concerning whose life and virtues we have thought it useful to make some small mention, for the decoration of our history. The blessed man, Ulfric, sprung from Saxon parentage of the middle rank, was born at Compton, a village eight miles distant from Bristol, and there brought up and educated; and for some years he exercised there the office of priest, which he is believed to have taken upon him in his youth, rather from want of reflection, than from any worthy motive; inasmuch as yet he knew not God; but was guided rather by the flesh than by the spirit. For, as he was very fond of hunting and hawking, while once on a time he was sedulously carrying on his diversion in this sort, on a sudden, a man approached him, having the countenance and appearance of a beggar, who entreated him for some of the new coin by way of alms. (At that time, to wit, in the days of Henry I. certain new money had been lately coined in England, but which was yet rare, by reason of its recent issue.) Ulfric answered him by saying, that he knew not that he had any of the new coin about him; whereupon the stranger replied, "Look into thy purse, and there thou wilt find two pieces and a half." Astonished at this answer, he looked, and there finding what had been told him, he piously gave what was required. But when the man had received the alms, he said, "Let him repay thee, for whose love thou hast done this. And in his name I declare to thee, that in a short time thou shalt pass from this place to another, and thence again retiring elsewhere, thou shalt at length find rest; and so, persevering to the last in the service of God, thou shalt after a season be admitted into the company of the saints."

After this, for a short time, he attached himself like a poor priest, to William, the lord of the village in which he was born, and ate his daily bread at his table. There also, girding his loins with strength, he completely renounced the use of flesh for food. But, as with all his heart he ever wished for solitude, the holy man at length departed from the house of his lord, the knight aforesaid, and went to another town, by name Aylesbury, "Haselbergam," which is thirty miles to the eastward of Oxford, being led thither, as is believed, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; and there, in a cell of the neighbouring church, he prepared himself for Christ, with much labour and great mortification both of flesh and spirit. For he so wasted his limbs, while above ground, with fasting and abstinence, that in a short time, his skin just hanging upon his bones, he shewed no longer as one of flesh, but rather as a spiritual being clad in the semblance of a human body. He was content, by way of clothing, with a single vest of haircloth made close to his skin, which, when he had worn, till by usage it

ceased to be irksome to him, he then began to affect the use of a cuirass. Which his lord (the knight aforesaid) hearing of, sent to this man of God his own cuirass by way of present, thus consecrating the instrument of mortal strife to the purposes of celestial warfare. In the night-time, he was wont to plunge himself naked into a tub of cold water, and while there to sing the psalms of David unto the Lord, thus by habitual practice mortifying the lusts of the flesh, to which he was grievously subject. He was humble towards all men in his discourse, and his speeches savoured of somewhat like celestial harmony to his hearers, although he never spoke to men, except through a closed window.

At length, Ulfric, the man of God, who had hitherto been known to Him alone, came to the knowledge of men suddenly, for their salvation. For since the cuirass, in which he clothed himself, by rubbing against his knees, prevented the continuance of his genuflexions, he called to him the knight, who alone knew his secret, and spoke to him concerning the too great length of the cuirass. To whom the knight said, "Let it be sent to London, and shortened so as to fit your size." The man of God answering, said, This would occasion too much delay, and could not fail to produce some remark in others. "But do you," said he, "take these shears in your hand, in the name of God, and perform the work with your own hand." So saying, he gave into his hand a pair of shears, which were brought from the knight's own house: and said to him, (who was as yet doubtful, and thought his adviser out of his senses), "go on boldly, and fear not. I will pray to God the while, do thou boldly begin the work." Therewith each one sets himself to the task assigned, like true soldiers of Christ, the one to his prayers, the other to the use of his scissars; and the work prospered in their hands. For the knight thought that he was cutting cloth, not iron, so easily did the shears run through the steel. But, the man of God desisting from his prayers before the work was finished, he was forced to leave off also. Ulfric went up to the knight, and asked him, how the work went on: He answered, "Well hitherto, but, at your coming, I found that the shears were incapable of making further way." The other said, "Let not this discourage you, but with the same shears finish what you have begun." The knight therefore, with renewed courage, finished the work happily, with as much ease as before, and without any difficulty made straight whatever had been cut away. And then, the man of God, without any shears, but only with his own weak fingers, with no less courage, divided the rings of the cuirass, to be given in charity to all who might seek them, as a remedy for various evils. The knight seeing this miracle, seized with unspeakable admiration, fell down at the feet of the man of God: at which deed Ulfric being abashed, made the knight arise, and conjured him not to reveal it to any while he lived. But the fame of the miracle could not be concealed, as many religious men boasted of their possessing rings from that cuirass: and the fame of the wondrous man of God passed through the whole country on every side.

In the northern parts of England, there was a certain miserable wretch, who, not being able to bear the misfortune of poverty, had made a compact with the devil, and paid homage to him. But when Satan for some time possessed his prey, the unfortunate man's eyes being opened, he began to repent his wickedness, looking round him, and considering to what patron he should commit himself, who might free him from the death of his soul. At length he determined to go to the holy man, Ulfric, in whose hands salvation was said to be. And being very anxious for his journey, having revealed it to one of his friends, the devil came to him in his accustomed and well-known figure, accusing him of treachery; and threatened him with a terrible punishment, should he attempt any thing of the sort. But the man, imposing silence on himself, found that his enemy could not know the thoughts of his heart, if he did not betray them beforehand by some word or sign. Having therefore for some time dissembled his design of repentance, he commenced at last his premeditated journey, that he might reach Ulfric, the friend of God: and having passed a long space of country, he came to the ford of that river which is beyond *(Haselbergam)* Aylesbury, the Lord prospering his journey; but when he

had entered the ford, and had conceived certain hopes of the approach of the holy Ulfric, the devil came on him burning with great wrath, and laying violent hands on the man, roared out and said, "How is this, Traitor, what wouldst thou do? Thou attemptest to destroy our compact, but in vain, for thou shalt soon pay the penalty of that treachery, with which thou formerly didst renounce God, and now wouldst renounce me; for thou shalt immediately be drowned without mercy." And Satan, holding him fast, made him immoveable, so that he neither could proceed, nor turn to either side. Whilst these things were doing in the river, the man of God, Ulfric, those things being revealed to him by God through the spirit of prophecy, called Brithric his vicar (presbyter) to him, and said, "Hasten, and with the crucifix and holy water, run to the assistance of the man, whom the devil holds captive in the ford beyond the village, and sprinkling him with holy water, bring him to me." Whereupon he, hastening to the spot as he was commanded, found the thing to be even as had been told him, the man sitting on his horse in the ford, and so immoveably fixed in the water, that he could not stir from the place. Whom, when Brithric saw, sprinkling him with holy water, with the power of his master, in the name of Jesus Christ, he drove off the robber, and saved his prey. And thus bringing out the captive from the water, he led him joyfully to the man of God; who, in the meantime praying for the wretch, was holding up his hands to the Lord. The demon followed behind the man who before had been his own, and seeing him standing before the man of God, he seized him, even as he cried; but saying, "O thou servant of God, assist me, for behold mine enemy assaults me." But the saint seized on the man's right hand, and the devil holding his left, they pulled with all their might. And as they were thus dragging, the man of God holding the captive with one hand, and with the other throwing some of the water which he had blessed into the enemy's face, drove him in confusion from the house. Then, having freed the man from the jaws of destruction, he led him into his inner cell, holding him there until, penitent and confessing, he vomited forth the poison which the devil had instilled into him, at the feet of the man of God: Then the man, having resumed his strength, had the body of the Lord offered to him by the holy Ulfric, in the form of flesh; and being asked whether he wholly believed, he said, "I believe, Lord, since I see, wretch and sinner as I am, the body and blood of my Lord in thy hands, under the form of flesh." To whom the holy man said, "Thanks be to God: now let us pray, that thou mayest be able to perceive it in the accustomed form." And thus, having given him the communion and confirmed him in faith, he sent him away in peace. This holy friend of God, Ulfric, died on the tenth of March, and was buried in his oratory at Aylesbury, in which place, to the praise of God and glory of the saint, innumerable miracles are performed even unto this day.

THE ABBEY.

It is the hour of vespers! solemn, slow,
With downcast eyes, hands folded cross the breast,
Like those of images that meekly rest
On monuments of men dead long ago,
The holy brethren, in a silent row,
Pace to the Altar—where, on Mary's breast,
The infant Jesus lies, both bright exprest
By Guido's soul in that celestial glow!
Bowed are all heads devout, unto the floor,
And through the roof, magnificent and dim,
Ascends the sweetness of a choral hymn,
As paused the Organ-peal! The Rites are o'er,—
But doth not each lone kneeler yet adore,
In his still cell, God 'midst his seraphim?

HOGG'S TALES, &c.*

We have now to congratulate our excellent friend, the Ettrick Shepherd, on the two wisest actions of his life—his marriage, and the publication of these most interesting Tales. The results of both will, we are sure, be most happy. The one cannot fail to increase the comforts of his fireside at Eltrive; and the other to extend and strengthen his fame where he is most anxious that his genius and his name should live and flourish—among all the firesides of the cottagers of Scotland. We are mistaken, moreover, if the reading public at large will not participate in the interest which these Tales must at once awaken among those for whose perusal they are more peculiarly and immediately intended; since, if we may judge from the effect they have produced on ourselves, no one who delights in the study of human nature, and the plain artless delineation of simple manners, can easily find two small volumes in which so much instruction is combined with so much amusement.

To ourselves, however, we are aware the perusal of these Tales may have been attended with a species of gratification in which all our readers cannot expect to be partakers. The truth is, so perfectly natural, unaffected, and unelaborate is their composition throughout, that we have considered ourselves all along as listening to our worthy friend's own conversation, rather than as reading a book of his writing. Not a few of the stories we have of old heard him tell in nearly the same words, with this difference, that instead of the Basil Lees, George Cochranes, Adam Bells, &c. who now figure as their heroes, the adventures were then commonly narrated as having befallen no less a person than the Ettrick Shepherd himself.† He has, no doubt, good reasons for not *now* wishing to represent himself as an actor in some of the scenes to which we refer,—and, moreover, it is not impossible that his own personal share in them was, after all, no better than an embellishment, devised for the purpose of making us listen to them with more zest than we might otherwise have done, over our sober bowl at Young's or Ambrose's. As so many substantial records, however, of the rich monologue of the Shepherd in his hours of cordial communication, the volumes undoubtedly possess an interest for us, which those that have never enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance cannot be expected perfectly to comprehend. But enough will remain, assuredly, to delight every one—even after making all needful deductions on this score,—and more than enough to fill every one with admiration for the remarkable and multifarious talents of this most estimable and interesting man.

Of the life of the Ettrick Shepherd so many occasional sketches have already been laid before the public, that it would be quite superfluous for us to enter into any detail of its main incidents. In case, however, there should be any of our English readers who have admired the poet, and yet known or heard nothing of the man, we may mention shortly, that till he had grown up into manhood, James Hogg led the life of a simple shepherd, and was distinguished from his brethren of the crook by nothing but his superior skill in the management of his flocks, and his superior love and devotion for the old traditional lore of that chosen land of Scottish romance, the Ettrick Forest. By degrees he began to "try his hand at rhyme," and the admiration excited by his early ballads was such as, ere long, to lift him out of the sphere in which he had hitherto moved. He was patronised by men who yet live to enjoy the contemplation of what their wise patronage has produced;—and being furnished with the

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* Winter Evening Tales, collected among the Cottagers in the South of Scotland; by James Hogg, author of "the Queen's Wake," &c. &c. Edinburgh; Oliver & Boyd, 1820.

† See, in particular, that old standing story of the Shepherd, narrated in vol. I. pages 78 and 79. There can be no doubt that this happened to Hogg himself, at Tamantoul, in the year 1814. We trust he is much reformed since that campaign.

means of study, grew by degrees such a man and such a poet as the Queen's Wake proclaims him to be. Endowed by nature with a rich and lovely imagination—a heart full of all the finest sensibilities—and an understanding at once acute and profound—and having lived for many years the most poetical of lives, in one of the most poetical of regions, it was no wonder that the Ettrick Shepherd should have become a deep and graceful poet of pastoral existence. That a man such as he is should have lived among the peasantry of his native country, in many different districts of its soil, always mixing with them on terms of apparent equality, and in the spirit of real sympathy, without laying up vast stores of knowledge concerning them, and all that belongs to their life, entirely inaccessible to any author moving in a higher order of society—was evidently impossible. There are few mountains in Scotland from whose summit the shepherd has not seen the sun rise—and few glens, however lonely and sequestered, in whose bosom he has not tasted the hospitality of cot or sheiling. They must know little of Scotland, and nothing of the Ettrick Shepherd, who doubt that every where he was welcome. With wisdom for the old, and wit for the young—with hoary legends for the ingle nook—and all the magic of romance and poetry for the greenwood tree—wherever he arrived, for the first time, he excited admiration—and every where his second coming made a holiday. Of the treasures accumulated during all his wanderings, he has now laid a portion before us in these unvarnished Tales. They are written, as we have said, with the utmost simplicity—they breathe the very spirit of the man that tells them—and they reveal so many new and delightful particulars concerning the whole domestic economy of our peasantry, that we are sure they will be read by every one that has any love for Scotland, or any curiosity respecting the manners of her children—with an interest different, indeed, in kind, but scarcely inferior in degree, to that with which they have all read the sketches of homely Scottish life in the works of the Ettrick Shepherd's best friend and patron, the author of Waverley.

The stories are very numerous, and turn upon very different sorts of subjects; but it would be very difficult to say which of them are the best—the gay or the serious—the tales of superstitious terror—or simple pathos—or village wooing—or of comic adventure "by flood and field." All are excellent in their way; so we shall content ourselves with giving a single extract, and conclude with assuring our readers, that if they relish what we quote, they will find 700 neatly and closely printed pages of matter equally interesting, though generally of a gayer character, in these two volumes.

Our extract shall be from one of the longest tales in the first volume, entitled, "Basil Lee." The hero is a wandering old soldier, from Ettrick, who lands, after the American war, on one of the Hebrides, and narrates all that he saw and heard on his route through the Highlands towards his native place. We should, perhaps, have preferred giving some part of "the Love Adventures of Mr George Cochrane," which we regard as by far the best of the Tales—but, on examination, we found that any one of his adventures would have filled too large a space in our pages.

"I staid and sauntered about that island a month, and never in my life was in such a curious country, nor among so curious a people. They know all that is to happen by reason of a singular kind of divination called the second sight. They have power over the elements, and can stop the natural progress of them all save the tides. They are a people by themselves, neither Highlanders nor Lowlanders, at least those of Uig are, and have no communication with the rest of the world; but with the beings of another state of existence they have frequent intercourse. I at first laughed at their stories of hobgoblins, and water spirits, but after witnessing a scene that I am going to describe, I never disbelieved an item of any thing I heard afterwards, however far out of the course of nature it might be. I am now about to relate a story which will not be believed. I cannot help it. If it was any optical illusion, let those account for it who can. I shall relate what I saw as nearly as I can recollect, and it was not a scene to be easily forgotten.

"On the banks of this Loch-Rog there stands a considerably large village, and above that the gentleman's house, who rents all the country around from Lord Seaforth, and lets it off again to numberless small tenants. Between his house and the village there lies a straight green lane, and above the house on a rising ground, stand a great number of tall stones that have been raised in some early age, and appear at a distance like an army of tremendous giants. One day a party of seven from on board the

Swallow was invited to dine with this gentleman. We went out a-shooting all the forenoon, and towards evening, on our return, we found all the family in the most dreadful alarm, on account of something that an old maiden lady had seen which they called *Failea More;* (the great shadow) and which they alleged was the herald of terrible things, and the most dismal calamities. The villagers were likewise made acquainted with it, and they were running howling about in consternation.

"The family consisted of an old man and his sister; a young man and his wife, and two children: the old man and the two ladies believed the matter throughout, but the young man pretended with us to laugh at it, though I could see he was deeply concerned at what he had heard. The vision was described to us in the following extraordinary manner.

"The Great Shadow never comes alone. The next morning after is M'Torquille Dhu's Visit. The loss of all the crops, and a grievous death in the island, invariably succeed to these. The apparitions rise sometimes in twelve, sometimes in three years, but always on the appearance of An Failea More, Todhail Mac Torcill takes place next morning between day-break and the rising of the sun. A dark gigantic shade is seen stalking across the loch in the evening, which vanishes at a certain headland; and from that same place the next morning, at the same degree of lightness, a whole troop of ghosts arise, and with Mac Torcill Dhu (Black M'Torquille) at their head, walk in procession to the standing stones, and there hide themselves again in their ancient graves.

"As the one part of this story remained still to be proved, every one of us determined to watch, and see if there was any resemblance of such a thing. But the most extraordinary circumstance attending it was, that it could only be seen from the upper windows of that house, or from the same height in the air, a small space to the eastward of that; and that from no other point on the whole island had it ever been discovered that either of the visions had been seen.

"We testified some doubts that the morning might not prove clear, but the old man, and the old maiden lady, both assured us that it would be clear, as the morning of M'Torquille's Visit never was known to be otherwise. Some of us went to bed with our clothes on, but others sat up all night, and at an early hour we were all sitting at the windows, wearying for the break of day. The morning at length broke, and was perfectly clear and serene, as had been predicted. Every eye was strained toward the spot where *the Great Shade* had vanished, and at length the young gentleman of the house said, in a tone expressing great awe, 'Yonder they are now.' I could not discern any thing for the space of a few seconds, but at length, on looking very narrowly toward the spot, I thought I perceived something like a broad shadow on the shore; and, on straining my sight a little more, it really did appear as if divided into small columns like the forms of men. It did not appear like a cloud, but rather like the shadow of a cloud; yet there was not the slightest cloud or vapour to be seen floating in the firmament. We lost sight of it for a very short space, and then beheld it again coming over the heath, above the rocks that overhung the shore. The vision was still very indistinct, but yet it had the appearance of a troop of warriors dressed in greenish tartans with a tinge of red. The headland where the apparition first arose, was distant from us about half a mile,—they appeared to be moving remarkably slow, yet notwithstanding of that, they were close upon us almost instantly. We were told that they would pass in array immediately before the windows, along the green lane between us and the back of the village; and seeing that they actually approached in that direction, Dr Scott, a rough, rash, intrepid fellow, proposed that we should fire at them. I objected to it, deeming that it was a trick, and that they were all fellow creatures; for we saw them now as distinctly as we could see any body of men in the gray of the morning. The young man however assuring us, that it was nothing human that we saw, I agreed to the proposal; and as they passed in array immediately before the windows, we pointed all the eight loaded muskets directly at them, and fired on this mysterious troop all at once: but not one of them paused, or turned round his head. They all of them held on with the same solemn and ghostlike movement, still continuing in appearance to be walking very slow, yet some way they went over the ground with unaccountable celerity; and when they approached near to the group of tall obelisks, they rushed in amongst them, and we saw no more, save a reeling flicker of light that seemed to tremble through the stones for a moment.

"They appeared to be a troop of warriors, with plaids and helmets, each having a broad targe on his arm, and a long black lance in the other hand; and they were led on by a tall figure in black armour, that walked considerably a-head of the rest. Some of our people protested that they saw the bare skulls below the helmets, with empty eye-sockets, and the nose and lips wanting; but I saw nothing like this. They appeared to me exactly like other men; but the truth is, that I never saw them very distinctly, for they were but a short time near us, and during that time, the smoke issuing from the muskets intervened, and owing to the dead calm of the morning, made us see them much worse. All the people of the village were hid in groups within doors, and engaged in some rite which I did not witness, and cannot describe; but they took

great umbrage at our audacity in firing at their unearthly visitors, and I believe there was not one among us, not even the regardless Dr Scott, who was not shocked at what had been done.

"I make no pretensions to account for this extraordinary phenomenon, but the singular circumstance of its being visible only from one point, and no other, makes it look like something that might be accounted for. I can well excuse any who do not believe it, for if I had not seen it with my own eyes, I never would have believed it. But of all things I ever beheld for wild sublimity, the march of that troop of apparitions excelled—not a day or a night hath yet passed over my head, on which I have not thought with wonder and awe on *the Visit of M'Torquille.*

"From that time forth, as long as I remained in Lewis, I considered myself in the country of the genii, and surrounded with spiritual beings that were ready to start up in some bodily form at my side, whenever they had a mind. Such influence had the vision that I had seen over my mind, and so far was it beyond my comprehension, that I grew like one half crazed about spirits, and could think or speak about nothing else. For a whole week I lingered about the shores to see the mermaid; for I was assured by the people, that they were very frequently to be seen, though they confessed that the male as often appeared as the female. They regarded her as a kind of seaspirit, and ominous, in no ordinary degree, to the boatmen and fishers, but yet they confessed that she was flesh and blood, like other creatures, and that she had long hair, and a face and bosom so beautiful, that their language had no words to describe them. I was actually in love with them, and watched the creeks as anxiously as ever a lover did his mistress's casement; and often when I saw the seals flouncing on the rocks at a distance, I painted them to myself as the most delicate and beautiful mermaids, but on coming near them, was always disappointed, and shocked at the ugly dog's heads that they set up to me; so that after all, I was obliged to give up my search after mermaids.

"They told me of one that fell in love with a young man, named Alexander M'Leod, who often met her upon the shore, at a certain place which they showed me, and had amorous dalliance with her; but he soon fell sick and died, and when she came to the shore, and could no more find him, she cried one while, and sung another, in the most plaintive strains that ever were heard. This was the popular account; but there was an old man told me, who heard her one evening, and watched her, from a concealment close beside her, all the time she was on shore, that she made a slight humming noise like that made by a kid, not when it bleats out, but when it is looking round for its dam, and bleating with its mouth shut; and this was all the sound that she made, or that he believed she was able to make. I asked why he did not go to her? but he answered in his own language, that he would not have gone to her for all the lands of *the Mackenzie.*

"M'Leod, when on his death-bed, told his friends of all that had passed between them, and grievously regretted having met with her. He said they never met but she clasped her arms around him, and wished to take him into the sea; but that it was from no evil intent, but out of affection, thinking that he could not live more than she, if left upon dry land. When asked if he loved her; he said that she was so beautiful he could not but love her, and would have loved her much better if she had not been so cold; but he added, that he believed she was a wicked creature. If the young man could imagine all this without any foundation, people may imagine after what they list; for my part, I believed every word of it, though disappointed of meeting with her.

"I was equally unsuccessful in my endeavours to see the water horse, a monster that inhabited an inland lake, of whom many frightful stories were told to me; but in my next attempt at an intercourse with the spirits that inhabit that dreary country, I had all the success that I could desire.

"I was told of an old woman who lived in a lone sheiling, at the head of an arm of the sea, called Loch Kios, to whom a ghost paid a visit every night. I determined to see the place, and to tarry a night with the old woman, if possible. Accordingly, I travelled across the country by a wild and pathless rout, and came to her bothy at the fall of night, and going in, I sat down, feigning to be very weary, and unable to move farther. We did not understand a word of each other's language, and consequently no conversation, save by signs, could pass beween us. I found a miserable old shrivelled creature, rather neatly dressed for that country, but manifestly deranged somewhat in her intellects.

"Before I entered, I heard her singing some coronach or dirge, and when I went in, I found her endeavouring to mend an old mantle, and singing away in a wild unearthly croon; so intent was she on both, that she scarcely lifted her eyes from her work when I went toward her, and when she did, it was not to me that she looked, but to the hole in the roof, or to the door by which I entered. The sight affected me very much, and in all things that affect me I become deeply interested. I heard that she was speaking to herself of me; for I knew the sound of the word that meant *Englishman*, but it was not with any symptoms of fear or displeasure that she seemed to talk of me, but merely as a thing that, being before her eyes, her tongue mentioned as by rote.

"The story that prevailed of her was,

that being left a widow with an only son, then a child at the breast, she nourished him; he became a man; and the love and affection that subsisted between them was of no ordinary nature, as might naturally be supposed. He was an amiable and enterprising young man; but going out to the fishing once with some associates to the Saint's Islands, he never returned, and there were suspicions that he had been foully murdered by his companions, the weather having been so mild that no accident could have been supposed to have happened at sea. There were besides many suspicious circumstances attending it, but no proof could be led. However, the woman hearing that she had lost her darling son, and only stay on earth, set no bounds to her grief, but raved and prayed, and called upon his name; conjuring him by every thing sacred to appear to her, and tell her if he was happy, and all that had befallen to him. These continued conjurations at length moved the dead to return. The spirit of her son appeared to her every night at midnight, and conversed with her about the most mysterious things—about things of life and death—the fates of kingdoms and of men; and of the world that is beyond the grave—she was happy in the communion, and abstracted from all things in this world beside.

"Such was the unearthly tale that was told in the country of this rueful old creature, and made me resolve to visit her before I left the island; but I could not procure a man in all the district of Uig to accompany me that could speak both languages; for, except the minister and his wife, and one taxman and his family, there was not one in the district, which contained 3000 inhabitants, that could speak the English language, or were book-learned. I procured a young lad to be my guide, named Malcolm Morison, but he having gathered something of my intentions before we left the banks of Loch Rog, would on no consideration accompany me into the cot, but left me as soon as we came in sight of it. I no sooner beheld the object of my curiosity, than I thought her crazy, and that the story might have arisen from her ravings. Still she was an interesting object to contemplate; and resolving to do so for the night, I tried by signs to make her understand that I was a traveller fatigued with walking, and wished to repose myself in her cottage until next morning; but she regarded me no more than she would have done a strayed cat or dog that had come in to take shelter with her. There was one sentence which she often repeated, which I afterward understood to be of the following import, 'God shield the poor weary Saxon;' but I do not know how to spell it in Earse. I could likewise perceive, that for all the intentness with which she was mending the mantle, she was coming no speed, but was wasting cloth endeavouring to shape a piece suiting to the rent, which she was still making rather worse than better. It was quite visible that either she had no mind, or that it was engaged in something widely different from that at which her hands were employed.

"She did not offer me any victuals, nor did she take any herself, but sat shaping and sewing, and always between hands singing slow melancholy airs, having all the wildness of the native airs of that wild and primitive people. Those that she crooned were of a solemn and mournful cast, and seemed to affect her at times very deeply.

Night came on, and still she gave herself no concern at all about me. She made no signs to me either to lie down and rest in the only couch the hovel contained, or to remain, or to go away. The fire sent forth a good deal of smoke, but neither light nor heat; at length, with much delay and fumbling, she put some white shreds of moss into a cruise of oil, and kindled it. This threw a feeble ray of light through the smoke, not much stronger than the light of a glow-worm, making darkness scarcely visible, if I may use the expression.

The woman, who was seated on a dry sod at the side of the fire, not more than a foot from the ground, crossed her arms upon her knees, and laying her head on them, fell fast asleep. I wrapt myself in my officer's cloak, and threw myself down on the moss couch, laying myself in such a position that I could watch all her motions as well as looks. About eleven o'clock she awoke, and sat for some time moaning like one about to expire; she then kneeled on the sod seat, and muttered some words, waving her withered arms, and stretching them upward, apparently performing some rite, either of necromancy or devotion, which she concluded by uttering three or four feeble howls.

When she was again seated I watched her features and looks, and certainly never before saw any thing more unearthly. The haggard wildness of her features; the anxious and fearful way in which she looked about and about, as if looking for one that she missed away, made such an impression on me that my hairs stood all on end, a feeling that I never experienced before, for I had always been proof against superstitious terrors. But here I could not get the better of them, and wished myself any where else. The dim lamp, shining amidst smoke and darkness, made her features appear as if they had been a dull yellow, and she was altogether rather like a ghastly shade of something that had once been mortal than any thing connected with humanity.

It was apparent from her looks that she expected some one to visit her, and I became firmly persuaded that I should see a ghost, and hear one speak. I was not afraid of any individual of my own species; for, though I had taken good care to conceal

them from her for fear of creating alarm, I had two loaded pistols and a short sword under my cloak; and as no one could enter without passing my couch by a very narrow entrance, I was sure to distinguish who or what it was.

I had quitted keeping my eyes upon the woman, and was watching the door, from which I thought I could distinguish voices. I watched still more intensely; but, hearing that the sounds came from the other side, I moved my head slowly round, and saw, apparently, the corpse of her son sitting directly opposite to her. The figure was dressed in dead-clothes; that is, it was wrapt in a coarse white sheet, and had a napkin of the same colour round its head. This was raised up on the brow, as if thrust up recently with the hand, discovering the pale stedfast features, that neither moved eye-lid nor lip, though it spoke in an audible voice again and again. The face was not only pale, but there was a clear glazed whiteness upon it, on which the rays of the lamp falling, shewed a sight that could not be looked on without horror. The winding-sheet fell likewise aside at the knee, and I saw the bare feet and legs of the same bleached hue. The old woman's arms were stretched out towards the figure, and her face thrown upwards, the features meanwhile distorted as with ecstatic agony. My senses now became so bewildered, that I fell into a stupor, like a trance, without being able to move either hand or foot. I know not how long the apparition staid; for the next thing that I remember was being reluctantly awakened from my trance by a feeble cry which I heard through my slumber repeated several times. I looked, and saw that the old miserable creature had fallen on her face, and was grasping in feeble convulsions the seat where the figure of her dead son had so lately reclined. My compassion overcame my terror; for she seemed on the last verge of life, or rather sliding helplessly from time's slippery precipice, after the thread of existence by which she hung had given way. I lifted her up, and found that all her sufferings were over—the joints were grown supple, and the cold damps of death had settled on her hands and brow. I carried her to the bed from which I had risen, and could scarcely believe that I carried a human body—it being not much heavier than a suit of clothes. After I had laid her down, I brought the lamp near, to see if there was any hope of renovation—she was living, but that was all, and, with a resigned though ghastly smile, and a shaking of the head, she expired.

"I did not know what to do; for the night was dark as pitch; and I wist not where to fly, knowing the cot to be surrounded by precipitous shores, torrents, and winding bays of the sea; therefore all chance of escape until day light was utterly impossible; so I resolved to trim the lamp, and keep my place, hoping it would not be long till day.

"I suppose that I sat about an hour in this dismal place, without moving or changing my attitude, with my brow leaning upon both my hands, and my eyes shut, when I was aroused by hearing a rustling in the bed where the body lay. On looking round, I perceived with horror that the corpse was sitting upright in the bed, shaking its head as it did in the agonies of death, and stretching out its hands towards the hearth. I thought the woman had been vivified, and looked steadily at the face, but I saw that it was the face of a corpse still, for the eye was white, being turned upward and fixed in the socket, the mouth was open, and all the other features immoveably fixed for ever. Seeing that it continued the same motion, I lifted the lamp and looked fearfully round, and there beheld the figure I had so recently seen, sitting on the same seat, in the same attitude, only having its face turned toward the bed.

I could stand this no longer, but fled stumbling out at the door, and ran straight forward. I soon found myself in the sea, and it being ebb tide, I fled along the shore like a deer pursued by the hounds. It was not long till the beach terminated, and I came to an abrupt precipice washed by the sea. I climbed over a ridge on my hands and knees, and found that I was on a rocky point between two narrow friths, and farther progress impracticable.

I had now no choice left me; so, wrapping myself in my cloak, I threw me down in a bush of heath, below an overhanging cliff, and gave up my whole mind to amazement at what I had witnessed. Astonished as I was, nature yielded to fatigue, and I fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not awake till about the rising of the sun. The scene all around me was frightfully wild and rugged, and I scarce could persuade myself that I was awake, thinking that I was still struggling with a dreadful dream. One would think this was a matter easily settled, but I remember well, it was not so with me that morning. I pulled heath, cut some parts of it off, and chewed them in my mouth;—rose,—walked about, and threw stones into the sea, and still had strong suspicions that I was in a dream.—The adventures of the preceding night dawned on my recollection one by one, but these I regarded all as a dream for certain; and it may well be deemed not a little extraordinary, that to this day, if my oath were taken, I declare I could not tell whether I saw these things in a dream, or in reality. My own belief leaned to the former, but every circumstance rather tended to confirm the latter; else, how came I to be in the place where I was.

I scrambled up among the rocks to the westward, and at length came to a small footpath which led from the head of the one bay to the other; and following that, it

soon brought me to a straggling hamlet, called, I think, Battaline. Here I found a man that had been a soldier, and had a little broken English, and, by his help, I raised the inhabitants of the village; and getting into a fishing boat, we were soon at the cottage. There we found the body lying stretched, cold and stiff, exactly in the very place and the very position in which I laid it at first on the bed. The house was searched, and, grievous to relate, there was no article either of meat, drink, or clothing in it, save the old mantle which I found her mending the evening before. It appeared to me on reflection, that it had been a settled matter between her and the spirit, that she was to yield up her frail life that night, and join his company; and that I had found her preparing for her change.—The cloak she had meant for her winding sheet, having nothing else; and by her little hymns and orgies she had been endeavouring to prepare her soul for the company among whom she knew she was so soon to be. There was a tint of spiritual sublimity in the whole matter.

I have related this story exactly as I remember it. It is possible that the whole might have been a dream, and that I had walked off in my sleep; for I have sometimes been subjected to such vagaries, and have played wonderful pranks in my sleep: but I think the circumstance of the corpse being found in the very way in which I had laid it, or at least supposed I had laid it, confirms it almost beyond a doubt, that I had looked upon the whole with my natural eyes. Or, perhaps part of it may have been real, and part of it a dream, for the whole, from the first, was so like a vision to me, that I can affirm nothing anent it.

There is a great deal of poetry in this—and indeed the Shepherd is always at home in the clouds and darkness of superstition. He speaks of ghosts like a man who believes in them;—and who ever passed his infancy among the hills without seeing Spirits? Assuredly not James Hogg—who had too much heart, and too much imagination, not to have beheld a thousand sights well worthy to be called ghosts, and that will be so called while the sun forms shadows upon the mountains, and the winds whistle through the rocks. It is not true that superstition is dying away in the Highlands of Scotland—even the second-sight endures; and when will those melancholy wilds,

> "That stretch away
> Into the dim and distant day,"

cease to be haunted by the spectral apparitions of Fear? The Caledonian Canal itself cannot frighten away the "Silent People,"—and the system of large farms will leave room for the old dwellers in lonesome places.

One fault—and one fault only, have we to find with these most amusing volumes—not that it greatly offends us, we frankly confess—but because we fear it may hurt their character among certain classes of society, with whom, but for that fault, they could not fail of being great favourites. There is an occasional coarseness—we had almost said grossness—in some of the Tales, which half an hour judiciously spent in correction might have removed. Mr Hogg is as moral a man as ever lived, and as moral a writer; but he is too fond of calling some things by their plain names, which would be better expressed by circumlocution; and now and then he betrays what we shall at once call, *vulgarity*. Among the lower ranks of society, even the most virtuous are not always over-delicate in their language,—and both maids and matrons, without reproach, occasionally employ language in the field or by the hearth, which would make the faces of young ladies in ball-rooms, not a whit more delicate in their minds than the rustics, blush blue as their stockings.

Not a few such passages occur in these tales—which it would require an intrepid person to read aloud to boys and virgins. For the sake of worthy souls, who are fastidious in such things, let our good Shepherd request Oliver and Boyd to leave out all such tid-bits in the second edition, which we prophecy will be called for before midsummer, and then the Guleman o' Yarrow may laugh at

> "The small critic wielding his delicate pen,"

and furnish his cottage, neatly, but not gaudily, out of the proceeds. As he has cut Edinburgh entirely, we hereby give him notice, that there is to be a rising *en masse* of the Contributors on the 12th of July—so let him have his new mahogany tables and black hair-cloth sofa in good condition, and stock well that "cozie cupboard in the corner," dispensing liquid sweets—for it is thirty-three miles good (over the hill from Peebles), and there is nothing more dangerous than to drink cold water after a long walk in summer.

MOODS OF THE MIND.

No IV.

The Forayer.

An old oak forest rose upon my sight,
Fantastic, with its wreathed and knotted boughs;
'Twas at a summer evening's gentle close;
And yet the peaks of broomy hills were bright
With lingering sunshine, but their sides arose
In darkness, 'mid the fast decaying light;
And, ever and anon, the passing breeze
Stirred, with a transient breath, the aged trees.

And on a mound, beside a quiet lake,
In which the darkened woods reflected lay,
A castle reared its walls, and turrets gray,
As gray as lichen, and as time can make;
And near the landward entrance in the bay,
Their evening thirst where meek-eyed cattle slake,
The dark portcullis hangs, with iron frown,
Throwing its cumbrous chains in masses down.

And lo! a neighing steed comes down the dale,
Weary with travel, glad at sight of home,
Its glossy sides and neck besprent with foam
The rider's morion dancing in the gale;
With deep red stain through yonder crevice roam
The sunbeams, glowing on his burnish'd mail;
A champion fitted for his bustling age,
Within whose breast the fiery passions rage.

His joy is in the foray, in the fight,
The nightly rescue, and the plundered hall,
To drive the lowing cattle from the stall,
And fire the hostile roof 'mid dreary night;
His is a lawless life, that holds in thrall
All, that we deem of conscience or of right,
That rushes down the stream of passion's course,
And sinks within the whirlpool of remorse!

And on his dying bed, when withering age
Hath reft his strength, and bleach'd his tresses gray,
He speeds his henchman to the next Abbaye
To bring a holy Abbot, to assuage
His mortal pangs, and teach his lips to pray
Once, ere he leave this sublunary stage;
Yet doth he deem repentance comes in time,
Giving an hour of prayer for years of crime!

And he hath perished, and his father's son
Reigns in his stead, as lawless and as bold;
And, as he emulates his sires of old,
Thinks as they thought, and does what they have done,
Until the circuit of his year have rolled,
And heavy clouds surround his setting sun,
Then in the vault he rests, and, proudly tall,
Another paces the ancestral hall.

But Error shall not live, and, though the gleam
Of bright romance, on evil ways, and men,
And deeds, that well become the tiger's den,
Flash o'er our startled souls with dazzling beam,
And for a while bewilder us, 'tis when
The soul grows tranquil, that we best may deem
Where cloudless Hope and Happiness can dwell,
If not with purity in Virtue's cell.

The pageant passed away: the castle towers
Remained, but all untenanted and lone;
The ivy clung around the mouldering stone;
And, on the roofless walls, bloomed natural flowers;
Through crevices the winds did make their moan,
And through the thin-leav'd oaks, and mouldering bowers
No voice was heard, except the fox's howl
Afar, or nearer whoop of boding owl.

But, far and near, on hillside, and in dell,
Gleamed cottage windows, through the dim twilight,
With hospitable ray, a welcome sight
For social hearts, and wayworn men to hail,
And cultivated farms and pastures bright
Outspread; and, where the warrior frowned in mail,
Amid his armed bands, who loved turmoil,
Maids sung, and ploughboys whistled at their toil.

A.

No. V.

THE CYPRESS TREE.

A slender tree upon a bank
In lonely beauty towers,
So dark, as if it only drank
The essence of the thunder showers;
When birds were at their evening song,
In thoughtful reverie,
I've marked the shadows deep and long,
Outstretching from that cypress tree.

I've thought of oriental tombs,
Of silent cities, where
In many a row the cypress glooms,
In token of despair;
And thought, beneath the evening star,
How many a maiden crept
From busy life's discordant jar,
And o'er the tomb in silence wept.

I've thought, thou lonely cypress tree,
Thou hermit of the grove,
How many a heart is left like thee
In loneliness on earth to rove;
When all that charmed the early day,
And cheer'd the youthful mind,
Have, like the sun-beams, passed away,
And left but clouded skies behind!

Thou wert a token unto me,
Thou stem with dreary leaf,
So desolate thou seem'st to be,
That earth is but a home of grief!
A few short years shall journey by,
And then thy boughs shall wave,
When tempests beat, and breezes sigh,
Above my head, and o'er my grave!

Δ.

No. VI.

TO THE MORNING STAR.

Pale Star! that lookest o'er the waters blue,
When earth and ocean wear a twilight hue,
From slumber waking, oft I turn to thee,
And marvel what the day shall bring to me!

Oh! happy years of innocence and joy,
When pleasure smil'd upon the careless boy,
How have ye swiftly fled, to leave behind
Sorrow's dark clouds, and Misery's hollow wind!

Then, like the morning lark, I woke and sung,
Mirth in my heart, and music on my tongue,
Now fearful I awake to Morning's light,
And ask seclusion, and the fall of night.

Through mazy crowds my heartless path I trace,
Nor greet a smile upon one friendly face,
Mid courts and camps I murmur and repine,
And sigh that peace and privacy were mine!

Oh world at distance smiling so serene!
Oh world, thou motleyed and tempestuous scene!
Oh world, where Purity receives her blot,
And Virtue is eschewed,—I love thee not!

Then, fare thee well, bright star, that usher'st in,
Alike the morning calm, the evening din,
More welcome shall thy next appearance be,
When, gemming Twilight's robe, I gaze on thee!

Δ.

RECOLLECTIONS.

No V.

Mark Macrabin, *the Cameronian.*

(Continued from last Number, p. 57.)

Adventure with the Gypsies.

It is the common folly of a common mind to offer up its mite on some high and mighty altar, where it lies undistinguished amid the magnificence of nobler offerings—to cast its pebble on the mountain cairn of some chief, to whom the song of Sir Walter Scott has said "live for ever," and neglect the narrow and unnoticed grave of the humble and heroic subaltern.—I, Miles Cameron, am none of those. In choosing my kind and respectable friend, the Cameronian, for a theme of entertainment and instruction, I avow that I do so for the sake of the subject matter alone—that I have no hope my writings will invest my legs with either one pair or sundry of his notable parson-gray hose, or fill my ample shelves, where books should be, with the wise

and devotional tracts of his establishment. I do farther avow, that I am not lengthening my visits, and protracting the narratives of the good man,

" By many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

for the express purpose of quaffing his total remittance of Highland spirits, as I have been most unkindly accused by his relative, the goodman of Slokendrouth—nor with the design of being distinguished in his final distribution of effects, as Mungo Mactac, the portioner of Bideawee, declared in a recent letter to my friend. But I do devoutly depone, that all I have a chance of receiving beside the approval of my own heart, is an application of the brass-studded elwand to mine own proper person, as soon as the fiery Cameronian discovers I have betrayed his history to the curiosity of mankind. Should this happen, it shall be narrated with the scrupulous accuracy of a man whose chief delight is in truth. The Cameronian thus pursued his history:—

" After the departure of these desperadoes on their various errands of depredation, we had silence for a few moments. The chieftain shook his head several times, accompanying it with an ejaculation of ' Aye, aye,—God help my hollow banes and gray hairs!' and seemed evidently reflecting, with bitter anxiety, on some important matter. Meanwhile, ' deep, loud, and long the thunder bellowed,' and the lightning, in a swift succession of vivid flashes, lingered at the loop-holes of our habitation, seemingly conscious of the evil inmates, and not without a determination, as I interpreted it, of melting the walls of solid whinstone about our heads. Add to all this, the thunder-rain, in large drops, came plash after plash on the blanket roof with which our habitation was covered. ' There's a bonnie night for a stook o' corn,' said the hoary conductor of the horde, ' A braw night, an' a bonnie—a kindly night for proving the locks that haud the gowd-in-gowpins of the worldlings, an' earning a meltith for tomorrow's sunket. But sworn a bit o' ought that's eatable will thae sackless sinners get—no as muckle as a hen could haud in her steeket nieve—they lack the art, hinnie, they lack the art,' said he to bonnie Kate Marshall, who had seated herself on an old pannier beside him. The gypsey maiden answered with a sigh, ' Lack art, indeed! and what signifies art in a world with an iron lock on its nieve like this? The gray stone, and the thorn bush, have divided the good green earth into park and plantation—the deer has his wide domain of wood and wilderness nae mair, and comes forth nae langer with his straight fleet legs, and his lang branching horns amang the bonny moonlight, to meet with the outlaw and his arrow. The black cock has his mountain, but then he has his master—the wild swan has her lonely stream, but she has an owner too—and all the gear that God sends on wings to the wanderer and the outcast, has been claimed and marked for man. The sheep in the fold, the hen on her perch, the fish in the stream, the fruit on the bough, are nae langer to be won by woman's wit—and a willing hand, with a durk and a pistol, might as well expect to make the deep salt Solway spew up the gowd and the gear it has swallowed, as seek to snatch it from the sicker clutch of attorneys, attorneys clerks, and other wily artificers. *Might* may do nae mair; and as for *slight*, my hand has nae been crossed with white money but ance these seven blessed days, and that was when I spaed a powerful bridegroom and a merry bridal to muckle Meg Aicken; and she clapped her hands, leaped lark high, and cried, ' Praise be blest—Lord send it soon and sudden.'

" As the gypsey maiden finished her singular lamentation, the door was suddenly darkened by the loaded person of the gallant Macgrab of Galloway, who had justified his lineage, his name, and his calling, by an inroad on the sheepfold of a neighbouring farmer. ' Here,' said the Galwegian marauder, ' by my saul, here's a gimmer pet wi' seventeen pund o' tallow beneath her ribs; and a fleece, a fuller fleece, and a finer, never came under the tarred finger and the sharp sheers; and a pair of notable horns, weel worthy o' the crafty and cunning hand o' auld Dingem Marshall himself.' And down he laid his living burthen at the feet of the patriarch, who first looked at the spoil, and then at the spoiler, with a look of inimitable humour. The hands of the gypsey damsel were already on the fleece. She shifted her

scrutiny to the horns, and said, with a loud laugh, 'A fine fleece and a full? it's as coarse as the heather cowe, ye gowk—e'en like yere ain towsie hassock o' hair, that has nae been kamed since Kate Kimmer kamed it with the three-footed stool, and the muckle pot clips. It has a grist like rashes. And fat said ye? Deil soupit, it's but a ruckle o' dry banes and yellow hair, wi' a raw hide thrown owre them. And brag o' it's horns! ye could as soon hammer a ram horn into a hand-vice as shape thae dry withered and sapless shoots into spoons. Ye'll ne'er earn yere bread by skill in cattle, my bonny man; ye had better sair the king, and be shot at for sixpence a-day, Sunday included.' 'And waur than a' that,' cried the chief of the horde, 'instead o' a sappy and tender gimmer ewe, it's as gude a tup as ever lap, and as auld as the hills he grazed on. I have kenned him thae seventeen summers by this auld-farrand crook in his horn; he was ance a gallant brute, and a bonny; but eating him's out o' question. We might boil him, that's true, and hae broth a' the week, and flesh on Sunday.' All these satirical comments upon his judgment and his prey, the Galwegian heard with most good humour—he even contrived to purloin a kiss from Kate Marshall herself—just, he declared, for the pleasure of touching the lips that could talk so cleverly; and when the old man became silent, he said to his recent load, 'Rise up, my gude auld withered brute, ye see what respect is paid to years—back to yere fauld ye shall gang, howsever—we'se no hae a lamb-cloot on a' the Caulside o' Dunscore if we thrapple the gudeman o' the flock. 'Od I wad rather seek my fortune wi' a craped brow an' a bent pistol than grope for my subsistence among crock ewes and gimmer pets. It's a new trade to the name of Macgrab.'

"In the middle of this audible soliloquy we were greeted by the cousin of bonny Kate Marshall, loaded with provisions of less unwieldy bulk, and less questionable excellence, namely a couple of hares, and a large salmon. 'I have had saltless luck,' said he who thus joined the fisher and the hunter in one person, 'the hare nae langer loves to browze on the green dewy blade o' the clover, or on the bosom o' the kindly curly kale. The hair aye runs away with the flesh in spite o' a' my skill; and sae I fare on land; and as for the water, the bonny winding and gentle Nith canna call a single fin its ain,—they syle its current through their herling nets 'tween yule and yule. I have nae skill to tempt a salmon in sunshine, with bonny winged hooks and gilded worms; daylight wark comes nae in my creed. But give me a Martinmas midnight, wi' a sharp barbed leister in ae hand, and a burning light i' the tither, just let me up midthigh deep in Ellisland ford, and show me a salmon lying on the gravel like a lang green ribbon, (for O, they're bonny creatures i' their ain element,) wi' an ell-deep o' clear water aboon them, and if I dinna make him mine, ca' me to the croft wi' a peel'd wand, an' a dud o' scarlet to lead turkeys for the powk-puds who live owre the border.' The rest of the horde gathered around the successful adventurer, and proceeded to examine and praise the spoil. One of the foremost was the gypsey woman, who sung the lament for the loss of her lover; 'Twa bonny maukins, atweel,' said she, holding the hares up by the hind legs, between her and the light, to get a clear view of their outline, 'Aye! aye! him that's awa', e'en him wham we a' miss, and me the warst, was aye as gleg as a gled at seeing thae bonny brown four-legged rinaways, and the fleetest greyhound was nae fleeter and surer in catching them. And ye talk o' ye're skill in salmon, the half o' a' thy skill's nae that muckle, and ye're luck's less. Him that's awa could hae tauld ye a Nith salmon—they are fat and fair, and silvery scaled—frae an Annan water fish; an Annan water fish frae a water o' Dee fish—they hae a dark and a sorrel look—it's a deep stream, and a bluidy, and a Dee fish frae a salmon o' the sweet silver linking Orr. Aye! Aye! salmon fish, and grilses, and herlings, and bull trouts, may a' swim unmolested now; the very dumb fish, I think, liked to be taen by his hand; and hame he never came without a kind kiss and sunket for me,—he's sair missed and muckle.' She replaced the hares on the floor, and lifted and examined the salmon, evidently affected by their association with her lover, and his favourite pursuits. 'Here, haud ye're lap,' said the cousin of bonny Kate

Marshall, moved by this pathetic enumeration of his lost relative's talents, 'here's sunket for ye; I risked my neck on a high stane wa', my twa legs in a man trap, the black deil rive them into spunks, that employ sic disgracefu' engines, and exposed my person to the discharge of a ground gun, whilk makes a man draw the trigger against himself, a most unlawfu' weapon, never to talk of the terrors of three herds, and as mony dumb tykes, and a' to please a pair o' sweet lips, and yet a' that my venturousness was rewarded with, was sax honey pears, sair riddled by wasps and worms; fifteen sugar pippins, sweeter never hung amang green leafs; some scores of damsons; and dizens o' plumbs with a Latin name. It may nae be sonsie to eat them. I wad ask other counsel anent that than my ain teeth. Even take some o' the ripest, and greet about his gifts again, and get another; he was a leash lad and a leal.' So saying, he gave the gypsey widow some pears and plumbs, which he had gathered in great jeopardy from the garden walls of a Nithsdale laird—I need not name him—his house which he built—his garden which he fenced and fattened—his ponds, his orchards, and all that he loved and delighted in, have passed from him and his for ever and ever.—'What is gotten owre the deil's back's spent aneath his belly,'—and that's a Nithsdale proverb, and often has it come to pass.

"The thunder and its fearful accompaniments had passed away; the forest boughs, bent down by the weight of their moistened leafs, began to shake in the dry and gentle wind; the ravens, visible in pairs on the tree tops, replumed their wings, ruffled and drenched with rain; the asses, motionless and stupid while the rain descended, shook the moisture from their backs, and began to taste the refreshened grass; and first one star, and then a brighter, came glimmering through the wet foliage of the high holly palisade that encompassed our habitation. I had stood some minutes on the threshold, gaping on the altered scene, and inhaling the air, now rendered deliciously fresh by the strong purification it had undergone, when suddenly I beheld my old opponent, the desperado, from the Dub of Dryfe, coming running towards the fastness with the agility of a chaced hart, and with something, too, I thought, of its terror. An ass stood in the way; he cleared the animal's back at a bound; and rushing into the presence of the chieftain, stood waving his hands, motioning to begone, gaping and aghast with breathless haste and strong terror,—'Confound you for a glowering gomeral,' exclaimed the old man, 'say what ye hae to say, an' if ye canna sayet, sing't.' And sing it he did, in a tone equally singular and dolorous, a natural imitation, no doubt, of the ancient custom of the primitive people of the earth, who responded in poetry, if not in rhyme.

'Hap, wrap, an' rin, else harm will happen,
Frae the red wude laird o' Caponcrapin.'

'The laird of Caponcrapin,' answered the old man with a laugh of scorn, 'I could fight him, and drub him, with a weapon pulled from the tail of ane of his ain turkies,'—and he began to busy himself about the harvest horn, as composed as if no enemy approached. 'Aye! aye! but,' said the hopeful man of Dryfe, 'here he comes, and twenty coofs with drawn swords and pitchforks marching afore him; he's never foremost himself when harms in the road, dom me if he be.' Up started the chieftain, with an agility which eighty years and odd can seldom boast of; he delivered his orders with infinite composure and distinctness, 'Fill the panniers—saddle the brutes—seek the wood, and pass to the mountain by the gate ye ken—meet me in fifteen hours by the auld trysten howff on Kinnel water, an' may him that faulters hae hemp to his craig, and cauld airn to his weazen.—But bairns, aboon a' things, leave me some fannered corn for my poor auld ass.' In a moment, the swords, the guns, the sheepskins, and their carcasses, the hares, the hens, the salmon, even bonny Kate Marshall's pears and plumbs, ripe and untasted, cauldron and clout, were bundled up and borne off. And the asses, loaded with spoil and with wallet, and the merry cousin of Kate, the Galwegian Macgrab, and the hero of the Dub of Dryfe himself, with all that to them naturally pertained, and much more, were mustered on the moonlight green, and ready for flight. Forth stalked the old man in the pride of place, his hands trembling more with disturbed dignity than age,

one time stroking his gray beard, another time fumbling with the pistols at his belt, looking to the avenue where the presence of the pursuer was expected, and then looking at the cavalcade which was preparing to dive into the depths of the forest. 'Kate, my winsome wean, it winna do!' said he, addressing his grandaughter, who was ready at his side in all emergencies. 'God—but my auld blude grows het and young again, to be hounded frae cleugh to cavern by a coof o' a country laird, and yet, my lass, e'en in my youngest days I have seen and proved, that ae pair o' heels was worth twa pair o' hands. Sae ride lads, ride, said he, turning to his ready dependants, its a sad thing to rin away frae strokes, but ane maun live lang after they are affronted, else the days o' the best and the bauldest would be few." In a moment the secret passage opened, the troop passed through, the branches closed with a rustle behind them, and an anxious ear could only hearken a low and gentle sound, like green leafs disturbed by the motion of birds, as they wound their way along the soft green sward of the wood.

"'Now,' said the patriarch of the tribe, 'might's gane, and slights maun make the maist on't—sae follow me, bairns;' and into the now-untenanted mansion he strode, followed by bonny Kate Marshall and me. The old man looked all around—smoothed down all that wore a disturbed appearance, and said, 'Now, bairns, keep a close eye and a silent tongue—and the horned deil—confound me if I wadna make the laird o' Capon-what-d'ye-call-um a spoon o' his langest horn, only it's no handy to come by—e'en the grim deil himself, canna skaith a hair o' our heads.' We promised implicit obedience—'and now my poor auld brute,' said the chieftain, casting a tattered mantle over the back of his ass; 'I was never sae hard sted but I minded thee—thou that bore sae mony braw sons and bonny daughters on thy back—and an auld wife that I loved dearer than them a'.' So saying, he laid four gowpinfulls of corn before his four-footed favourite—retired to a kind of couch, and down he dropped, and lay extended like a man who had already enjoyed some hours of undisturbed slumber. The damsel lingered for a moment—looked round after the example of her grandfather, to see that all was smoothed down, and reduced to the harmless exterior of the peace establishment—then hastened to her couch, and dived among the mantles and rugs as quick as a young cygnet among the lake rushes, and as tawny too. All the couches and places resembling beds for human repose were vanished or occupied—it was probably against the etiquette of the horde to presume to share with the chief—it might also have provoked the spirit of his descendant had I begged the hospitality of one of her Sanquhar counterpanes that had decked the bride-beds of so many of her ancestors, and had I attempted to escape, one of the old man's pistols, or a pitch-fork of one of the laird's rustics—whose footsteps were now heard audibly in the avenue—might have impeded my progress. The damsel saw my embarrassment—and a wave of her hand, and a backwards beck of her curly head, brought me to her bedside. If she had any intention of sharing it with me, she changed her mind in a moment. 'I see,' said she, 'with a smile and a whisper, ye're scantily acquaint with our pranks—but ye have an eye, and ye can mark, and ye have a mind, and can understand—lie down on my bed, and e'en be as sick as a sound heart can weel be—buckle on my mutch—and my mantle—and I'll sit and watch aside you—I have waked a living corse with shoon on its feet afore now—and sae have ye—ye young black sparkling eened psalm-singer; for all sae saft and sackless as ye look, I wadnae trust myself on the top of a snaw wreath with ye i' the mirkest and maist icy night o' winter. It's no said in a psalm, but in a gude auld saw—

'Wi' a white man rede yere rede,
Wi' a brown man break yere bread,
Wi' a red man draw yere knife,
But keep a black man frae yere wife.'—

And your daughter, too, says, 'poor Kate Marshall—no sae low as to make verses, but a seller o' horn spoons, and a spaer o' poor folks fortunes.'—Down I lay, and down sat the joyous young gypsey beside me—with clasped hands—a look of demure and sorrowful attention, and over her whole person a large rough mantle thrown, which, reaching to the ground, and

covering her head, threw her face into a deep shade, where the sparkle of her large loving and swarthy eyes was alone visible. As I lay, I looked around, and could not help wondering at the suddenness of the change the whole settlement had undergone. A brief period ago, this lonesome den of refuge had a bustling and dangerous and menacing look—contained determined and desperate characters, to whom perilous undertakings were a pastime, by whom plans of outrage to others, and labour and jeopardy to themselves, were sketched and fulfilled with a gayety, a rapidity, and precision, rivalling the exploits of the famous companions of old, who proclaimed themselves 'friends to God, and enemies to all the world.' The change was as extensive as sudden—look at the house and its inmates now—and the stone eyes of an inquisitor must have dropt marble tears—a venerable hoary-headed man lay sleeping alone on a rugged couch—instead of 'a good soft pillow for his old white head,' he had a bunch of churlish and unshapely horns, with an old black leather apron thrown over them—and over all streamed down his long thin white hair—he lay like a personification of helpless and desolate old age. And here I lay, the sick and enfeebled brother of bonny Kate Marshall—in seeming slumber—and quite unequal to the hazardous expeditions of depredation and broil—and there sat my soft-eyed protectress, so still and so sorrowful—watching me with the looks of a lovely creature in love. I now heard the near and cautious approach of feet, and as the open door of our dwelling began to darken with human forms, my gypsey nurse began to sing, or rather chant, in a low and mournful voice, some fragments of an old song—composed probably on an occasion of deeper seriousness than this—I can only remember some imperfect passages—which I thus eke together:

1.

'I thought but on the bridal song—
Not on thy death-dirge sad and long—
I thought but on thy bridal sheet—
Not o'er thy shroud to wail and weep—
Thy cottage on the streamlet's bank
Is now the cold grave deep and dank;
And thy poor maiden comes to moan,
And sob o'er thy sepulchre stone.

2.

'The warmest heart—the brightest eye
Is earliest doomed to love and die,
The sweetest, gentlest, and the best,
Seek earliest out the land of rest.
The noblest mind, the bravest spirit,
Is briefly doomed earth to inherit—
This world holds nought that's worth the trust
Of woman's love, since thou wert dust.

3.

'Thou comest with the coming light—
Thou goest not with the darksome night—
True as the leaf is to the tree
And the lily bloom to Blackwood-lea,
True as our shadows were to the stream,
As we courting sat in the sweet moonbeam;
So is thy form to me, and never
Shall life or death us sunder and sever.'

I was by no means prepared for this melancholy dirge, and the dolorous accompaniment of the maiden's voice—the sorrowful composure with which she caused the words to drop one by one into my ear, and the aspect of deep and unaffected sorrow with which she ministered at my couch, required all my faith to credit mine own convalescence. At this moment, about a dozen of well-armed men entered our dwelling, and last of all came the doughty laird of Caponcrapin himself, the sweat of haste, and probably of fear, running drop after drop down both cheeks, and carrying a tribute of powder and perfume with the current—pale and panting—a drawn sword in his hand—with his sharp suspicious twinkling cat-grey eyes roaming unceasingly round, lest an ass's pannier or a blanketted couch should contain desperate homicides, ready for strife. The sound and the bustle with which they entered, was just such as might be supposed to wake a man from a common sound sleep—the chieftain began to rouse and bestir himself like a man untimeously disturbed, while his gentle grand-daughter poured forth, without stint or limit, line after line of deep and pathetic song over my bed. 'Deil soupet's here,' said a ploughman, casting, as he spoke, his pitchfork out at the door as far as he could pitch it, 'save an auld man, feckless as a thrashen straw—and that canna stand its lane—wi' scant as mony hairs on his head as wad number the years he has lived—and a poor lassie sabbing o'er a sick bairn—may I be buried in my next furrow, and hae the een

pyked out of my head by a hoodie-craw, if I'll either make or meddle wi' them—and sae I tell ye.' Round on this sympathizing plowman—(his name was James Nivieson, his mother's name was Marion Mouter, of the glen-mill—' word gade she was nae cannie')—and on his companions turned the gypsey damsel, with a look that might have commanded commiseration from hearts of proof. ' Alack, alack,' she sighed, ' little can we do for ye,' pretending to mistake them for wanderers soliciting a night's lodging; ' here's nought but a roofless shieling —and empty walls—toom bags—and empty bickers—three feckless fowk—twa hungry and ane sick—blessed living kind has nae passed atween this lad's lips for hours mae than I shall count; and here in this wilderness hae we been storm-sted—and fever-sted—sae e'en pass on—we can give ye nought but our blessing;—' and to me she turned again, renewing her interrupted song of lamentation.

" ' Deil hae me,' said another rustic, ' but this cowes Cromby, and Cromby cowed the Diel—conscience, ye little gypsey limmer, I ken that gleg tongue and thae black een owre weel to be boggled out o' our errand wi' a tale o' hunger and hardship—I'se warrant ye have nae forgot how ye wheedled Kate Kissaway, my ain cousin, out o' her green hood and calimanco petticoat, wi' a feigned tale o' bridal broose and stocking throwing—an' the quean's as single yet as a neighbourless stocking —an' how ye nicked me—even I mysel'—a douce person an' a sponsible —wi' casting the cups anent the likelihood o' ought kything atween Peg Primrose the mantua-maker, and ye ken wha—an' coost me, ye kutty, out o' a cozie half crown.' When this amusing accusation was ended—and which my gypsey protectress only answered by a more sorrowful quaver in her song, the chieftain concluded it was but reasonable he should awake, and accordingly he arose slowly—with many a groan, laying aside mantle and rug as he became more erect, till at length he stood upright on the floor, and, casting his eyes on our visitants, said, with well-feigned surprise, ' His presence be here—where come ye frae —and come ye for good—na but his grace preserve me and my twa bairns.' This unexpected though humble address startled the laird, armed and surrounded as he was, with triple rows of protectors. Terror too has strong powers of association—and to the voice and the figure, the fears of the redoubted portioner of Nith added a dozen fearless followers at least with pistol and sword. He started back—dropping, instead of extending, his sword at the object of his terror—and shouted out, in a voice quavering with horror, ' Oh! shoot him, shoot him.' The damsel, as this was uttered, sprung from her seat, and confronted the laird, with one hand extended as if to clutch his throat, and the other placed on the stock of a pistol, or the hilt of a dirk, which she carried concealed in her bosom—and which she could employ with equal courage and address. The object of her wrath seemed to feel an additional alarm at the advance of this tawny amazon—as he was in the habit of daily admonishing his spouse, he had never yet associated ought more mortal with a female form than an insubordinate tongue—he overlooked, therefore, his imminent and instant danger, and still gazed aghast on the old man, who stood a perfect personification of serenity. ' Shoot wha,' said the first rustic, to the exclamation of his leader, ' shoot auld honest Willie, wha has held the name of Nivieson in parritch spoons for seventy years and seven. I'd as soon cock my carbine at ane o' the seven stars.' The damsel, at the sight of this staunch auxiliary, resumed her seat, but not her song; and her grandfather, coming forward to his guests, said he would gladly learn to what accident he owed their presence in a poor roofless houff, where he had been bewildered and storm-sted. ' Indeed, then, Willie, as ye spier a fair question, I'se be bauld to tell ye;' said the rustic who had amused bonny Kate with deluding the maiden called Katherine Kissaway with visionary bridals, ' ye ken the cry of the Galloway dames to their stray hens when the gypsies light their fires i' the woods,' ' chuckie, chuckie, chuckie tappenie, say I may, —our new come neighbours like feathered flesh our weel.' Aweel, Willie, ye canna help an ill name—some handy rinabout had emptied our laird's hen-bawks yestreen, as clearly as fifty foumarts, and back came the same reckless neer-do-gude to night—i' the very midst o' the thunder and

fire, as if it had been a planned thing wi' auld spunkie, to make a like attempt on our laird's roosts of fat capons. But bide awee—the chap wha tried it didna ken the laird—draw ane o' his capon's necks, an' try to draw a drap o' his dearest blude—carry awa ane o' his fat turkeys, an' ye had better carry awa the lady o' Caponcrapin herself, wi' her seven lad weans—whom the neighbours aye number wi' his chickens, as they are all alike dear—whare should the laird be lying, think ye, when this capon-reaver came—whare, but where the auld sang says—

'Whar'll our gude man lie
Till he shoot owre the simmer?
Up aboon the hen-bawks
Amang the rotten timmer.'

'And well for me,' exclaimed the laird—'and well for my many capons which I have tenderly hatched—carefully cut, and anxiously fattened—well for us all that I lay among their roosts to-night—else, instead of being killed, and dressed, and eaten, with culinary skill, and with Mr Markfin's famous sauce, as they shall infallibly be—they would have fluttered to death in some tinkler's dirty bag, and walloped amang kale and castocks in his cauldron.' 'To make a lang tale short,' said the first rustic, accustomed to interrupt the laird, who was never known to finish his tale when the mystery of capon fattening was his theme, except when the fowls reeked, in all the richness of preparation, on the dinner table—'to make a lang tale short, the loon had but drawn the necks o' three, when the fourth cried 'chuck,' and the laird cried 'murder.' The knave ran, and we ran—we chased him into this wood, and the deil that drave him there may drive him out again for me.' During these disclosures, the old man held up his hands, and looked on one, and looked on another, in blank and innocent amazement. The rustic, who spoke last, led the laird aside, and said in a whisper, 'If ye were to hing the auld man on the highest tree i' the wood, and drown the damsel in the deepest pool i' the water, there would be as meikle o' the deevil left, else I'm sadly deceived, as would ding the roof of yere hame about yere lugs, and rax yere ain neck as lang as ever ye raxed a capon's—sae come away, and let the dour fox die in his den, for his death bite's dangerous.' In this counsel the laird perceived something that deserved instant consideration and compliance, in token of which he sheathed his sword, said he saw no harbour for runagates here, and, leading out his armed domestics into the moonlight, began to march homewards. Jamie Nivieson whispered to the old man as he passed, 'Make yersel scarce, Willie—make yersel scarce—the coof o' Caponcrapin's gane an' gladly, but ye'll soon see a mair determined chield, whose smallest word is 'whip,' and whose commonest word is 'hang,'—ye guess wha I mean—d'ye ken Cursan Collieson.'—And away ran the rustic, concealing, as he went, half-a-dozen good green horn-spoons, with which the gypsey damsel rewarded his kindness.

"No sooner had the sound of our unwelcome visitors' footsteps died away, than the chieftain said, 'Now, Kate, my winsome bairn, and my bauld ane, make ready my poor auld ass, and we'se even forsake this hazardous place—that gowk, Deil gin he were drowned in Dryfe, that the place that produced might quench his folly, instead o' leading his pursuers a wild goose chase by water and wood, away came he direct for this den of refuge, where, wi' cannie guiding, wi' might hae dwalt the feck o' a month, and lived on the fatness of Nithsdale. Aweel! we maun wag—we maun wag, and that soon and sudden. Mind, Kate, my bairn, to drap something i' the road for douce Jamie Nivieson to find—but for him we might hae been hard bested. And now Mark, my young lad,' continued the gypsey chief, turning to me, 'ye had nae better abide the coming and the wrath o' Cursan Collieson; come with us up amang the mountains till the cloud flies past—and then if ye like our calling, e'en come and live and laugh amang us; and wha kens but ye might win the loove o' my ain sonsie Katherine.' 'The love o' me,' said the gypsey damsel, with a look of compassion to her grandfather, and of insufferable scorn to me, 'and bear the budgets of a Cameronian psalm-singer—a raw haspan of a callan! he might mind o' that—he'll be aulder gin simmer, as the sang says. But whan will he have the right heart and the ready hand; and aboon a', will he love to dwall i' the hollow o'

the wild wood—roam on the bank of some lonesome burn, and pitch his tent on some wild and steep mountain? Can he bear the scoffs that we maun bear? Can he loup sheep-faulds, revel amang hen-roosts, and gather plumbs and pears for his joe and his darling, like my cannie cousin, Tam Marshall? Say nae mair about it—though I canna help thinking, wi' douce guiding amang cannie hands, something might be made of him, but never a man for me.' During this conversation, the relics of our establishment were gathered together, packed into the panniers of the old man's ass, and, with the halter of the animal in his hand, forth he walked once more into the moonlight air, followed by his descendant and me. We instantly dived into the bosom of the wood, wound our way through the green and winding avenues, and at last, emerging into the free and open country, ascended a small hillock, and began to look around. At our feet the Nith, swollen with the heavy thunder shower, came down from her uplands, lifting her voice far above its usual mild and gentle tone into an agitating dash from bank to bank, sounding sullen and deep. The moon, glimmering along its reddened and undulating surface, showed an unusual expanse of water—the wooded banks, lessened with the swelling of the flood, and high beyond all the dark heathery hills of Closeburn, shining in liquid light. The old man gazed on the troubled river, and smiting both thighs with his expanded palms, said, 'Oh! bairns, bairns! just on sic a night did I lose twa o' my fairest sons!—ane seventeen, the other seven-and-twenty, crossing this bonny, but bloodie water; and my gray hairs would soon be added to their raven locks were I to dare the awfu' flood tonight—and cross it we maun in some way or other.' We all stood several minutes looking on the stream, and the old man resumed. 'That's the fause ford fornent us. It has a bonny and promising look, but few who ride it live to roose it. A gude bowshot below is the kindly ford—it looks broad and burly; but I have never wet my foot in that water since I lost my bonny bairns.' And he turned the head of his ass to the kindly ford, and we prepared to follow. At this moment, shriek succeeding shriek came from the passage, (called by the old man the 'fause ford') mingling with the plunging and braying of asses, and the cheers and entreaties of men. The chieftain, with a cry of indescribable anguish, called out, 'Oh! rin, rin! that's either the wraiths of my drowned bairns welcoming me, or the yell of suffering flesh and blood.' And down we ran towards the ford, the old man foremost, for the agony of spirit added unusual swiftness to his feet—a doomed man runs swift to destruction. He reached the river as soon as me—a fearful scene presented itself. Men and women and asses were struggling in the middle of the deep and rapid current. I saw the Galwegian gypsey up to his leathern girdle in the flood, leading two asses, on which women were seated—the cousin of Kate Marshall succeeded in the same order—the desperado of Dryfe followed, conducting the remainder of the horde, and they all seemed in immediate peril. When the unhappy old man saw the jeopardy of all his dependants, he forgot his age and infirmities, and the depth and violence of the current. 'Bairns! bairns!' he called loudly, and in a tone of the deepest pathos, 'keep together—keep yere heads up the flood—cling to the brutes, and let warld's gear gang.'

"The o'ermastering fears of the Man of Dryfe rendered this counsel of importance. When he felt the rapid under current of the river whirling the large pebbles from below his feet, heard the asses bray, and the women scream, all reflection forsook him, he cried, 'Oh to be haurning bread at my aunt's hearthstane,' and finally he lifted up his voice and wept. At the same time he quitted the halters of the asses which he led, and the whole detachment was thrown into confusion. One ass, without panniers, was instantly swept away, the women raised a loud shriek, and the miserable chieftain made an instant dash to their assistance from the bank of the river. He soon required the aid he so unavailingly offered to others. The place into which he plunged was (particularly when the river was swollen,) a deep and dangerous eddy, or whirl occasioned by the weight of water flung against the sure-rooted trunk of an old oak that projected far into the

stream. This land abutment threw back the flood into the main body of the current, narrowing its channel and increasing its rapidity. In a moment he was carried off his feet, and though he clutched his arms around the neck of his faithful old ass, such was the force of the stream, that he was instantly borne down, his loose dress and long hoary hair floating and mingling like drift leafs on the surface of the water. Regardless of danger, I leaped from the bank with a plunge into the current, seized the poor old man, who was now disengaged from the ass, and certainly would have gained the shore, had not the deep love of his granddaughter, which I have heard preserved his life upon another occasion, caused it to be lost now. She stood on the steep bank above, as motionless as a statue, her lips apart and quivering with agony, and her large dark eyes, dilated beyond their usual size, seemed glazed as ice. She lifted her hands, and she tried to speak, at last she shrieked out, 'save him, oh save him,' and, leaping from the bank, wreathed her arms round him, and placed herself and me in the greatest peril. Twice the force of the stream heaved us all over, the old man was unable to assist himself, and his faithful granddaughter was senseless and suffocated with the water. I made one desperate effort; already we were borne to the brink of a deep impassable pool; I saw no chance of saving all, so, seizing the maiden by the hair, and clutching my right arm round the bough of an elm tree, that hung low and far over the stream, I succeeded in gaining the bank. Ere this was accomplished, I saw the old man, for the last time, rise half above the water, his hands held up more like hands of a man in prayer, than in agony. The moon shone full on his face, over which his thin hair streamed; it was turned on us; and I heard a voice, something like human speech and the murmuring of waters, say, 'Bless ye, my bairn, bless ye!'—As he uttered this, he was swept into the deep pool, and farther attempts to save him were abandoned. Meantime the coolness, and courage, and strength, of the redoubted Galwegian Macgrab, had saved the rest of the horde from the dangerous situation in which they were placed, and they had forded the river, with the loss of a pannier, and a seething cauldron. As they ascended the bank, Macgrab, wholly ignorant of the fate of his leader, turned round, and cried across the river, at the moment I carried the female sovereign of the tribe up the bank, 'Bide ye there, auld man, and my winsome young lass, and I'll bring ye o'er this fause flood, as safe as if ye had the wings o' water hens.' He changed his voice in a moment, and, turning to his companions, said, 'Rin, Tam, rin, Dryfe Dub, deevil's ye're name? kep at the ford, or the auld man 'll be drowned!' And then, tying the halters of two of the strongest asses together, he gained the bank at my feet. 'Mark, Cameronian, or whatever they call ye,' said he, leaping on the turf, 'guide that poor maiden kindly,' and down the pool side he flew, to look for the body of his venerable leader. He returned in a moment, 'He will be whirled o'er by the thrawart current to the other side, there's nae doubt o' that, sae come awa' Kate, my winsome lass,' said he to the living but senseless maiden, and taking her in his arms, we all forded the river a little lower down, and reached the opposite side in safety. Here we found the whole tribe in active search for the body of the old man, and the man of Dryfe Dub, forgetting his fears, joined actively in the look out in the ford. The Galwegian committed the damsel to my care, who was fast recovering, and joined his friends in the search. The clouds now began to return and thicken on the tops of the hills, and one large and black, came edging upon the moon, gradually lessening the splendour of the beautiful planet. Assisted by her imperfect light, I could still see the gypsies straggling about the border, and even some in the middle of the ford, and I heard the voice of the Galwegian, repeatedly admonishing them to look close to the water. At last the man of Dryfe shouted out, 'Here's the auld ass howsever; dom me if it is nae; glower glegly, its rider canna be far aff; we ken a' they were cronies.' 'Take tent o't,' said the Galwegian, in a tone of sympathy, 'I'll howk it a graff wi' my ain twa hands, rather than it should feast the corbies, and tak' tent o' ye're mirth, my man, this is nae time for daffin', an' daffin too

at ye're ain misdeeds; carry ye're caams cannie, else the sowther will scaud ye, d'ye understand the gypsey's proverb.' To this admonition and threat, the desperado answered with a suppressed laugh, and the search continued. The gypsey women, who had been all this while preparing their equipage for marching, disordered and diminished by their adventure in the river, came to the margin of the water, and taking away the chieftainess, left me at liberty, so down I went to the ford to assist in the search. Just as I reached the margin of the stream, the man of Dryfe stooped into the water, with a loud unearthly laugh, and called out, 'Here's a prize or dom me than,' and he lifted the body of the poor old man half out of the river, gazed at it for a moment with grievous disappointment, and, casting it at his feet in the flood, said, 'God, it's the drowned carle; I thought it was the tool bag, dom me if I didnae!' The Galwegian Macgrab waxed red with wrath, and, uttering a deep and deadly imprecation, rushed across the ford upon his Dryfesdale associate, and felled him into the water with a blow of his fist. He instantly caught up the drowned body of his chief, bore it out to the green bank, the horde gathered with a wail and a moan around it, and endeavoured in vain to restore him to life. His unhappy granddaughter threw herself beside him, and lay as mute and as motionless as the corpse. Macgrab looked on the body with a face of deep and composed grief, and then on the unhappy young woman, whom the rest of the females were endeavouring to sooth. 'Weel wad it be for thee,' he said, 'and weel wad it be for me, did we baith grace ae grave, wi' the poor auld man aside us, but I canna forget the faithful brute beast either,' and up the bank he pulled the dead ass, and laid it on the sward by the side of its master. All this while, the unfortunate man of Dryfe was allowed to float, stunned and senseless, down the river, and I never heard a single remark made on his absence, except a brief sentence from the Galwegian, 'Let him sink or swoom; a doomed man's easily drowned.'

"It was about three o'clock in the morning, when, after interring the old man and his ass in the river sand, marking a neighbouring tree with the initials of his name, and collecting all the diminished property of the tribe together, the forlorn gypsies sat down on a green hillock, to consult on the present pressure of their affairs. The granddaughter of their chief sat in the midst, with his silver mounted pistols at her belt, and all the rest seated themselves in order around. I stood and awaited the result. The chieftainess was the first that spoke—'To you, Mark, my man—Cameronian I should call thee—I owe my life; and to thee, Robin Macgrab, I owe all the rest. I canna hae ye baith—it's against a' rule, though in a distressed state like mine, it ought to be allowed. However, I maun tak the tane o' ye; that's set and settled—sae on thee my choice lights—rise, and come and sit aside me,'—and up rose the Galwegian, in great delight, and up rose the whole of the tribe in stern and sudden anger. I expected an immediate battle—but the prowess of the new chief, and the determined character of the young cheftainess, preserved order, if they failed to command respect. 'I shall wander nae langer wi' ane sae witless, and wi' anither sae rash,' said one gypsey, mounting his panniers, and departing by himself. His defection was followed by others—one marched up the river, another marched down, and a third took the road for the hills of Closeburn and Kirkmahoe. The cousin of bonny Kate himself alone remained with the new heads of the tribe—but his adherence was more from affection to the family name, and the blood of kindred, than to the chief who commenced the Galwegian dynasty. 'Thank ye, my kind cousin,' said the chieftainess, 'thank ye for no ganging growling awa wi' thae sackless coofs—to seek your fortune asunder frae the lawful head o' your house—and amang the cauld-hearted fremit. I hae a bonnie loove-letter to shew ye—it cam frae a southern branch o' our name that flourishes in the braw forests ayont the Tweed.' So saying, she produced from her girdle a bright piece of copper, on which was rudely etched a very singular scene. Under a large forest tree sat a numerous and busy group, with a cauldron suspended over a fire—there were baskets with fish and fowl, and all the indications of gypsey wealth; a fat buck was in

the very situation of being dissected, while another buck bounded past, inviting, by the backward cast of his eye, the level carabines of the tribe. 'There's a handsome invitation for us,' said the cheiftainess, submitting the hieroglyphic document to the delighted inspection of her cousin and her lord. 'A noble land, by my faith,' said the Galwegian.—'A fat land, and a fair,' said the cousin of bonny Kate. 'A land where there's plenty for a' and rule for me,' said the chieftainess, rising an inch in stature with every word she spoke, and holding her sceptre in imagination over the whole ancient domain of Robin Hood; 'but I maun part wi' a young acquaintance, and sair am I greived that a snaw-white skin and a gift o' psalm-singing should sunder us. Take this token o' kindness, Mark, my man,'—presenting me with an old Highland purse, far from empty, and a dozen of the old chieftain's very best spoons—'and take this too,' said she, giving me a kiss, 'and may ye never put your hand in the purse but ye will find red gowd in't—nor sit and gaunt o'er an empty spoon,'—and away rode the young chieftainess, and her lord and dependent, into the vale of Kirkmahoe, to pass towards the border; and away walked I to the mountainous regions of the upland parishes in quest of a flock that lacked a shepherd."

MR PHILLPOTTS AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

But few words are necessary to inform or remind our readers of the circumstances which brought forward Mr Davison and Mr Phillpotts as antagonists of a certain doughty Edinburgh Reviewer, who has of late reaped more blows than laurels in the field of controversy. On the 21st of October last, there was holden a meeting of the county of Durham, at which were moved certain resolutions respecting the Manchester meeting of the 16th of August, and some speeches delivered, (more especially one by Mr Lambton, member for the county) distinguished by any other qualities than those of judgment, knowledge, and discretion. Mr Phillpotts addressed a letter to the Freeholders on the proceedings of that meeting, remarkable not only for its spirit and its eloquence, but also for an intimate acquaintance with the laws and constitution of his country. That letter (along with another by Mr Davison) was reviewed by Mr Brougham; and, according to that gentleman's unfortunate habits of scurrility, the most foul and vulgar abuse was flung on the personal character of its author. Mr Phillpotts, who is known, not in his own county alone, as a clergyman of the most mild and courteous manners—but all over England, as a most accomplished scholar—was designated by his classical opponent as "a foul-mouthed Parson!" Mr Phillpotts published a Letter to his Reviewer, in which he completely vindicated himself from the charge of personality, most ludicrously brought against him by Mr Brougham, and also joined issue with that great constitutional lawyer on some not unimportant questions connected with the practice and theory of government. Mr Brougham, somewhat nettled to be set right, on points of law, by a divine, thought that he could do no less than crush Mr Phillpotts under a ponderous note in the Edinburgh Review; and, accordingly, that is supposed to have been effected by that memorable and well-timed Article in the last Number of that Work, entitled, "On the recent Alarms." Mr Phillpotts, however, is not to be disposed of so easily—and rising up, unscathed from the rubbish of the Reviewer, he once more meets his antagonist—and, unless we are greatly mistaken indeed, leaves him *hors de combat*. Such is our general impression of this contest; but whatever may be the opinion of our readers respecting the merits of the case, this much is indisputable, that Mr Phillpotts proves the utter falsehood of Mr Brougham's charges against his personal character, by the dignified language which he adopts towards him, language which forms a striking contrast to the coarse invective with which he had been assailed by that great Master of the Vulgar Tongue.

It may not be amiss to mention, that, while Mr Brougham was lauding the prudence of Mr Davison in remaining silent under the castigation his inexorable hand had inflicted upon him—that gentleman published an Answer to the Strictures in the Edinburgh Review, so complete at all points, that the lawyer

has become the Mute before him whom he had somewhat sneeringly, but very truly, denominated the "Leading Logician of Oxford."

REMARKS ON A NOTE IN THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No LXV. By Rev. H. Phillpotts, M. A., Prebendary of Durham.

Accident prevented me, till within these few days, from reading a note in the last Number of the Edinburgh Review, which, however unworthy of notice on its own account, derives some importance from the wide circulation of that Journal.

The tone in which it is written makes the task of replying to it rather difficult. My Critic, having to defend himself against the serious charge of fabricating opinions for me, which he had no pretence for supposing that I held, and of assailing me with much contempt for holding them, —passes over the charge altogether, and answers me with new and coarser invective. Here this matter must rest. An anonymous writer, who presumes so far on his incognito, as to treat with affected indifference an express impeachment of his honour and veracity, is beyond the reach of ordinary correction.

But the Reviewer commits himself to a legal argument,—much to the contentment of his admirers, who see in it nothing but an occasion of signal triumph. Among others, Mr Lambton takes the opportunity to array himself in some portion of the glories of his friend. That gentleman, in an oration, which has been printed and re-printed in divers newspapers, is reported to have thus spoken of "a slanderous reverend political partizan" (one of the mildest descriptions by which he is pleased to designate me): that, unwilling as he is to trample on a fallen enemy," he must say, that the whole contents of my pamphlet have been falsified or confuted,—that my egregious ignorance of the law of the question has been sufficiently exposed elsewhere, (meaning, I conceive, in this Review), and that my facts have been disproved by the evidence on the trial at York. To whom ignorance of the law is most justly ascribable, may be more apparent presently. Respecting facts, I have already found this magnanimous gentleman so much more inclined, (perhaps because better qualified) to make hardy assertions, than to defend them, that I no longer think it necessary to contradict him.* I would defy any other person to adduce a single fact affirmed by me of the unhappy event at Manchester, which has been disproved by the evidence on the recent trial. But it is time to advert to the Reviewer's law.

His first step is in strict accordance with his usual tactic: he mis-states the question, and misrepresents his opponent's argument. The point at issue between us (very unimportant to the main subject) was this: Can the offence of "conspiring to alter the laws by intimidation and force" be charged as a misdemeanour? My Reviewer,† with some scorn, said that "it cannot; for that is High Treason." To this I replied by shewing, on the authority of Mr Justice Foster, that *a conspiracy to effect an insurrection*, for the purpose of altering the established law, is not High Treason. It follows, therefore, *à fortiori*, (though I did not stop to draw the conclusion) that the more vague and general charge of "conspiring to alter the law by intimidation and force," which does not necessarily even imply insurrection, is not High Treason.

My Critic, in his new attack, first represents me as "*persisting* to say, that the offence of *conspiring to levy war within the realm* is a misdemeanour;" and then cites the Statute of the 36th of the late King, as having made such a conspiracy to be High Treason.

Now, supposing the question to be correctly stated by him, I must tell him, that either he is ignorant of the effect of the Statute which he cites, or

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* Mr Lambton having from the hustings at Durham declared to a very large assembly, that I had published "a slanderous falsehood" respecting him, I applied to him to "specify what was the assertion of mine which he thus characterized, in order that I might either retract, explain, or justify it." To this application he sent me an evasive answer: on my repeating it, he took refuge in silence.

† No. LXIV. p. 446.

has wilfully mis-stated it. This temporary law does not make the offence of conspiring to levy war, *generally*, to be High Treason. It leaves many cases, in which the conspiring to levy war is not High Treason. In truth, its main, though not its sole, operation is to make those acts, which were before judicially held to be overt acts of compassing the King's death, and, as such, Treason, to be, of themselves, substantive Treasons. For the accuracy of this interpretation, I refer to the able discussions of the Bill in Parliament, when such was affirmed to be its effect by Mr Pitt, the Master of the Rolls, and the Attorney General, (the present Lord Chancellor,) and admitted to be so by Mr Fox and Mr Sheridan. The Attorney General defied any lawyer to affirm that it went further, and Mr Erskine was silent under the defiance.

Thus I would argue against the Reviewer, even if his statement of the question were correct. But, as he well knows, this is far from being the case. The real question was (in the Reviewer's own words) about "a conspiracy to alter the law by intimidation and force," which does not necessarily imply the intention of levying war at all. It might contemplate measures of a much less violent character; such, for instance, as restraining particular Members of Parliament, or extorting an oath, or a promise, from a Prime Minister, or other leading individuals of weight and influence.

Lastly, even if it were admitted that such a conspiracy amounts to High Treason under the 36th of Geo. III. still the Reviewer is wrong, unless it be absolutely necessary to charge it as High Treason, in other words, unless an Indictment for Misdemeanour would, in such a case, of course be bad. Now, so far is this from being the fact, that *there is an express clause in this very Statute*, leaving it open to prosecute any offence within its provisions by information or indictment at the common law, *to treat* therefore *the offence in question as a misdemeanour*.

I have now done with this "Honourable and Learned Gentleman." When next he volunteers his services in defence of a bad cause, he will do well to confine himself to scurrility. There he has no equal. Let him not rashly seek to pervert law or logic to his unworthy purposes. In those departments he ought to have learned long ago, that something more is necessary than a confident air, and an unbridled tongue. And even when he calls in fraud and fiction to his aid, he may find it convenient to avoid giving his opponent an opportunity of sifting particulars. The best method will be to deal in generals; he may then safely rely on the malice of some of his readers, and the carelessness of others, to ensure a temporary effect to the most unprincipled ribaldry he can produce.

Before I conclude, I will add one word to the Editor of the Review.

That he is answerable for all that appears in it, will not be disputed. He is a man of high and (I doubt not) merited reputation, a man of honour and of liberal feelings. Let me then calmly remind him of the discreditable light, in which he is exhibited by this discussion. He appears in it as a willing instrument to give currency to the base effusions of another man's malignity: he has allowed his Journal, professing to discharge the duties of fair and equal criticism, to be made the vehicle of wilful mis-statements, and of the most glaring injustice: he has permitted gross personal insults to be offered under the sanction of his authority, to one, whose profession, and, I will add, whose character, would have protected him from all indignity at the hands of an honourable or manly opponent.

Whether Mr Jeffrey finds any disgrace in all this, is a matter of much more importance to him, than it can be to me.

H. P.

College, Durham, April 22, 1820.

THE PENITENT SON.

See the Elder's Death-Bed, in No XXXVI.

Death brings to those who have been long dreading its approach, by the bedside of one tenderly beloved, a calm in which nature feels most gracious relief from the load of sorrow. While we yet hear the faint murmurs of the unexpired breath, and see the dim light of the unclosed eyes—we watch in agony all the slightest movements of the sufferer, and to save the life of friend or of parent, we ourselves would most gladly die. All the love of which our hearts are capable belongs then but to one dearest object; and things, which perhaps a few days before were prized as the most delightful of earth's enjoyments, seem, at that awful crisis, unworthy even of the affections of a child. The blow is struck, and the sick-bed is a bier. But God suffers not the souls of them who believe, to fall into an abyss of despair. The being whom for so many long years we have loved and reverenced,

"Has past through nature to eternity,"

and the survivors are left behind in mournful resignation to the mysterious decree.

Life and death walk through this world hand in hand. Young, old, kind, cruel, wise, foolish, good, and wicked—all at last patiently submit to one inexorable law. At all times, and in all places, there are the watchings, and weepings, and wailings of hearts severed, or about to sever. Yet look over landscape or city—and though sorrow, and sickness, and death, be in the groves and woods, and solitary places among the hills—among the streets and the squares, and the magnificent dwellings of princes; yet the great glad spirit of life is triumphant, and there seems no abiding place for the dreams of decay.

Sweet lonesome cottage of the Hazel Glen! Even now is the merry month of May passing brightly over thy broomy braes; and while the linnet sings on earth, the lark replies to him from heaven. The lambs are playing in the sunshine over all thy verdant knolls, and infant shepherd and shepherdess are joining in their glee. Scarcely is there a cloud in the soft cerulean sky—save where a gentle mist ascends above the dark green Sycamore, in whose shade that solitary dwelling sleeps! This little world is filled to the brink with happiness—for grief would be ashamed to sigh within the still enclosure of these pastoral hills.

Three little months ago, and in that cottage we stood together—son, daughter, grandchild, pastor, and friend—by the death-bed of the Elder. In thought, are we still standing there; and that night of death returns upon me, not dark and gloomy, but soft, calm, and mournful, like the face of heaven just tinged with moonlight, and here and there a solitary star.

The head of the old man lay on its pillow stiller than in any breathing sleep, and there was a paleness on his face that told the heart would beat no more. We stood motionless as in a picture, and looked speechlessly on each other's countenance. "My grandfather has fallen asleep," said the loving boy, in a low voice, unconsciously using, in his simplicity, that sublime scriptural expression for death. The mother, unable to withhold her sobs, took her child by his little hand, and was leading him away, when at once the dreadful truth fell upon him, and he knew that he was never again to say his prayers by the old man's knees. "Oh! let me kiss him—once only—before they bury him in the cold earth;" and in a moment, the golden curls of the child were mixed with the gray hairs of the lifeless shadow. No terror had the cold lips for him; and closely did he lay his cheek so smooth to those deep wrinkles, on which yet seemed to dwell a last loving smile. The father of the boy gazed piteously upon him, and said unto himself, "Alas! he hath no love to spare for me, who have so long forgotten him. Jamie—my little Jamie!" cried he now aloud, "thou wouldst not weep so were I to die—thou wouldst not kiss so thy own father's lips if they were, as these are, colder and whiter than the clay!" The child heard well, even where he lay on the bosom of that corpse, the tremulous voice of his father; and nature stirring strongly within his heart towards him of whose blood he was framed, he

lifted up his sullied face from the unbeating bosom, and, gently stealing himself away from the bed, rushed into his parent's arms, and lay there delivered up to all the perfect love of childhood's forgiving heart. All his father's frowns were forgotten—his sullen looks—his stern words—his menaces, that had so often struck terror to his wondering soul—his indifference—his scorn, and his cruelty. He remembered only his smiles, and the gentlest sounds of his voice; and happy now, as in heaven, to feel himself no more neglected or spurned, but folded, as in former sweetest days, unto the yearning bosom of his own kind father, the child could bear to turn his eyes from that blessed embrace, towards the dead old man whom, an hour ago, he had looked on as his only guardian on earth besides God, and whose gray hairs he had, even as an orphan, twined round his very heart. "I do not ask thee, Jamie, to forget thy grandfather—no, we too will often speak of him, sitting together by the ingle, or on the hillside,—but I beseech thee not to let all thy love be buried with him in the grave—but to keep all that thou canst for thy wretched father." Sighs, sobs, tears, kisses, and embraces, were all the loving child's reply. A deep and divine joy had been restored to him, over whose loss often had his pining childhood wept. The beauty of his father's face revived—It smiled graciously upon him, as it did of old, when he was wont to totter after him to the sheepfold,—and to pull primroses beneath his loving eye, from the mossy banks of the little sparkling burn! Scarcely could the child believe in such blessed change. But the kisses fell fast on his brow,—and when he thought that the accompanying tears were shed by his own father, for the unkindness sometimes shown to his child, he could not contain those silent self-upbraidings, but with thicker sobs blessed him by that awful name, and promised to love him beyond even Him who was now lying dead before their eyes. "I will walk along with the funeral—and see my grandfather buried, in our own burial-place, near where the Tent stands at the Sacrament—Yes, I will walk, my father, by your side—and hold one of the strings of the coffin—and if you will only promise to love me for ever as you now do, and used always to do long ago, I will strive to think of my grandfather without weeping—aye—without shedding one single tear:"—and here the child, unaware of the full tenderness of his own sinless heart, burst out into an uncontrollable flood of grief. The mother, happy in her sore affliction, to see her darling boy again taken so lovingly to her husband's heart, looked towards them with a faint smile,—and then, with a beaming countenance, towards the expired saint; for she felt that his dying words had restored the sanctities of nature to her earthly dwelling. With gentle hand, she beckoned the Pastor and myself to follow her—and conducted us away from the death-bed, into a little parlour, in which burned a cheerful fire, and a small table was spread with a cloth whiter than the snow. "You will stay in our cottage all night—and we shall all meet together again before the hour of rest;" and so saying, she calmly withdrew.

There was no disorder or disarray in the room in which we now sat.—Though sickness had been in the house, no domestic duties had been neglected. In this room the Patriarch had, every evening for forty years, said family prayers—and the dust had not been allowed to gather there, though sickness had kept him from the quiet nook in which he had so long delighted. The servant, with sorrowful but composed features, brought to us our simple meal, which the Pastor blessed, not without a pathetic allusion to him who had been removed—and another more touching still to them who survived him. That simple but most fervent aspiration seemed to breathe an air of comfort through the house that was desolate,—but a deep melancholy yet reigned over the hush, and the inside of the cottage, now that its ancient honour was gone, felt forlorn as its outside would have done, had the sycamore, that gave it shade and shelter, been felled to the earth.

We had sat by ourselves for about two hours, when the matron again appeared; not as when we had first seen her, wearied, worn out, and careless of herself, but calm in her demeanour, and with her raiment changed, serene and beautiful in the composure of her faith. With a soft voice she asked us to come with her again to the room where her father lay—and thither we followed her in silence.

The body of the old man had been laid out by the same loving hands that had so tenderly ministered to all his wants and wishes when alive. The shroud in which he was now wrapped had been in the cottage for many a long long year, and white as it was, even as the undriven snow, scarcely was it whiter than the cheeks and the locks now bound in its peaceful folds. To the eyes of my childhood, the Elder's face had sometimes seemed, even in its benignity, too austere for my careless thoughts, impressed as it ever was with an habitual holiness. But all such austerity, if indeed it had been ever there, death had now removed from that silent countenance. His last moments had been blessed by hisson's contrition—his daughter's love—his grandchild's pity—his pastor's prayers. And the profound peace which his parting spirit had enjoyed, left an expression on his placid features, consolatory and sublime.

The Penitent Son was sitting at the bed-side. We all took our places near him, and for a while remained silent, with eyes fixed on that countenance from which beamed the best memories of earth, and the loftiest hopes of Heaven.

"Hear," said the humbled man, "how the thaw is bringing down the loosened torrent from the hills! even so is my soul flowing within me!" "Aye, and it will flow, till its waters are once more pure and bright as those of a summer stream," said the Pastor with a benign voice. "But art thou sure that my father's forgiveness was perfect?" "Yes, William, it was perfect. Not on his death-bed only, when love relents towards all objects glimmering away from our mortal eyes, did the old man take thee into his heart; but, William, not a day, no, not an hour has passed over these his silvery hairs, in which thy father did not forgive thee, love thee, pray for thee unto God and thy Saviour. It was but last Sabbath that we stood together by thy mother's grave in the kirk-yard, after divine worship, when all the congregation had dispersed. He held his eyes on that tomb-stone, and said, 'O Heavenly Father, when, through the merits of the Redeemer, we all meet again, a family in Heaven, remember thou, O Lord, my poor lost William; let these drops plead for him, wrung out from his old father's broken heart!' The big tears, William, plashed like the drops of a thunder-shower on the tomb-stone—and, at the time, thy father's face was whiter than ashes—but a divine assurance came upon his tribulation—and as we walked together from the burial-place, there was a happy smile about his faded eyes, and he whispered unto me, 'my boy has been led astray, but God will not forget that he was once the prop and pillar of his father's house. One hour's sincere repentance will yet wipe away all his transgressions.'—When we parted, he was, I know it, perfectly happy—and happy, no doubt, he continued until he died. William! many a pang hast thou sent to thy father's heart; but believe thou this, that thou madest amends for them all at the hour of his dissolution. Look, the smile of joy at thy deliverance is yet upon his face."

The son took his hands from before his eyes—gazed on the celestial expression of his father's countenance—and his soul was satisfied.

"Alas! alas!" he said in a humble voice, "what is reason, such poor imperfect miserable reason as mine, to deal with the dreadful mysteries of God! Never since I forsook my Bible, has the very earth ceased to shake and tremble beneath my feet. Never, since I spurned its aid, have I understood one single thought of my own bewildered heart! Hope, truth, faith, peace, and virtue, all at once deserted me together. I began to think of myself as of the beasts that perish; my better feelings were a reproach or a riddle to me, and I believed in my perplexity, that my soul was of the dust. Yes! Alice, I believed that thou too wert to perish utterly, thou and all thy sweet babies, like flowers that the cattle-hoofs tread into the mire, and that neither thou nor they were ever, in your beauty and your innocence, to see the face of the Being who created you!"

Wild words seemed these to that high-souled woman, who for years had borne, with undiminished, nay, augmented affection, the heaviest of all afflictions, that of a husband's alienated heart, and had taught her children the precepts and doctrines of that religion which he in his delusion had abandoned. A sense of the fearful danger he had now escaped, and of

the fearful wickedness, brought up from the bottom of her heart all the unextinguishable love that had lain there through years of sorrow—and she went up to him and wept upon his bosom. "Oh! say it not, that one so kind as thou could ever believe that I and my little ones would never see their Maker—they who were baptised in thine own arms, William, by that pious man, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" "Yes! my Alice! I feared so once—but the dismal dream is gone. I felt as if the ground on which this our own sweet cottage stands, had been undermined by some fiend of darkness—and as if it were to sink down out of sight with all its thatched roof so beautiful—its cooing pigeons—its murmuring bee-hives—and its blooming garden. I thought of the generations of my fore-fathers that had died in the Hazel Glen—and they seemed to me like so many shadows vainly following each other along the hills. My heart was disquieted within me; for the faith of my childhood was entertwined with all my affections—with my love for the dead and the living—for thee, Alice, and our children, who do all resemble thee both in beauty and in innocence, whether at thy bosom, or tottering along the greensward, and playing with the daisies in the sun. Such thoughts were indeed woven through my heart, and they could not be torn thence but by a heavy hand. Alice! the sight of thee and them drove me mad; for what sight so insupportable to one who has no hope in futurity as the smiles and tears of them he loves in his distraction!"

He who spake was no common man—no common man had been his father. And he gave vent to his thoughts and feelings in a strain of impassioned eloquence, which, though above the level of ordinary speech, may not unfrequently be heard in the cottage of the Scottish peasant, when the discourse is of death and of judgment. All the while that he was speaking, the wife kept her streaming eyes close to his face—the gray-haired Pastor beheld him with solemn looks—the mortal remains of his father lay before him—and, as he paused, there rose the sound of the snow-swollen flood.

"I call the Almighty to witness," said the agitated man, rising from his seat, and pacing along the floor, "that these hands are yet unstained by crime. But oh! how much longer might they have so continued! Why need the unbeliever care for human life? What signifies the spilling of a few drops of worthless blood? Be the grave once thought to be the final doom of all—and what then is the meaning of the word crime? Desperate and murderous thoughts assailed me by myself in solitude.—I had reasoned myself, as I thought, out of my belief in revelation,—and all those feelings, by which alone faith is possible, at the same time died away in my heart—leaving it a prey to the wretchedness and cruelty of infidelity. Shapes came and tempted me in the moors—with eyes and voices like, but unlike the eyes and voices of men. One had a dagger in its hand—and though it said nothing, its dreadful face incited me to do some murder. I saw it in the sunlight—for it was the very middle of the day—and I was sitting by myself on the wall of the old sheep-fold, looking down in an agony, on the Hazel Glen where I was born, and where I had once been so happy. It gave me the dagger—and laughed as it disappeared. I saw—and felt the dagger distinctly for some minutes in my hand—but it seemed to fall down among the heather—and large blots of blood were on my fingers. An icy shivering came over me, though it was a sunny day and without a cloud—and I strove to think that a brain-fever had been upon me. I lay for two days and nights on the hill—and more than once I saw my children playing on the green beside the waterfall, and rose to go down and put them to death—but a figure in white—it might be thou, Alice, or an angel, seemed to rise out of the stream, and quietly to drive the children towards the cottage, as thou wouldst a few tottering lambs."

During all this terrible confession, the speaker moved up and down the room,—as we are told of the footsteps of men in the condemned cell, heard pacing to and fro during the night preceding the execution. "Lay not such dreadful thoughts to the charge of thy soul," said his wife, now greatly alarmed,—"Hunger and thirst, and the rays of the sun, and the dews of the night, had indeed driven thee into a rueful fever—and God knows,

that the best of men are often like demons in a disease!" The Pastor, who had not dared to interrupt him during the height of his passion, now besought him to dismiss from his mind all such grievous recollections—and was just about to address himself to prayer, when an interruption took place most pitiable and affecting.

The door, at which no footstep had been heard, slowly and softly opened, and in glided a little ghost, with ashy face and open eyes, folded in a sheet, and sobbing as it came along. It was no other than that loving child walking in its sleep, and dreaming of its grandfather. Not one of us had power to move. On feet that seemed, in the cautiousness of affection, scarcely to touch the floor, he went up to the bed-side, and kneeling down, held up his little hands, palm to palm, and said a little prayer of his own, for the life of him who was lying dead within the touch of his balmy breath. He then climbed up into the bed, and laid himself down, as he had been wont to do, by the old man's side.

"Never," said the Pastor, "saw I love like this"—and he joined his sobs to those that were fast rising from us all at this insupportable sight. "Oh! if my blessed child should awake," said his mother, "and find himself beside a corpse so cold, he will lose his senses—I must indeed separate him from his dead grandfather." Gently did she disengage his little hands from the shrouded breast, and bore him into the midst of us in her arms. His face became less deadly white—his eyes less glazedly fixed—and, drawing a long, deep, complaining sigh, he at last slowly awoke, and looked bewilderedly, first on his mother's face, and then on the other figures sitting in silence by the uncertain lamp-light. "Come, my sweet Jamie, to thine own bed," said his weeping mother.—The husband followed in his love—and at midnight the Pastor and myself retired to rest—at which hour, every room in the cottage seemed as still as that wherein lay all that remained on earth of the Patriarch and the Elder.

* * * * *

It was on May-day that, along with my venerable friend, I again visited the cottage of the Hazel Glen. A week of gentle and sunny rain had just passed over the scenery, and brought all its loveliness into life. I could scarcely believe that so short a time ago the whiteness of winter had shrouded the verdant solitude. Here and there, indeed, a patch of snow lay still unmelted, where so lately the deep wreathes had been drifted by the storm. The hum of insects even was not unheard, and through the glitter of the stream the trout was seen leaping at its gaudy prey, as they went sailing down the pools with their expanded wings. The whole glen was filled with a mingled spirit of pleasure and of pensiveness.

As we approached the old Sycamore, we heard behind us the sound of footsteps, and that beautiful boy, whom we had so loved in his affliction, came up to us, with a smiling face, and with his satchel over his shoulder. He was returning from school, for the afternoon was a half-holiday, and his face was the picture of joy and innocence. A sudden recollection assailed his heart, as soon as he heard our voices, and it would have been easy to have changed his smiles into tears. But we rejoiced to see how benignly nature had assuaged his grief, and that there was now nothing in memory, which he could not bear to think of, even among the pauses of his pastimes. He led the way happily and proudly, and we entered once more the cottage of the Hazel Glen.

The simple meal was on the table, and the husband was in the act of asking a blessing, with a fervent voice. When he ceased, he and his wife rose to bid us welcome, and there was in their calm and quiet manner an assurance that they were happy. The children flew with laughter to meet their brother, in spite of the presence of strangers, and we soon sat all down together at the cheerful board. In the calm of the evening, husband and wife walked with us down the glen, as we returned to the manse—nor did we fear to speak of that solemn night, during which so happy a change had been wrought in a sinner's heart. We parted in the twilight, and on looking back at the Hazel Glen, we beheld a large beautiful star shining right over the cottage.

EREMUS.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE THIRD VOLUME OF WRANGHAM'S WORKS.*

GENTLE READER!—Hast thou ever enjoyed the ineffable luxury of reclining, as we now do, in a profound Easy-Chair, with thine eyes wandering at intervals over the compartments of a well-furnished Book-case? Our position is so happily chosen, as to be shaded, but not hidden, from a bright but blazeless fire; the great Square in which we abide, is hushed; and that sort of whispering silence breathes over our study, that comes with the approach of midnight. The candles glimmer somewhat waveringly; for, in our drowsy indolence, it was too much for us to assail that long wick—but we have this instant done so, and what a burst of new-born light streams over our dusky room!—It is a perfect illumination!—while the names of famous men are seen shining towards us, "tier above tier, in wooden library of stateliest view."

What is a Balloon, compared to an Easy-Chair? We fly, on the wings of the poet, over the uttermost parts of the earth—we wander, with the philosopher, in sacred academic groves, listening the words of wisdom—we retrace, with the historian, the footsteps of time, and leave behind us cities in their ruins, and nations decayed, as we advance into the quiet of pastoral and patriarchal ages.

We think this an excellent way of occasionally reading a library. It saves one the trouble of opening volume after volume, and of turning over the leaves. Reading thus loses all that is merely mechanical about it, and becomes wholly an intellectual labour. The mind can thus skip over not only pages and chapters, but whole volumes, nay, entire works. The principle of association is left to operate on a grand scale, and it causes the mind to keep unceasingly traversing, ascending and descending 3000 volumes, (it may be in our case a few more or less) under the influence of a mysterious sense of beauty, which becomes the more restless the more it is gratified, and leads it off, at its own pleasure, from sound to silence, and from sunshine into shadow, over an interminable world.

After a revel of this kind, the mind subsides at last into a satisfied calm: and then our eyes fix, we cannot tell why or wherefore, upon one part of our library—perhaps upon one particular volume. We draw in our outstretched feet, that have so long been resting on the fender—we heave up our head suddenly from the soft density of the hair-matted chair—and, with long strides crossing the room, we fling open one of the glass-doors, and pulling out duodecimo, octavo, quarto, or folio, we carry it off, like a prey, back into our lair, and, growling over it, make no bones of it whatever, but devour it bodily.

We have now fastened our eyes, under such circumstances, upon three well-fed volumes at the extremity of the 3d shelf, in the left hand compartment; and we must make a meal of one of them at the least—that is certain—so let it be the third. Come out gently, then, and without any struggle, my worthy friend, and behave yourself in a manner becoming your situation.

Now let us see what book we have got: "Works of the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A. F.R.S. In Three Volumes. Vol III. Price £2, 2s." —And well worth the money too, as any work that was ever published by our good friend, Baldwin.

And, first of all, here is a translation, into noble English, of Milton's "Defensio Secunda." Often have we read it; and, now that all is silent around us, we shall read aloud, as sonorously as we can, that most sublime burst of exultation which breaks from Milton on being compared by M. Saumaise to a Cyclops. We have the original by heart; but Wrangham has made the English equal the majestic music of the Roman tongue.

"Although it be idle for a man to speak of his own form, yet since even in this particular instance I have cause of thankfulness to God, and the power of confuting the falsehoods of my adversaries, I will not be silent on the subject; lest any person should deem me, as the credulous populace of Spain are induced by their priests to believe those whom they call heretics, to be a kind of rhinoceros, or a monster with a dog's head.

* Sermons Practical and Occasional; Dissertations, Translations, including New Versions of Virgil's Bucolica, and of Milton's Defensio Secunda, Seaton Poems, &c. &c. By the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M. A. F. R. S. of Trinity College, Cambridge. In Three Volumes. London; Baldwin, Cradock, & Joy. 1816.

By any one indeed, who has seen me, I have never, to the best of my knowledge, been considered as deformed: whether as handsome, or not, is less an object of my concern. My stature, I own, is not tall, but it approaches nearer to the middle size than to the low. Were it, however, even low, I should in this respect only resemble many, who have eminently distinguished themselves both in peace and in war. Why, indeed, should that be called low, which is sufficiently lofty for all the purposes of human exertion? Neither am I to be pronounced very 'puny;' having so much spirit and strength, that, when my age and the habits of my life permitted, I daily accustomed myself to the exercise of the sword in fencing; and accounted myself, armed with that weapon (as I generally was) secure in the assault of any man, hand to hand, how superior soever he might be in muscular power. The spirit and the strength remain still unimpaired; my eyes alone have failed: and yet they are as unblemished in appearance, as lucid and as free from spot, as those which possess the sharpest vision. In this instance alone am I, most reluctantly, a deceiver. My 'bloodless' form, as he calls it, retains, at the age of more than forty, a colour the very reverse of bloodless and pale, inducing almost every one to consider me as ten years younger than I really am: neither is my skin 'shrivelled,' nor my body in any way contracted. If in any of these circumstances I speak not the truth, I should justly incur the ridicule of thousands of my own countrymen, as well as a number of foreigners, who are acquainted with my person. It may fairly then be concluded, what little credit in other respects is due to one, who has thus unnecessarily, in this particular, been guilty of a gross and wanton falsehood. So much have I been compelled to state about my own person: of yours, though I have been informed that it is the most contemptible, and the most strongly expressive of the dishonesty and malevolence by which it is actuated, I am as little disposed to speak as others would be to hear.

Would it were in my power with the same facility to refute the charge, which my unfeeling adversary brings against me, of blindness! Alas! it is not, and I must therefore submit to it. It is not, however, miserable to be blind. He only is miserable, who cannot bear his blindness with fortitude: and why should I not bear a calamity, which every man's mind should be disciplined, on the contingency of its happening, to bear with patience; a calamity, to the contingency of which every man, by the condition of his nature, is exposed; and which I know to have been the lot of some of the greatest and the best of my species? Among those I might reckon many of the wisest of the bards of remote antiquity, whose loss of sight the Gods are said to have compensated with far more valuable endowments; and whose virtues mankind held in such veneration, as rather to choose to arraign heaven itself of injustice, than to deem their blindness as proof of their having deserved it. What is handed down to us respecting the augur Tiresias, is generally known. Of Phineus, Apollonius in his Argonautics thus sung:

——αὐτὸ ὅσσον ὀπίζετο καὶ Διὸς αὐτῷ
Χρειὼν ἀτρεκτεῦς ἱερὸν νόον ἀνθρώποισι·
Τῷ καὶ οἱ γῆρας μὲν ἐπὶ δηναιὸν ἀλλιν,
Ἐκ δ' ἔλετ' ὀφθαλμῶν γλυκερὸν φάος.

Careless of Jove, in conscious virtue bold,
His daring lips heaven's sacred mind unfold.
The God hence gave him years without decay,
But robb'd his eye-balls of the pleasing day.
C. S.

Now God himself is truth: the more conscientiously, then, any one "unfolds the sacred mind of heaven," the liker and the more acceptable must he be to God. To suppose the Deity averse from the communication of truth to his creatures, or to suppose him unwilling that it should be communicated in the most extensive degree, is perfectly impious. It implied therefore no guilt in this excellent character, who anxiously sought, like many other philosophers, to impart instruction to mankind, to have lost his sight. I might farther mention other names, illustrious for their civil wisdom and heroic exploits; Timoleon of Corinth, the rescuer of his own state and of all Sicily from oppression, one of the best, and in every thing relative to the republic—the purest of men: Appius Claudius, whose patriotic speech in the senate, though it could not restore his own sight, relieved Italy from her great enemy Pyrrhus; Cæcilius Metellus, the High Priest, who lost his eyes in preserving not only Rome, but the Palladium also, to which her fate was attached, and her most sacred vessels from the flames; since the Deity has upon so many occasions evinced his regard for bright examples even of heathen piety, that what happened to such a man so employed can hardly be accounted an evil. Why need I adduce the modern instances of Dandolo, the celebrated Doge of Venice, or the brave Bohemian General Zisca, the great defender of Christianity, of Jerome Zanchius, and other eminent divines; when it appears that even the patriarch Isaac, than whom no one was ever more beloved by his Maker, lived for some years blind, as did also his son Jacob, an equal favourite with heaven; and when our Saviour himself explicitly affirmed, with regard to the man whom he healed, that neither on account of his own sin, nor that of his parents, had he been "blind from his birth."

In respect to myself—I call thee, O God, to witness, who "triest the very heart and the reins," that after a frequent and most serious examination and scrutiny of every corner of my life, I am not conscious of any recent or remote crime, which, by its atrocity can have drawn down this calamity

exclusively upon my head. As to what I have at any time written (for, in reference to this, the royalists triumphantly deem my blindness a sort of judgment) I declare, with the same solemn appeal to the Almighty, that I never wrote any thing of the kind alluded to, which I did not at the time, and do not now, firmly believe to have been right and true and acceptable to God: and that, impelled not by ambition, or the thirst of gain or of glory, but simply by duty and honour and patriotism; nor with a view singly to the emancipation of the State, but still more particularly to that of the Church. So that when the office of replying to 'The Royal Defence' was publicly assigned to me, though I had to struggle with ill health, and having already lost nearly one of my eyes, was expressly forewarned by my physicians that, if I undertook the laborious work in question, I should soon be deprived of both; undeterred by the warning, I seemed to hear the voice—not of a physician, or from the shrine of Æsculapius at Epidaurus, but of an internal and more divine monitor: and conceiving that by some decree of the fates the alternative of two lots was proposed to me, either to lose my sight or to desert a high duty, I remembered the twin destinies, which the son of Thetis informs us his mother brought back to him from the oracle of Delphi:

Διχθαδιας κηρας φερεμεν θανατοιο τελοσδε·
Ει μεν κ' αυθι μενων Τρωων πολιν αμφιμαχωμαι,
Ωλετο μεν μοι νοστος, ατας κλεος αφθιτον εσται·
Ει δε μεν οικαδ' ικοιμι φιλην ες πατριδα γαιαν,
Ωλετο μοι κλεος εσθλον, ιτι δηρον δε μοι αιων
Εσσεται.

——'As the Goddess spake, who gave me birth,
Two fates attend me whilst I live on earth.
If fix'd I combat by the Trojan wall,
Deathless my fame, but certain is my fall:
If I return, beneath my native sky
My days shall flourish long, my glory die.'

"Reflecting therefore with myself that many had purchased less good with greater evil, and had even paid life as the price of glory, while to me the greater good was offered at the expense of the less evil, and an opportunity furnished, simply by incurring blindness, of satisfying the demand of the most honourable duty—a result more substantial, and therefore what ought to be by every one considered as more satisfactory and more eligible, than glory itself—I determined to dedicate the brief enjoyment of my eye-sight, so long as it might be spared me, with as much effect as I could to the public service. You see then what I preferred, what I sacrificed, and what were my motives. Let these slanderers of the divine judgments, therefore, desist from their calumnies, nor any longer make me the subject of their visionary fantasies; let them learn, in fine, that I neither regret my lot, nor repent my choice; that my opinions continue inflexibly the same, and that I neither feel nor fear for them the anger of God, but on the contrary experience and acknowledge, in the most momentous events of my life, his mercy and paternal kindness—in nothing more particularly, however, than in his having soothed and strengthened me into an acquiescence in his divine will; led me to reflect rather upon what he has bestowed, than what he has withheld; and determined me to prefer the consciousness of my own achievements to the best deeds of my adversaries, and constantly to cherish the cheering and silent remembrance of them in my breast: finally, in respect of blindness, to think my own (if it must be borne) more tolerable than either theirs, More, or yours. Yours, affecting the inmost optics of the mind, prevents the perception of any thing sound or solid: mine, which you so much abuse, only deprives me of the hue and surface of things, and leaves to my intellectual view whatever they contain of substance and real value. How many things, in fact, are there, which I should not wish to see; how many, that I should wish to see in vain; and how few, consequently, would remain for my actual enjoyment! Wretched therefore as you may think it, I feel it no source of anguish to be associated with the blind, the afflicted, the infirm, and the mourners; since I may thus hope, that I am more immediately under the favour and protection of my dread Father. The way to the greatest strength, an Apostle has assured us, lies through weakness: let me then be of all men the weakest, provided that immortal and better vigour exert itself with an efficacy proportioned to my infirmity, provided *the light of God's countenance* shine with intense brilliance upon my darkness. Then shall I at once be most feeble and most mighty, completely blind and thoroughly sharp-sighted. O may this weakness insure my consummation, my perfection; and my illumination arise out of this obscurity! In truth, we blind men are not the lowest objects of the care of Providence, who deigns to look upon us with the greater affection and benignity, as we are incapable of looking upon any thing but himself. Woe to those that mock or hurt us, protected as we are, and almost consecrated from human injuries, by the ordinances and favour of the Deity; and involved in darkness, not so much from the imperfection of our optic powers, as from the shadow of the Creator's wings—a darkness, which he frequently irradiates with an inner and far superior light! To this I refer the increased kindness, attentions, and visits of my friends; and that there are some, with whom I can exchange those accents of real friendship:

ΟΡ. Εφευ νυν, αιεξ ποδος μου. ΠΥ. Φιλα γ' ιχνων πηδηματα.

Orest, 'Lead on my foot's sure helm!'
Pyl. 'To me dear trust!'

And again: ——Διδου χειρ' ὑπηρετην φιλῳ:

'Reach out your hand to friendship's fond fast grasp.'

And, Δὸς δεξιὰν σὴν χεῖρ', ἕπηκτον δ' ἔσῃ.

'Cling close to me, and I will be your guide.'

"Thus was I not regarded as annihilated by this calamity, or considered as having all my worth and excellence confined to my eyes. Nay, our principal public characters, knowing that my sight had forsaken me, not in a state of torpid inactivity, but while I was strenuously encountering every peril among the foremost in behalf of liberty, do not themselves forsake me: on the contrary, from a view of the uncertainty of all human things, they are kind to me on account of my past services, and obligingly indulge me with an exemption from farther labours; not stripping me of my honours, not taking away my appointment, not curtailing its emoluments; but humanely continuing them to me, in my state of reduced utility, with precisely the same compliment as the Athenians formerly paid to those, to whom they assigned a subsistence in the Prytanéum. Thus consoled for my calamity both by God and man, I entreat that no one would lament my loss of sight, incurred in a cause so honourable. Far too be it from me to lament it myself, or to want the spirit readily to despise those who revile me for it, or rather the indulgence still more readily to forgive them.

'Tis nobly done—and stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. Let us see how this strong translator, who so magically changes Latin into English, converts English into Latin. There is no occasion to reprint Pope's 'Universal Prayer,' for it must be in the memory of all, who are capable of enjoying the classical beauty of the following version.

Pater Universi, sæculis in omnibus
O culte, et omnes per plagas;
Sanctisque dicte, barbaris, sapientibus
JEHOVAH, JUPITER, DEUS!

Te Prima rerum Causa, mente consequi
Est neminis, nedùm meum;
Solùm, in tenebris ipse vix viam regens
Cæcusque, Te agnosco bonum;

Pravoque quod dederis probum dignoscere;
Fatoque naturam ligans
Nunquam soluto, liberum simul homini
Arbitrium permiseris.

Quod suaserit mihi, quod et dissuaserit
Præsaga conscientia;
Hoc vel gehenna fac, DEUS, fugiam magis,
Illud magis cœlo sequar.

Quotquot benignitas Tua ingerat, precor,
Des gratus ut capiam bona:
Solvit DEO quicunque enim digne accipit;
Obsequitur is, qui scit frui.

Nec Te tamen telluris, ah! pusillimæ,
Solius adfirmem Patrem:
Neve hominibus solis datum Tibi obsequi,
Tot millia inter orbium.

Manus hæc suas cohibeat imbellis minas;
Neu jactet impar fulmina
In omnium capita, Tui quos duxerim
Hostes, ferox atque insciens.

Si recta quam dudum tero, Pater, via est,
Tu quæso eandem fac teram:
Erraticus sin divager, recta meos
Tu quæso dirigas pedes.

Quicquid negarit vel Tua sapientia,
Vel caritas indulserit;
Hoc ne datum levem excitet superbiam,
Illud negatum murmura,

Aliena fac ut usque defleam mala,
Aliena peccata ut tegam;
Quamque ipse cæteris adhibuerim, mihi
Redhibeto misericordiam.

Vilis licet sim, non tamen vilissimus,
Cum spiritus me alat Tuus;
Gressus meos, sive hora detur longior,
Sive ultima adsit, O regas!

Panem mihi pacemque lux hæc afferat:
De cæteris securior,
Permitto Tibi quid conveniat expendere,
Tua ut voluntas destinet.

Te, SUMME, cui templum omnis æther qua patet
Cui terra mareque ara, et polus;
Quo pollet ore quisque Maximum canat
Natura cuncta concinat!

Mr Wrangham thinks and feels in Latin; and the following "Hendecasyllabi" prove that he might have sat, an honoured guest, between Horace and Virgil. Let us have no more essays on the utility of classical learning. Tweddel is gone; but Francis Wrangham and Abraham Moore yet survive among us, and let them decide the question. What can be more delightful to a scholar's ear than these—"Ad Bruntonam."

HENDECASYLLABI.

AD BRUNTONAM.

E Granta exiturum.

Nostri præsidium et decus theatri,
O tu Melpomenes severioris
Certè filia! Quam decore formæ
Donavit Cytherea; quam Minerva
Duxit per dubiæ vias juventæ,
Per plausus populi periculosos,
Nec lapsam—precor ô nec in futurum
Lapsuram:—satis at Camœna dignis
Quæ te commemoret modis? Acerbos
Seu proferre Monimiæ dolores,
Frater cùm vetitos (nefas!) ruebat
In fratris thalamos, parùmque casto
Vexabat pede; sive Juliettæ
Luctantes odio paterno amores
Mavis fingere: te sequuntur Horror,

Arrectusque comas Pavor; vicissim
In fletum populus jubetur ire,
Et suspiria personant theatrum.

Mox divinior enitescis, altrix
Altoris vigil et parens parentis:
At non Græcia sola vindicabit
Paternæ columen decusque vitæ
Natam: restat item patri Britanno
Et par Euphrasiæ puella,* quamque
Ad scenam pietas tulit paternam.

O Bruntona, citò exitura virgo
Et visu citò subtrahenda nostro,
Brevis deliciæ dolorque longus!†
Gressum siste parumper, oro; teque
Virtutesque tuas lyrâ sonandas
Tradet Granta suis vicissim alumnis.
Cantabrigiæ, III. *Cal. Oct.* MDCCXC.

Thirty years have past since Wrangham, then one of the Swans of Cam, sang these melodious strains by that famous stream. From the dignified situation in which his virtues and his genius have now placed him, he may look back with a pure pride to his youthful triumphs. He has acquired the lofty character of a learned and eloquent English divine; but they who have been instructed by the wisdom of his riper years, must often turn delighted to the graceful accomplishments of his youth, while they listen to the classic raptures of a muse which has since "fixed her Pindus upon Lebanon."

The best prize poems—indeed the only good ones we remember, are Glynn's Last Day, Porteous' Death, Heber's Palestine, Grant's Restoration of Learning in the East, and some of Wrangham's. His "Destruction of Babylon," though we believe it was unsuccessful, is perhaps the finest of his poems. The versification is very lofty, the imagery is gorgeous, and there is a grand processional march of events. None but a true poet could have conceived or executed such a composition. We suspect that it would be easier to write a border ballad, an eastern tale, or a lake ditty, than such vigorous poetry as this:

And art thou then for ever set! thy ray
No more to rise and gild the front of day,
Far-beaming Babylon? Those massive gates,
Through which to battle rush'd a hundred states;
That cloud-crown'd wall along whose giddy height
Cars strove with rival cars in fearless flight—
What! could not all protect thee! Ah! in vain
Thy bulwarks frown'd defiance o'er the plain:
Fondly, in ancient majesty elate,
Thou sat'st unconscious of impending fate,
Nor brasen gates, nor adamantine wall,
Can save a guilty people from their fall.
Was it for this those wondrous turrets rose,
Which taught thy feebled youth their scorn of foes?
For this, that earth her mineral stores resign'd,
And the wan artist in his dungeon pined:
Destined, as death crept on with mortal stealth,
And the flush'd hectic mimick'd rosy health,
'Mid gasping crowds to ply the incessant loom,
While morbid vapours linger'd in the gloom?
Silent for seventy years, it's frame unstrung,
On Syrian bough Judæa's harp had hung:
Deaf to their despots' voice, her tribes no more
Waked Sion's music on a foreign shore;
But oft, his tide where broad Euphrates rolls,
Felt the keen insult pierce their patriot souls;
And still, as homeward turn'd the longing eye,
Gush'd many a tear, and issued many a sigh.
Yet not for ever flows the fruitless grief!
Cyrus and Vengeance fly to their relief.
Mark where he comes, th' Anointed of the Lord!
And wields with mighty arm his hallow'd sword.
Reluctant realms their sullen homage pay,
As on the heaven-led hero bends his way:
Opposing myriads press the fatal plain,
And Sardis bars her two-leaved brass in vain;
Her secret hoards the hostile bands unfold,
And grasp with greedy joy the cavern'd gold.
Then to new fields they urge their rapid course,
And rebel states augment the swelling force:
Firm to their end, 'mid scenes of rural love,
Unsoften'd by those scenes the victors move:
And, as in lengthening line their ranks expand,
Spread wider ruin through the ravaged land.
But Babylon th' approaching war derides,
And shakes the harmless battle from her sides.
In vain the ram it's vigorous shock applies;
The mines descend, th' assailing towers arise
'Till Treason comes the baffled chief to aid:
And briefer arts succeed the long blockade.
With hardy sinew Persia's labouring host
Wrest the huge river from his native coast;
And bid his flood it's wonted track forgo,
'Twixt other banks, through lands unknown to flow
—The task is done; and with obsequious tides
Euphrates follows, as a mortal guides.

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* Quippe quæ (clausis in urbe, ob Ducis Cumbriensis mortem, theatris) in arenam municipalim, ubi pater tunc temporis ludos scenicos edebat, descendere non erubuerit.

† ——*brevi allegrezze, e lunghi lutti.*—(Ariost. Orl. Fur. xxxiii. 10.)

His surgeless channel, now a pervious vale,
Invites the foot where navies spread the sail;
And soon no barrier but the eastern main
Shall bound the conqueror's progress, or his reign.
Thus, when from heaving Ætna's restless caves
Impetuous Fire precipitates his waves,
The flaming ruin rushes on the plain,
And art and nature rear their mounds in vain.
Should some high-rampired town obstruct his course,
The red invader rises in his force;
And scornful of the check, and proudly free,
Extends his blazing triumph to the sea:
With refluent stream the straiten'd billows flow,
And yield new regions to th' insatiate foe.
Yet naught devoted Babylon alarms;
Domestic treason, or a world in arms.
'Midst her gay palaces and festal bowers
Flutter'd in sportive maze the rose crown'd hours:
Loud burst the roar of merriment around,
And wanton dance light tripp'd it o'er the ground—
When, bent the long-drawn revelry to spy,
Hush'd in grim midnight Vengeance hover'd nigh.
Nor vain her care; by wine's soft power subdued,
The courtly troop, with gladden'd eye, she view'd:
The frantic mob in drunken tumult lost,
The drowsy soldier nodding at his post,
The gate unclosed, the desert wall survey'd;
And call'd her Cyrus to unsheath his blade,
Quaff then, Belshazzar—quaff, imperial Boy,
The luscious draught, and drain the maddening joy;
To equal riot rouse thy languid board,
And bid the satrap emulate his lord.
With pencill'd lids, the scandal of their race,
Thy crowded halls a thousand princes grace.
Ill on such legs the warrior-greaves appear,
Ill by such hands is grasp'd the deathful spear:
Fitter 'mid Syria's harlot train to move,
And wage in safer fields the wars of love.
Alternate ranged (with faces scarce more fair,
Or hearts more soft) that virgin train is there:
The virgin's wish her half-closed eyes impart,
And blushless matrons boast th' adulterous heart.
On ardent wing the rank contagion flies,
Sigh heaves to sigh, and glance to glance replies.
Let these the achievements of thy Gods rehearse,
Raise the loud hymn, and pour the unholy verse;
Proceed! with sacrilege enhance thy wine!
Bid the vase circle, torn from Salem's shrine.
Empire and wealth for thee unite their charms;
For thee bright beauty spreads her willing arms:
Who shall control thy raptures, or destroy?
Give then the night, the poignant night, to joy.
—Ha! why that start! those horror-gleaming eyes!
That frozen cheek, whence life's warm crimson flies!
That lip, on which the unfinish'd accents break!
Those hairs erect with life! those joints that shake!
The wondrous hand, which stamps yon wall with flame,
Speaks the fear just, that labours in thy frame;
As round it sheds self-mov'd the living ray,
Which mocks the lustre of thy mimic day.
Haste! call thy seers; or, if their skill be vain,
Let Daniel's art the blazing lines explain.
Haste! for the prophet bring the scarlet vest;
If so, seduced, his words may sooth thy breast.
Ah! no: that phantom with the stile of fate
Inscribes the doom of thee, thy race, thy state.
In curses then, rash Youth, the hour upbraid,
When first by pleasure's meteor-beam betray'd
From virtue's path thy heedless foot declined,
And whelm'd in sordid sense the devious mind.
In vain! Even now is wrought the deed of death:
This moment ends thy glories, and thy breath!
Above, beneath thee feasts th' insatiate worm,
Completes the murtherer's rage, and dissipates thy form.
See where, twin sons of Vengeance and Despair,
March Gobryas and Gadatas. Hold, rash pair:
'Tis parricide! Can nothing then atone
Your private wrongs, save Babylon undone?
As monarchs smile, or frown, shall patriot fire
With selfish fervor flourish, or expire?
No: when th' insulting Mede is at your gates,
And your pale country shakes through all her states,
For her your cherish'd enmity forego,
To wreak its fury on the public foe:
Renounce the hoarded malice of your breast,
And only struggle, who shall serve her best.
Hark! 'Tis the cry of Conquest: full and clear,
Her giant voice invades the startled ear.
With death's deep groans the shouts of triumph rise;
The mingled clamour mounts the reddening skies.
From street to street the flames infuriate pour,
Climb the tall fane, and gild the tottering tower:
In cumbrous ruin sink patrician piles,
And strew amid the dust their massive spoils;

While, with stern forms dilating in the blaze,
Danger and Terror swell the dire amaze.
Now yield those Gods, whom prostrate realms adored!
Though Gods, unequal to a mortal sword!
In aweless state the unworshipp'd idols stand,
And tempt with sacred gold the plunderer's hand.
Now bend those groves, whose sloping bowers among
The Attic warbler thrill'd her changeful song:
Their varied green where pensile gardens spread,
And Median foliage lent it's grateful shade.
There oft, of courts and courtly splendor tired,
The fragrant gale Assyria's Queen respired;
With blameless foot through glades exotic roved,
And hail'd the scenes her happier prime had loved.
Now stoops that tower, from whose broad top the eye
Of infant Science pierced the midnight sky:
First dared 'mid worlds before unknown to stray,
Scann'd the bright wonders of the milky way;
And, as in endless round they whirl'd along,
In groups arranged, and named the lucid throng:
Nay, in their glittering aspect seem'd to spy
The hidden page of human destiny!
Vain all her study! in that comet's glare,
Which shook destruction from it's horrid hair,
Of her sage train, deep-versed in stellar law,
Not one his country's hastening fate foresaw;
Not one observed the tempest's gathering gloom,
Or with prophetic tongue foretold her doom.
Vocal no more with pleasure's sprightly lay
Her fretted roofs shall Babylon display;
No more her nymphs in graceful band shall join,
Or trace with flitting step the mazy line.
But here shall Fancy heave the pensive sigh,
And moral drops shall gather in her eye.
As 'midst her day-dreams distant ages rise,
Glowing with nature's many-coloured dies:
Resound the rattling car, th' innumerous feet,
And all the tumult of the breathing street;
The murmur of the busy, idle throng;
The flow of converse, and the charm of song:—
Starting she wakes, and weeps as naught she sees,
Save trackless marshes and entangled trees:
As naught she hears, save where amid the brake
Uncoils his monstrous length the crested snake;
Save, of the casual traveller afraid,
Where the owl shrieking seeks a dunner shade;
Save where, as o'er th' unstedfast fen she roves,
The mournful bittern shakes th' encircling groves.

Now, gentle reader, is not this a very excellent Article? And dost thou not give us credit for our sound discretion in framing it of materials furnished by one of the most accomplished men in England, rather than of our own ambitious fancies? We have sat up only one hour later than is usual with us. The clock has struck two, and we retire to our couch with the consciousness of having furnished an hour's pleasure to any one who chooses to enjoy it. Mr Wrangham's other volumes contain original matter of a graver and loftier kind. Some of his sermons are very fine; and though we do not often touch on theology, yet we shall certainly, ere long, lay before our readers, from them, some striking specimens of united erudition, reasoning, and eloquence.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No. XV.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Mr Kean has appeared in Lear; and the performance is not unworthy of the character. This is the fullest and most comprehensive general praise that need, or perhaps that can, be given to it; and nothing but this was wanting to fix and consummate Mr Kean's fame. The genius of Shakespear is the eternal rock on which the temple of this great actor's reputation must now rest; and the "obscene birds" of criticism may try in vain to reach its summit, and defile it; and the restless waves of envy and ignorance may beat against its foundation unheeded,—for their noise "cannot be heard so high."

We fear it will take more time and space than we can afford, to give any thing like an adequate notice of this exquisite performance. And, indeed, we are far from feeling ourselves qualified for the undertaking. The cant of criticism is bad enough; but the presumption of it is still worse. We

utterly disclaim it. All we have ever pretended to when we have felt ourselves in the presence of real genius, has been a sincere desire to be pleased with its efforts, and a sincere delight in expressing our pleasure and the reasons for it; and this is all we can bring to the task of describing Mr Kean's performance of Lear.

In the first scene there was nothing calling for very particular notice. There was no approach to mock dignity; yet nothing like a want of the real: but a perfect propriety of conception and demeanour throughout. The rebukes to Cordelia, and the sudden change of his intentions towards her in consequence of her apparent coldness, were the evident results, not of the violated affections of a father, but the wounded pride of a king, accustomed throughout a long life, to believe that his wishes and his will are essentially entitled to bear sway in all things. When he exclaims,

"So be my grave my peace as here I give
My heart from her, &c."——

it is not the outraged parent casting off for ever his undutiful child, but the "cholerick king," pettishly spurning the control of reason and right, because he has not been used to listen to them. And it was the same in the expression of his anger against the interference of Kent. It was not the real indignation resulting from violated confidence, but the conventional appearance of it in vindication of affronted majesty.

After this follows the scene with Goneril and Albany, in which he observes, that they purposely slight him. Here the pride of the insulted monarch begins to give way before the rage and agony of the outraged father;—Or rather the two characters, with the feelings attendant on them, are blended together in the most extraordinary and impressive manner. The fearful curse at the close of this scene was given with tremendous force. It seemed to be screwed out of the bodily frame, as if by some mechanical power, set in motion by means independent of the will. And at the end, the over-excited and exhausted frame, sinking beneath the supernatural exertion, seemed to crack and give way altogether.

The next scene is the finish in the whole performance; and certainly it is the noblest exhibition of lofty genius that the modern stage has witnessed—always excepting the same actor's closing scene in the third act of Othello. It is impossible for words to convey any thing like an adequate description of the extraordinary acting in the whole of this scene—of the electrical effect produced by the transition from "Bid'em come forth and hear me, &c."—to "O! are you come!"—the mingled suspicion and tenderness with which he tells Regan of Goneril's treatment of him—the exquisite tone of pathos thrown into the mock petition to Regan, "I confess that I am old, &c."—the wonderful depth and subtlety of expression given to the ironical speech to Goneril, "I do not bid the thunder-bearer strike, &c."—the pure and touching simplicity of "I gave you all."—Or, lastly, the splendid close of this scene by the speech, "Heavens drop your patience down, &c."—in which the bitter delight of anticipated revenge, and the unbending sense of habitual dignity, contend against the throes and agonies of a torn and bursting heart.

Of the third act, containing the scenes with Kent and Edgar, during the storm, we must speak more generally. There may probably be some difference of opinion as to the manner in which these scenes were given; but, to our thinking, Mr Kean never evinced more admirable judgment, than in choosing what appears to us to have been the only practicable course which the nature of his subject had left him. The Lear of Shakespear—at least this part of it—requires to be made intelligible to the senses through the medium of the imagination. The gradual and at last total breaking up of the waters, from the mighty deep of the human heart, which takes place during these scenes, would be intolerable if it were given in all the bareness, and with all the force of reality. If it were possible to exhibit the actual Lear of Shakespear on the stage the performance must be forbidden by law. We really believe that Mr Kean felt something of this kind, and studied and performed these scenes accordingly. He did not give a *portrait*, but a *shadow* of them. They came upon us, in their different aspects, not as animated images of Lear, but as dream-like recollections of him. Not so the scenes which re-

main to be spoken of, viz. the mad scene in the fourth act, and that in which he recovers his senses, and recognises his daughter Cordelia, in the fifth. These were as true to Shakespear and to nature as the most exquisite delicacy of conception, consummate judgment and taste, and an entire command over the springs of passion and pathos, could make them. In particular, the short scene where Lear wakes from slumber and recognises Cordelia, was beautiful in the highest degree. The mild pathos of his voice, and the touching simplicity of his manner, when he kneels down before her, and offers to drink the poison if she has it for him, can never be forgotten. In speaking of what is (rather coarsely) called the mad scene, we neglected to notice the noble burst of dignified energy with which Lear exclaims "Ay, every inch a king? &c." and also the *action* all through the scene. His hands were as wandering and unsettled as his senses, and as little under the control of habit or will. This was a very delicate touch of nature; and perfectly original.

Mr Kean's Lear is upon the whole, the most genuine of all his performances of Shakespear. It is most purely unaffected and untheatrical, and therefore it is most worthy of his subject and of himself—the fullest of pure, deep, and natural passion, and therefore the most touching and intelligible to an assembly of men and women, with their natural passions about them. The only plausible objection that has been or that can be made to any part of it is, that, in the mad scenes there is too little vehemence and variety. But this objection is made by persons who forget that Lear was "a very foolish, fond old man, four score and upward;" and that the profound knowledge of human life, and the piercing glance into the human heart which he exhibits during these scenes, must be supposed to have come to him—as they came to Shakespear himself—not by observation and sentiment, but by a something which ordinary mortals can conceive of as nothing less than a species of absolute and direct inspiration—some mysterious influence totally independent on the immediate state of his actual feelings and faculties: and that, therefore, they would be likely to be dealt forth—not amidst the throes and agonies of the Priestess delivering the sacred oracles from the Tripod—but with the calm and collected fervour of the priest who was appointed to *repeat* those oracles to the people.

Our limits compel us to restrain ourselves from expressing the further observations which occur to us in thinking of this noble performance. We take our leave of it with the deepest reverence and admiration for the genius which could produce it, and the sincerest gratitude for the delight and instruction it has afforded to us.

As we have not of late been called upon to speak very favourably of any thing that has been produced at this theatre, we are glad of an opportunity of noticing the great care and skill which has been bestowed on the getting up of this tragedy. The whole of the performers evidently take great pains with their respective parts. This is perfectly true, notwithstanding Mr Elliston asserts it in the bills. Mrs West played the gentle parts of Cordelia charmingly. There is a tremulous tenderness in her voice which is delightful. But when this lady chooses to be energetic she invariably becomes coarse and unfeminine. Mr Rae also performed Edgar in very admirable style—with great force, feeling, and discrimination.

There has also been produced at this Theatre a "speaking Pantomime," which is very unkindly attributed to Garrick. We hope Mr Elliston has not been writing this drama himself, and fathering it upon his celebrated predecessor. We can conceive him to be quite capable of such a thing. Of writing the drama in question, we mean—for it is very vulgar and absurd.

By the bye, we congratulate the admirers of "our immortal bard" on his having met with a new editor. We were induced to purchase King Lear the other night at this Theatre, and found it to be edited by a person of whom we never before heard in the literary world;—one R. W. Elliston. We should like to know who this adventuresome person may be. Perhaps Mr Elliston, the manager, can give us some information on the subject, as the person in question happens to be his name-sake. But, on second thoughts, it is probable that *he* knows less about

him than any one else. Whoever he may be, if we are to believe himself, he must possess more than ordinary sagacity,—for it appears that he has been enabled to supply the world with a new edition of "*Shakespear's* Tragedy of King Lear, printed chiefly from *Nahum Tate's* edition, with some restorations from the *original* text." This is *verbatim et literatim* the title of the third number of "Elliston's British Theatre."

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Henri Quatre.

We have not left ourselves room to speak as we could wish of the new piece at this Theatre under the above title. With an indifferent plot, little wit, and no poetry at all, it is yet a very lively and entertaining production—full of grace, spirit, and naïvete, and not without nature and character. It embodies some of the well-known anecdotes which are related of this fascinating monarch, and of his favourite Sully, and invents others suited to their respective characters; and is, altogether, very piquant, pleasant, and French. The piece is admirably performed throughout, by M'Cready, C. Kemble, Liston, Emery, Miss Stephens, Miss Tree, &c.

M'Cready plays Henri with great truth and spirit. There is in particular one excellent scene in which, in the character of a supposed trooper of the royal army, he is made to assist at a village fête given in honour of his own birth-day—the villagers, from his likeness to the portraits of the king, making him play the part of his own representative. This scene acts uncommonly well; and the denouement at the end of it, when he turns out to be really the king, is extremely well managed. In this part of the plot Miss M. Tree makes a charming little village coquette. Her delicious voice seems to grow richer and richer every time we hear it. Liston makes a delightful Jocrisse, and Emery a fine sturdy old trooper. In the other branch of the plot C. Kemble plays a high-minded young cavalier with infinite grace and spirit; and Miss Stephens, with her charming awkwardness—better than all the airs and graces in the world—is his mistress. Besides all these there is Fawcett as a fine old general, Irish Johnstone as a soldier of fortune, ready to make blunders, duels, or love, at a moment's notice—to say nothing of Blanchard, Abbott, Duruset, Miss Brunton, &c.

The scenery is also most beautiful; and the whole piece highly agreeable and attractive.

It is impossible to conceive why the above piece has been laid aside to make way for such a strange and incomprehensible extravagance as THE PHANTOM, which has just been produced at this Theatre. It is a serious farce in which Mr M'Cready performs a Sleep-walker—a sort of Somno, or Lady Macbeth; and frightens himself and every body else out of their senses, by walking about in his dressing-gown, with a candle in his hand, "in the dead waste and middle of the night"—performing a sort of involuntary *hoax* on all the assembled Peers and people of Calabria, who meet together, with a holy and able-bodied Abbot at their head, for the purpose of *laying* the supposed Phantom. This is all very absurd; and it is not a sufficient excuse for absurdity to say that it affords scope for fine acting—which it certainly does in Mr M'Cready. We were in hopes these idle extravagances were giving way before such Dramas as Rob Roy, the Antiquary, and Henri Quatre.

"Luctus" on the Death of Sir Daniel Donnelly,

LATE CHAMPION OF IRELAND.

[We felt too deep sympathy with the afflicted population of a sister kingdom, to venture the publication of the following Luctus, till time had in some measure alleviated the national suffering,—and, to borrow a figure from an oration attributed to Counsellor Phillips, "wiped off with his passing pinions the daily dews which a sympathetic people had poured on the shining daisy that sprung through the unshaven shamrock, round the gloomy grave of the demolishing Donnelly!" But as the moon has thrice renewed her horns since the demise of Sir Daniel, we trust that we shall not now be thought to be interfering "with the sacred silence of a nation's sorrow," by publishing a selection from the "numbers without number, numberless," of Luctus that have been for the last quarter pouring in upon us from every part of the united empire. We confess, that we are not of that school of philosophy, which considers the loss sustained by Ireland in the death of Donnelly altogether and for ever irreparable. Surely a successor will step into his shoes. But what although centuries should pass by, without an Irishman willing to contend with the Champion of England? What are centuries but short links in the long chain of time? For ourselves, we shall be satisfied with the destinies of Ireland, should a Donnelly appear once in a thousand years. Whoever may be the Editor of this Magazine in the year 2820, let him pay particular attention to our words,—and, if our views on the subject prove to be correct, we hope that all the subscribers to our work at that period, will purchase "sets" from the beginning. But these are idle speculations,—so let us address ourselves to graver matter. To prove our strict impartiality, we wrote the titles of their respective authors on separate slips of paper, which were all shaken strenuously in the Adjutant's old foraging cap, and as the titles came out in the hand of Mr Blackwood, (whom we occasionally admit into the divan,) so are they now printed. It is singular that the names of the two greatest poets of the day, Lord Byron and Dr Scott, should have followed each other.]

LETTER FROM LORD BYRON, ENCLOSING THE COMMENCEMENT OF "CHILD DANIEL."

MY DEAR NORTH,

My old Armenian has come in upon me, just as the afflatus was rising, like a blast along Loch-na-gair, and I should as soon think of offending my Lord Carlisle as the gentleman now stroking his aged beard. I break abruptly off with the words "Beggar's dust." What the devil is Hobhouse about since he left Newgate? After all, there is no place like London for fun and frolic—yet I am at Venice. This sounds oddly. Your joke on Don Juan was well played off—it fairly out-Byron'd Byron. Who is Wastle? Give my respects to the old gentleman.—Skimble Scamble stuff.——BYRON.

CHILD DANIEL.

In Fancy-land there is a burst of wo,
The spirit's tribute to the fallen; see
On each scarr'd front the cloud of sorrow grow,
Bloating its sprightly shine. But what is he
For whom grief's mighty butt is broach'd so free?
Were his brows shadow'd by the awful crown,
The Bishop's mitre, or high plumery
Of the mail'd warrior? Won he his renown
On pulpit, throne, or field, whom death hath now struck down?

He won it in the field where arms are none,
Save those the mother gives to us. He was
A climbing star which had not fully shone,
Yet promised in its glory to surpass

Our champion star ascendant; but alas!
The sceptred shade that values earthly might,
And pow'r, and pith, and bottom, as the grass,
Gave with his fleshless fist a buffet slight;——
Say, bottle-holding Leach, why ends so soon the fight?

What boots t' inquire?—'Tis done. Green mantled Erin
May weep her hopes of milling sway past by,
And Crib, sublime, no lowlier rival fearing,
Repose, sole Ammon of the fistic sky,
Conceited, quaffing his blue ruin high,
Till comes the Swell, that come to all men must,
By whose foul blows Sir Daniel low doth lie,
Summons the Champion to resign his trust,
And mingles his with Kings, Slaves, Chieftains, Beggars' dust!

* * * * * * *

"*In Fancy-land there is a burst of wo.*"

Why will Coleridge and Wordsworth continue to bother the world with their metaphysics? FANCY and IMAGINATION! Neither of them can tell the difference. Sam, write another Christabelle—but William, thou Sylvan Sage, no more Excursions, though, joking apart, thou art the best of all the Pond poets. Moulsey Hurst is the "green navel" of Fancy-land.

"*For whom grief's mighty butt is broached so free.*"

I owe this line to my friend, Meux.

"*The bishop's mitre, or high plumery*
Of the mail'd warrior?"

I have no doubt that Donnelly would have made a very excellent bishop. He would have been powerful in the pulpit. The finest-armed man I ever saw was a bishop of the Greek Church, who had been a robber in his youth. Milo himself could not have shewn nobler knuckles. Spirit of Pollux! Donnelly was not a soldier—a hired blood-shedder! He did not, like Shaw, close a life of honour by a disgraceful death at the carnage of Mont St Jean, fighting against the Man of the Age, who may yet be destined to be the liberator of Europe.

"*Our champion star ascendant.*"

I am no enemy of Crib's! But lives there a man so base as to say that he has not been indebted more to fortune than to bravery or skill in all his battles? Was he not fast losing his first fight with Jem Belcher, when that finished pugilist's hands gave way? Was not the Monops out of condition in the second contest? When Gregson, by a chance fall, could not come to time, Crib was dead-beat; and "Bob of Wigan, ring-honoured Lancaster," was comparatively fresh, and able to have renewed the combat. What Briton will dare to say, that Molyneaux did not win his first battle with the Champion? It seemed otherwise to the Umpires; but neither Europe nor America was to be so satisfied; and as my friend, Leigh Hunt, (he *is* my friend according to common speech, and I have no fault to find with his dedication of Rimini,) has lately expressed a wish that Napoleon may be liberated from St Helena, that he may fight the battle of Waterloo over again with Wellington, so do I wish that Pluto would send us back Molyneaux to try his fortune once more with Tom Crib. My own opinion is, that judgment would be reversed in both cases.

"*Say, bottle-holding Leach, why ends so soon the fight?*"

There is no allusion here to the Vice Chancellor of England, which the reader may have suspected from the previous note about reversals of judgment. Neither is there any allusion to William Elford Leach of the British Museum. Had there been, the epithet would have been more apt, "beetle-holding Leach."

"*And mingles his with Kings, Slaves, Chieftains, Beggars' dust!*"

The reader will pardon the tautology of this line. Where is the difference between them all?

LETTER FROM DR SCOTT, ENCLOSING A "DIRGE ON DONNELLY."

DEAR MR NORTH,—Understanding that your next No. is to contain the "*Luctus Variorum*" on the late champion of Ireland, I take the liberty of adding my small contribution in the shape of the following song, which has had the honour of being sung at the HODGE-PODGE, the JUMBLE, and the MILLENIUM, with great applause. It is adapted to your own favourite tune, *The Sneddon March*, or, "*The Paisley Weavers*," one of the finest manufacturing airs in our Scottish music. The Radicals are quiet, for the present, in this quarter; but, as I opine, rather cowed than *squabashed*. At the review on the King's birth-day, I had the satisfaction to understand, that general Reynel expressed his most enthusiastic admiration of our two Volunteer corps. The Light-Horse squadron are a parcel of most genteel young men, mounted on beautiful nags; and they need not fear to shew themselves alongside of either the 7th or 10th. The Sharpshooters are an incomparable corps. Nothing can surpass the elegance, ease, and spirit, evinced in every one of their movements. "Look at the Sharpshooters," cried out a certain officer of regulars t'other day to his men, who were forming somewhat after the manner of a flock of sheep, when a colley comes barking over a knowe. The reproof was felt keenly, I assure you. It is confidently asserted in the first circles here, that you and the Contributors are to be all West in a few weeks. Take the Tug to Grangemouth—track it thence in the Canal-boat—enjoy a week's cold punch here—and then steam it to Fort-William or Belfast. But my pen, as usual, is running away with—Your faithful friend and coadjutor, JAMES SCOTT,

Glasgow, 7, Millar Street, May 1st. D.G.L.H.V.

SORROW IS DRY,

Being a New Song, by Dr James Scott.

When to Peggy Bauldie's daughter, first I told Sir Daniel's death,
Like a glass of soda-water it took away her breath;
It took away your breath, my dear, and it sorely dimm'd your sight,
And aye ye let the salt, salt tear, down fall for Erin's knight;
For he was a knight of glory bright, the spur ne'er deck'd a bolder,
Great George's blade itself was laid upon Sir Daniel's shoulder.
Sing, Hey ho, the Sneddon, &c.

I took a turn along the street, to breathe the Trongate air,
Carnegie's lass I chanced to meet, with a bag of lemons fair;
Says I, "Gude Meg, ohon! ohon! you've heard of Dan's disaster—
If I'm alive, I'll come at five, and feed upon your master—
A glass or two no harm will do to either saint or sinner,
And a bowl with friends will make amends for a so so sort of dinner."
Sing, Hey ho, the Sneddon, &c.

I found Carnegie in his nook, upon the old settee,
And dark and dismal was his look, as black as black might be,
Then suddenly the blood did fly, and leave his face so pale,
That scarce I knew, in alter'd hue, the bard of Largo's vale;
But Meg was winding up the jack, so off flew all my pains,
For, large as cocks, two fat carocks I knew were hung in chains.
Sing, Hey ho, the Sneddon, &c.

Nevertheless, he did express his joy to see me there—
Meg laid the cloth, and, nothing loath, I soon pull'd in my chair;
The mutton broth and bouilli both came up in season due—
The grace is said—when Provan's head at the door appears in view—
The bard at work like any Turk, first nods an invitation;
For who so free as all the three from priggish botheration?
Sing, Hey ho, the Sneddon, &c.

Ere long the Towddies deck the board with a cod's head and shoulders,
And the oyster-sauce it surely was great joy to all beholders.
To George our king a jolly cann of royal port is poured—
Our gracious king, who knighted Dan with his own shining sword—
The next we sip with trembling lip—'tis of the claret clear—
To the hero dead that cup we shed, and mix it with a tear.
Sing, Hey ho, the Sneddon, &c.

'Tis now your servant's turn to mix the nectar of the bowl:
Still on the Ring our thoughts we fix, while round the goblets roll,
Great Jackson, Belcher, Scroggins, Gas, we celebrate in turns,
Each Christian, Jew, and Pagan, with the Fancy's flame that burns;
Carnegie's finger on the board a mimic circle draws,
And, Egan-like, h' expounds the rounds, and pugilistic laws.
Sing, Hey ho, the Sneddon, &c.

'Tis thus that worth heroic is suitably lamented.—
Great Daniel's shade, I know it, dry grief had much resented—
What signify your tear and sigh?—A bumper is the thing
Will gladden most the generous ghost of a champion of the King.
The tear and sigh from voice and eye must quickly pass away,
But the bumper good may be renewed until our dying day!
Sing, Hey ho, the Sneddon, &c.

LETTER FROM MR W. W. TO MR CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

DEAR SIR,

HAD it not been one of the deepest convictions of my mind, even from very early youth, that there was something in periodical literature radically and essentially wrong, *in rerum naturâ*, as Bacon Lord Verulam has wisely observed of a subject somewhat different, I should certainly, before the commencement of the present portion of time, have sent divers valuable communications unto your Miscellany. For, concerning both the matter and manner of Blackwood's Edinborough Magazine, it hath fallen to my lot in life, on six, eight, or ten different occasions—some of them not without their importance, considered in relation to the ordinary on-goings of the world which we inhabit, and others of them, peradventure, utterly and thoroughly worthless; —I say, that it hath fallen to my lot in life to hear the Work, of which you are the Editor, spoken of in words of commendation and praise. It appeareth manifest, however, that to form a philosophical, that is, a true character of a work published periodically, it behoveth a man to peruse the whole series of the above-mentioned work seriatim, that is, in continuous and uninterrupted succession, inasmuch as that various articles, on literature, philosophy, and the fine arts, being by their respective authors left unfinished in one number, are mayhap brought to a conclusion in a second—nay, peradventure, continued in a second, and even a third—yea, often not finished until a tenth, and after the intervention of divers Numbers free wholly and altogether from any discussion on that specific subject, but composed, it may be, either of nobler or of baser matter. Thus, it often fareth ill with one particular Number of a periodical work—say for June or January—because, that although both the imaginative and reasoning faculties may be manifested and bodied forth visibly and palpably, so that, as I have remarked on another occasion, they may "lie like surfaces," nevertheless, if there shall be the intervention of a chasm of time between the first portion of the embodied act and the visible manifestation of the second—or again, between the second and third, and so on according to any imaginable or unimaginable series,—then I aver, that he will greatly err, who, from such knowledge of any work, (that is, a periodical work, for indeed it is of such only that it can be so predicated,) shall venture to bestow or to inflict upon it a decided and permanent character, either for good or for evil. Thus, for example, I have observed in divers Numbers of Blackwood's Edinborough Magazine, sarcasms rather witty than wise, in my apprehension, directed

against myself, on the score of the Lyrical Ballads, and my Quarto Poem entitled the Excursion. In other Numbers again—I cannot charge my memory for what months or in what year, nor indeed is it of vital importance to this question—methinks I have read disquisitions on my poetry, and on those great and immutable principles in human nature on which it is built, and in virtue of which I do not feel as if I were arrogating to myself any peculiar gift of prophecy, when I declare my belief that these my poems will be immortal;—I repeat, that in such and such Numbers I have perused such and such articles and compositions, in which I have not been slow to discern a fineness of tact and a depth of thought and feeling not elsewhere to be found, unless I be greatly deceived, in the criticism of this in many things degenerate, because too intellectual age. Between the folly of some Numbers, therefore, and the wisdom of others—or in other words of still more perspicuous signification, between the falsehood of one writer, and the truth of another, there must exist many shades by which such opposite extremes are brought, without a painful sense of contrariety, before the eyes of what Mr Coleridge has called the "Reading Public." Of all such shades—if any such there be—I am wholly unapprised—because I see the work but rarely, as I have already observed, for I am not, to the best of my recollection, a subscriber to the Kendal Book-Club; such institutions being, in small towns, where the spirit of literature is generally bad in itself and fatally misdirected, conducted upon a principle, or rather a want of principle, which cannot be too much discommended.

The upshot of the whole is this, that it is contrary both to my theory and my practice to become a regular contributor to any periodical work whatsoever, forasmuch as such habits of composition are inimical to the growth and sanity of original genius, and therefore unworthy of him who writes for "all time" except the present.

Nevertheless, it hath so happened, that in seasons prior to this, I have transmitted to the Editors of divers periodical Miscellanies, small portions of large works, and even small works perfect in themselves; nor, would it be altogether consistent with those benign feelings which I am disposed to cherish towards your Miscellany, as a Periodical that occasionally aimeth at excellence, and may even, without any flagrant violation of truth, be said occasionally to approximate thereto, to withhold from it such slight marks of my esteem, as, upon former occasions, I have not scrupled to bestow upon others haply less worthy of them. I therefore send you first, an Extract from my Great Poem on my Own Life, and it is a passage which I have greatly elaborated;—and, secondly, Sir Daniel Donnelly, a Ballad, which, in the next edition of my works, must be included under the general class of "Poems of the Imagination and the Affections."

EXTRACT FROM MY GREAT AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL POEM.

It is most veritable,—that sage law
Which tells that, at the wane of mightiness,
Yea even of colossal guilt, or power
That, like the iron man by poets feign'd,
Can with uplifted arm draw from above
The ministering lightnings, all insensible
To touch of other feeling, we do find
That which our hearts have cherish'd but as fear,
Is mingled still with love; and we must weep
The very loss of that which caus'd our tears.—
Ev'n so it happeneth when Donnelly dies.
Cheeks are besullied with unused brine,
And eyes disguis'd in tumid wretchedness,
That oft have put such seeming on for him,
But not at Pity's bidding!—Yea, even I,
Albeit, who never "ruffian'd" in the ring,
Nor know of "challenge," save the echoing hills;

Nor " fibbing," save that poesy doth feign;
Nor heard his fame, but as the mutterings
Of clouds contentious on Helvellyn's side,
Distant, yet deep, agnize a strange regret,
And mourn Donnelly—Honourable Sir Daniel:—
(Blessings be on them, and eternal praise,
The Knighter and the Knighted.)—Love doth dwell
Here in these solitudes, and our corporal clay
Doth for its season bear the self-same fire,
Impregnate with the same humanities,
Moulded and mixed like others.

I remember,
Once on a time,—'twas when I was a boy,
For I was childish once, and often since
Have, with a cheerful resignation, learnt
How soon the boy doth prophecy the man,—
I chanced, with one whom I could never love,
Yet seldom left, to thread a thorny wood,
To seek the stock-doves' sacred domicile;—
Like thieves, we did contend about our crime,
I and that young companion. Of that child
His brief coevals still had stood in awe,
And Fear did do him menial offices,
While Silence walk'd beside, and word breath'd none.
Howbeit, mine arm, which oft in vassal wise
Had borne his satchel, and but ill defended
From buffets, half in sport, half tyrannous,
With which I was reguerdon'd,—chanced prevail.
His soul was then subdued, and much and sore
He wept, convulsive; nay, his firm breast heav'd,
As doth the bosom of the troublous lake
After the whirlwind goeth; and so sad
Did seem the ruins of his very pride,
I could not choose but weep with him, so long
We sobb'd together, till a smile 'gan dry
The human rain, and he once more was calm;—
For sorrow, like all else, hath end. Albeit,
Those tears, however boyish, were more fit,
Since nature's self did draw them from their source,
Than aught that cunning'st poet can distil
By potent alchemy, from human eye,
To consecrate Donnelly's grave. Even so;
For they discours'd with a dumb eloquence,
Beyond the tongue of dirge or epitaph,
Of that which passeth in man's heart, when Power,
Like Babylon, hath fall'n, and pass'd away.

SIR DANIEL DONNELLY.—A BALLAD.

I came down to breakfast—And why all this sobbing,
This weeping and wailing? I hastily cried;
Has Grimalkin, my boy, ta'en away your tame Robin?
Has Duckling, or Pullet, or White Coney died?

'Twas thus the short list of his joys I ran over,
While the tears were fast coursing down Timothy's face,
And strove the small darling his red cheek to cover.—
What is this?—thought my soul—Is it grief or disgrace?

I looked on the Courier, my weekly newspaper,
For I felt that the cause of his sorrow was there;
So quick is grief's eye that no word could escape her—
" Dead is Daniel, the hero of Donnybrooke fair!"

O mournful was then the low song of the kettle,
And long look'd my face in the bright polish'd grate;
Dull, dull clank'd the tongs, tho' composed of true metal,
They seemed to my fancy the long shears of fate.

I sought the fresh air, but the sun, like a firebrand,
In my dark bosom kindled grief's faggotty pile:
Ah, me! ye five Catholic millions of Ireland,
What now will become of your bull-breeding isle?

Mine eyes met the earth, in their wand'ring uneasy;
And I thought, as I saw through the vanishing snow
The flower of Sir Daniel, the bright shining Daisy,
On that beautiful poem I wrote long ago.

By the stroke of the thunder-stone split in its glory,
On the earth lay extended a green-crested pine;
Then I dreamt, poor Sir Dan, of thy pitiful story,
For the trunk was as straight and as knotty as thine!

Thus sun, flower, and tree all, in blaze, blight, or blossom,
The same sombre image of sorrow supplied,
While Nature breath'd forth from her mountainous bosom,
"Weep, weep for the day when Dan Donnelly died!"

LETTER FROM ODOHERTY.

Killarney, May 9th.

MY DEAREST KIT,—Here am I, living at rack and manger, with my old schoolfellow, Blennerhasset; and you and your Magazine may go to the devil, for any thing I care about either of you. We embark on the lake about 11 o'clock, after a decent breakfast, and contrive to kill the evening till about five, soon after which we enter ourselves for the sweepstakes, and, to use the phraseology of my friend, the Reverend Hamilton Paul, generally contrive to stow away under our belt a bottle of black-strap, before tumbling in. You may think this monotonous—but you are quite wrong. One day we fish trout, another eels, and another salmon, which produces an agreeable variety; and it was only last Thursday that Rowan Cashel and myself swam across the Devil's Punch Bowl on the top of Mangerton. We also attend wakes, fairs, funerals, and patrons, and go to church as regular as clock-work. In short, I have some intention of marrying again, and settling for the remainder of my life, at least for a year or two, somewhere in Kerry. I hear Mullcocky blowing his horn for us to join a batch of young ladies, on a party of pleasure, to the upper lake, and we are going to dine on cold provisions on Ronayne's Island, which is as beautiful and romantic a spot as ever you clapt eyes on. I enclose for you the only piece of poetry I have composed since I past through Cork. I jotted it down with a black-lead pencil, in a silver case, belonging to a young gentleman with a good-natured face, on the outside of the coach; and I am sorry to say, that on parting from us, he forgot to ask it back again; so I keep it for the sake of an agreeable travelling companion. You will observe, from its stopping short all at once, that the Poem is only a fragment. Mullcocky is in a big passion, I hear, so good-b'ye Kit, prays ever your hearty chum,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

P.S. Something seems to have gone wrong with the barge, so I have time for a P.S. I encountered the Champion's funeral; and it was the biggest I ever witnessed. It was duly celebrated by games too; for, as the story went, certain persons, suspected of being young surgeons or their jackalls, were met and severely beaten by some of the champions of the fist, who jaloused, as your Scottish peasantry say, that they were on the watch for the hero's remains. Another version of the story is, that the designs of the knights of the scalpel were all along suspected by the knights of the daddle, who appointed a trusty band to watch, for two days and nights, the holy shrine where their saint was laid. Having gone, however, to indulge themselves in a funeral libation for

an hour or two, at the "honor," (a drinking bout at a burial) they found, on repairing to their post, that the enemy had been before them, and had, with infinite judgment, effected the resurrection, before the champion was well warm in his grave. A deputation of very respectable gentlemen waited on the corpse next day, to ascertain the fact: but it is absolutely impossible to ascertain any fact in Dublin; and you meet thousands and tens of thousands every day, and in every company, who maintain that the champion is now in Edinburgh. If you have seen him on any of your dissecting tables there, pray let me know. —But I hear the ladies giggling, so I must be after joining the water-party.

ODONNELLY, AN ODE BY MORGAN ODOHERTY.

I.

When green Erin laments for her hero removed,
From the Isle where he flourished, the Isle that he loved,
Where he entered so often the twenty foot lists,
And, twinkling like meteors, he flourished his fists,
And gave to his foes more set downs and toss overs,
Than ever was done by the greatest philosophers,
In folio, in twelves, or in quarto,
Shall the harp of Odoherty silent remain,
And shall he not waken its music again?
Oh! yes with his soul and his heart too!

II.

Majestic Odonnelly! proud as thou art,
Like a cedar on top of Mount Hermon,
We lament that death shamelessly made thee depart,
In the gripes, like a blacksmith or chairman.
Oh! hadst thou been felled by Tom Crib in the ring;
Or by Carter been milled to a jelly,
Oh! sure that had been a more dignified thing,
Than to kick for a pain in your belly!

III.

A curse on the belly that robbed us of thee,
And the bowels unfit for their office;
A curse on the potyeen you swallowed too free,
For a stomach complaint, all the doctors agree,
Far worse than a headache or cough is.
Death, who like a cruel and insolent bully, drubs
All those he thinks fit to attack,
Cried Dan, my tight lad, try a touch of my mulligrubs,
Which soon laid him flat on his back!

IV.

Great spirits of Broughton, Jem Belcher, and Fig,
Of Corcoran, Pierce, and Dutch Sam;
Whether up stairs or down, you kick up a rig,
And at intervals pause your blue ruin to swig,
Or with grub, your bread baskets to cram.
Or, whether for quiet you're placed all alone
In some charming retired little heaven of your own,
Where the turf is elastic, in short just the thing
That Bill Gibbons would choose when he's forming a ring,
That wherever you wander you still may turn too,
And thrash and be thrashed till your all black and blue;
Where your favourite enjoyments for ever are near,
And you eat, and you drink, and you fight all the year;
Ah! receive then to join in your milling delight,
The shade of Sir Daniel Donnelly, knight;
With whom a turn up is no frolic;
His is no white or cold liver,

For he beat Oliver,
Challenged Carter, and died of the colic !

V.

Bad luck to my soul,
But I'll fill the punch bowl,
To the brim with good stingo; and so Nelly
Don't let the toast pass you,
But fill up your glass to
Demolishing Daniel Donnelly.

LETTER FROM MR SEWARD.

Ch: Ch: April 1, 1820.

MY DEAR SIR,

For the fuller explication of the subjoined Threne, the reader is referred to the conclusion of the last book of the Iliad, which has supplied a great part of the *exequial* diction—who, indeed, so fit as the mourners of a Hector to furnish with funeral-phrases those of a Donnelly?—and to the notes upon that unrivalled sketch of the manners of the Emerald Isle, Castle Rackrent. For more immediate use, i. e. (to borrow Miss Edgeworth's own terms) "for the advantage of *lazy* readers, who would rather read a page than walk a yard, and from compassion, not to say sympathy, with their infirmity," I have transcribed a small portion of the latter.

Buller has just run up to town for his Easter holidays, or you should have had the whole of the notes in the customary language of classical commentary. As it is, you will come off with more text than annotation. We shall neither of us soon forget the cordial hospitality of the Tent last August.—Yours ever very truly,

W. SEWARD.

"ULLALOO, GOL, OR LAMENTATION OVER THE DEAD."

——*Magnoque ululante tumultu.*—VIRG.
——————*ululatibus omne*
Implevêre nemus.—OV.

The body of the deceased, dressed in grave-clothes, and ornamented with flowers, was placed on a bier, or some elevated spot. The relations and keeners (*singing mourners*) ranged themselves in two divisions, one at the head and the other at the feet of the corpse. The bards and croteries had before prepared the funeral "caoinan," or song. The chief bard of the head-chorus began by singing the first stanza in a low doleful tone, which was softly accompanied by the harp: at the conclusion the foot-semichorus began the lamentation, or "Ullaloo" (Ελελευ) from the first note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the head-semichorus; then both united in one general chorus. The chorus of the first stanza being ended, the chief bard of the foot-semichorus began the second "Gol," or lamentation, in which he was answered by that of the head; and then, as before, both united in the general full chorus. Thus, alternately, were the song and chorusses performed during the night. The genealogy, rank, possessions, virtues, and vices of the dead were rehearsed, and a number of interrogations were addressed to the deceased; as, "Why did he die?" if married, "Whether his wife was faithful to him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or warriors?" if a young man, "Whether he had been crossed in love?" or, "If the blue-eyed maids of Erin treated him with scorn?"—(*Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, IV.)

The crowd of people, who assemble at these funerals, sometimes amounts to a thousand, often to four or five hundred. (N. B. Sixty thousand, it is said, attended Donnelly to his grave!) They gather, as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way; and when they pass through any village, or when they

come near any houses, they begin to cry, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Agh! Agh!" raising their notes from the first *Oh!* to the last *Agh!* in a kind of mournful howl."

P.S. Scholars, with more of leisure and literature than belongs to myself, might have found in Pindar, what I have sought in Homer—the appropriate archetype for a sublime choral ode. Was the "huge" Diagoras of Rhodes, indeed, with all his accompaniment of pugilist sons and grandsons—Damagetus, and Dorieus, and Acusilaus, and Euclon, and Pisirrothius—better entitled to the τυγμας αποινα bestowed in the seventh Olympic Hymn, than Sir Daniel Donnelly? By the bye, from the reception at first given to the claim preferred by his daughter, Aristopatira, to the honours of "a sitting" at the grand *spectacle* of Pisa (for we must carefully distinguish the Θια of the scholiast from the Chinese beverage mentioned in the elegy,) we may infer that the γυμνικος αγων of the ancients, as the epithet implies, involved somewhat more of an exposure even than is witnessed in our modern ball-rooms. See Blackwood's Magazine, XXXVI. 609. In one respect the Rhodian, πυξ αριστα ειδων, appears to have differed from our illustrious Irishman; as Pindar calls him ευθυμαχαν, and Donnelly (we are told by the author of the "Boxiana," ib. 615.) was "not a straight hitter." Neither have we any authority for applying the πατερων ορθαι φρενες of v. 168, to the intellects of the genuine sons of St *Patrick*. *Hactenus prolepticῶς.*

P.S. To my utter amazement, Buller has burst in upon me, all covered with mud, a well-booted Grecian. Heaven knows what has brought him back so suddenly to Oxford. Something is in the wind, no doubt. Hearing that I am writing to you, he begs to add a scrawl, though he has to cross and recross my letter, like that of a boarding school Miss. Once more fare thee well. W. S.

ULLALOO!

Ελιγειον.

——illum superare pugnis
Nobilem.—HOR.
Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt lyræ.—IBID.

Φευ πυκτων πολυ φερτατε, φευ τριποθητε ΔΟΝΕΛΛΕ,
Ωλε' απ' αιωνος φευ μαλα τηδε νεος.
Ουδε τι σοι πατρης απιοντι μεμηλεν Ιερνης,
Ουδ' εξ μυριαδων (φευ ελελευ ελελευ)
Οι σεγ' αμφιπον ταφοι ασμασιν ανδροδαμειω (1)
Θρηνων εξαρχοις (φευ ελελευ ελελευ).
Οι μεν αρ' εθρηνεον, επι δε σθεναχοντο γυναικες,
Και πιον (2) αμφοτεροι (φευ ελελευ ελελευ)

---

(1) Ανδροδαμειω, though not at present to be found in any Greek writer, may perhaps be justified by the analogy of ιπποδαμειω, an epithet once deemed of so much consequence in the last line of the Iliad, by a scrupulous translator, that for Pope's closing couplet,

Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade;

which certainly somewhat embellishes the simplicity of the original, υπερ τον αληθη λογον διδαιδαλμενος ψευδεσι ποικιλοις, he proposed to substitute,

Such honours Ilion to her prince decreed,
To the great tamer of the gallant steed!

(2) Πιον. "All night there were tea-drinkings for the women, and punch for the men." (Edgeworth's Ormond, II. 375.) I remember to have seen a Greek ode, Εις την Θειαν, and many Latin disquisitions upon the same fragrant leaf, nearly cœval with it's first introduction into Europe; in all of which, as in its French appellation, the aspirate is preserved. I cannot but suspect that, in the *nigrum vitiis præfigere Theta*, which I would read *nigram viti præponere Theian*, the preference of bohea to black-strap (αιθοπα οινον) is sub-obscurely adumbrated. Indeed, if I were not afraid of attempting to tread in

Ανδρες ὑδωρ τι βιω (3) το κριθινον, ἁι δι γυναικες
Ἠν καλευσι Θιαν (φιν ελιλιν ελιλιν)·
" Τισ̃ις φαος λειπειν, τοσσων νικητις αγωνων,"
Εξιριυς', ' ὑθιλις ; (φιν ελιλιν ελιλιν)
" Μων τινος αλλη ιρᾷ γυνη, ειπ' ; η νιος απιδρα,
" Ουδι μαχην απιτλη ; (φιν ελιλιν ελιλιν)
" Η σι φιλεντα κοραι γλαυκωπιδες, ευχος Ιᾶρνης,
" Ουκ ετ' αρ' αντιφιλειν ; (φιν ελιλιν ελιλιν)
" Αγγλων ϑ τι λοχον μεγαλοφρων ιν δαϊ λυγρῃ
" Πυκτικον (4) ιδδισας (φιν ελιλιν ελιλιν).
" Αλλ' ειτις σι μειν 'Αλλος (5), η Ουλιδαριος ειπτοι,
" Ης Κοῶπηρος (φιν ελιλιν ελιλιν)
" Αλλα συ τονγ' επισσι (6) παραιφαμινος κατιρυκις,
" Ου γαρ μιλιχος ης (φιν ελιλιν ελιλιν)

---

steps to which I feel myself unequal, I would Bullerize so far as to conjecture, on the principle of the English proverb, " grief is thirsty," that *pious*, *pine*, *repine*, &c. in our semi-Greek language may be derived from πινω, and its deflexions; and would farther connect the French *feu*, " deceased," with the φιν of Grecian lamentation.

Shall I, before I close this hariolating note, give you one of our absent friend's scraps of erudition? Buller, you are aware, is one of those black swans at Oxford, a Whig; and you will be but too ready to say politically, whatever share he may possess of your personal regard, *Hic niger est*—But to his commentary. Upon Iliad, Ω. 751, &c. he asks, in that modest tone of query, which ushered Newton's optics into the world:—" May not the poet, in the true spirit of vaticination, here point to Lord C-stl-r-gh (he is very delicate, you will observe, in involving his allusion, by omitting the vowels,) as the modern Achilles, where he says,

Πιριασχ' ὀντι'ιλισκι (leg. ιλιξι, *elegi*, *eligi*, *curavit*) πιρην ἁλος ατρυγιτοιο.

i. e. Clarkio interprete, *vendere solebat*, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHANNEL?" The familiarity of the practice, he adds, was certified by that *minimus maximus* of men, the late Speaker; and in ὀντι, he thinks it not difficult to trace the rudiments of a well-known and associated name, Quintin (sc. Dick). He then proceeds to corroborative quotations, in which his talent of conjectural emendation is largely exercised;

Pulcrum est digito monstrari, et " Dick-buyer *hic est!*"
Ten, cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
Pro nihilo pendes?

points out, with his usual felicity, the peculiar beauty of the vernacular *sobriquet*, " Dick-buyer;" since, in some cases (e. g. Saumaise's famous *Hundreda*, &c.) classical language does not furnish a full equivalent; and then, after observing that the influencing of the votes of a hundred Right Honourable dandies (*Cirratorum*, *i. e. nobilium pucrorum*, Lubin.) is no light matter! rejects a proposed reading, *senatorum*, though of some plausibility, as the *centum* in that combination would so greatly under-rate his lordship's range of " dictation" —not that he calls him " a dictator!"—next cites

Hic (Dick) *est quem legis*, i. e. eligis;

slily subjoins, *Non meus hic sermo, sed quem præcepit Ofallus*,

intimating that the suggestion had originated with the Irish Whig Duke of Leinster, Earl and Baron Ofalley; and summons the aid of happier guessers to restore the true reading of the very *corrupt* person—pshaw, I mean passage.—*Monstror digito* (Qu. Canning's? See Blackwood's Magazine, XXX. 724.) *prætercuntium* * * * FIDICEN. * *

(3) 'Τδωρ βιω, almost *literatim* usquebaugh, " an Irish and Erse word," says Johnson, " which signifies *the water of life*. The French have the same metaphor in their *Eau de Vie*.

(4) Πυκτικον. See Il. Ω. 779. By a similar substitution of πυκτικος for πυκινος we read elsewhere,

Πυκτικη ὡς δ'ὁταν ανδρ 'ατη λαβῃ—

Qu. Does ατη, A. T. represent, αινιγματωδως, Turner or Tring? I don't know their Christian names, but I observe you call the latter Athletic. P. 611.

Πυκτικον νὁι τι μοι ιπποις επος.

Where the reader will note well the last two emphatic words.

(5) 'Αλλος κ. τ. λ. This, by a slight deflexion from Homer's

Αλλ'ειτις μι και αλλος ιτι μεγαρσιοισιν ενιπ'οι, Il. Ω. 768.

gives the very names of the English pugilists, whom Donnelly caused to " bite the dust."

(6) Επισσι alludes to the phrase *speaking* to a man, παραιφαμινος is literally rendered

" Και σε γ' εν παλαμησιν οδαξ ειλεν ασπιτον εδας·
" —Νυν δε σε μοιρα κιχειν (φευ ελελευ ελελευ)."
Ως εφασαν κλαιοντες· επιστενε δημος απειρων,
" Οι, οι, οι, οι, οι, αι, ε, ε, αι, ε, ε, αι." (7)

My dear Kit,—Fearing you have forgotten your Greek, I favour you with a Latin version of Will's " Ullaloo." I have had glorious fun in town; but am off like a shot to Cheltenham. I am sick of Brazenose.—She is an Irish girl, with 700 per annum, in the vicinity of the Bog of Allen. Keep a look out, and you will see me in the marriage-list.—Special license.—You old boy. These *εισαιωνα*.

Bob Buller.

Heu! pugilum multò validissime, heu ter lugende Donelle!
Excidisti vitâ heu! valdè hâc juvenis.
Neque quidquam tibi patria abeunti curæ fuit Iërne,
Neque sex myriades (heu! &c.)
Qui tui curaverunt funus cantibus virûm-domitoris,
Nærias auspicantibus (heu! &c.)
Hi quidem lugubre canebant, adgemebantque mulieres,
Bibebantque ambo (heu! &c.)
Viri quidem Aquam vitæ hordeaceam, fæminæ verò
Quam vocant Theam (heu! &c.)
" Cur lucem relinquere, tot victor certaminum,"
Rogant, " voluisti? (heu! &c.)
" Num aliquem alium amat uxor, dic? vel filius aufugit
" Neque pugnam sustinuit? (heu! &c.)
" Vel te amantem virgines cæsiis-oculis, decus Iërnes,
" Non redamabant? (heu! &c.)
" Anglorum nunquam cohortem magnanimus in pugnâ tristi
" Pugilum timuisti (heu! &c.)
" Sed si quis te vel Hallus, vel Olivarius in creparet,
" Vel Coöperus (heu! &c.)
" Tu contrà illum verbis (Qu. verberibus) admoneus cohibebas,
" Neque enim mitis eras (heu! &c.)
" Et tuis manibus mordicùs prehendit immensum solum
—" Nunc vèro te fatum consecutum est (heu! &c.")
Sic dixerunt flentes; adgemuit plebs immensa:
" Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Agh! &c."

A HEBREW DIRGE OVER SIR DANIEL DONNELLY.

(By the Rev. J. Barrett, *D.D. S.F.T.C.D. Professor of Hebrew in Trinity College, Dublin.)*

mr north,

Do you see me now, my feelings were never so much hurted as when I heard of the death of the man of the strong hand—*ανὴρ ἀγαθὸν*—Dan, or Daniel, or

---

admonishing, and *κατιφυκις* means *giving a check*; all, I believe, cant terms in the noble science of boxing. For *κατιφυκις*, could I have gotten over the two slight objections of absolute non-resemblance and violated metre, I should have wished to substitute *εκολαζις*, *punishedst*, especially as connected with *κολαφος*, *colaphus*, and *κολαπ'ω tundo*, *tundendo excavo*, which, when applied (as it is by Aristotle) to the eyes, gives in its first sense the " peepers queered" of English pugilists, and the American " gouging" in the latter. But you will have remarked, that I am particularly nice in what regards the *ductus literarum*, &c. in my emendations; and *κατιφυκις* and *εκολαξις* approach very little nearer than Macedon and Monmouth. Even in its present reading, however, the line is—what Buller would have called *versus verè πυκλικος*.

(7) *Crescendo.*

Sir Daniel Donnelly. At Commons that day, I ate nothing to speak of, do you see me now, nothing to speak of, only a matter of four pounds avoirdupois of beef; no delicacy, except the half, or perhaps 3-5ths of a custard pudding, and drank nothing but three pints of October. Ἆς, ἔ, said I, καπώλιτο καλὸς.—though I know not whether he was καλὸς or callous—Καπώλιτο, ἄ, ἄ, Ay, ay, said Dr Kyle, for he is a man facetious in himself. Cheer up, doctor, said he, and take this cut of mutton. Κάτδαν ᾧ Πάτροκλος—Damn Patroclus, said I, Lord pardon me, do you see me now, for swearing, what was he to Donnelly, Ἰδίφιλος ἦνότε Δανιὴλ.

At chapel next Sunday, I slept through three quarters of an hour, though Dr Wall was preaching—for grief produceth somnolency. There was I inspired with a poetical effusion—nam me Phœbus amat—in the Hebrew tongue—the tongue despised by the ambubaiarum collegia Pharmacopolæ mendici mimæ balatrones—but dear to me, seeing that it bringeth me in a neat salary. Having heard then, O most learned Mr North, that you had summoned your bold bards to send their verses to Auld Reekie's town, I send you this. I hate long prefaces, and have ere now fined a refractory scholar for saying grace too tediously, and thereby keeping the meat cooling—a thing, most erudite Star of Edinburgh, hateful to my soul. Therefore, do you see me now, I shall not keep your expectation cooling, but let you fall to. Print my Hebrew properly. Mind the points. Put not a Patach for a Kametz, a Chateph Sægol for a Tzere, a Kibbutz for a Sheva. Masoretically print it, diacritically compose it. So farewell. Vive valeque. J. Barrett.

Dublin, April 1, 1820.

[By some accident, which we cannot explain, Dr Barrett's dirge has come to us much mutilated. We hasten, however, to print the fragments. It is a remarkable circumstance, that Dr Barrett's lament bears a resemblance to a lament of Mr Hyman Hurwitz's published in 1817. It must be accidental. Edit.]

Translated by the Rev. E. Hincks, F.T.C.D.*

I.

אֲלִי אֵירִין וּבָנֶיהָ!
כְּמוֹ אִשָּׁה בְּחָבְלֵי הָ;
וְכִבְתוּלָה, חֲגוּרַת־שָׂק
עֲלֵי בַּעַל נְעוּרֶיהָ.
אלי וכ"ו

1.

Mourn Erin, sons of Erin, mourn,
Give utterance to the inward throe,
As wails of her first love forlorn,
The virgin clad in robes of wo.

II.

עֲלֵי גֶּבֶר, אֲשֶׁר נִפְטַר
בְּעִדָּהּ בִּנְעוּרָיו
וְעַל בֶּן יָד, אֲשֶׁר נִלְקַח,
וְעַל חֲלוּשַׁת חָפְנָיו
אלי וכ"ו

2.

Mourn for our Champion snatched away
From the fair Curragh's verdant ring;
Mourn for his fist now wrapt in clay,
No more the ponderous thump to fling.

III.

Lost.

3.

Mourn for the daisy† flower that went,
Ere half disclosed its boxing powers;
Mourn the green bud so rudely rent
From Ireland's pugilistic bowers.

---

* Author of Buonaparte, a poem; we fear not extant. Mr H. has made Mr Coleridge's translation of Hurwitz's dirge the basis of his.

† The daisy was the flower of Sir Daniel, just as the violet was that of Buonaparte. After his signal defeat of Oliver, he went home singing, "Down among the Daisies."

IV.

עֲלִי עֲלָמָה, אֲשֶׁר עָמָה
פְּנֵי אֶרֶץ וְיִשְׁבֵיהוּ;
בְּמוֹת שִׁיר דָּנִיאֵל דּוֹלֵנִי
בְּטָרָם מְלֹאת יָמָיו
אלי וכ"ו

Cetera desunt.

4.

Mourn for the universal wo,
With solemn dirge and faultering tongue,
For Ireland's champion is laid low,
So stout, so hearty, and so strong.

Of Mr Hincks' translation we shall only give in addition the 9th, 11th, and 12th verses.

9.

Mourn for old Ireland's hopes decayed,
Her bruisers weep in mournful strain,
Their fair example prostrate laid,
By seven and forty tumblers slain.
* * * * *

11.

Long as the Commons-hall is trod
Will I the yearly dirge renew
Mourn for the nursling of the sod,*
Our darling hurried from our view.

12.

The proud shall pass forgot; the chill,
Damp, trickling vault their only mourner,
Not so our daisy; no, that still
Clings to the breast which first had worn her.
* * * * *

LETTER FROM MR JENNINGS.

MR EDITOR,

GRIEF drives poetry from my mouth with as vehement an explosion as that with which a bottle of soda water in summer expels the cork. Sir Daniel Donnelly's death has had this effect on me; it has impregnated me with the gas of sorrow, and I effervesce in rhyme. My stanzas on the death of that great man may not be so good as those of others, but they are as sincere as the sincerest. Put them into your Boxiana collection. If you ever come to Cork, I shall be happy to supply you with soda water (quart bottles at 12d, pint ditto at 6d.), with the utmost despatch, and of the best quality. Don't be afraid of any of Mr Death-in-the-pot's nostrums. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS JENNINGS,
Cork, March 26th, 1820, 7, Brown Street. *Soda Water Manufacturer.*

A DIRGE OVER SIR DANIEL DONNELLY; BY THOMAS JENNINGS.

Tune—"*Molly Astore.*"

1.

As down Exchequer Street† I strayed,
A little time ago,
I chanced to meet an honest blade,
His face brimful of wo;
I asked him why he seemed so sad,
Or why he sighed so sore;
O Gramachree, och Tom, says he,
Sir Daniel is no more!

2.

With that he took me straight away,
And pensively we went,
To where poor Daniel's body lay,
In wooden waistcoat pent;
And many a yard before we reached
The threshold of his door,
We heard the keeners as they screeched,
Sir Daniel is no more!

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* The sod, κατ' ἐξοχην, is Ireland.
† In Dublin.

3.

We entered soft, for feelings sad
Were stirring in our breast,
To take our farewell of the lad,
Who now was gone to rest;
We took a drop of Dan's potheen,*
And joined the piteous roar;
O, where shall be his fellow seen,
Since Daniel is no more!

4.

His was the fist, whose weighty dint
Did Oliver defeat,
His was the fist that gave the hint
It need not oft repeat,
His was the fist that overthrew
His rivals o'er and o'er;
But now we cry in pillalu,
Sir Daniel is no more!

5.

Crib, Cooper, Carter, need not fear
Great Donnelly's renown,
For at his wake we're seated here,
While he is lying down;
For Death, that primest swell of all,
Has laid him on the floor,
And left us here, alas! to bawl,
Sir Daniel is no more!

6.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir Daniel Donnelly,
A pugilist of fame;
In Ireland bred and born was he
And he was genuine game;
Then if an Irishman you be,
When you have read this o'er,
Go home and drink the memory
Of him who is no more.

*** Mr Jennings' Epitaph is no doubt very beautiful, but we have been informed by letter from the committee in Townes' Street, Dublin, appointed to erect the Donnelly testimonial (which, we are happy so say, will shortly be raised near the Wellington testimonial in that city), that another epitaph has been decided on. We intend soon to devote a paper to the "Donnelly testimonial," in which we shall probably enter into a comparison between the two great Irishmen, for whom the gratitude of their country is raising these tributes—Wellington and Donnelly. Meanwhile, we subjoin the Epitaph. It may not be amiss to state, that the committee laudably requested permission from the Earl of Huntingdon, to imitate the Epitaph on his great ancestor,† which his Lordship, an Irishman himself, was most graciously pleased to grant.

Underneath this pillar high
Lies Sir Daniel Donnelly;
He was a stout and handy man,
And people called him "Buffing Dan;"
Knighthood he took from George's sword,
And well he wore it, by my word!
He died at last from forty-seven
Tumblers of punch he drank one even;
O'erthrown by punch, unharmed by fist,
He died unbeaten pugilist!
Such a buffer as Donnelly,
Ireland never again will see.
Obiit xiii° Kal. Martii MDCCCXX.

LETTER FROM MR RICHARD DOWDEN.

MR EDITOR,

I SEND you my mite, to join the other poets of Ireland in the universal wail over Sir Daniel Donnelly. The song I transmit is to the tune of the Groves of Blarney. If you have never heard the original words, which were written by the late Mr Richard Millikin of this city, go get Terry Magrath, my good friend and fellow-citizen, who is at present in Edinburgh, to sing it for you. It is an excellent song, and he sings it divinely. I am sure, that after you

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* Poor Dan kept a public-house, Lord rest his soul. What potheen is cannot be understood by those who taste it not.

† Robin Hood. See the epitaph in Percy's Reliques, vol. i. p. 82, and elsewhere.

have heard him you will participate in my indignation against Mr Thomas Moore, poet and melodist, for having travestied so delightful a poem in his song beginning with, "'Tis the last rose of Summer."—I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,

RICHARD DOWDEN.

Cork Institution, March 31, 1820.

P.S.—If you wish for minutes of the interesting proceedings of this Institute, where I am bibliothecical assistant, I can help you. Or if you have any desire for the memoirs of the Cork Philosophical and Literary Society, I could give you some aid in that respect also.

A New Song, to the tune of the Groves of Blarney, being in Lamentation for the unhappy death of Sir Daniel Donnelly, Kt. C. I. By* RICHARD DOWDEN.

1

"WHAT is it ails you, †ye beauteous people,
Why are ye dropping the salt, salt tear,
Why does your tipple stand like a steeple,
None of ye stirring about the beer?"
'Twas thus I spoke to some honest fellows,
Sitting in grief in Cork's own town,
At Judy Kelly's, sign of the bellows,
Over the best of ‡Beamish's brown.
Hulla, hulla, hulla, hulla, hulla,
mulla-gone.

2

'Twas they that answered me in a minute,
"Where do you come from, my honest man?
If from Ireland, the devil's in it
If you don't know 'tis all for Dan!
For brave Sir Daniel, that was no spaniel,
But a true bull-dog of Irish game,
Who laid his whacks on the bullying Saxon,§
All for the honour of Ireland's name.
Hulla, hulla, &c.

3

"He treated Oliver, just as Gulliver||
Treated the Lilliputian's house;
For he was a buffer, that would not suffer,
Crossbuttock, cuff, or thump like a mouse;
But like a lion, or bright Orion,
Or ould King Brian, sirnamed Boro',
Who made the Danes, Sir, quit Clontarf's plains, Sir,
As fast as Boney quit Waterloo.
Hulla, hulla, &c.

4

"Our worthy Regent was so delighted,
With the great valour he did evince,
That Dan was cited, ay and invited,
To come be knighted by his own Prince;
¶Sir Richard Phillips, or Sir Bob Wilson,
Could not compare with him in worth;
For this transaction, may satisfaction
Crown every action of George the Fourth.
Hulla, hulla, &c.

5

"Was I a poet, 'tis I would show it,
And all should know it this cruel night;
I'd give the nation a bold oration
In declamation and letters bright:
From Cork and Kerry to Londonderry
A mullagone I'd sadly roar,
With sweet Poll Cleary, and Judy Leary,**
The blood-relations of my Lord Donoughmore.
Hulla, hulla, &c.

6

"O Counsellor Connell, Æneas M'Donnell,††
And Charley Phillips, my speaking man,
How you would swagger in trope and figure,
If you were paid for praising Dan!
But without money, none of 'em, honey,
Can bear to wag their humbugging jaw;
They're not worth naming, the set of scheming,
Roguish, make-gaming limbs of the law."
Hulla, hulla, &c.

7

So sung this sporter, over his porter,
Chanting as sweet as a nightingale;
Even Nebuchadnezzar, or Julius Cæsar,
Would gladly stay, Sir, to hear the tale.
I bet a penny, that Mr Rennie,‡‡
And Mr Davy,§§ himself beside,
Would'nt make a ditty, one half so pretty,
On brave Sir Daniel, our Irish pride.
Hulla, hulla, &c.

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* C. I. Champion of Ireland, not Cork Institution. Sir Daniel never was a professor here.

† The beauteous people, or rather the beautiful people, is the classic appellation for Irishmen, as the "beautiful city" is Cork.

‡ Brown stout, brewed by Messrs Beamish and Crawford, in the South Main Street, Cork, and good stuff it is.

§ An Englishman, or a man of English descent, is called in Ireland (as in the Highlands of Scotland) a Sassenagh or Saxon.

|| Vide Gulliver's travels. Verbum Sap.

¶ Two *true* knights.

** Borrowed from a MS. addition, (which, though never published, is always in singing put) to the Groves of Blarney, to the great comfort of the noble Lord.

†† Three Irish orators.

‡‡ A Glasgow lecturer on metaphysics, &c. in Cork.

§§ Professor of Chemistry, and secretary to the Cork Institution.

SPEECH DELIVERED AT THE CORK INSTITUTION.

Cork, May 14th, 1820.

MR EDITOR,—The Article Boxiana, in your Magazine for March last, afforded me as much satisfaction as ever I recollect to have experienced in the perusal of any periodical paper. Your heartfelt interest in the grand national quere, "Could Donnelly have beat Crib? Could Carter have beat Donnelly?" has induced me, as Secretary to the Cork Philosophical and Literary Society, to communicate to you the truly eloquent and pathetic éloge, delivered before that society, immediately subsequent to the notification of the Death of the never-to-be-sufficiently lamented Sir Daniel Donnelly. The Cork Philosophical and Literary Society justly ranks as the first public institution in the South of Ireland, and is *inferior* to none in the British Dominions in general utility; its proceedings, therefore, cannot but be acceptable to every true lover of science. (*a*)—Early on the evening of Wednesday the 22d March, the assembly of talent and beauty, (*b*) in the Hall, (*c*) belonging to the society, was unprecedented in the memory of the oldest member; the chair was richly ornamented with

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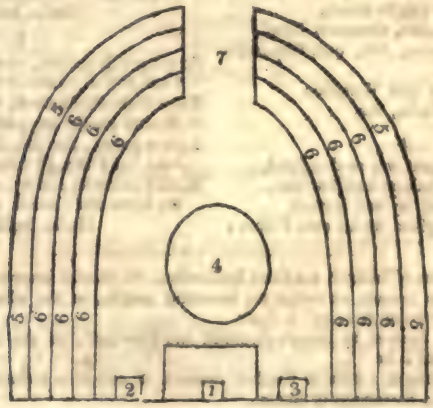
a, A quarto volume of its transactions is in the press, and will speedily be published under the superintendence of J. Rennie of Glasgow, A. M. who lately arrived in Cork. From the high literary fame of Mr Rennie, and the innate value of the papers themselves, it is expected the philosophical world will be furnished with a treat, unparalleled in any transactions of modern days.

b, For the further elucidation of this subject, it may be necessary to inform you, that *ladies* are admitted to our Society, provided, for the three hours they sit there, they remain *silent*; this, by some of the members, is conceived to be a very great hardship, that ladies who are capable of delivering their sentiments, and contributing to the interest of the discussion, should be restricted from that privilege, which so peculiarly belongs to the sex. This law has been transgressed in one solitary instance, (mirabile dictu!) when, during the reading of a paper a short time since on the obstetric art, a respectable widow lady begged to offer a few remarks in opposition to the theory brought forward by the learned author of the paper. She was instantly called to order, and severely censured; this was certainly carrying the restriction too far, as one practical observation, connected with the subject, was worth folios of theory.

c, As an illustration of the above, I transmit you a drawing of the hall, and shall feel particularly obliged, if you yourself will attend to its execution. No. 1, The chair, a



little elevated above the floor, and strewed round with shamrocks, emblematical of the country that gave "the Donnelly" birth. No. 2, The treasurer's seat and a desk, a large willow branch waving over him. No. 3, The secretary with a similar desk, &c. a branch of cypress. No. 4, A circular table at which the reader sits, and *fronts* the president, the table covered with a black cloth, and furnished with wax candles, decanters of water, rummers, &c. No. 5, 5, 5, 5, The ladies' seat. No. 6, 6, 6, 6, The gentlemen's seat. No. 7, The entrance.

crape and other funereal emblems, and the lamps and a superb lustre were decorated with festoons of cypress and willow, producing an effect solemn and impressive beyond description, and the dead and awful silence that prevailed was only interrupted at broken intervals by the long drawn breath and suppressed sigh; (*d*) at length the President, having taken the Chair, Mr Richard Dowden arose, and in a tremulous tone of voice, that evidently betrayed the inward tumult and agitation of his soul, addressed the meeting as follows :—

" Mr President !—Never have I so forcibly experienced my utter incapacity to do justice to an important subject—never have I felt myself so truly embarrassed as on the present distressing occasion. (*e*) (*hear! hear!*) When I look around, and behold the galaxy of genius that surrounds me, (*hear ! hear !*) my heart sinks within me, and my faultering tongue almost denies its office. I confess my weakness. I declare my inability. I throw myself upon your candour. I confide in the liberality of a generous, an enlightened public. (*hear ! hear !*) Yes, I experience by anticipation that indulgence from you, that will kindle a flame of gratitude in my breast, never to be extinguished but by death ! (*hear ! hear !*) Mr President ! How vain are all things here below ! The gay smiling morn of life is the dark gloomy evening of Death ! The dawn of intellect is the twilight of the grave ! ' The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples, the great globe itself, yea, all that it inhabit, shall dissolve, and, like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind !' ' Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.' He ! (*hear !*) who but a few short days since was the glory of our land ; He ! (*hear !*) whose intellectual and corporeal energies were the theme of every tongue ; He ! (*hear* HIM !) who basked in all the sunshine of prosperity ; He ! (*hear!*) who, in all the pride of conscious dignity, stood on the loftiest pinnacle of fame and honour ; He ! (*hear !*) whose virtues were as the refreshing dews of Heaven ; He !——is gone ! ! ! The inexorable arm of the King of Terrors has widowed every heart of sensibility. The chilling gloom of despair has frozen every soul. Crib is glad ; Carter rejoices ; Hall, Cooper, and Oliver, are avenged ! England triumphs. ' Don'ly is dead, and Erin is no more !' (*a general burst of feeling ; the sobs of the ladies greatly predominating ! !*)

" Great Shade ! (*f*) where art thou now ? O ! that the thin airy presence of thy spirituality were hovering round us, to hear the humble tribute paid to thy departed worth—to behold thy memory watered with a nations tears ! (*g*) (*hear* HIM !) Sir Daniel was descended, by the mother's side, from the illustrious Peter Corcoran, a hero, beneath whose arm proud Albion oft did crouch, and through his father, from the mighty Ryan, the formidable opponent of the irresistible Johnson. The blood of heroes circulated in his veins ; the acts of his forefathers fired his imagination ; the genius of Erin presided at his birth, and nursed him with a parent's care ! Of his deeds, what shall we say ? His actions, who shall record? Who amongst us is adequate to the task of speaking his praise ? What language is capable of conveying, even in the faintest de-

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d, Amongst the decorations mentioned above, I had almost forgotten to notice a beautiful transparent full length portrait of Sir Daniel, elevated considerably above the chair, illuminated from behind by six argand patent lamps, and forming an exquisite contrast with the gloom and sorrow that reigned below. It was executed for the occasion by Mr Topp, portrait painter to the Society, and reflects equal honour on that gentleman for his talents as an artist, and his feelings as a man : After it has been exposed for a sufficient time in the Exhibition Gallery, it is the benevolent intention of Mr Topp, to present it to the sorrowing widow, as a " sweet remembrancer," of her never-to-be-forgotten partner.

e, Mr Dowden is one of the most eminent speakers in our Society, I may say the Demosthenes of the Society : He was much attached to the late Sir Daniel, and had the benefit of his instructions several years.

f, Here the learned gentleman addressed the full length portrait of Sir Daniel before alluded to.

g, Mr Dowden's voice was now completely overpowered by the sobbing of the ladies ; it gained such an ascendancy, that it required the united efforts of president, vice, censors, and myself, to restore order.

gree, any just conception of his more than human talents!! (*h*) Unpossessed of the advantages which a regular education affords, relying solely on the gigantic force of his own stupendous capabilities, like the blazing comet, he arose before the astonished world, remained a short period above the horizon, eclipsing all competition, dazzling every eye with the brilliancy of his career, and at length sunk to rest amidst the acclamations of an applauding country! (*hear! hear!*) As when the sun, arising in the morning, quickly dispels the dark clouds, thick mists and vapours, which surrounded him, and which vainly attempted to obscure his rays and dim his brightness, breaks forth in all the meridian blaze of unclouded noon, spreading around him life, and light, and gladness; then at the approach of evening, he calmly sinks, with inconceivable splendour, into the western wave, leaving the world, it is true, in tenfold darkness, but still living and existing in the memory of those who were crowned with his blessings, who were supported and nourished by his beneficent bounties! (*hear! hear!*)

"The domestic life of Sir Daniel was marked by all the most endearing features that characterise the tender husband, the fond father, the sincere, the generous friend. Early in life he formed a connexion with an amiable and enlightened female of the Society of Friends, who was the balm of every wound in life, the soft and pleasing pillow upon which he reclined his head in the awful hour of death. During all the conquests which diffused such lustre round his manly brow, she (*hear* HIM!) was ever the object of his thoughts; and though the *leveller* of a Cooper, and the *facer* of an Oliver, might for a moment have interrupted the train of his reflections, the remembrance of his beloved Rebecca recalled his fainting powers, stimulated him to fresh exertions, and finally enabled him to prostrate in the dust his haughty foe!!! (*tumultuous applause.*) (*i*)

"At day break, on the morning of his interment, the inhabitants of Dublin manifested their attachment to their adored champion, by every mark of attention and respect. The bells of the several parish churches were muffled, minute guns were fired in the Park; and the concourse of people assembled in the streets was beyond all precedent. During that eventful day, the shops remained shut, public business was suspended, the theatres were closed, and the gloom of sorrow and the depression of anguish pervaded every countenance.

"At ten o'clock the procession moved from Sir Daniel's mansion in Sackville street, toward's St Patrick's Cathedral. At twelve the coffin was lowered into the silent vault, and Mozart's celebrated Requiem was performed under the immediate direction of Sir John Stevenson, with an uncommon and impressive effect.

'Such honors Erin to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Don'ly's shade.'

"It was the dying request of Sir Daniel that no external pomp should adorn his grave. A plain marble slab marks the spot where *he* is laid, "who once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame,"

'Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast;
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.' (*k*)

But let us drop the curtain, the feelings of humanity forbid us to dwell (longer on the harrowing scene!! *hear! hear!*

"Jamque opus exegi: quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas."

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h, Sir Daniel's great abilities were known but to few; he was a remarkably modest man, and dreaded publicity, he was a warm and passionate admirer of the fine arts, particularly poetry and music, which often "soothed his soul to melancholy;" he was deeply skilled in Oriental literature, and is supposed by many to have been the author of Anastasius.

i, Here the reading of the paper was again partially interrupted, by the removal of two female friends, whose philosophy was completely subdued by feeling.

k, The anticipations of the writer have been agreeably realized. We understand, since his interment, some respectable ladies who knew him, and valued the deceased, have

Mr Dowden then sat down, cheered from all sides of the room.

The publication of the above will probably induce me to favour you with the proceedings of our Society.—I remain your obedient Servant,

WM. HOLT.

P.S.—I will thank you to present my compliments to Dr Thompson, when you see him, and tell him, I have nearly finished the Meteorological Table for the next month's Annals.

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adorned his grave with "rising flowers," among which the *Narcissus* appears predominant. We also understand that the Royal Society have directed the Marquis Canova, to exert his superior abilities in the production of a statue of Sir Daniel in his favourite attitude.

Dublin, May 7th.

DEAR SIR,—The Subscription to the Donnelly Testimonial is now closed, (see advertisement below,) and the amount is £2327 Irish money.—Yours obliged—PATRICK CODY.

To the Public.

At a numerous and respectable Meeting of the Friends and Admirers of Ireland's late Champion,

SIR DAN. DONNELLY,

HELD AT

Mr. BERGIN'S Great Rooms, Fleet-Street,

The following Resolutions were put from the Chair, and passed unanimously :—viz.

RESOLVED—That a Committee, consisting of Twelve respectable and solvent Persons, be appointed for the purpose of adopting the most speedy and expedient mode of setting on foot a General Subscription, to defray the expenses of a suitable Memorial to be erected to the Memory of Ireland's late Champion, SIR DANIEL DONNELLY.

RESOLVED—That *Mr. Patrick Bergin*, 77, Fleet-Street, be appointed Treasurer, to whom all Subscriptions are to be handed over.

RESOLVED—That such Publicans as have been friendly to the *deceased*, be requested to place, in the most conspicuous apartments for the entertainment of their companies, a *Box*, for the purpose of receiving Subscriptions; with a suitable explanation placed over it, expressing the object of the Subscription.

RESOLVED—That those Persons alluded to in the foregoing Resolution, do make a Weekly Return of the amount of Subscriptions received by them, and hand over same to the Treasurer, who will give a Memorandum for the respective Sums received.

RESOLVED—That the Committee do meet at *Mr. Bergin's* Great Rooms, Fleet-Street, on the 17th day of March, Inst. at 8 o'Clock in the Evening of that Day, in order to ascertain the amount of Subscriptions in the Treasurer's hands, and, if adequate to the end proposed, that the Committee shall forthwith proceed to receive proposals for the erecting of the before mentioned Memorial.

RESOLVED—That those Subscriptions do finally close on the 1st May next.

A statement having appeared in *Carrick's Morning Post*, with the signature of a respectable individual annexed thereto, asserting that the body of Ireland's late Champion had been removed from its place of interment; to rebut this assertion, *Mr. Patrick Cody* proposed, that a certain number of *Friends* and *Admirers* of the deceased do accompany him to the grave; which proposition was immediately adopted, and the following Gentlemen did, on Thursday, the 24th ult., accompany *Mr. Patrick Cody* to the grave; namely, *Mr. P. Bergin*, Fleet-Street; *Mr J. Bergin*, Essex-Street; *Mr Gregson*, Moore-Street; *Mr. Peter Kelly*, Wood-Quay; *Mr Garret Graham*, Cook-Street; *Mr. Byrne*, Coles-Lane-Market, and *Mr. Traynor*, Bass-Place, relative to the deceased; when they had the grave opened, and found the body of the deceased in a perfect state of safety—suffice it to say, that it was impossible to take away the body, a watch having been placed nightly, until Thursday, the 2d March, when a temporary but yet secure Arch had been erected over the grave.

Friday, 3d March, 1820.

Dublin: Printed by W. UNDERWOOD, 19, St Andrew Street.

WORDSWORTH'S RIVER DUDDON.*

THERE is something exquisitely discouraging in the conclusions to which a calm review of the effects of contemporary criticism in England must lead every man of tolerably sound judgment; and in regard to no department of literary exertions are these necessary conclusions so discouraging as in that of the criticism of Poetry. This age has unquestionably produced a noble band of British Poets—each separated from all the rest by abundant peculiarities of style and manner—some far above others in skill to embrace and improve the appliances of popularity—but all of them successful in the best and noblest sense of that term, because all of them bound together, (however little some of themselves may suspect it) by rich participation in the stirring and exalting spirit of the same eventful age—an age distinguished above almost all its predecessors by the splendour of external things, but still more distinguished by the power and energy which these have reflected upon the intellect and imagination of its children. That the poetical productions of Scott, and Byron, and Wordsworth, and Southey, and Coleridge—however differing from each other in shape and feature—are yet all kindred to each other by their part in the common Soul and Thought of the time that has witnessed their birth, cannot be doubted by any man capable of reading them as they ought to be read—now: and will certainly be doubted by no one whatever that reads them fifty years hence. Yet, when a man asks of himself, for a moment, what has really been said—what *remarks* worthy of the name have really been uttered concerning any one of these Poets—how lamentably must we feel the worthlessness of all the criticism of the most critical age ever the world produced. The result to which we come, must of necessity be this, that in the history, not of one, but of all and of each of these great Poets, the independence of the march of Genius towards Fame has been most fully and entirely exemplified. Who can suppose for a moment that the applauses of our Reviewers have contributed a single iota to the splendour of the reputation of the highest? The utmost vanity of the vainest critic alive, can scarcely lead him to flatter himself that the fame of Byron, for example, would have been one whit less, had he never acknowledged, by one expression of admiration, that his spirit was capable of understanding the mastery of Byron.

It is an easier matter, however, to prevent Reputation from beginning to rise, than to lend her effectual aid after her ascent has once been triumphantly begun: and therefore it is, that we consider the total failure of all the attempts which have been made to check the fame of Wordsworth, as a still more convincing proof of the imbecility concerning which we speak, than any one circumstance besides in the literary history of our time. If the shafts of dishonest malice have at any moment wounded the high spirit of the Poet himself—and if the pertinacity of the wicked zeal with which he has been persecuted, has prevented his genius from going abroad so speedily and so widely in its workings as nature meant it to do—the fault of the critics has not been small;—and their repentance should not be the less, because it is mingled with a sense of their own essential, if not universal inferiority to the person who has thus been injured.

Nothing is more common than to talk about the unpopularity of Wordsworth;—but, after all, we are inclined to doubt very much, whether at any moment for many years past, he can, with any propriety, be said to have lain under the reproach of unpopularity. The true Acceptation of a Poet does not surely consist in the wideness to which his name is blown on the four winds of heaven. Ever since Wordsworth began to write, he has fixed the attention of every genuine lover and student of English Poetry; and all along he has received from these the tribute of honour due to the felt and received power of his

* The River Duddon, a series of Sonnets: Vaudracour and Julia: and other Poems. To which is annexed, a Topographical description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England; by William Wordsworth. London, Longman & Co. 1820.

genius. And—much as is our admiration of some of his contemporaries, whose excellencies have been more universally applauded—we rather think that they may have more reason to envy Wordsworth for the depth of meditation which his productions have called forth, than he can have to envy them for any of their more buoyant and resplendent symbols of successful art. Besides, if we be not greatly mistaken, Wordsworth has been read by just as many on account of his *Poetry*, as ever read the most popular of his contemporaries for the sake of *Poetry*. Nay, more, we doubt, whether the writings of Spencer, or of Dryden, or even of Milton himself, be at this instant truly familiar to a larger portion of the Reading Public of England than those of Wordsworth.

The way in which the fame of this poet had been attacked by the Edinburgh Reviewers, has already frequently induced us to speak of the philosophical spirit in which the more peculiar productions of his genius are conceived: but in the present volume, while the native strength and originality of his genius are most perfectly preserved, not a few of his customary singularities of style and manner are unquestionably less prominent than in any of his former publications; and therefore, it is not necessary to preface our extracts from it by any thing like an elaborate portico of disquisition. If the passages which we quote do not suffice to make our readers loath for ever all the cant about "Lakish Dities," "Pond Poets," &c. and acknowledge at once that this author is a genuine English classic, in the purest and highest sense of the term, we shall despair for ever of the effects of poetry—which is a very different matter from despairing of the effects of criticism.

The first part of this volume is occupied with a series of Sonnets, which may be considered as forming something not unlike one poem—The subject, the river Duddon; a stream which, flowing down one of the most beautiful valleys in the country of the Lakes, has, throughout the whole of his life, been familiar and dear to the eye and the imagination of the poet. The idea of forming a poem on such a subject, belongs originally, as Mr Wordsworth mentions, to his illustrious friend, Mr Coleridge; who, many years ago, used to talk of writing "The Brook." It has been the fortune of Coleridge to see not a few of his plans executed by other hands than his own; but we are much mistaken if the present near approach to "The Brook," will give him any thing but pleasure. It is impossible for us to enter upon any analysis; but we give the following six as specimens of the whole thirty-three Sonnets.

What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,
First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first
In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?
What hopes came with him? what designs were spread
Along his path? His unprotected bed
What dreams encompass'd? Was the Intruder nurs'd
In hideous usages, and rites accurs'd,
That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?
No voice replies:—the earth, the air is mute;
And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more
Than a soft record that whatever fruit
Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,
Thy function was to heal and to restore,
To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

O Mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot
Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude;
Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude
A field or two of brighter green, or plot
Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot
Of stationary sunshine:—thou hast view'd
These only, Duddon! with their paths renew'd
By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not.
Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,
Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,
Though simple thy companions were and few;
And through this wilderness a passage cleave
Attended but by thy own voice, save when
The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue!

From this deep chasm—where quivering sun-beams play
Upon its loftiest crags—mine eyes behold
A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold;
A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey;
In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,
Some Statue, placed amid these regions old
For tutelary service, thence had rolled,
Startling the flight of timid Yesterday!
Was it by mortals sculptur'd?—weary slaves
Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast
Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast
Tempestuously let loose from central caves?

Or fashion'd by the turbulence of waves,
Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge past?

Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart,
That told of days long past when here I roved
With friends and kindred tenderly beloved;
Some who had early mandates to depart,
Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart
By Duddon's side; once more do we unite,
Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light;
And smother'd joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free
As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall
On gales that breathe too gently to recal
Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

TRADITION.

A love-lorn Maid, at some far-distant time,
Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass
In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;
And, gazing, saw that rose, which from the prime
Derives its name, reflected as the chime
Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound:
The starry treasure from the blue profound
She long'd to ravish;—shall she plunge, or climb
The humid precipice, and seize the guest
Of April, smiling high in upper air?
Desperate alternative! what fiend could dare
To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep rock's breast
The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,
Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,
Horse charging horse 'mid these retired domains;
Nor that their turf drank purple from the veins
Of heroes fall'n, or struggling to advance,
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins,
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay;
The Torrents chaunt their praise, inspiring scorn
Of power usurp'd,—with proclamation high,
And glad acknowledgment of lawful sway.

Our next extract shall be *Dion*, a magnificent strain of most classical and energetic poetry, imbued intensely with the spirit of ancient grandeur, and enriched with all the depth and gracefulness of Mr Wordsworth's own most poetical philosophy. It will remind those acquainted with his earlier works, of the *Laodamia;* and satisfy them that have never seen that production, how absurdly the charge of "silly simplicity" has been brought against the general tenour either of the thought or the language of Mr Wordsworth. The truth is, that among all the English poets who have written since Milton, there is none, except Gray, who has ever caught the true inspiration of the Grecian Lyre with the same perfect dignity as the great poet of the Lakes. Talking of language merely—we remember nothing in the whole poetry of his contemporaries, to be compared with the uniform and unlaboured stateliness of his march in the Laodamia, the Sonnets to Liberty, and the following piece:

DION.

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

I.

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:
Behold! the mantling spirit of reserve
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve;
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs
To which, on some unruffl'd morning, clings
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows!
—Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendant rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature, without visible Mate
Or rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen favourite!

II.

So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turn'd, a natural grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
Nor less the homage that was seen to wait
On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere;—
That he, not too elate
With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic lowliness endued,
Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain,
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

III.

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day;
Each crown'd with flowers, and arm'd with spear and shield,
Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.
Who leads them on?—The anxious People see
Long-exil'd Dion marching at their head,
He also crown'd with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming, corslet clad!
Pure transport undisturb'd by doubt or fear
The Gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those Strangers as a holy train
Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates are enter'd, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets fill'd with wine
In seemly order stand,
On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
And, wheresoe'er the great Deliverer pass'd,
Fruits were strewn before his eye,
And flowers upon his person cast
In boundless prodigality:
Nor did the general voice abstain from prayer,
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
As if a very Deity he were!

IV.

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica! and mourn
Illyssus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks and shades!
For him who to divinity aspir'd,
Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependance on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retir'd,
Intent to trace the ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway pav'd with stars)
Which Dion learn'd to measure with delight;
But he hath overleap'd the eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathes the ethereal element,
Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.
Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
Hollow excuses—and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go—
But whence that sudden check?—that fearful start!
He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
A Shape, of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!
A woman's garb the phantom wore,
And fiercely swept the marble floor,—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
His flight, mid eddying pine-tree tops!

V.

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted—no design avowed!
"Avaunt, inexplicable Guest!—avaunt
Intrusive Presence!—Let me rather see
The coronal that coiling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt.
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have borne!

VI.

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary Eye whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast and will not fall!
Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Implement
Obeys a mystical intent!
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should she labour night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear.—
Whence angry perturbations,—and that look
Which no Philosophy can brook!

VII.

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,
Pursue thee with their deadly aim!
O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime!—that horror-striking blade,
Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid
The noble Syracusan low in dust!
Shudder the walls—the marble city wept—
And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh;
But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,
As he had fallen in magnanimity;

Of spirit too capacious to require
That Destiny her course should change; too just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolv'd.
Releas'd from life and cares of princely state,
He left this moral grafted on his Fate,
" Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends;
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

This we have quoted at full length. We wish it were in our power to follow the same course with the fine old British or Armorican legend of *Artegal and Elidure*. We must omit, however, the introduction to it, which is as full of splendour as the tale itself is of tender and graceful simplicity.

A King more worthy of respect and love
Than wise Gorbonian, rul'd not in his day;
And grateful Britain prospered far above
All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway;
He poured rewards and honours on the good;
The Oppressor he withstood;
And, while he served the gods with reverence due
Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—his son;
But how unworthy of such sire was he!
A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,
Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.
From crime to crime he mounted, till at length
The nobles leagued their strength
With a vexed people, and the tyrant chas'd;
And, on the vacant throne, his worthier brother placed.

From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,
Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain;
In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,
He urged his persevering suit in vain.
Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,
Dire poverty assailed;
And, tired with slights which he no more could brook,
Towards his native soil he cast a longing look.

Fair blew the wish'd-for wind—the voyage sped;
He landed; and, by many dangers scared,
" Poorly provided, poorly followed,"
To Calaterium's forest he repaired.
How changed from him who, born to highest place,
Had swayed the royal mace,
Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,
In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's side!

From that wild region where the crownless king
Lay in concealment with his scanty train,
Supporting life by water from the spring,
And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,
Unto the few whom he esteems his friends
A messenger he sends;
And from their secret loyalty requires
Shelter and daily bread,—the amount of his desires.

While he the issue waits, at early morn
Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear
A startling outcry made by hound and horn,
From which the tusky boar hath fled in fear;
And, scouring tow'rds him o'er the grassy plain,
Behold the hunter train!
He bids his little company advance
With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.

The royal Elidure, who leads the chace,
Hath checked his foaming courser—Can it be!
Methinks that I should recognise that face,
Though much disguised by long adversity!
He gazed, rejoicing, and again he gazed,
Confounded, and amazed—
" It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound
Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender, was the embrace he gave,
Feebly returned by daunted Artegal;
Whose natural affection doubts enslave,
And apprehensions dark and criminal.
Loth to restrain the moving interview,
The attendant lords withdrew;
And, while they stood upon the plain apart,
Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

" By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met;
—O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,
But neither lost to love, nor to regret,
Nor to my wishes lost, forgive the wrong,
(Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,
Thy royal mantle worn:
I was their natural guardian; and 'tis just
That now I should restore what hath been held in trust."

Awhile the astonish'd Artegal stood mute,
Then thus exclaimed—" to me of title shorn
And stripp'd of power! me, feeble, destitute,
To me a kingdom!—spare the bitter scorn!
If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings
Then, on the wide-spread wings
Of war, had I returned to claim my right;
This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite."
" I do not blame thee," Elidure replied,
" But, if my looks did with my words agree,

I should at once be trusted, not defied,
And thou from all disquietude be free.
May spotless Dian, Goddess of the chace,
Who to this blessed place
At this blest moment led me, if I speak
With insincere intent, on me her vengeance wreak!

Were this same spear, which in my hand I grasp,
The British sceptre, here would I to thee
The symbol yield; and would undo this clasp,
If it confined the robe of sovereignty.
Odious to me the pomp of regal court,
And joyless sylvan sport,
While thou art roving wretched and forlorn,
Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!"

Then Artegal thus spake—"I only sought,
Within this realm a place of safe retreat;
Beware of rousing an ambitious thought;
Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet!
Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind
Art pitiably blind:
Full soon this generous purpose thou may'st rue,
When that which has been done no wishes can undo.

Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,
Would balance claim with claim, and right with right!
But thou—I know not how inspired how led—
Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight!
And this for one who cannot imitate
Thy virtue, who may hate:
For, if by such strange sacrifice restored,
He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign lord.

Lifted in magnanimity above
Aught that my feeble nature could perform,
Or even conceive; surpassing me in love
Far as in power the eagle doth the worm;
I, Brother! only should be king in name,
And govern to my shame;
A shadow in a hated land while all
Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure; "respect
Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most
Attends on goodness with dominion decked,
Which stands the universal empire's boast;
This can thy own experience testify:
Nor shall thy foes deny
That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,
Our Father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

And what if o'er that bright unbosoming
Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune past!
Have we not seen the glories of the spring
By veil of noontide darkness overcast?
The frith that glitter'd like a warrior's shield,
The sky, the gay green field,
Are vanished;—gladness ceases in the groves,
And trepidation strikes the blackened mountain coves.

But is that gloom dissolved? how passing clear
Seems the wide world—far brighter than before!
Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,
Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore,
For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone;
Re-seated on thy throne,
Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,
And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

But, not to overlook what thou may'st know,
Thy enemies are neither weak nor few,
And circumspect must be our course and slow,
Or from my purpose ruin may ensue.
Dismiss thy followers;—let them calmly wait
Such change in thy estate
As I already have in thought devised;
And which, with caution due, may soon be realised."

The story tells what courses were pursued,
Until King Elidure, with full consent
Of all his Peers, before the multitude,
Rose—and, to consummate this just intent,
Did place upon his Brother's head the Crown,
Relinquished by his own;
Then to his people cried, "Receive your Lord
Gorbonian's first-born Son, your rightful King restored!"

The deep breath of simple unconscious grace diffused over the whole of this poem will, if we may judge from ourselves, to the mind of every reader

> "Call up him that left half told
> The story of Cambuscan bold."

Indeed the effect of the whole of the extracts we have made, will, we nothing doubt, be quite sufficient to convince every one who has made the character of English poetry his study, that so far from deserving to be held up to derision as a fanciful and conceited innovator, Mr Wordsworth (judged by the genuine spirit of his writings) is entitled to be classed with the very highest names among his predecessors, as a pure and reverent worshipper of the true majesty of the English Muse. Had he never written some few pieces, which are indeed most dear and precious to us, but the conception as well as execution of which we can easily conceive to be of far more questionable excellence in the eyes of the greater part of those who read them for the first time, we are satisfied that the most malignant critics would never

have dared to say one word in derogation from the sublimity or the elegance of his compositions. But we can imagine nothing less enviable than the feelings with which, at this time of day—after he has lived to throw into shade the errors (granting them to have been errors) of a few of his earlier pieces, by the solid and reposing grandeur of the main structure of his poetry—than the reflections which his pertinacious detractors must make in spite of themselves on the conduct which they for so long a period adopted in regard to him. The senseless and boyish clamours with which they pursued a few trivial singularities of one of the proudest of men, probably served no purpose whatever, except that of confirming him in the belief, that what such people took upon them to consider as wrong, must of necessity be right.—Had they been silent in regard to the Betty Foys and the Alice Fells, we should in all likelihood have had fewer of that class—while, had they given the praise that was due to such poems as Ruth, Michael, and Laodamia, it is not impossible that these might, long ere now, have been followed up by many more productions equally free, as they must be allowed to be, from any of the real or supposed faults of the others.

Of the genius of Mr Wordsworth, in short, it is now in the hands of every man to judge freely and fully, and for himself. Our own opinion, ever since this Journal commenced, has been clearly and entirely before them; and if there be any one person, on whose mind what we have quoted now, is not enough to make an impression similar to that which our own judgment had long before received—we have nothing more to say to that person in regard to the subject of poetry. We conclude with a few specimens of the more miscellaneous part of this volume—which will be sufficient to shew, that that is nothing inferior to the other parts. To those who have long been familiar with Wordsworth, and sensible to his merits, the "Pass of Kirkstone" will be additionally acceptable, on account of its connexion with the train of thought in one of the grandest of his early pieces, the Ode, "Intimations of Immortality."

ODE.

THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE.

I.

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work,
A deep delight the bosom thrills,
Oft as I pass along the fork
Of these fraternal hills:
Where, save the rugged road, we find
No appanage of human kind;
Nor hint of man, if stone or rock
Seem not his handy-work to mock
By something cognizably shaped;
Mockery—or model—roughly hewn,
And left as if by earthquake strewn,
Or from the Flood escaped:—
Altars for Druid service fit;
(But where no fire was ever lit,
Unless the glow-worm to the skies
Thence offer nightly sacrifice;)
Wrinkled Egyptian monument;
Green moss-grown tower; or hoary tent;
Tents of a camp that never shall be raised:
On which four thousand years have gazed!

II.

Ye plowshares sparkling on the slopes!
Ye snow-white lambs that trip
Imprison'd mid the formal props
Of restless ownership!
Ye trees that may to-morrow fall,
To feed the insatiate Prodigal!
Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,
All that the fertile valley shields;
Wages of folly—baits of crime,—
Of life's uneasy game the stake,—
Playthings that keep the eyes awake
Of drowsy, dotard Time;—
O care! O guilt!—O vales and plains,
Here, mid his own unvexed domains,
A Genius dwells, that can subdue
At once all memory of You,—
Most potent when mists veil the sky,
Mists that distort and magnify;
While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping
breeze,
Sigh forth their ancient melodies!

III.

List to those shriller notes!—*that* march
Perchance was on the blast,
When through this Height's inverted arch
Rome's earliest legion passed!
—They saw, adventurously impell'd,
And older eyes than theirs beheld,
This block—and yon whose Church-like
frame
Gives to the savage Pass its name.
Aspiring Road! that lov'st to hide
Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,
Not seldom may the hour return
When thou shalt be my guide;
And I (as often we find cause,
When life is at a weary pause,
And we have panted up the hill
Of duty with reluctant will)
Be thankful, even though tired and faint,
For the rich bounties of Constraint;
Whence oft invigorating transports flow
That Choice lacked courage to bestow!

IV.

My soul was grateful for delight
That wore a threatening brow;
A veil is lifted—can she slight
The scene that opens now?
Though habitation none appear,
The greenness tells, man must be there;
The shelter—that the perspective
Is of the clime in which we live;
Where Toil pursues his daily round;
Where Pity sheds sweet tears, and Love,
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,
Inflicts his tender wound.
—Who comes not hither ne'er shall know
How beautiful the world below;
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps
The brook adown the rocky steeps.
Farewell thou desolate Domain!
Hope, pointing to the cultur'd Plain,
Carols like a shepherd boy;
And who is she?—can that be Joy?
Who, with a sun-beam for her guide,
Smoothly skims the meadows wide;
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,
"Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,
Thy lot, O man, is good, thy portion fair!"

The two following pieces require no comment to those that are acquainted with the sonnets on political subjects, in Mr Wordsworth's earlier volumes.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

WARD of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King!
Whose Realm had dwindled to one stately room;
Whose universe was gloom immers'd in gloom,
Darkness as thick as Life o'er Life could fling,
Yet haply cheered with some faint glimmering
Of Faith and Hope; if thou by nature's doom
Gently has sunk into the quiet tomb,
Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,
When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-flowing tears,
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,
Yield to such after-thought the sole reply
Which justly it can claim. The Nation hears
In this deep knell—silent for threescore years,
An unexampled voice of awful memory!

HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL ASPIRANTS.

STRANGER, 'tis a sight of pleasure
When the wings of genius rise
Their ability to measure
With great enterprise;
But in man was ne'er such daring
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing
His brave spirit with the war in
The stormy skies!

Mark him, how his power he uses,
Lays it by, at will resumes!
Mark, are for his haunt he chooses
Clouds and utter glooms!
There, he wheels in downward mazes;
Sunward now his flight he raises,
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes
With uninjured plumes!—

ANSWER.

Traveller, 'tis no act of courage
Which aloft thou dost discern;
No bold bird gone forth to forage
Mid the tempest stern;
But such mockery as the Nations
See, when Commonwealth-vexations
Lift men from their native stations,
Like yon tuft of fern;
Such it is, and not a Haggard
Soaring on undaunted wing;
'Tis by nature dull and laggard,
A poor helpless Thing,
Dry, and withered, light and yellow;—
That to be the tempest's fellow!
Wait—and you shall see how hollow
Its endeavouring!

The volume is concluded with a very singular and striking prose description of the County of the Lakes; but of this we must defer our notice till some future opportunity—contenting ourselves, in the meantime, with assuring our readers, that it is by far the best specimen of the prose style of Wordsworth which has ever been given to the world.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Geological Maps of England.—Smith has published a useful abridgment of his large geological map of England, and also excellent geological maps of several of the English counties. We have seen those of Oxford, Buckingham, Bedford, and Essex. Greenough's geological map of England is just published, and does infinite credit to the judgment and skill of the distinguished President of the Geological Society.

Magnetic Attractions.—We are happy to announce, that the idea, suggested by Mr Barlow, and published in his valuable "Essay on Magnetic attractions," (See No XXXV. of this Magazine,) of ascertaining the correct '*Deviation*,' caused by local attractions, of the magnetic needle in all ships, in all positions, and in all places, by the simple operation of attaching a plate of iron to the '*Binnacle*,' and altogether independent of computation, is now undergoing, under the inventor's direction, the ordeal of practical experiment on board his Majesty's ship, Severn, which the Lords of the Admiralty, actuated by a laudable and praise-worthy zeal for the improvement of nautical science, have directed to be fitted for that purpose; and which, we understand, is shortly to proceed to sea, with Mr Barlow on board, to verify, by a still more extensive series of observations, the accuracy of those now making at Woolwich; after which, it may confidently be expected, that this very ingenious and highly important discovery will, from its great and permanent utility in practical navigation, become generally known and adopted; thereby preventing, in future, many of those melancholy shipwrecks, and all their dreadful consequences, which at present so frequently happen on our shores, owing to the wilful ignorance and stupidity of navigators neglecting, with insufferable indifference, to make local attraction an element of calculation.

Elementary Work on Navigation.—Mr Riddle, Trinity House School, Newcastle, will speedily publish an Elementary investigation of the Theorems from which Mendoza Rio's Tables for Navigation and Nautical Astronomy are constructed; and an explanation of the artifices by which he has been enabled to abridge so materially both his Tables and the operations which they are intended to facilitate. Also, an inquiry into the peculiar processes by which he computes the altitude in Lunar observations; the Time; Latitude, by double Altitudes—Azimuths, &c. &c.

Antiquities.—Emerald Mines.—M. Caillaud's account of his discoveries in Egypt will shortly be published in Paris. Some time ago he discovered near Mount Zabarah, the famous emerald mines which were previously known only by the writings of the ancient authors, and the stories of the Arabs. They had been almost forgotten for a long lapse of time, and were totally unproductive to the government of the country. They were discovered by M. Caillaud nearly in the same state in which they had been left by the engineers of the Ptolemies. He penetrated into a vast number of excavations and subterraneous canals, some of which are so deep that 400 men may work in them at once. In the mines were found cords, levers, tools of various kinds, vases, and lamps; and the arrangement of the works afforded every facility for studying the ancient process of mining. M. Caillaud himself set about working the mines, and he has presented six pounds of emeralds to Mahommed Ali Pashaw. In the vicinity of the mines, the ruins of a little town have been discovered, which in ancient times was probably inhabited by the miners: among the ruins are the remains of several Græco-Egyptian Temples with inscriptions. M. Caillaud has twice visited Zabarah; during his second journey he was accompanied by a considerable number of armed men, miners, and workmen, whom the Pashaw had placed under his directions. On his way to the emerald mines, the French traveller crossed one of the ancient routes for the trade of India, by the way of Egypt. He observed stations, enclosures for the union and protection of caravans, cisterns, &c. M. Caillaud learnt from the Arabs of the tribes of Ababdeh and Bycharyn, that this road led to the ruins of a very extensive town on the banks of the Red Sea, situated about the 24th degree of latitude, near the mountain of Elbé. This town has since been visited by MM. Belzoni and Bitche, and will probably be better described by them than by M. Caillaud. On the banks of the Red Sea, the traveller discovered a mountain of sulphur, on which some diggings had been made; in the neighbourhood of this mountain, traces of volcanic eruptions were observable, and a quantity of puzzolane and other igneous substances were found. M. Caillaud carefully observed the mountains which separate the Nile from the Arabian Gulf, as well as the calcareous tracts of ground, and chains of mountains between the Nile and the Oasis, which all belong to the primitive soil. Here he examined several ancient Egyptian structures, and others of more modern date; he discovered several very ancient vaults, thermal springs, &c. Among the Greek and Latin inscriptions which he met with in his excursions, was one containing 70 lines, and about 9000 letters;

it is more copious by at least one-fifth than the Greek inscription on the Rosetta stone. By dint of vast patience and labour, M. Caillaud succeeded in copying this inscription in three days. Though it is of recent date compared with the Rosetta monument, since it belongs to the age of the Emperor Galba, it presents some new and curious facts relative to the internal administration of Egypt. M. Caillaud returned last year to Paris, bringing along with him a vast number of drawings, notes, and antiques, found principally in the hypogea of Thebes, &c. These treasures have been purchased by the French government. The antiques are deposited in the cabinet of medals and antiques of the king's library, and the drawings will be engraved and published with descriptions in two vols. folio. M. Caillaud has again set out for Egypt. In November last he was at Bony-Souey, 25 leagues from Cairo. He was about to depart for the Fayoum, and to proceed towards the Oasis of Sivah. He must ere this have made many new and interesting observations. At a quarter of a league from one of the pyramids of Sakkarah, he descended into a hypogeum sacred to the deity Apis, where he found, in a kind of labyrinth, several bulls embalmed and preserved like mummies.

It should be remarked, that M. Belzoni had performed the same journey not long before; and perhaps had discovered this same sepulchre of Apis, in company with Mr Beechey, son of Sir William, the painter.

The Interior of Africa.—The Marquis d'Etourville, who is at present in Africa on matters of private business, intends, on his return to France, to publish some interesting notices relative to natural history, a science wherein he has made numberless discoveries, and such as well deserve the attention of the learned. He has recently forwarded certain memoranda which he made during his long captivity, of which the following is a very brief analysis.

M. d'Etourville emigrated from France to Spain in 1790; he there commenced a course of medical studies, and afterwards resided some time in Lisbon; taking lessons in that science. From Lisbon he repaired to the isle of St Thomas, situated under the Equator, at the extremity of the gulph of Guinea. He remained some years in this island, whence occasionally he made excursions into the western regions of Africa. In one of these, he fortunately cured some dangerous wound under which the Manicongo, a prince of the country, was suffering. Having thereby gained the favour of the prince, he attended him in an expedition or journey more than four hundred leagues in the interior of the continent.

In the course of this peregrination, M. d'Etourville traced on a map the western lines of the lake Aqualinda, respecting which, till then, no certain information had been obtained. He likewise ascertained with precision the geographical route of the Zaire, with its sources, and the lakes it forms in its progress.

In a journey which he undertook in 1800 M. d'Etourville was taken prisoner by a wandering tribe of Gijas, who are cannibals. Whatever common fame has reported of their ferocity, is no exaggeration. They make war to devour their prisoners; and it is certain, as Dapper relates, that human flesh is sold in their markets. The blood which they draw from the veins of their living victims, is to them a delicious beverage. M. d'Etourville remained fifteen months among these barbarians. All his companions were devoured; and he must have shared the same fate, had he not been so fortunate as to cure a broken arm of the favourite mistress of the chief of the horde.

Compelled to be in the train of this troop of Gijas, he ranged through an extent of continent from the country of the Auriscans to Hulla, when he escaped from their hands. He then proceeded to a province south of the western Mountains of the Moon, at a small distance from what he considers as the real sources of the Nile. Hereabout he fixes the empire of Droglodo, unknown at present, but far more civilized than the circumjacent regions. The politics of the government, according to M. d'Etourville, bear a strong resemblance to the Chinese, and the civilization of the Droglodians must be traced to a very remote source. The merchants of Droglodo go, once a-year, authorized by their government, to meet the Abyssinian merchants in a narrow passage of the mountain Narcar. They convey thither gold dust, musk, pearls, precious stones, ivory, gums, and Ethiopian slaves, in exchange for which they receive shawls, Indian stuffs, Turkey carpets, and salt.

In this country M. d'Etourville remained about ten years; and though in a state of slavery, he had many opportunities of noticing the manners of the people and their antiquities. His different observations have led him to conclude, that the Abyssinians, the Nubians, and the ancient Egyptians, who built the pyramids, were all originally from *Droglodo*, which he conceives to have been the country inhabited in ancient times by the *Troglodites*.

M. d'Etourville returned to France about the time of the re-establishment of the Bourbons; but set out again, in 1814, to realize and secure some goods and property in Africa, whence he is expected shortly to return, and when the full account of his travels may be expected in the Journal of New Voyages and Travels.

Trigonometrical Survey of India.—For some years past, a trigonometrical operation has been conducted in India, under the auspices of the local governments. Lieut.-Col. Lambton has been enabled, by

the aid of their proceedings, to measure, at different periods, an arc of the meridian from 8° 9′ 38″ to 18° 3′ 23″ of north latitude, the greatest that has been measured on the surface of the globe. From a review of these operations, it appears that a degree of the meridian near the equator, contains 68,704 English miles; that in 45° of latitude, it is 69,030; in 51°, 69,105; in 90°, 69,368. So that a degree of latitude, at a medium estimate, makes exactly 69 1/6 English geographical miles.

American Expedition.—The Gazette of St Louis (on the Missouri, United States,) announces the equipment of an expedition, the object of which is to ascertain the existence of a race reported to be the descendants of certain Welsh emigrants; they intend to comprehend all the southern ramifications of the great river Missouri, within the limits of their excursion. This undertaking is confided to Messrs. Roberts and Parry, both Welshmen, and well acquainted with the language of both North and South Wales.

New Voyage of Discovery.—Advices from St Petersburgh, dated March 22, state, that a new voyage of discovery will be undertaken this summer in the North. The expedition will sail from the mouth of the Lena for the Frozen Ocean, in order to examine the coast of Siberia and the islands which were discovered to the north of it some years ago. As it is not yet ascertained whether these supposed islands may in reality be one main land or not, and as hitherto they have only been visited in winter, it will be interesting to know how far the ice will permit vessels to advance during summer, and to determine its extent.

Ancient Navigation.—A discovery was recently made in the environs of the Cape of Good Hope, which is highly interesting to history. While digging a cave, the workmen found the hull of an ancient vessel constructed of cedar, which is believed to be the remains of a Phœnician galley. If this appropriation be just, there is no longer room to doubt that the bold navigators of Tyre had reached the south point of Africa: and if they actually gained that point, we may infer that they navigated also the eastern ocean.

Indian Wild Ass.—Gen. Sir D. Ochterlony lately despatched, as a present from the Nawab of Bhawulpoor to Governor-general the Marquis of Hastings, a beautiful wild ass, of that species called by the natives *Gor Khur*. This elegant creature is described as being eleven or twelve hands high, of a beautiful light fawn or cream colour, with long ears, and large black eyes. In disposition it is untractable, and in this, as well as in every other respect, excepting the colour, resembles the zebra. It is said to be a complete model of strength, beauty, and agility.—*Asiatic Mirror.*

Cheap Mode of preserving Anatomical Preparations.—It has been usual to employ, for this purpose, spirit of wine, somewhat above proof, and which costs 18s. or 20s. per gallon. It has been ascertained by Mr Cooke of London, that a saturated solution of muriate of soda (common salt) answers the purpose equally well; and this solution (about three pounds of salt to the gallon) does not cost above 10d. per gallon. Mr Cooke has received from the Society of Arts, for this discovery, the Society's silver medal.

Straw Ropes Conductors of Electricity.—M. M. Capestolle, a French professor of chemistry, affirms, that a rope of straw will form an excellent conductor for lightning, and supply the place of metallic conductors.

Comets.—It has been ascertained that one and the same comet returned to our system in 1786, 1795, 1801, 1805, and 1818-19. It appears never to range beyond the orbit of Jupiter. Its short period of little more than three years and a quarter, and its mean distance from the sun, which is not much greater than twice that of the earth. It crosses the orbit of the earth more than 60 times in a century.

Distant Visibility of Mountains.—Mr Morier, in his Journey through Persia to Constantinople, says, that the mountain Temawhend is visible at the distance of 100 miles. Sir William Jones saw the Himalaya mountains from Baugalpore, a distance of 244 miles. Bruce saw Mount Ararat from Derbhend, a distance of 240 British miles.

Dr E. D. Clarke informs us, that when standing on the shore of the Hellespont, at Sigeum, in the evening, and looking towards the Archipelago, he plainly discerned Mount Athos, called by the peasants, who were with him, Agionorus, the Holy Mountain; its triple summit appearing so distinctly to the eye, that he was enabled to make a drawing of it. "The distance," says he, "at which I viewed it could not be less than a hundred English miles: according to D'Anville, it is about 30 leagues from shore to shore; and the summit of the mountain is at some distance from the coast."

The greatest distance at which places have been seen within the scope of our own observations, is as follows:

	Miles.
Pic of Teneriffe, from a ship's deck	115
Golden Mount, ditto	93
Pulo Pera, from the top of Pinang	75
Pulo Pinang, from a ship's deck	53
The Ghaut at the back of Tellichery	94
Ditto at Cape Comorin	73
Adam's Peak, on Ceylon	95

These, perhaps, are not the greatest distances that these lands can be seen; but it may be useful to state, that all these distances were ascertained by the log, when running for them in a direct line; and that their heights were also pretty nearly found at the same time.

North American Hot Springs.—The Hot Springs of Ouachitta, which have been known for many years, are situated on a stream called Hot-spring Creek, which falls into the Washitaw river, eight miles below. They lie fifty miles south of the Arkansaw river, in Clark county, territory of Arkansaw, (lately Missouri), and six miles west of the road from Cadron to Mount Prairie on Red River.—The approach to the spring lies up the valley of the creek. On the right of the valley rises the hot mountain, with the springs issuing at its foot; on the left, the cold mountain, which is little more than a confused and mighty pile of stones. The hot mountain is about 300 feet high, rising quite steep, and presenting occasionally ledges of rocks; it terminates above in a confused mass of broken rocks. The steep and otherwise sterile sides are covered with a luxuriant growth of vines. The valley between this and the cold mountain is about fifty yards wide.—The springs issue at the foot of the hot mountain at an elevation of about ten feet above the level of the creek; they are very numerous all along the hill-side, and the water, which runs in copious streams, is quite hot; it will scald the hand and boil an egg hard in ten minutes. Its temperature is considered that of boiling water, but Dr Andrews, of Red River, thinks it is not above 200° Fahr.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

Marcian Colonna, a Poem in three parts, to which will be added, Dramatic Sketches, and other Poems, by Barry Cornwall; will shortly be published.

Lucian of Samosata, from the Greek, with the Comments and Illustrations of Wieland and others; by the Rev. W. Tooke, F.R.S. in two octavo volumes.

Travels in England, Wales, and Scotland; by Dr Spiker, Librarian to the King of Prussia, translated from the German.

A Biographical Memoir of the late Arthur Young, Esq.; by Dr Paris.

In the press, Lochiel, or the field of Culloden, a novel.

The London edition of the Travels of Prince Maximilian of Neiweid.

Tales of the Priory; by Mrs Hoffland, in three volumes.

Shortly will be published, Tabella Cibaria, the Bill of Fare, a Latin Poem, with Notes, &c. relating to Gastronomy and the Art of Cookery.

Sketches of "Country Folk;" by the author of the Hermit in London.

Mr Fraser's Travels in the Hemala Mountains are nearly ready for publication.

Stories Founded on Facts; by Mrs Grant of Croydon, author of "Sketches of Life and Manners," and "Delineations of Scenery, &c." 12mo.

The Literary and Political Life of Augustus Von Kotzebue, translated from the German. 12mo.

Ancient Spanish Romances, relating to the twelve Peers of France, mentioned in Don Quixote, with English metrical Versions; by Thomas Rodd, preceded by the History of Charles the Great and Orlando, translated from the Latin of Spanheim. 2 vols. 8vo.

El Teatro Espanol Moderno, Vol. I. containing 5 plays, with a Portrait of the Author.

Preparing for publication, a Grammar of the Arabic Language; by James Grey Jackson, Esq.

Russian Tarif, for 1820, containing all the Duties of the Russian Empire. 8vo.

Sir Warbeck of Wolfsteen; a novel, in two volumes; by Miss Holford.

The Welsh Non-Conformists' Memorial, or Cambro-British Biography, containing Sketches of Vavasor Powell, and other founders of the Dissenting Interest in Wales; by the Rev. Dr Evans.

Preparing for the press, a work on Early Education; by Miss Appleton.

A System of Education, intended for the King of Rome, and other Princes of the blood of France, drawn up by the Imperial Council of State, under the personal superintendence of the Emperor Napoleon.

A volume of Selections from the Athenian Oracle.

A Poem on the accession of his Majesty; by the Rev. S. L. Berguer.

A New and Improved Edition of Erdeswicke's Survey of Staffordshire, by the Rev. T. Harwood.

A New Edition of Allen's Orthographical Exercises.

Nearly ready, a New and Improved Edition of Santagnello's Italian Grammar.

A Greek and English Lexicon, founded on the Greek and German Dictionary of Schneider; by the Rev. J. R. Fishlake, A.M. Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford.

Preparing for the press, by the Rev. John Davies of Kew, Historical Prologues; or, a Verified Chronology of Events, from the conquest to the death of George III.

In the press, an Introduction to the Literary and Ecclesiastical History of the Holy Scriptures; by the Rev. James Townley, in three octavo volumes with plates.

An edition of the whole of Mr Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Poems, in 4 vols foolscap 8vo.

A Treatise on Nervous Disorders; by Mr G. R. Rowe of Haverhill, Suffolk.

Tales of Imagination, in 3 vols; by the author of the Bachelor and Married Man.

A new edition of Dr Drake's Literary Hours, in 3 vols, post 8vo.

Rhymes on the Road; by a Travelling Member of the Pocoa Curante Society, extracted from his journal, by Thomas Brown, the younger, author of the Fudge Family, &c.

A Memoir of his late Majesty and the Duke of Kent; by Mr T. Williams.

In the press, Christian Union, without the Abuses of Popery, by Samuel Wix, A. M. F. R. and S. A.

A Geological Map of England, to be accompanied by a Memoir; by G. B. Greenough, Esq.

Dialogues, Moral and Religious, intended chiefly for the domestic use of young persons, in the middle ranks of life.

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Italy and its Inhabitants, in the years 1816 and 1817. With a View of the Manners, Customs, Theatres, Literature, and the Fine Arts, with some Notice of its various Dialects; by James A. Galiffe, of Geneva. 2 vols 8vo.

The Narrative of a Chinese Embassy, from the Emperor of China, Kang Hy, to the Khan of Tourgouth Tartars, seated on the Banks of the Volga, in the years 1712, 13, and 14; by the Chinese Ambassador, and published by the Emperor's authority, at Pekin, translated from the original Chinese, and accompanied by an Appendix of Miscellaneous Translations from the same Language, consisting of Extracts from the Pekin Gazette, an Abstract of a Chinese Novel, Argument of a Chinese Play, &c. by Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. L.L.D. F.R.S. 8vo.

The Second Part (No XL.) which completes the Index to the First 19 volumes of the Quarterly Review, will be published with No XLV. at the end of the Month.

In the press, and shortly will be published, T. and G. Underwood's Improved Catalogue of Books, in Anatomy, Medicine, Surgery, Midwifery, Chemistry, Botany, Materia Medica, Veterinary Art, &c. &c.; with a Table of Contents, methodically arranged. To which are added, Tables of the Pay of the Medical Department of the Army, Navy, and East India Company's Service; and a complete list of the different Lectures delivered in London, with their Terms, Hours of Attendance, &c.

Dr A. P. Wilson Philip has in the Press, in one volume 8vo., a New Edition of his Treatise on Symptomatic Fevers, which, with the New Edition of his Treatise on Simple and Eruptive Fevers, just published, will comprehend all Fevers, and all Diseases attended with Fever.

On the 15th of May will be published, Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus; or, a Reply to the Notice of the New Greek Thesaurus, inserted in No. XLIV of the Quarterly Review; by E. H. Barker, O. T. N. Dedicated to the Right Honourable Earl Spencer.

EDINBURGH.

The second volume of Mr Hogg's Jacobite Relics is now in the press.

An Arabic Vocabulary and Index for Richardson's Arabic Grammar; in which the words are explained according to the Parts of Speech, and the Derivatives are traced to their originals in the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac languages; with Tables of Oriental Alphabets, Points, and Affixes; by James Noble, Teacher of Languages in Edinburgh. This Work, like Sir William Jones' Index to his Persian Grammar, is intended, by explaining all the difficulties which occur in translating the numerous extracts from Arabic authors found in Mr Richardson's Grammar, to facilitate the study of the Oriental Languages, which are so interesting in themselves, especially the Arabic, from the great stores of literature that are contained in them, whilst from their

close connection with the Hebrew, they must always contribute highly to the proper interpretation of the Original Scriptures. By giving, also, full English explanations of every Arabic word that occurs in the Grammar, tracing it at the same time, if derivative, to the Hebrew, Chaldee, or Syriac, in which the Root of it is to be found, the trouble of having recourse to large dictionaries is rendered unnecessary, till the Student has made some progress in the elements of the language; and an interesting field of Philological research is likewise opened up to his view, in the very intimate relation which subsists between the Arabic, the Persic, and the other Oriental dialects, of which the Hebrew forms the original and fundamental language. This intimate relation will be clearly seen in this Vocabulary, which contains *nearly* 1600 *Arabic words*, and of these *scarcely less than* 1200 are plainly traced to their originals in the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac languages. The engraved Table of Alphabets, intended to form the frontispiece of the Work, will also exhibit distinctly, at one view, the affinity between the Hebrew, Samaritan, Ethiopic, Syriac, Arabic, and Persic Alphabets, with the value of the letters employed in them to represent numbers. The Work will be elegantly printed on fine paper in Quarto, to bind up with Mr Richardson's Grammar, to which it is intended to form a sequel. Price 10s. 6d. in boards.

In the press, and speedily will be published in 4to., illustrated by a large Geological Map, and necessary Engravings, Geologica Hiallandica, being a Memoir on the distribution of the Rocks of Shetland; to which is prefixed, an Essay on Stratification; by S. Hibbert, M. D.

Speedily will be published, the importance of Civil Government to Society; and the duty of Christians in regard to it; a Sermon, preached in St John's Church, on Sabbath, the 30th April; by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of St John's Church, Glasgow.

Speedily will be published, Part I. of Sacred Harmony, for the use of St George's Church, being a collection of Psalm and Hymn Tunes, suited to Congregational Singing, and adapted to all the various Metres of our National Church Psalmody. This collection will contain about *one hundred and forty-five* tunes; of these twenty-six are original, the rest are selected from the most approved authors, and to all of them great care has been taken to procure the most correct and pleasing harmonies. There are added six Sanctus's, six Doxologies, two Dismissions, and two Anthems, most of which pieces have never before been published, while several of them have been composed expressly for this Work. The whole of the Music (with two or three exceptions) is arranged for four voices; it has also the advantage of being set for the Organ or Piano Forte, and in a great number of instances, the index of the tunes is accompanied with a reference to those portions of Psalms and paraphrases to which their several strains are best adapted. Besides its other advantages, this work is recommended by its extraordinary cheapness, the price being to Subscribers, 6s. 6d., and to Non-Subscribers, 8s. 6d. Subscriptions are received by Mr Purdie, Prince's Street, and all the other Music-Sellers in town.

Peter Faultless to his brother Simon, Tales of Night in Rhyme, and other Poems; by the Author of "Night," in one volume, foolscap 8vo.

Proposals have been issued, for publishing by subscription, a Translation and Explanation of the principal Technical Terms and Phrases used in Mr Erskine's Institute of the Law of Scotland, in the order of the Books, Titles, and Sections; together with the Latin Maxims in Law most in use; by Peter Halkerstone, A.M. S.S.C. Soc. extra. reg. phys. Soc., Author of the Compendium of the Faculty Collection of Decisions, and Continuation thereof.

In the press, Sermons; by Ministers of the General Associate Synod, in 2 vols, 12mo.

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A View of the Agriculture, Manufactures, Statistics, and State of Society of Germany, and Parts of Holland and France; by W. Jacob, Esq. F.R.S. 4to. £1, 15s.

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tical Index of the Names of the Parties—The judgments of the House of Lords, pronounced in the year 1818, with a Compend of the Decisions as applicable thereto. An abridged Table of the judgments of the House of Lords, from 4th February 1752, to November 1818, with an explanatory Note in reference to the Compendium; by Peter Halkerstone, A.M.S.S.C. Soc. extra. reg. phys. Soc., Author of the Compendium of the Faculty collection of Decisions.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*May* 12, 1820.

Sugar.—Since our last, the Sugar market has materially improved. The demand has been very considerable, and the stock on hand greatly reduced, particularly of the finer qualities. The supplies are beginning to arrive, but these, from causes we have in former reports pointed out, must continue for some time to be limited. The consequences will, in all probability, be a farther rise in the prices of Sugar; and as the prosperity of the country becomes greater, these prices may be considered as advancing in proportion, till they become

to a proper standard. For some the price of Sugar has been ruinous to the planter, and yielded him no return for his capital invested in that trade.——*Cotton.*—The aspect of affairs in the manufacturing districts having in some instances become more cheering, the consequence has been, that the Cotton market has been more lively, and sales have been readily and extensively effected at an advance in price. Unless some unforeseen calamity come upon that branch of business, the prospect is for a steady demand and improvement in price, but which, from the stock on hand, cannot be expected to advance greatly beyond the present scale. The quantity of East India Cotton on hand is still very considerable, and the supplies from the United States also considerable.——*Coffee.*—The market for Coffee has been more lively of late. The sales, both by public auction and private contract have been considerable, and the prices of the finer descriptions have advanced. The Coffee market is likely to be steady, and appearances would rather indicate an improvement.——*Corn.*—Wheat may be stated as stationary. Oats and barley in demand, and at an advance in price.——In *Tobacco* there is little doing.—*Rum* is stationary.—*Brandy* and *Geneva* are on the decline.—In *Indigo* a demand and advance is anticipated.—In other articles of Commerce there is no material alteration.

The accounts from the Jamaica market are more cheering, and those from the United States are assuming a more favourable aspect. The improvement in either, however, to any great extent, depends upon circumstances, the issue of which no human foresight can ascertain. The former, in particular, depends altogether upon the events passing in South America, where civil war rages with as great fury as ever. Buenos Ayres also is in a confused state. A fresh revolution, which has taken place there, must render all business extremely uncertain and insecure. The revolution in Old Spain, also, so fondly anticipated by many as an opening to our trade, is certain to have a different result. As far as either the government and people have shewn their feelings on this point, their views, as might have been expected, are hostile to the introduction of foreign merchandize, except upon conditions only favourable to themselves; and there is good grounds to suppose, that wherever the new order of things is submitted to in the Spanish Colonies, that this will enforce stricter regulations upon the trade of foreigners with these Colonies, while it is also evident that greater efforts will be made to subdue and hold in subjection to the parent state all these possessions.

The commercial situation of the country is now about to occupy the attention of Parliament. It is a deep and an interesting subject, and one where, if no permanent good can be effected, the agitation of the questions regarding it may do much mischief. There is a necessity for doing something, but what that is, will require all the patience, all the wisdom, and all the prudence of the British Legislature to examine into or regulate afresh. Upon the whole, the appearances in foreign markets are favourable for an improvement in trade, but we greatly fear that will be more than counterbalanced, during this year, by the severe distress now pressing upon the agricultural districts. It is now these have to feel the sad distress which has overwhelmed the manufacturing classes for more than twelve months past.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 5th to 26th April 1820.

	5th.	11th.	18th.	26th.
Bank stock,	——	218½ 19	221 2	——
3 per cent. reduced,	——	68 ⅛	68⅞ 9¼	69 8⅜
3 per cent. consols	68¾ ⅝	68¾ ⅞	69⅛ 70⅛	69⅜ ½
3½ per cent. consols,	——	76⅜ ½	77¼ 8	77½ ⅜
4 per cent. consols,	——	84¼ ⅜	87¼ 8	87⅜ ½
5 per cent. navy ann.	104⅛ ⅜	104⅞ 5	105¼ ¾	105¼ 6
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	68¼	——	——	——
India stock,	——	——	216½ 17	——
—— bonds,	14 16 pr.	19 20 pr.	28 30 pr.	26 28 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2½d. p. day	par. 3 pr.	3 4 pr.	7 5 pr.	5 6 pr.
Consols for acc.	69	68⅞	70	——
American 3 per cents.	——	66½	66½	——
French 5 per cents.	——	74 fr.	74 fr. 25 cr.	——

Course of Exchange, May 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 3. Paris, 25 : 55. Bourdeaux, 25 : 85. Frankfort on Maine, 154½. Madrid, 34½. Cadiz, 34½. Gibraltar, 0. Leghorn, 47½. Genoa, 44½. Malta, 46. Naples, 39¼. Palermo, 116 per oz. Lisbon, 51. Rio Janeiro, 54½. Dublin, 9 per cent. Cork, 9½.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½. New doubloons, £3 : 15 : 0. New dollars, 0s. 0d. Silver, in bars, stand. 5s. 0½d.

PRICES CURRENT.—*May 6,—London, May 5,* 1820.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Muse.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60 to 65	57 to 64	56 to 61	60 to 62
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76 86	65 80	62 81	64 73
Fine and very fine, . .	84 96	— —	82 87	77 85
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . . .	108 112	— —	— —	92 107
Single ditto, . .	103 112	— —	103 106	— —
Small Lumps . .	94 98	— —	105 108	— —
Large ditto, . . .	92 96	— —	92 98	— —
Crushed Lumps, . . .	47 60	— —	48 52	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30 31	30 30 6	31s 6d —	26 6 —
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	98 110	— —	110 124	86 118
Mid. good, and fine mid.	112 122	— —	126 136	120 142
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	85 96	— —	92 120	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	102 112	— —	114 126	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	112 117	— —	128 138	— —
St Domingo,	95 105	— —	105 110	— —
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	7d 8d	7½d 8½d	8d 9d	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 3d 3s 6d	2s 11d 3s 0d	2s 10d 3s 0d	2s 6d 4s 4d
Brandy, . . .	4 0 4 6	— —	— —	3 4 4 6
Geneva, . . .	2 9 3 0	— —	— —	2 2 2 4
Grain Whisky, . . .	6 9 7 0	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	— —	— —	£35 65
Portugal Red, pipe.	38 54	— —	— —	50 54
Spanish White, butt.	54 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, . . .	60 70	— —	— —	35 45
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£7 0 £0 0	5 10 5 15	6 5 —	6 10 7 0
Honduras, . .	8 0 0 0	5 15 6 0	6 10 7 0	6 10 7 0
Campeachy, . . .	8 0 0 0	6 10 7 0	7 0 7 10	— —
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	7 0 0 0	7 10 8 0	7 0 7 10	8 8 9 0
Cuba, . . .	9 0 11 0	9 10 10 0	9 0 9 10	1s 2d 1s 6d
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	7s 6d 8s 6d	9s 0d 10s 0d	10s 0d 10s 6d
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 7 1 11	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, . .	3 2 3 6	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 0 0 0	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	1 2 1 8	1 0 1 4	— —
St Domingo, ditto .	— —	1 4 3 0	1 3 1 9	— —
TAR, American, . brl.	20 —	— —	17 0 18 0	21 0 —
Archangel, . .	22 23	— —	— —	22 6 —
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	8 6 10 6
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	66 —	69 70	61 —	— —
Home Melted, . .	70 —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	50 52	— —	— —	£49 —
Petersburgh Clean, .	44 45	— —	45 —	42 10 —
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	— —	— —	— —	70s 72s
Dutch, . . .	58 100	— —	— —	70 80
Irish, ...	45 52	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	75 80	— —	— —	£4 5 —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 0 0	— —	— —	— —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	34 35	— —	— —	38s —
Montreal ditto, . .	41 46	38 49	38 —	42s 6d —
Pot, . .	38 44	36 38	34 35	38s 44s
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	32 33	33 34	— —	£32 —
Cod, . . .	84 (p. brl.)	30 31	— —	28 —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	8 8½	9 9½	0 6½ 0 8	7 9
Middling, . . .	6¾ 7½	7 8	0 4½ 0 6	5 5½
Inferior, . . .	6 6½	4 5	0 3½ 0 4	— —
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 0 1 1	0 11¼ 1 0¼	1s 0d 1s 0½
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	2 4 2 6	2 1 2 3	1s 9d 2s 2
Good, . .	— —	2 2 2 6	1 6 1 9	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 10 2 0	1 6 1 9	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 3 1 5	1 1 1 5	1 2 1 5
West India, . .	— —	1 0 1 1	1 0 1 0½	0 11 1 1
Pernambuco, . .	— —	1 5 1 6	1 3½ 1 4¼	1 4 1 4½
Maranham, . .	— —	1 4 1 5	1 2 1 3½	1 3 1 4

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d March and 23d April 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Asquith, T. & D. and T. Mellish, New Kent-road, Surrey, ship-owners
Atkinson, M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, broker
Atkinson, J. Dalton, Yorkshire, merchant
Atkinson, T. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, merchant
Auguilar, D. Devonshire-square, wine-merchant
Austin, G. Long-acre, coach-founder
Austin, J. Manchester, brick-maker
Bennett, W. Leman-street, Goodman's-fields, shoe-manufacturer
Birch, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner and manufacturer
Birmingham, W. manufacturer
Blyth, E. Dyer's buildings, Holborn
Booker, T. Emsworth, Southampton, miller
Bysh, J. Paternoster-row, bookseller

Cave, S. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, jeweller
Clark, J. T. Tothill-street, Westminster, victualler
Clarke, D. T. Gerrard-street, Soho, laceman
Clifford, R. Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, stone-mason
Cundey, I. Whittington, Derbyshire, miller
Daniels, H. & M. Bury-street, St Mary Axe, merchants
Dickens, E. Macclesfield, Cheshire, victualler
Dickenson, J. Marsh-side, Lower Edmonton, cattle-dealer
Diston, T. Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, corn-dealer
Dobell, J. Staplehurst, Kent, tailor
Donaldson, J. W. Slee, & S. Mayston, Friday-street, wholesale linen-drapers
Down, R. Bridgewater, Somersetshire, iron-founder
Edwards, W. Dartford, Kent, grocer
Ellison, T. Liverpool, corn-dealer
England, G. Exeter, butcher
Farmer, J. Walsall, Staffordshire, plater
Fitch, C. Braintree, Essex, miller
Foulkes, E. & J. Darnton, Manchester, upholsterers
Geddes, G. Stromness, Orkney, North Britain, merchant
Gleaves, S. Warrington, Lancashire, shopkeeper
Griffin, T. jun. of Trentham, Staffordshire
Graham, R. & S. Sharman, Leicester-square
Gray, M. J. Cannon-street-road, Middlesex, wine-merchant
Harris, T. St Peter, Herefordshire, grocer
Harrison, M. Runcorn, Cheshire, shopkeeper
Hatch, W. P. Shipdham, Norfolk, tanner
Hay, H. High-row, Kensington Gravel-pits, boarding-house keeper
Hayley, T. Long-acre, coach-lace-manufacturer
Hepburn, C. Commercial-road, Middlesex, surgeon
Hoard, W. H. Limehouse-hole, Middlesex, rope-maker
Hopkins, J. H. Liverpool, merchant
Horner, R. Beckingham, Lincolnshire, jobber
Holliday, J. Stockport, Cheshire, victualler
Hough, W. Manchester, boat-builder
Hould, S. Laytonstone, Essex, butcher
Hoult, W. jun. Stourport, Worcestershire, upholsterer
Innocent, G. Nottingham, baker
Jay, P. Cavendish, Suffolk, wool-stapler
Kelty, A. Collonade, Pall Mall, jeweller
Langley, J. M. Newcastle-street, Strand, apothecary
Lee, J. Halghton, Flintshire, miller
Levi, J. Wells, Norfolk, cabinet-maker
Lilley, F. C. Copthall-buildings, Coleman-street, tailor
Makeen, J. Liverpool, stable-keeper
Marsh, J. Rotherham, Yorkshire, grocer
Martin, W. Great Ormand-yard, Queen-square, horse-dealer
Matthews, W. Birmingham, Warwickshire, upholsterer
Matthewson, A. H. Gateshead, Durham, grocer
Mawson, G. Bradford, Yorkshire, grocer
Millhouse, C. Sleaford, Lincolnshire, stationer
Motley, T. Strand, patent letter-manufacturer
Owen, O. New Bond-street, Hanover-square, tailor
Parker, N. Compton-street, Brunswick-square, merchant
Parker, R. Halifax, Yorkshire, linen-draper
Parkinson, A. J. Duckett, & S. Alsop, Manchester, calico-printers
Peet, J. Carlisle, Cumberland, draper
Percival, G. G. Walcot, Somersetshire, common brewer
Peters, W. Brecknock, innkeeper
Phipps, J. Duke-street, Portland-place, tailors
Platts, J. Chellaston, Derbyshire, wheelwright
Plummer, W. B. Kingston-upon-Hull, ironmonger
Pollard, A. Poole, grocer
Poole, C. Whitecross-street, London, willow-square manufacturer
Porter, J. Wrighton, Somersetshire, nurseryman
Prince, T. Chester, bread-baker
Raby, E. Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, spectacle-maker
Roden, W. Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, bookseller and stationer
Robinson, G. Middlewich, Chester, innkeeper
Roantree, Princes-street, Westminster, coach-builder
Rogerson, J. Hardshaw-within-Windle, Lancashire, auctioneer
Sadd, G. Kenton-street, Bloomsbury, builder
Salisbury, T. Preston, Lancashire, grocer
Sandbach, J. Liverpool, merchant
Sheward, H. Belgrave-place, Pimlico, boarding-house-keeper
Simpson, J. Smith-square, Westminster, corn-merchant
Sloggatt, T. R. Boscastle, Cornwall, draper
South, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
Symons, F. Falmouth, Cornwall, merchant
Tanner, B. Burr-street, Lower East-Smithfield, merchant
Tebbits, J. late of Birmingham, victualler
Thomas, G. Breage, Cornwall, shopkeeper
Thompson, J. Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, provision-broker
Thorpe, W. Epping, Essex, hawker
Tomlinson, W. Hinckley, Leicestershire, innkeeper
Turner, W. & J. North, Mold-green, Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, fancy-clothiers
Walker, W. Ramsgate, Isle of Thanet, Kent, butcher
Ward, R. R. Maiden-lane, Battle-bridge, Middlesex
Warwick, T. Hitchin, Hertfordshire, draper
Watson, J. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, merchant
Wheatcroft, S. Sheffield, Yorkshire, grocer
White, G. Great Driffield, Yorkshire, upholsterer
Wild, J. Liverpool, merchant
Wilkins, G. Bradford, Wiltshire, victualler
Wilkinson R. Lindley, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, copperas-manufacturer
Wilbee, G. late of Eltham, Kent
Wilkes, J. A. & T. E. Hammond, Birmingham, glass-toy-makers
Wilcox, W. King's Head public-house, Waterworks-bridge, Pimlico, victualler
Wright, G. C. & J. Graham, Crooked-lane, London, upholsterers
Wood, J. King-street, St James's-square, tailor
Woolfe, J. Birmingham, mercer and draper

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 30th April 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Burn & Pringle, wood-merchants, Fisherrow
Calderwood, John, merchant and grocer, Irvine
Dawson & Mitchell, distillers, Rockvilla, near Glasgow
Fyfe, James, joiner and cabinet-maker, Leith
Guthrie, Robert, merchant, Cupar-Fife
Household, Charles, cooper, Glasgow
Livingstone, Arthur, merchant, Kilsyth
M'Gregor, Peter, timber-merchant, Stirling
M'Lellans & Campbell, cattle-dealers and drovers, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright
Monteath, Robert, wood-merchant, St Ninians
M'Nair, E. Cochrane, merchant and milliner, Glasgow
Peddie, J. mason and builder, residing at Benfield House, Renfrewshire
Scott, James, millwright, Cupar-Fife.
Taylor, Henry, merchant, Irvine
Thompson, David, merchant-tailor and clothier, No 39, Prince's-street, also carrying on the fancy-muslin business, under the name of Mrs Elizabeth Thomson, his wife, in No 38, Prince's-street, Edinburgh.

DIVIDENDS.

Clark, James, rope and sail maker and ship-builder, Dunbar; a final dividend on 15th May
Hutchison, J. jun. cattle-dealer and drover, Haddington; a dividend after 19th May
Laird, J. & Co. merchants, Greenock, and Wm. Laird & Co. merchants, Liverpool; a dividend 22d May
Mitchells, R. & H. wood-merchants, Fisherrow; a dividend on 29th April
M'Kinlay, D. merchant, Greenock; a dividend 16th May
Nimmo, R. grocer, Edinburgh; a final dividend on 6th May

London, Corn Exchange, May 1.

	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red	63 to 67	White pease	40 to 42	
Fine ditto	66 to 68	Boilers	44 to 46	
Superfine ditto	72 to 76	Small Beans	42 to 44	
White	62 to 66	Tick	36 to 38	
Fine ditto	68 to 72	Foreign	35 to 37	
Superfine do.	78 to 82	Feed Oats	20 to 24	
Brank, new	32 to 38	Fine do.	25 to 27	
Rye	32 to 34	Poland do	23 to 26	
Fine do.	33 to 38	Fine do.	27 to 29	
Barley	28 to 31	Potato do.	25 to 27	
Fine do.	34 to 36	Fine do.	29 to 31	
Superfine	38 to 42	Flour, p. sack	60 to 75	
Malt,	50 to 60	Seconds	55 to 60	
Fine do.	65 to 70	North Country	55 to 60	
Hog Pease	38 to 40	Pollard, per qr.	20 to 28	
Maple	41 to 42	Bran	12 to 13	

Seeds, &c.—May 8.

	s.	s.		s.
Must. Brown,	12 to 15	Hempseed	48 to	56
—White	14 to 15	Linseed crush.	56 to	63
Tares	8 to 9	New for. Seed	70 to	76
Turnip, White	17 to 20	Ribgrass	18 to	44
—New	0 to 0	Clover, Red	42 to	74
—Yellow	20 to 24	—White	50 to	106
Carraway, new	60 to 65	Coriander	16 to	20
Canary, new	84 to 88	Trefoil,	30 to	72

New Rapeseed, £38 to £40.

Liverpool, May 2.

	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.			Pease, grey	38 0	to 40 0
Eng. new	10 2	to 10 11	—White	48 0	to 56 0
American	9 0	to 9 8	Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	47 0	to 48 0
Dantzic	9 9	to 10 8	Irish	44 0	to 46 0
Dutch Red	9 3	to 9 10	Ameri. p. 196 lb. Sweet, U.S.	40 0	to 42 0
Riga	8 3	to 9 2	Do. in bond	30 0	to 32 0
Archangel	8 3	to 9 2	Sour do.	36 0	to 38 0
Canada	9 0	to 9 6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
Scotch	9 9	to 10 6	English	33 0	to 35 0
Irish, new	10 0	to 10 2	Scotch	29 0	to 32 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.			Irish	26 0	to 32 0
Eng. grind.	5 3	to 5 6	Bran, p. 24lbs.	1 3	to 1 5
—Mating	0 0	to 0 0			
Scotch	4 10	to 5 4			
Irish	4 0	to 4 6			
Oats, per 45 lb.					
Eng. pota.	3 4	to 3 9			
Irish do.	3 4	to 3 6			
Scotch do.	3 7	to 3 8			
Rye, per qr.	38 0	to 40 0			
Malt per b.					
—Fine	9 6	to 10 0			
—Middling	7 6	to 8 0			
Beans, pr qr.					
English	46 0	to 50 0			
Irish	42 0	to 44 0			
Rapeseed, p. l.	£34	to £36			

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.		
Belfast	84 to	85
Newry	82 to	83
Waterford	70 to	71
Cork, pick. 2d,	78 to	80
3d dry	64 to	68
Beef, p. tierce	110 to	120
Tongu. p. firk.	75 to	80
Pork, p. brl.	70 to	80
Bacon, per cwt.		
—Short middles	57 to	58
Hams, dry	55 to	58

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 2d April 1820.

Wheat, 68s. 11d.—Rye, 43s. 1d.—Barley, 36s. 6d.—Oats, 25s. 3d.—Beans, 44s. 4d.—Pease, 46s. 4d.
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 25s. 10d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th April 1820.

Wheat, 65s. 4d.—Rye, 36s. 5d.—Barley, 31s. 7d.—Oats, 24s. 8d.—Beans, 34s. 2d.—Pease, 34s. 0d.
Beer or Big, 27s. 1d.—Oatmeal, 18s. 11d.

EDINBURGH.—May 3.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....42s. 0d.	1st,.....29s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.
2d,.....39s. 6d.	2d,.....26s. 6d.	2d,.....20s. 6d.	2d,.....18s. 6d.
3d,.....36s. 0d.	3d,.....24s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 6d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 19 : 7 per boll.

Tuesday, May 2.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7½d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 7½d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	5s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	9s. 0d. to 10s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 7d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—May 5.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....39s. 0d.	1st,.....27s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.
2d,.....37s. 6d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 6d.
3d,.....36s. 6d.	3d,.....21s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 17 : 8 : 10-12ths.

Note.—The boll of wheat, beans, and pease, is about 4 per cent. more than half a quarter or 4 Winchester bushels; that of barley and oats nearly 6 Winchester bushels.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

The state of the atmosphere, during the month of April, has been in many respects very remarkable. The maximum temperature, on the 1st, was 48½, and continued, with few interruptions, gradually to increase. On the 21st the thermometer stood at 62, on the

22d at 64½, and on the 25th at 70, higher than it has been known to rise, at this season, for many years. Previous to this unusual elevation of temperature, the wind had blown a moderate breeze from the east for several days. On the 25th it shifted to the west, and from that got gradually round to the north-east, from which it blew very strong on the afternoon of the 26th, accompanied with a very sudden and extraordinary reduction of temperature. During the succeeding night the thermometer sunk to 34½, and did not rise higher than 46½ throughout the following day. Another circumstance deserving notice, was the extreme dryness of the air after the change of wind and depression of temperature. On the morning of the 27th, even after the violence of the wind was considerably moderated, Leslie's hygrometer stood at 41, the temperature being at the same time 41. By the application of Anderson's formula, it appears that the point of deposition, or the temperature at which the air would have begun to deposite moisture, was as low as *one* degree of Fahrenheit; and the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere was only 25-100ths of what was necessary to produce complete saturation—a degree of dryness seldom experienced in this climate. In consequence of this unusual state of the atmosphere, the mean point of deposition is 4½° below the mean minimum temperature. The mean of the extreme temperatures is a very small fraction lower than the mean of 10 morning and evening. The fluctuations of the barometer, excepting about the 25th, are not greater than usual. The quantity of rain is very small, and fell almost wholly between the 4th and 7th. The ground is in consequence very dry; and as it yields but little moisture for evaporation, the atmosphere, since the influx of dry air from the north-east, does not contain one-half its average quantity of humidity.

P. S.—On looking into our Meteorological Register for April 1817, we find two instances of still greater dryness than that stated above. On the 11th of that month, Leslie's hygrometer stood at 43, while the temperature was 38½; and on the 17th, the hygrometer was at 50, with a temperature of 41. The former gives the point of deposition about 20° below Zero, and the relative humidity 13—the latter gives the point of deposition 30° below Zero, and the relative humidity 7, which approaches very near to absolute dryness. There is indeed a striking resemblance, in many points, between April 1820, and the same month of 1817. The former is the warmer of the two by about a degree and a half.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

APRIL 1820.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	54.2
..... cold,	39.3
..... temperature, 10 A.M.	49.3
..... 10 P.M.	44.3
..... of daily extremes,	46.7
..... 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	46.8
..... 4 daily observations,	46.7
Whole range of thermometer,	47.5
Mean daily ditto,	14.9
..... temperature of spring water,	45.7

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 53)	29.746
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 53)	29.772
..... both, (temp. of mer. 53)	29.759
Whole range of barometer,	1.130
Mean ditto, during the day,	.127
..... night,	.110
..... in 24 hours,	.237

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	.690
Evaporation in ditto,	2.450
Mean daily Evaporation,	.082
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	26.8
..... 10 P. M.	15.4
..... both,	21.1
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	34.3
..... 10 P.M.	35.2
..... both,	34.7
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	65.4
..... 10 P. M.	74.6
..... both,	69.0
.....Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	.152
..... 10 P.M.	.154
..... both,	.153

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Maximum,	25th day	70.0
Minimum,	7th	32.0
Lowest maximum,	7th	46.5
Highest minimum,	17th	48.5
Highest, 10 A. M.	25th	59.5
Lowest ditto,	27th	41.0
Highest, 10 P.M.	25th	53.0
Lowest ditto	7th,	35.5
Greatest range in 24 hours,	25th	25.0
Least ditto,	1st	8.5

BAROMETER.		Inches.
Highest, 10 A. M.	24th	30.650
Lowest ditto,	6th	29.055
Highest, 10 P. M.	23d	30.630
Lowest ditto,	6th	29.110
Greatest range in 24 hours,	25th	.765
Least ditto,	9th	.035

HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
Leslie, Highest, 10 A. M.	30th	46.0
..... Lowest ditto,	5th	2.0
..... Highest, 10 P. M.	25th	32.0
..... Lowest ditto,	4th	3.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest,	10 A.M. 22d	48.0
..... Lowest ditto,	27th	1.0
..... Highest,	10 P.M. 3d	47.0
..... Lowest ditto,	26th	16.0
.....Relat. Hum. Highest,	10 A.M. 5th	97.0
..... Least ditto,	27th	25.0
..... Greatest,	10 P.M. 4th	96.0
..... Least ditto,	26th	45.0
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest,	10 A.M. 22d	.230
..... Least ditto	27th	.045
..... Greatest,	10 P.M. 17th	.220
..... Least ditto,	26th	.077

Fair days, 24; rainy days, 6. Wind west of meridian, 24; east of meridian, 6.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
April 1	M.34	29.281	M.50	N.W.	Rain & hail.	April 16	M.37	29.608	M.51	W.	Fair, dull.
	E. 45	.502	E. 45				E. 49	.896	E. 53		
2	M.36	.654	M.45	W.	Fair but dull	17	M.43	.829	M.54	W.	Do. but cold.
	E. 43	.809	E. 45				E. 50	.998	E. 55		
3	M.41	.941	M.48	W.	Mild & fair, but dull.	18	M.46½	.810	M.54	W.	Ditto.
	E. 48	.853	E. 52				E. 52	.815	E. 53		
4	M.40	.611	M.51	Cble.	Dull, fair.	19	M.36	.688	M.53	N. W.	Dull, with some rain.
	E. 50	.520	E. 54				E. 50	.530	E. 53		
5	M.36½	.440	M.52	W.	Sun foren. rain aftern.	20	M.41	.855	M.53	N.W.	Fair, but dull & cold.
	E. 48	28.987	E. 48				E. 50	.904	E. 53		
6	M.28	.996	M.50	Cble.	Sleet foren. rain aftern.	21	M.42½	.944	M.56	W.	Fair.
	E. 47	.978	E. 46				E. 54	.987	E. 59		
7	M.28½	.989	M.44	N. W.	Frost morn. snowy day.	22	M.43½	30.172	M.60	E.	Warm, mild.
	E. 39	.988	E. 44				E. 58	.202	E. 56		
8	M.28	.992	M.48	S.W.	Showers, with hail.	23	M.38	.383	M.58	E.	Dull morn. clear day.
	E. 44	.969	E. 44				E. 50	.536	E. 57		
9	M.28	.999	M.46	S.W.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	24	M.38	.486	M.54	E.	Mild, sunsh.
	E. 39	.945	E. 44				E. 45	.422	E. 54		
10	M.29	29.123	M.46	E.	Fair day, rain night.	25	M.35	.406	M.56	W.	Fair.
	E. 42	.243	E. 49				E. 51	29.522	E. 56		
11	M.29½	.231	M.4	Cble.	Fair day.	26	M.34	.544	M.57	Cble.	Showers of hail, & cold.
	E. 42	.364	E. 47				E. 38	.745	E. 49		
12	M.32	.586	M.49	Cble.	Cold morn. sunsh. day.	27	M.31	.717	M.45	Cble.	Very cold.
	E. 44	.727	E. 50				E. 48	.484	E. 47		
13	M.29	.576	M.49	S.W.	Frost morn. fair day.	28	M.32	.356	M.52	S.W.	Ditto, dull.
	E. 42	.466	E. 51				E. 45	.547	E. 46		
14	M.36½	.340	M.47	Cble.	Rain morn. fair day.	29	M.31½	.678	M.50	W.	Fair, cold.
	E. 44	.327	E. 50				E. 55	.677	E. 49		
15	M.31	.452	M.50	S.W.	Very cold.	30	M.30	.939	M.51	N.W.	Cold morn. dull day.
	E. 45	.489	E. 50				E. 44	.999	E. 50		

Average of Rain, .523 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. MILITARY.

7 Dr. Lieut. Douglas to be Captain by purch. vice Mayne, ret. 29 March 1820
—— Wildman to be Capt. by purch. vice Heyliger, ret. 30 do.
Cornet Hill, Lieut. by purch. 29 do.
—— Chichester, Lt. do. 30 do.
—— Broadhead, Cornet do. do.
—— Portman, do. do. 13 April
10 Ensign Visc. Beauchamp, from 1 W. I. R. Cornet, vice Marx. of Carmarthen, hp. W. I. Rang. 23 March
11 Cornet Lord T. Cecil, from 10 Dr. Lt. by pur. vice Arbuthnot, 28 F. 30 do.
14 C. Musgrave, Cornet by purch. vice Carruthers, ret. 13 April
15 Lieut. Lowson, from hp. 2 Line, K.G.L. Cornet, vice Buckley, prom. 30 Mar.
R. W. Tr. Lieut.-Col. Sir G. Scovell, K.C.B. from hp. Staff C. of Cav. Lieut. Col. Com. vice Hamilton, dead 23 do.
1 F. Lieut. Campbell, Captain, vice Logan, 9 Vet. Bat. 6 April
Ensign Thomas, Lieutenant, vice Clyne 5 do.
—— Pictet, from 5 F. Lieut. vice Campbell 6 do.
A. A. Duff, Ensign, vice Tottenham, dead 5 do.
G. Gordon, Ensign, vice Thomas 6 do.
Serg. Maj. Richardson, Adj. and Ensign, vice Cameron, dead 7 do.
3 Gent. Cadet C. Wood, from Mil. Coll. Ensign, vice Pictet, 1 F. 6 do.
23 Capt. Rentoul, from hp. 52 F. Capt. vice Strangways, 9 Vet. Bat. 13 do.
26 —— Farquharson, Major by purch. vice Shearman, ret. 30 March
31 Ensign Shaw, Adj. and Lieut. vice Shaw, 5 Vet. Bat. 13 April
A. Shaw, Ensign do.
43 Bt. Major Macleod, from hp. 35 F. Capt. vice Simson, 6 Vet. Bn. 29 March
47 Ensign Gordon, Lieut. vice Lowe, 6 Vet. Bat. 13 April
47 F. F. Close, Ensign 13 April 1820
48 Lieut. Thompson, from hp. Lieut. 23 March
—— Croker, from hp. Lieut. do.
—— Gordon, from hp. 3 F. G. Lieut. 24 do.
—— Campbell, from hp. 54 F. Lieut. vice Nesfield, canc. 13 April
49 W. Browne, Ensign by purch. vice Sanders, prom. 9 March
60 Ensign Pack, Lieut. vice D'Arcey, 8 Vet. Bat. 12 April
—— Keal, Lieut. vice Williams, 2 Vet. Bat. 13 do.
—— O'Gorman, from hp. Roll's Reg. Ensign 12 do.
J. Weyranche, Ensign 13 do.
66 A. de Fountain, Ensign by purch. vice Turner, ret. 30 March
72 J. Frith, Ensign, vice Van Ryneweld, res. 6 April
78 Ensign Forbes, Lieut. vice Mackenzie, 8 Vet. Bat. 13 do.
R. L. Price, Ensign do.
83 Ensign Dwyer, Lieut. vice Baldwin, 50 F. do.
A. S. Young, Ensign do.
84 Ensign Worth, Lieut. by purch. vice Spottswood 6 do.
S. S. Sealy, Ensign by purch. do.
88 Ensign Ashmore, Lieut. vice Mitchell, 8 Vet. Bat. 13 do.
H. W. Knox, Ensign do.
90 T. W. Eyles, do. 30 March
Ensign Wilson, Lieut. vice Conry, prom. 6 April
F. H. Buckeridge, Ensign do.
1 W. I. R. Ensign Miller, from hp. W. I. Rang. Ensign, vice Visc. Beauchamp, 10 Dr. 23 March
2 —— Dawson, Lieut. vice Hield, dead 30 do.
—— Olpherts, Lieut. vice Hailes, dead 13 April
H. Dely, Ensign 30 March
W. M'Vicar, do. 13 April

Royal Artillery.

Brevet Col. Maclean, Colonel 24 Feb. 1820
Lieut. Col. Boger, from h. p. Lieut. Col. do.
Capt. Alms, do. Captain do.
1st Lieut. Jones, 2d Captain do.
——— Witts, do. do.
——— Poole, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
——— Williams, do. do. do.
2d Lieut. Luke, do. do.
——— Frazer, do. do.
——— Heywood, from h. p. 2d do. do.
——— Brewer, do. do. do.

Exchanges.

Capt. Bowers, from 23 F. with Brevet Maj. Smith, h. p. Sicilian Regt.
——— Close, from 5 Dr. Gds. with Capt. Enderby, 22 Dr.
——— Webb, from 1 Dr. with Capt. Wm Cox, Rifle Brigade
——— Pitts, from 43 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Jackson, hp. 94 F.
——— Fitz Gerald, from 2 W. I. R. with Captain Stepney, hp. 4 W. I. R.
——— Clyne, from 1 F. with Capt. Hulme, hp.
——— Whalley, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Captain Ross, hp. 14 F.
——— Minchin, from 38 F. rec. diff. with Captain Piper, hp. 100 F.
——— Johnstone, from 71 F. with Capt. Barnard, h. p. Rifle Brigade
——— Crosbie, from 21 F. with Capt. Moray, hp. 7 Dr.
Lieut. Peers, from 2 Dr. G. with Lieut. Caldwell, 80 F.
——— Atkin, from 61 F. with Lieut. Smith, hp. 58 F.
——— Cresswell, from 88 F. with Lieut. Walpole, hp. 3 F. G.
——— Stephens, from 1 F. with Lt. Ebhart, hp.
Cornet Martin, from 3 Dr. G. with Cornet Grant, hp. 23 Dr.
——— Burke, from 2 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet Hobart, hp. 11 Dr.
——— Ross, from 3 Dr. G. with Cornet Currie, hp. 23 Dr.
Ensign Gibbs, from 92 F. with 2d Lieut. Spratt, hp. 3 Ceylon Regt.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Colonel Shearman, 26 F.
Captain Mayne, 7 Dr.
——— Heyliger, 7 Dr.
Cornet Carruthers, 14 Dr.
Ensign Turner, 66 F.
——— Van Ryneveld, 72 F.

Deaths.

Lieut. General Elliot, late of Royal Marines
Major General Kemmis, late of 40 F. Cheltenham 2 April 1820
——— J. Mudge, R. Art. London 17 do.
Lieut. Col. Shearman, 26 F. Gibraltar 8 March
Major Tyler, R. Art. Gibraltar 4 do.
——— Courtenay, hp. Nova Scotia Fenc. Boulogne 28 Jan.
Capt. Duport, R. Art. Demerary 25 Dec. 1819
——— Mandeville, 58 F. Berhampore, Bengal 1 Oct.
——— Tyeth, hp. 8 F. 18 April 1820
——— Ennis, Royal Marines 28 Dec. 1819
Lieut. Nath Cavenagh, hp. R. Art. Trinidad 12 Oct.
——— Souper, hp. York Chasseurs, Trinidad 16 Dec.
——— Hield, 2 W. I. R. Isle de Lees, Africa 2 Jan. 1820
——— Granger, 1 R. Vet. Bat.
——— Hales, 2 W. I. R. Sierra Leone 12 Jan.
——— Grant, hp. 100 F. 14 Dec. 1819
——— Thiede, hp. Brums. Inf. 5 Dec. 1818
——— Roberts, late 5 R. Vet. Bat. Alderney 30 Dec. 1819
Cornet Over, hp. Wag. Tr. Lond. 21 March 1820
Quar. Mast. Perry, hp. New Romney Fenc. 31 Oct. 1819
——— Page, hp. Somerset Fenc. Exeter 4 Dec.
Surg. Redmond, 54 F. Cape of Good Hope 24 Jan.
——— Currie, hp. 27 F. 25 do.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Hume, Demerary 26 Jan.

Medical Department.

Staff Assist. Surg. Ludlow, Jamaica Feb.
Hosp. Assist. R. Norris, hp. Chelsea April

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 5, 1819.—At Quilon, the lady of Captain Elphinstone, a daughter.

9. At Bombay, the lady of Capt. Keith, Sub-assistant Commissary-general, a daughter.

Oct. 2. At Bombay, the lady of William Erskine, Esq. a daughter.

6. At Madras, the lady of John Shaw, Esq. register of the Supreme Court of Judicature, a son.

Dec. 17. At the Island of Ithaca, Mrs Knight, 75th regiment, a son.

Feb. 21, 1820. At Douglas, near Cork, the Hon. Mrs Henry Murray, a son.

March 3. At Riga, the lady of Alexander Henry a son.

13. At Udoll, the lady of Mr Mackintosh, late of the royal artillery, a daughter.

21. At Kilravock Castle, Mrs Rose of Kilravock, a son.

26. At Hampstead-house, the Countess of Huntingdon, a son, her tenth child.

29. The Duchess of San Carlos, a son.

31. At Orangehill, the lady of James Christie, Esq. a son.

April 2. In Harleford Row, London, the lady of J. Cowan, Esq. a daughter.

3. At Edinburgh, the lady of John L. Campbell, Esq. of Achalader, a son.

— At St Ann's, Alderney, the lady of John Buchan Sydserff, Esq. of Ruchlaw, a daughter.

6. At Moncreiffe-house, Lady Moncreiffe, a daughter.

— At Glentyan-house, Renfrewshire, the lady of William Stirling, Esq. a daughter.

— At Banff, Mrs Williamson, a son.

7. Mrs Gordon, Heriot-row, Edinburgh, a daughter.

9. At Reading, Berks, Mrs Boyd of Broadmeadows, a daughter.

11. At Boulogne sur Mer, the lady of Captain Macdougall, a son.

14. At Arbuthnot-house, Lady Arbuthnot, a son.

— Mrs Auld, Argyll-square, Edinburgh, a still-born son.

— Mrs Kennedy, Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

15. At her house, 32, Thistle-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Smart, a daughter.

16. The lady of John C. Scott, of Sinton, Esq. a son.

— In Great King-street, the lady of Captain A. R. Kerr, R. N. C. B. a son.

— Lady Jane Peel, a son.

18. Mrs Bridges, Duke-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

20. Mrs Alexander Wood, Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, a daughter.

21. Mrs Paul, 65, York-place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

23. At Edinburgh, the lady of Alexander Hunter, Esq. W. S. a son.

Lately, in Portugal, the lady of Major Mackintosh, 10th Portuguese cavalry, a son.

In Montagu-square, London, the lady of J. R. G. Graham, Esq. M. P. a son.

At London, the lady of Alexander R. C. Dallas Esq. a son.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 8, 1819. At Nagpoor, James Gordon, Esq. surgeon to the Residency, to Maria Louisa, only daughter of Mr George Fraser.

Jan. 10, 1820. At Demarara, Captain Macduff Hart Boog, to Miss Eliza Thornton, daughter of —— Thornton, Esq. Cumingsburg.

March 7. At Anstruther, Mr S. Williamson, surgeon, R. N. to Mrs Mary Robb.

20. At Lochside, the Rev. Robert Smith, minister of Lochwinnoch, to Margery, eldest daughter of the late William Barr, Esq. of Lochside.

21. At Campbeltown, at the house of Colonel Macalister of Barr, by the Rev. Dr Robertson, Angus Macalister, Esq. of Balinakill, to Miss Frances Byng Macalister, eldest daughter of Col. Norman Macalister, some time governor of Prince of Wale's Island.

23. Valentine H. Mairis, Esq. of the 78th Highland regiment, to Elizabeth, second daughter of T. Edwards, Esq. of Bishop's Lavington.

27. At Gallanton, James Hutchison, Esq. East Weems, to Agnes Ann, fourth daughter of Mr William Roper.

— William Dixon, jun. Esq. of Govanhill, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Strang, Esq.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Ritchie, merchant in Edinburgh, to Miss Marion Seton, only surviving daughter of the late Mr James Seton of Drummaird, surgeon in Kennoway.

April 3. At Dumfries, Mr Robert Milligan, writer, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Hugh Rorrison, writer, Kirkcudbright.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Bayley, Esq. surgeon, to Miss Christian, daughter of the late Charles M'Kenzie, Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

4. At Blochairn, near Glasgow, Roderick Reace, Esq. writer, Inverness, to Ann, fourth daughter of the late Rev. Angus Bethune, minister of Alness.

6. At St Pancras, Yorkshire, Henry Francis Hough, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Eliza Paton Bruce, daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Robert Bruce, of Elstree, in the county of Herts.

— The Rev. Edward Bankes, son of H. Bankes, Esq. M.P. to the Hon. Frances Jane Scott, daughter of the Lord Chancellor.

7. At Miss Hope's, No 98, George-street, by the Rev. Mr Walker, John Scott, Esq. of Gala, to Miss Magdalane Hope, sister to Sir John Hope of Pinkie.

8. At Aberdeen, Colin Allan, M. D. surgeon of the late 7th West India regiment, to Jane Gibbon, only daughter of the late Peter John Knox, M. D. formerly of Santa Cruz.

10. At Edinburgh, James Dallas, Esq. merchant, to Marion, third daughter of Robert Johnston, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

13. At Walcot Church, Bath, Arnold Thompson, Esq. 81st regiment of foot, to Anna Maria Bunbury, fourth daughter of the late Captain Abm. Bunbury, 62d regiment of foot.

17. At the house of Lord Robert Ker, the Right Hon. Lord John Campbell, to Miss Glassel of Longniddrie.

— At Provanside, John Gabriel Buchanan, Esq. writer, Glasgow, to Catherine, second daughter of James Carsewell, Esq.

18. At Gartincaber, John Burn, Esq. advocate, to Anne Maule, only child of the late William Murdoch, Esq. of Gartincaber.

— At Callander, Captain Ranald Macdonald, of the 19th regiment of foot, to Flora, daughter of Alex. Macdonald, Esq. of Dalelia.

— At Wardour Castle, Lieut.-Colonel G. Macdonnell, C. B. late J. F. officer in Canada, to the Hon. Laura Arundell, second daughter of the late, and sister of the present Lord Arundell.

— William Wemyss. Esq. Deputy Commissary-general, to Mrs Davidson, widow of the late Major Davidson, 42d regiment.

19. At Edinburgh, Alexander Steele, Esq. Morningside, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Mr Hugh Grieve, Dalhousie.

— At Aberdour, Mr John Morison, merchant, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Capt. John Thomson, Aberdour.

28. At Mouswald Mains, Annandale, James Hogg, Esq. author of "The Queen's Wake," &c. to Miss Margaret Philips, third daughter of Mr Peter Philips, farmer there.

29. At Edinburgh, by the Rev. Rich. Shannon, John Gibson Lockhart, Esq. advocate, to Sophia Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Bart.

Lately, at Cleasby, in Yorkshire, Richard Binks, Esq. of Hull, to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late George Gordon, of Middleton Tyas. The bride is turned of 53 years of age; and the bridegroom (who has only been six months a widower,) is upwards of 76.

At Rome, the Hon. William Dawson, to Patience, youngest daughter of Lieut.-General Scott, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Edward Blackett, Bart.

In Portman Square, London, the Hon. R. W. Penn Curzon, to lady G. Harriet Brudenell, second daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.

At Braughen, Hertfordshire, the Right Hon. Lord Kirkcudbright, to Miss Cantes.

DEATHS.

Aug. 13, 1819. In the camp near Malligaam, in the East Indies, where he held the situation of commissary, Lieut. Thomas Baird, of the 5th regiment native infantry, on the Bombay establishment, eldest son of Thomas Walker Baird, Esq. advocate, in the 24th year of his age.

Oct. 9. At Chinsura, in the East Indies, George Johnston, Esq. late coach-maker in Calcutta, third son of the late Mr James Johnston, farmer in Roughswiel.

22. At Bombay, Hector Macdonald Buchanan, younger of Drumakiln, cornet in the Madras cavalry.

Nov. 13. At Calcutta, of a fever, Mr James Hay, surgeon, from Carron, Stirlingshire, aged 22.

17. At Demerara, Henry, aged 22, and at Kirkaldy, on the 29th March, 1820, Andrew, aged 30, both sons of Mr Michael Beveridge, Comptroller of the Customs, Kirkcaldy.

Dec. 23. At Buenos Ayres, Lieut. J. Reid, R.N. eldest son of the deceased Mr James Reid, shipmaster in Fraserburgh, much regretted.

Jan. 30, 1820. In the Island of Grenada, Mr Charles C. Brown, youngest son of Mr John Osburn Brown, Esq.

31. At Port Royal, Jamaica, of two days' illness, Mr Robert Schanks, midshipman, his Majesty's ship Iphigenia, youngest son of Mr John Schanks, Edin-Grove, Fife.

Feb. 2. At Gibraltar, Mr George Steuart, Admiralty midshipman, R.N. youngest son of the late Andrew Steuart, Esq. of Auchlunkart.

8. At Demerara, Mr Thomas Jones Cumine, fourth son of Archibald Cumine of Auchry, Esq. county of Aberdeen.

11. At Skibo, Sutherlandshire, in her 94th year Mrs Macdonald, relict of John Macdonald, Esq. Breakish.

15. At St Petersburgh, Mr Brown, a King's Messenger. He had been sent out with despatches to the Russian Government, announcing the death of our late King, and the accession of his present Majesty.

23. At Savil, in the island of Sanday, Orkney, Mrs Helen Douglas.

25. At No 1, Prince's-street, Miss Beatrix Thomson, aged 22.

28. In Mrs Miller's house, No 10, Abbeyhill, Edinburgh, Miss Janet Macdonald.

March 1. At Palermo, James, fourth son of the late David Paterson, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

4. At Gibraltar, after a long illness, Major Chas. Taylor, of the royal artillery.

5. At Rosemarkie, Charles Matheson, Esq.

— The Countess of Fauconberg.

11. At Peterhead, Mrs Gordon, wife of Alex. Gordon, Esq. of Invernettie.

— At Salutation, near Darlington, in his 105th year, Mr Benjamin Garnet. He never experienced one day's illness, and walked about till a few hours before his death, and had the use of all his faculties to the last.

13. At Elsinore, after a short illness, Mr Mullens, of the firm of Mullens and Knox.

14. At Knightsbridge, aged 84, Dr Michael Underwood, many years physician to the British Lying-in-Hospital, and the accoucheur who was engaged at the birth of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte.

15. At St Petersburgh, Louis Duncan Cassamajor, Esq. secretary to the British embassy at the court of Russia.

17. At Epsom Wells, Mr William Hitchener.
19. At Carlung, Ayrshire, Archibald Alexander, Esq. of Boydstan.
20. At Kingston, Surrey, Lieut.-Gen. Gabriel Johnston, of the Hon. East India Company's service.
— At his house, in Manchester-street, Manchester-square, London, Gilbert Hall, Esq.
21. At his house, in Lower Brook-street, London, in the 92d year of his age, Viscount Curzon.
— At Dollar, in the 81st year of his age, and 57th of his incumbency, Mr John M'Arbrea, parochial teacher there.
— At Ettrickbank, near Selkirk, William Scott, Esq. of Ettrickbank, late of the island of Jamaica.
— At Ardoch, Captain Charles Moray, youngest son of the late Charles Moray Stirling, of Abercairney.
23. At Perth, Capt. Colin Campbell of the West Perthshire local militia.
24. Agnes Reid, spouse of Mr John Wright, Hermitage Place, Stockbridge.
— J. Peel, Esq. of Fazely, brother to Sir R. Peel, Bart.
— At her house, in James's-square, Mrs Jane Legrand, relict of Mr Alexander Ferguson, writer in Edinburgh, and only surviving daughter of the late Edward Legrand, Esq. of Bonnington.
25. At Cadogan Terrace, near London, in her 86th year, Mrs Moore, widow of Dr Moore.
— At Innergellie, James Lumsdaine, Esq. of Innergellie.
— At his house, in Forth-street, John Thomson, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.
26. At Woolwich, Francis Purves, Esq. son of the late Sir Alexander Purves of Purves, Bart.
— At Edinburgh, James Dickson, Esq. Deputeclerk of the High Court of Admiralty.
— In the 25th year of her age, at Gifford-park, Edinburgh, Margaret Mein, wife of James Imrey, builder, and in a few hours after, her infant son. Both mother and child were laid in one grave.
28. At Seafield Baths, Joseph Thomson, Esq. Jedburgh, late of the island of Jamaica.
— Alexander Graham, Esq. of Limekilns.
— At Dunbar, Mrs Margaret Gilloch, spouse of Mr John Kirkwood, upholsterer there.
— At Mr Sime's, North Leith, Joseph Stoney, Esq. late of Stonehenge, Jamaica.
29. At Peebles, John Murray Robertson, Esq. Commissary and Sheriff-clerk of Peebles.
— At his house, in George's-square, Edinburgh, Robert Little Gilmour, Esq. W. S.
— At Ormiston, Miss Jane Johnstone.
— At her house, in Castle-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Skene, sen. of Rubislaw.
30. At Edinburgh, Richard Drake, youngest son of the late Admiral Deans of Huntington.
31. At Colinton, William Forbes Hunter, son of Robert Hunter, A. M. parochial schoolmaster there.
— At East Linton, Andrew Brand, Esq. late of the island of Nevis.
— At Upper Grosvenor-street, London, Patrick Crauford Bruce, Esq. of Glenely.
— Mrs Walker, wife of Mr Andrew Walker, Graham-street.
— At Hampstead heath, in the prime of life, the Right Hon. Frances, Countess of Huntingdon, her Ladyship having lain in the Sunday preceding of her tenth child.

April 1. At the house of William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P. Kensington Gore, the very Rev. Isaac Milner, D. D. F. R. S. Dean of Carlisle, President of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in that University.
— At 72, West Newington, Mr Robert Ponton.
— At Salisbury Green, Lady Dickson of Prestonfield.
— At Anstruther Easter, David Henderson, Esq. late commander of the Prince of Wales Excise yacht, aged 77, near 50 years of which were spent in that service.
2. At Brompton, in the 42d year of his age, Dr Thomas Brown, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; a man of the highest talents, the greatest worth, and the most amiable disposition and manners.
— At Cheltenham, major-Gen. Kemmis
— At Howard-place, Charlotte Augusta, eldest daughter of Captain Thomas Hamilton.
3. At Leven, Mrs Mary Morris, wife of Hugh Hutcheson, Esq. surgeon, R. N.
— At her brother's house, Beanston, Miss Beatrice Bairnsfather, daughter of the late Mr Bairnsfather, Harperdem.
4. At his mother's house, Salisbury-street, Edinburgh, Mr J. N. Anderson, much and justly regretted.
— At Kirkaldy, Mrs Wemyss, widow of the late Dr Alexander Wemyss, physician in Kirkaldy.
5. At the manse of Crail, Mrs Catherine Beatson, wife of the Rev. Andrew Bell, minister of that parish.
— At Edinburgh, in her 73d year, Mrs Elizabeth Miller, relict of Mr John Milne, formerly at Mill of Stonehaven.
6. At Campbeltown, Alex. Auld, Esq. of Carcoside, and late of Demerara.
8. At his apartments in Hampton-court Palace, Colonel Thomas, master of the Robes, and Groom of the Bed-chamber to his Majesty.
— At Peterhead, Thomas Arbuthnot, Esq. merchant and bank-agent there.
— At Juniper-bank, Mr John Thorburn, farmer.
— At Peebles, Arundel Spens, youngest son of Colonel Spens, of the Hon. East India Company's service.
— At Dumfries, Miss Agnes Kennedy, second daughter of the late Francis Kennedy of Dunure, Esq.
9. At Solsgirth, Mrs Susanna Robe, spouse of James Tait, Esq. of Solsgirth, and eldest daughter of the late John Robe, Esq. of Dilloter.
10. At Killihasie, Miss Stewart, eldest daughter of the late Robert Stewart Fleming, Esq.
11. At Dysart, after a few hours illness, Mr James Fraser, schoolmaster.
— At his house, in Howe-street, John Forrest, Esq. late merchant in Edinburgh.
13. At St Andrew's, Mrs Alison Tullideph, the last surviving daughter of the late Principal Tullideph, of the United College, and relict of the Rev. Mr Thomson, minister at Kingoldrum, in her 85th year.
— At his house, James's-place, Leith Links, Mr William Scott. late brewer, Leith, in his 63d year.
14. At Hermitage-place, Mrs M'Arthur of Littlemill.
— In Oxford-street, London, in her 74th year, the Dowager Lady Burgoyne.
— Mrs Catherine Wight, Lawnmarket, Edinr.
— At her house, Gayfield-square, Edinburgh, aged 98, Mrs Marion Carfrae, relict of Mr John Porteous, late soap-manufacturer, Edinburgh.
15. At his house, St James's-square, Edinburgh, James Robertson, Esq. W.S.
16. At Edinburgh, John, eldest son of Patrick Irvine of Inveramsay, Esq. W.S.
— In Conduit-street, Hanover-square, London, William Macnamara, Esq. late captain in the Hon. East India Company's service.
17. In Upper Norton-street, in his 87th year, Claud Russell, Esq.
18. At the Pavilion, Brighton, of a consumption, Mr Charles Maxwell, one of the junior pages of the presence to his Majesty.
28. We announce with regret the death of William Davies, Esq. of the firm of Cadell & Davies, booksellers in the Strand, London. This melancholy event took place on Friday afternoon. Mr Davies had been for some time in a declining state of health, but appeared better than usual in the morning of Friday. He was a man of polished manners, liberal principles, and unsullied purity in all his dealings. Esteemed in life by all who knew him, he is lamented in death by a numerous circle of friends.

Lately—The Right Hon. the Earl of Harewood. His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only son, Lord Lascelles, Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire. His lordship was in the 85d year of his age.

At Arcueil, in France, the residence of the Count Bertholet, Mr Blagden, Secretary of the Royal Society of London.

At Liverpool, after a tedious illness, John Beckwith, Esq. late of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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HORÆ GERMANICÆ. No V.

*The Faustus of Goethe.**

The Drama, of which we are about to give some account, defies the critic more than any work we have ever met, and yet, few things that we have read have produced on us an impression more immediate or more likely to be permanent. The mysterious relation between our world and that of spirits has afforded in all ages a foundation for works of the highest poetical interest; no other works of fiction, indeed, have a firmer basis of reality in the depths of the human mind. They bring back to it its obscure longings—they give a form to its most inward hopes and apprehensions—to the thoughts, which we scarcely dare to shape into words—and they connect the terrors and eagerness of believing childhood with the wildest and most daring speculations into which we can venture, concerning our nature and our destiny.

The subject of the drama before us is the old story of Faustus. Convinced of the vanity of study—of the impossibility of attaining precise knowledge on any subject of human inquiry—he applies himself to magic—commands the presence of different orders of spirits—sells his soul to the devil—abandons himself to the indulgence of his passions—and remains still distracted by the same restlessness of mind that first led him to forbidden studies—still dissatisfied while he attains the object of every new desire. Even while he is rejoicing in his new knowledge—even while he endeavours to justify to himself his apostacy from Heaven—he is felt to be the slave of a mean degraded being, whom he despises—of a heartless cunning and deriding devil.

To express our feeling of some of the peculiar merits of this drama, would be in some degree to invite from our readers the charge of presumption against our translation. Though we admit the objection, yet it is scarce possible to avoid saying a few words on the subject. Goethe seems to us to have conveyed the most lofty conceptions of the nature of man, and those beings with whom we are connected for good or evil, in language rich yet simple—dignified yet familiar—and in parts of the work, we almost believe, while we are listening, in the magical effects attributed to sound. Nothing that we know in our language can give any idea of the charm we allude to, but a few of the most inspired passages of Coleridge; often, while engaged in our present task, have we thought of Kubla Khan and Christabel, and felt an idle regret that we could not have the enjoyment of reading the passages which we most admired in the German tragedy, shadowed out in the rich mystical num-

* We think it proper to mention, that the translations in this number of the Horæ Germanicæ are not executed by Mr Gillies, but by another friend, whose contributions in verse and in prose, serious and comic, have already very frequently honoured our pages.

bers of our own great poet, which often affect the heart and ear like a spell.*

The volume opens with some beautiful and very affecting stanzas. Few men, even in early life, have not to think of disappointed hopes, and to lament the removal of the friends whom they were most anxious to please. Who is there who has not, in the course of his toils, been interrupted, and paused to ask himself, "for what am I labouring now?"

"Where are the smiles we longed to gain,
The pledge of labour *not* in vain?"

The following are Goethe's introductory stanzas:

Again, fair images, ye flutter near,
As erst ye shone to cheer the mourner's eye,
And may I hope that ye will linger here?
Will my heart leap as in the days gone by?
Ye throng before my view, divinely clear,
Like sun-beams conquering a cloudy sky!
Beneath your lightning-glance my spirit burns,
Magic is breathing—youth and joy returns!

What forms rise beautiful of happy years?
What lovely shadows float before me fast?
Like an old song still tingling in the ears,
I hear the voice of loves and friendships past;—
Renewed each sorrow and each joy appears
That marked life's changing labyrinthine waste;
The friends return, who past in youth away,
Cheated, alas! of half life's little day!

But ah! they cannot hear my closing song,
Those hearts, for whom my earliest lays were tried;
Departed is, alas! the friendly throng,
And dumb the echoing spirits that replied;
If some still live this stranger world among,
Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide,
To men unknown my griefs must I impart,
Whose very praise is sorrow to the heart!

Again it comes! a long unwonted feeling,
A wish for that calm solemn phantom-land
My song is swelling now, now lowly stealing,
Like Æol's harp, by varying breezes fanned,
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
And silent shudders shew a heart unmanned,
—Dull forms of daily life before me flee,
The PAST—the PAST alone, seems true to me!

There are two preludes to the main work; one, a dialogue between the poet and the stage-manager, in which some of the difficulties of a writer for the theatre are pointed out in a lively and pleasing manner; and the other, entitled, "Prologue in Heaven," which is founded on the passage in Job, where Satan is introduced as coming with the Sons of God to present himself before the Lord. This contains a great deal that is written in a light and irreverent tone, and possesses, we think, very little merit of any kind.

The play itself opens like "Marlowe's Tragicall Historie of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus," with an exhibition of Faustus in his study, complaining of the vanity of the different sciences. In the play before us

---

* For instance:

"——In her arms the maid she took,
Ah well-a-day!
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say:
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel!
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow,
This mark of thy shame, this seal of my sorrow;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heardest a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady surpassingly fair;
And did'st bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air."—*Christabel, part* 1*st.*

"A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I could build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry beware! beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank the milk of paradise."
Kubla Khan.

Can any thing be more divine than the musical versification of these passages? And surely it is most appropriate. We could easily multiply such passages from Coleridge's works. See the incantation in the "REMORSE."

there is not the scholastic pedantry with which Marlowe's scenes are filled; but, perhaps, the weariness and dissatisfaction arising from the waste of talent in unprofitable, perplexing, and visionary inquiries, is more forcibly impressed upon us in the hard rough lines of our own old poet, than in Goethe's more refined language. In the two plays, there is scarcely any other resemblance than what occurs in the opening scene of each; and though both poets are said to be indebted to an old German play which we have not seen, yet their dissimilarity to each other is such, as enables us to decide, that they can have derived but little from a common source.

We give the opening scene of Goethe's tragedy:

TIME, *Night.*

SCENE.—*A high-arched narrow Gothic chamber*—FAUSTUS *at his desk, appears restless.*

Fa. Alas! I have explored
Philosophy, and law, and medicine,
And over deep divinity have pored,
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal—
And here I am at last, a very fool,
With useless learning cursed,
No wiser than at first!
They call me doctor—and I lead
These ten years past my pupils' creed,
Winding, by dext'rous words, with ease,
Their opinions as I please!
And now to feel that nothing can be known!
This is a thought that burns into my heart;
I have been more acute than all those triflers;
Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers;
I solved each doubt; paused at no difficulty;
And would not yield a point to Hell or Devil!
And now to feel that nothing can be known;
This drives all comfort from my mind—
Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning or untrue!
Unhappy, ignorant, and blind,
I cannot hope to teach mankind!
—Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
Without dominion, rank, or treasure,
Without one joy that earth can give;
What dog such life would deign to live?—
Therefore with patient toil severe
To magic have I long applied,
In hope from spirits' lips to hear
Some certain clue my thoughts to guide,
Some truth to others unrevealed,
Some mystery from mankind sealed:
—And cease to teach, with shame of heart,
Things of which I know no part;
And see the secrets of the earth,
The seeds of beings ere their birth—
Thus end at once this vexing fever
Of words, mere words, repeated ever.
Beautiful Moon!—Ah! would that now
For the last time thy lovely beams
Shone on my troubled brow!
Oft from this desk, at middle night
I have sate gazing on thy light!
Wearied with search, thro' volumes endless
I sate 'mong papers—crowded books,
Alone—when thou, friend of the friendless,
Camest smiling in with soothing looks—
Oh! that upon yon headland height,
I now was wandering in thy light,
Floating with spirits, like a shadow
Round mountain cave—o'er twilight meadow—
Or, bathing in thy dew, could find
Repose from toil—and health of mind!
Alas, and am I in the gloom
Still of this cursed dungeon room?
Where even Heaven's light so beautiful
Thro' the stained glass comes thick and dull—
'Mong volumes heaped from floor to ceiling,
Thro' whose pages worms are stealing—
Dreary walls—where dusty paper
Bears deep stains of smoky vapour—
Glasses—instruments—all lumber
Of this kind the place encumber—
All a man of learning gathers—
All bequeathed me by my fathers—
Are in strange confusion hurled!
Here, Faustus, is thy world—a world!
And dost thou ask, why in thy breast
The fearful heart is not at rest!
Why painful feelings, undefined,
With icy pressure load thy mind!
From living nature thou hast fled
To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead;
And for the lovely scenes which Heaven
To man hath in its bounty given,
Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones
Of brute and human skeletons!
Away—away—and far away
This book, where secret spells are scanned,
Traced by Nostradam's own hand,
Will be thy strength and stay!
The courses of the stars to thee
No longer are a mystery!
The thoughts of nature thou canst seek
As spirits with their brothers speak—
To strive by learning to explain
These symbols, were but labour vain—
Then, ye whom I feel floating near me,
Spirits, answer me, ye who hear me!

(*He opens the book, and glances over the sign of Macrocosmus.*)

Ha! what new life divine, intense,
Floods in a moment every sense;
I feel the dawn of youth again,
Visiting each glowing vein!
Was it a God, who wrote this sign?
The tumults of my soul are stilled,
My withered heart with rapture filled!
In virtue of the spell divine,
The secret powers, that nature mould,
Their essence and their acts unfold—
The wise man's words at length are plain,
Whose sense I sought so long in vain!
" The world of spirits no clouds conceal,

" Man's eye is dim and it cannot see,
" Man's heart is dead and it cannot feel,
" But thou, who would'st know the things
that be,
" Bathe thy heart in the sunrise red,
" Till its stains of earthly dross are fled."
(*He looks over the sign attentively.*)
Oh! how the spell before my sight
Brings nature's hidden acts to light—
See! all things with each other blending—
Each to all its being lending—
All on each in turn depending—
Heavenly ministers descending—
And again to Heaven up-tending—
Breathing blessings see them bending—
Balanced Worlds from change defending,
Thro' all diffusing harmony unending!
Oh, what a vision, but a vision only,
For how can man, imperfect abject creature,
Embrace thy charms, illimitable nature!
Waters of life, all heavens and earth that cheer
In vain man's spirit sighs to feel ye near,
Onward ye haste, we sigh to taste,
Lingering in mute despair, complaining, lonely!
(*He turns over the book sorrowfully, and glances over the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.*)
How differently this sign affects my frame!
Spirit of Earth, my nature is the same,
Or near a-kin to thine;
How fearlessly I read this sign,
And feel, even now, new powers are mine,
While my brain burns, as though with wine!
I feel within my soul the birth
Of strength, enabling me to bear,
And thoughts impelling me to share
The fortunes good or evil of the earth!
To travel in the tempests breath,
Or plunge where shipwreck grinds his teeth!
All around grows cold and cloudy,
The moon withdraws her ray—
The lamps thin flame is shivering—
It fades—it dies away!
Ha!—round my brow what sparkles ruddy
In trembling light are quivering—
From the roof with breath congealing,
Comes a strange and icy feeling—
'Tis thou, I feel thee, spirit, near,
Whom I summoned to appear!
——— Spirit to my sight be present—
How my heart is torn in sunder,
All my thoughts convulsed with wonder!
Senses—harrowed up to bear
Wild emotions—feelings rare—
Spirit—my heart, my heart is given to thee!
Though death may be the price, I cannot chuse but see!
(*He clasps the book, and pronounces the sign of the spirit mysteriously—a red flame, and in the flame the Spirit.*)
Spirit. Who hath called me?
Faus. (*averting his face.*) Fearful sight!
Spirit. Hither from my distant sphere
Thou hast compelled me to appear,
And now—
Faus. Alas! I shudder in affright!
Spirit. With what anxiety of mind
Didst thou demand to gaze on me,
My voice to hear, my form to see?
Thy longings, earnest and intense,
Have reached my sphere, and brought me, thence!
And now—what pitiful despair
Hath seized thee? thee, thou more than man—
Where is the courage, that could dare
To call on fleshless spirits! where
The soul, that would conceive the plan
Of worlds, that in its venturous pride,
The bounds, which limit man, defied—
Heaved with high sense of inborn powers
Nor feared to mete its strength with ours?
Where art thou, Faustus! thou whose voice I heard,
Whose mighty spirit pressed itself to mine!
Art thou the same? whose senses thus are shattered,
Whose very being in my breath is scattered,
Whose soul into itself retreating,
Vain worm can scarce endure the fearful meeting!
Fa. Creature of flame, shall I grow pale before thee?
'Twas I that called thee—Faustus—I, thy equal!
Spirit. In the currents of life, in the tempests of motion,
Hither and thither,
Over and under,
Wend I and wander—
Birth and the grave—
A limitless ocean,
Where the restless wave
Undulates ever—
Under and over,
Their toiling strife,
I mingle and hover,
The spirit of life;
Hear the murmuring wheel of time, unawed,
As I weave the living mantle of God!
Fa. Spirit, whose presence circles the wide earth,
How near akin to thine I feel my nature.
Spirit. Man, thou art like those beings which thy mind
Can image, not like me! (*Vanishes.*)
Fa. (*overpowered with confusion.*) Not like thee!
Formed in the image of the Deity,
And yet unmeet to be compared with thee!

We have been induced to transcribe this entire scene, partly because the dialogue, being less broken into short sentences, is more easily separable from the piece, but chiefly because it seems the part of Goethe's tragedy which bears the greatest resemblance to Manfred. We cannot indeed avoid assenting to Goethe's supposition, that

Faustus suggested Lord Byron's wonderful drama. Manfred, however, like the rest of Lord Byron's poems, soon becomes a personification of the author's own feelings, and he forgets Faustus, and Goethe, and every thing but himself, long before the dark termination of the story. In the play before us, on the contrary, it is easy to see the author's perfect dominion over his subject; that "he possesses, (to use Coleridge's language on a different occasion) and is not possessed by his genius;" that the successive scenes are brought forward to our view by the author, as a sympathizing witness, not as one of the sufferers or agents—he allows us to feel for the distress occasioned by the hero of his tale, and does not concentrate the entire interest on the workings of a single bosom—on the alternation of feverish excitement and indolent despair—of passion and apathy—of adoration towards nature's beauties and sublimities, followed and contrasted by blasphemies against the author of nature. Lord Byron is too fond of bringing before us the infidelity of a strong mind. It is a dangerous contemplation, for we endeavour instinctively to find a justification for the errors of an intellect we admire. We suffer—it is well if we do not half approve the evil for the sake of the good with which it is associated. The early works of Goethe, in common with much of the German literature, were subject to this charge, but we think this drama quite free from the offence. Faustus is represented as being "unstable as water," with an active impatient imaginative mind, with a kindly and affectionate heart. We feel that he loves the poor girl whom he destroys—we transfer his guilt to the Satanic being by whom he is attended—we pity and forgive him. The moral sense is not wounded by an endeavour to justify his crimes, for we regard him not as a culprit, but as a sufferer under the influence of an evil demon.

A few sentences from a work of Goethe's, which we have not yet seen, have been translated in Baldwin's London Magazine for last month. They are curious, as shewing his opinion of Lord Byron's obligations to Faustus, which, however, are not as great as he imagines—and still more curious, as shewing how strongly Lord Byron is identified by his readers with his heroes, when such a man as Goethe could believe and publish such ridiculous scandal as the personal adventure which he attributes to his Lordship.

"The tragedy of Manfred, by Lord Byron, is a most singular performance, and one which concerns me nearly. This wonderful and ingenious poet has taken possession of my *Faust*, and hypochondriacally drawn from it the most singular nutriment. He has employed the means in it which suit his object in his particular manner, so that no one thing remains the same, and on this account I cannot sufficiently admire his ability. The recast is so peculiar, that a highly interesting lecture might be given on its resemblance, and want of resemblance, to its model—though I cannot deny, that the gloomy fervour of a rich and endless despair becomes at last wearisome to us. However, the displeasure which we feel is always connected with admiration and esteem.

"The very quintessence of the sentiments and passions, which assist in constituting the most singular talent for self-commentary ever known, is contained in this tragedy. The life and poetical character of Lord Byron can hardly be fairly estimated. Yet he has often enough avowed the source of his torments; he has repeatedly pourtrayed it; but hardly any one sympathizes with the insupportable pain with which he is incessantly struggling.

"Properly speaking, he is continually pursued by the ghosts of two females, who play great parts in the above-named tragedy, the one under the name of Astarte, the other without figure or visibility, merely a voice.

"The following account is given of the horrible adventure which he had with the former:

"'When a young, bold, and highly attractive personage, he gained the favour of a Florentine lady; the husband discovered this, and murdered his wife; but the *murderer was found dead in the street the same night*, under circumstances which did not admit of attaching suspicion to any one.'

"Lord B. fled from Florence, and seems to drag spectres after him ever afterwards!

"This strange incident receives a high degree of probability from innu-

merable allusions in his poems; as for instance, in his application of the story of Pausanias to himself.

"What a wounded heart must the poet have, who selects from antiquity such an event, applies it to himself, and loads his tragic resemblance with it!"

This is a long digression; but we could not resist the temptation of laying before our readers so singular a passage. We will not delay them, however, by any remarks of our own on the justice of Goethe's criticism, but hasten to continue our sketch of his tragedy.

Faustus is interrupted in his reflections on the interview with the Spirit of the Earth, by a visit from his pupil, Wagner, which we agree with him in feeling disposed to resent as an untimely intrusion. Wagner appears to us to be a very commonplace sort of person—a man of some common sense, but no imagination—devoted steadily and industriously to literary pursuits—learning from the critics the beauties of the poets—a good impersonation of the combined qualities of a private tutor and a reviewer—Mr Cobbett writing on grammar or lecturing on taste. Nothing, however, can be farther from the poet's mind than the idea of speaking irreverently of so important a personage.

Enter Wagner, in his dressing-gown and night-cap—a lamp in his hand. Faustus turns round displeased.

Wag. Forgive me, but I thought you were declaiming.
You have been reciting some Greek play, no doubt;
I wish to improve myself in this same art;
'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said,
An actor might give lessons to a parson.
Fa. Yes! when your parson is himself an actor;
A circumstance which very often happens!
Wag. Oh! if a man shuts himself up for ever
In his dull study; if he sees the world
Never, unless on some chance-holiday
Look'd at from a distance, thro' a telescope,
How can he learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them or persuade?
Fa. If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive;
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with communicated power,
In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly.
Toil on for ever; piece together fragments;
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors,
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words, which come not native from the heart!
Wag. Expression, graceful utterance, is the first
And best acquirement of the orator.
This do I feel, and feel my want of it!
Fa. Dost thou seek genuine and worthy fame?
Not as our town-declaimers use, delighted,
Like a brute beast, with chimes of jingling bells.
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance—no toil of elocution;
And when you speak in earnest, do you need
A search for words? Oh! those fine holiday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out common places,
Are lifeless, unproductive, as the wind
That sighs in autumn 'mong the withered leaves!
Wag. The search of knowledge is a weary one,
And life, alas! is short!—
How often have the heart and brain, o'ertasked,
Shrunk back despairing from inquiries vain!
Oh! with what difficulty are the means
Acquired, that lead us to the springs of knowledge!
And when the path is found, ere we have trod
Half the long way—poor wretches! we must die!
Fa. Are mouldy records, then, the holy springs,
Whose healing waters still the thirst within?
Oh! never yet hath mortal drunk
A draught restorative,
That welled not from the depths of his own soul!
Wag. Pardon me—but you will at least confess
That 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself
Into the spirit of the ages past;
To see how wise men thought in olden time,
And how far we outstep their march in knowledge.
Fa. Oh yes! as far as from the earth to heaven!
To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals:
That which you call the spirit of ages past
Is but in truth the spirit of some few men,
In which those ages are beheld reflected.
Oh! often, what a toilsome thing it is
This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
A mass of things confusedly heaped together;
A lumber-room of dusty documents,

Furnished with all approved court-precedents,
And old traditional maxims! Oh, how well
Your great ones play the puppets of mankind!

Wag. But knowledge of the world—man's heart and mind—
Of these, at least, we all should learn a little.

Fa. Yes, *learn!* men call it learning, who may dare
To name things by their real names! The few
Who did know something, and were weak enough
To expose their hearts unguarded—to expose
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men,
They have been nailed to crosses—thrown to flames——
Pardon me; but—'tis very late, my friend;
Too late, to hold this conversation longer.

Wag. How willingly would I sit up for ever,
Gathering instruction from your learned words!
To-morrow, as a boon on Easter-day,
You must permit me a few questions more;
I have applied with diligence to study—
The more I know, the more I long for knowledge. (*Exit.*

We have spoken, perhaps, too disrespectfully of Wagner, but he never appears except to interrupt something more interesting than any lecture on oratory which we could receive. After the sublime pursuits in which we find Faustus engaged, it is impossible to conceive him descending to mere common conversation—we cannot forgive the mortal foot that breaks the spell—we feel ourselves defrauded of the presence of the spirits, with whom we had hoped to find Faustus conversing. We know, that thus disturbed, they will not again return. And when Wagner has left Faustus's study, we are obliged to listen to the voice of human complaint, and human sorrow. Faustus's dissatisfaction is expressed in tones of deeper dejection—"divine astrology" has lost its charm; and, though he resolves on suicide, it is more from despair than the philosophical curiosity, to which, by a natural self-deception, he endeavours to attribute it.

(*Wagner exit. Faustus alone.*)

How hope abandons not the humblest mind!
Some idle wish the loneliest bosom forms,
We delve with eagerness for gold, and find
Worms—dust—and then attach ourselves to dust!
And worms!
And did human accents dare
To disturb the midnight air,
With their mean and worthless sound,
Here where spirits breathed around?
Yet, dull intruder, must my heart
Thank thee, wretched as thou art,
When my senses sank beneath
Despair, and sought relief in death;
When life within me dying shivered,
Thy presence from the trance delivered.
Oh! while I stood before that giant stature,
How dwarfed I felt beneath its nobler nature!
Image of God, I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay!
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene!
Greater than cherubs, who have strength to see
Through Nature, who in actions of their own
Exert, enjoy a sense of Deity,
Greater than theirs I deemed my dignity,
Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone,
All by one word of thunder overthrown!
Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee!
True, I compelled thee to appear,
But had no power to hold thee here!
Oh! at that glorious moment how I felt—
How little and how great!
Thy presence flung me shuddering back
Into man's abject state;
That inexplicable trance
Of utter hopeless ignorance!
Who now shall teach me? what is it I fear?
This impulse of my soul shall I obey?
By act, as well as suffering we may stay
The stream of life!
Whate'er of noblest thought
The human soul can reach is clogged and pressed
By low considerations that adhere,
Inseparably. Oh! when we obtain
The goods of this world, soon do we restrain
Our loftier aspirations, and we call
Man's better riches a delusion vain;
The mockery of an idle vision all!
The lordly feelings given us at our birth,
Are 'numbed, and die 'mong the low caves of earth!

How boldly, in the days of youthful Hope,
Imagination spreads her wing unchecked,
Deeming all things within her ample scope;
And oh, how small a space suffices her,
When Fortune flees away, vain flatterer,
And all we loved in life's strange whirl is wrecked!
Deep in the breast, Care builds her nest,
And ever-torturing scares all rest!
Each day assumes some new disguise,
With some new art the temper tries,
Fretting the mind with household cares,
Suggesting doubts of wife or heirs!
Hinting dark fancies to the soul,
Of fire and flood—of dirk and bowl.
Man trembles thus each hour at fancied crosses,
And weeps for ever at ideal losses

Am not I like the gods?—Alas! I tremble,
Feeling, imprest upon my soul, the thought
Of the mean worm, whose nature I resemble.
'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread
Crushes the wretched reptile into nought!

* * * *

Shall I find here the object of my search?
Turn o'er, perhaps, a thousand books, to read
How men have every where complained of fortune,
How here and there some one man has been happy!
(*Looking at a skull on the table.*)
What means thy grinning smile, thou empty skull?
Means it to say, thy brain, like mine bewildered
In anxious search for truth, once sought the beam
Of cloudless day; and in the mists of twilight,
Long wandering perplexed, sunk down despairing!
And ye, vain instruments, oh! how ye mock me,
Wheels, pulleys, rings, and lathes and cylinders,
At Nature's door I stand, you should be keys;
But weak are all your wards, the strong bolts move not!
Unsearchable in day's abundant light
Is Nature. Man may not remove her veil
Mysterious,—what she wills to be concealed,
In vain with levers and with screws you strive
Idly to wring from her reluctant bosom!

* * * *

But wherefore is my eye thus rivetted
In one direction?—why does yonder flask
Attract my glance, as though it was a magnet?
What brightness, lavish, lovely shines around me!
As when the moonlight cheers a midnight grove?
I give thee thanks,—I greet thee as a friend,
The best of friends; and with religious feeling,
I take thee down, and reverence in thee
The power and knowledge of the mind of men,
Extract of herbs, that minister kind slumbers—
Essence of all the subtlest powers of death,
Now bless me with thy favourable aid!
I see thee, and my pangs are less and less.
I clasp thee, and my anguish dies away;
My agitated heart at length grows calm!
Oh! I am plunging into a wide ocean,
That, like a mirror, sparkles at my feet;
Strange light to shores unknown allures me onward!
A car of fire with easy motion glides
Hither; my heart seeks eagerly to press
Thro' air, by paths unknown, to climes unknown;
And worlds unstained by Man's infirmity!

* * * *
* * * *

Let me then welcome thee, clear crystal cup,
Come from thy dark recess,
Where for long years unheeded thou hast lain.
Oh, at my father's banquets thou wert bright,
Cheering the guest, or holding his eye fixt
In admiration of the graver's skill,
As each to each passed on the cup with praise!
Its massy pride, and figures high embossed,
The merry task of each, who in his turn,
Ere yet he raised it to his lips, should sing
Some rude rhyme in its praise, and at one draught,
Drain the deep beverage;—all bring back to me
The many thoughtless joyous nights of boyhood!
Oh, never more to neighbours shall I reach thee,
And never more frame verses in thy praise!
This is a draught, that soon intoxicates,
And dark and turbid trembles its brown flood,—
But 'tis my choice—I mixed it—and will drink!—
Oh, may it be my last drink upon earth!
An offering, sacred to the higher joy,
That ere the morning light will bless my soul!

As he is raising the cup to his mouth, he is attracted by the sound of bells from without, and the song of the choir, who are commencing already in the early twilight, according to the national custom, to commemorate on Easter morn the resurrection of our Lord.

(*Easter hymn—Choir of the angels.*)
"Christ is from the grave arisen!
Joy to mortals, weak and weary,
Held by earth in thraldom dreary!
He hath burst the grave's stern portals;
He is risen, joy to mortals!"

Fa. Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich and heavenly!
How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
The cup uplifted from the eager lips.
Proud bells, and do your peals already ring
To greet the joyous dawn of Easter-morn?
And ye, rejoicing choristers, already
Flows forth your solemn song of consolation?
That song, which once from angel lips resounding
Around the midnight of the grave, was heard
The pledge and proof of a new covenant!

Hymn continued—Song of the women at the sepulchre.

We laid him for burial
'Mong aloes and myrrh;
His children and friends
Laid their dead master here!
All wrapt in his grave-dress,
We left him in fear—
Ah! where shall we seek him?
The Lord is not here!

Song of the Angels.

The Lord hath arisen,
Sorrow no longer;
Temptation hath tried him,
But he was the stronger.
The grave is no prison,
The Lord hath arisen!

Fa. Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most wild, most powerful,
What seek ye here?—Why will ye come to me
In dusty gloom immersed?—Oh rather speak
To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
I hear your message, but I have not faith—
And Miracle is Faith's beloved offspring!
I cannot force myself into those spheres,
Where these good tidings of great joy are heard;
And yet, from youth familiar with these sounds,
Even now they call me back again to life—
Oh once, in boyhood's time, the love of Heaven
Came down upon me—with mysterious kiss
Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day!
Then were the voices of those bells melodious,
Mingling with hopes and feelings mystical,
And prayer was then indeed a burning joy!
Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
Drove me, a wanderer through fields and woods,
Then tears rushed hot and fast—I felt within
That my soul hungered for a better world—
These bells announced the merry sports of youth—
These songs did welcome in the happy spring!
I feel as if once more a little child,
And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
Then sing ye forth—sweet songs that breathe of heaven,
Tears come! and EARTH hath won her child again!

HYMN CONTINUED—*Song of Youths.*

He who was buried,
Hath risen from the grave,
The Lord is in glory—
Is mighty to save!

Enthroned in brightness,
His labours are over,
On earth do his children
Still linger and suffer!

His own—his disciples
He leaves in their anguish,
Master, forget not
Thy servants, who languish!

The Song of Angels.

Christ is arisen—
The Lord hath ascended,
The dominion of Death
And Corruption is ended.

Your work of obedience
Haste to begin,
Break from the bondage
Of Satan and sin.—
In your lives his laws obey—
Let Love your governed bosoms sway—
Blessings to the poor convey—
To GOD with humble spirit pray—
To MAN his benefits display—
Act thus—and He—your master dear,
Though unseen, is ever near!

In the next division of the play, the scene changes to the fields outside the town, which are seen crowded with confused groupes of citizens of all classes. Without transcribing the entire, we could not convey an idea of this lively and hurried scene. The following song, sung by a party of soldiers as they pass on, is all we have room for.

"Cities, with high walls and fences,—
Maidens, with their haughty glances—
These the soldier seeks with ardour,
Say, to conquer which is harder."
Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.

Rush we at the trumpet measure,
With blythe hearts, to death and pleasure—
How the soldier's blood is warming,
When we think of cities storming—
Fortress strong, and maiden tender,
Must alike to us surrender!
Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.

Faustus and Wagner witness this scene of general gaiety with different feelings.—We give part of their dialogue.

Fa. River and rivulet are freed from ice
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
Green are the woods with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless—but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white,
Varying the green bloom of the springing flower!
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—
Everywhere life—everywhere vegetation—
All nature animate with glowing hues—
Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit
Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich
As trees or flowers, are sparkling many dresses!
The town, from its black dungeon gates forth pours,
In thousand parties, the gay multitude,
All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!
Servants, delighting in their master's absence,
Enjoy themselves abroad—from chambers damp
Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
Laborious—from the work-yard and the shop—
From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
And the oppression of confining streets,

And from the solemn twilight of dim churches,
All are abroad—all happy in the sun;
Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
Thro' fields and gardens they disperse themselves!
How the wide water, far as we can see,
Is joyous with innumerable boats!
See there, one almost sinking with its load,
Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top-paths
Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!
Are not those sounds of joy from the far village?
Oh happiness like this is real heaven!
The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—
Here may I feel that I too am a man!

Wag. Doctor, to walk with you is honourable
And most instructive, else I would not now
Consent to loiter my time thus away,
As I approve not of these coarse amusements;
Fiddles, and clamorous throats, and kettle-drums
Are to my mind things quite intolerable;
Men rave, as if possessed by evil spirits,
And call their madness joy and harmony!

(*Peasants dancing and singing.*)

SONG.

The Shepherd for the dance was drest,
With ribbands, cap, and Sunday vest,
All were dancing full of glee
Underneath the linden-tree!
'Tis merry, and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho!
Blythe goes the fiddle-bow!

Soon he runs to join the rest—
Up to a pretty girl he prest,
With elbow raised, and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Squeezed her hand;—with feigned surprise
Up she raised her timid eyes!
" 'Tis strange that you should use me so,
So. so—heigh-ho,—
'Tis rude of you to use me so.

All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowns and ribbands, how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring:
They grew red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm,
Slow, slow—heigh-ho!
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!

" And do not make so free," she said,
" I fear that you may never wed;—
" Men are cruel:"—and he prest
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark again the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden-tree—
'Tis merry—'tis merry—heigh-ho—heigh-ho:—
Blythe goes the fiddle-bow!

Faustus is recognised by some of the peasants, who revere his learning, and who now form a circle round him, to return thanks for his condescension in coming to witness their happiness,—and for his exertions in opposing, on a former occasion, a destructive plague. Faustus retires from them, to escape these praises, which he feels he has not merited—and Wagner to moralize on the respect in which learning is held by the ignorant. Wagner tries to relieve Faustus's depression of spirits, by the consideration that his studies and experiments have furnished a valuable addition to science,—to this Faustus replies:

Oh he indeed is happy, who still feels
And cherishes within his heart, the hope
To lift himself above the sea of error!
Of things we know not, each day do we find
The want of knowledge—all we know is useless:
But 'tis not wise to sadden with such thoughts
This hour of beauty and benignity;—
Look yonder with delightful heart and eye,
On those low cottages, that shine so bright,
Robed in the glory of the setting sun!
But he is parting—fading—day is o'er;—
Yonder he hastens to dispense new life.
Oh for a wing to raise me up from earth,
Nearer and yet more near to the bright orb.
Erst have I seen by Evening's heavenly light,
The world that sleeps so stilly at my feet,
These hills now kindling in the light—this stream,
Whose breast now shines like silver—this soft vale,
(How calm it is), all seemed as 'twere to flow
In floods of gold, beyond expression bright—
Nothing to stop or stay the god-like motion
Of the wild hill, and all its vales—the sea,
With its warm bays, to the astonished eyes
Opened its bosom—but at length the sun
Seemed just prepared to sink—a power unknown,
An impulse indescribable succeeded—
Onward in thought I haste to drink the beams
Of the eternal light—before me day
And night left far behind—and overhead
Wide Heaven—and under me the spreading sea;—
A glorious vision,—ere it past away,
The sun had sunk.—Oh, to the spirit's flight,
How faint and feeble are material wings!
Yet such our nature is, that when the lark,
High over us, unseen, in the blue sky
Thrills his heart-piercing song, we feel ourselves
Press up from earth as 'twere in rivalry,—
And when above the savage hill of pines
The eagle sweeps with outspread wings—and when

The crane pursues, high off, his homeward path,
Flying o'er watery moors and wide lakes lonely!
Wag. I too have had my hours of reverie,
But impulse, such as this, I never felt.
Of wood and field the eye will soon grow weary;
I'd never envy the wild birds their wings;
How different are the pleasures of the mind,
Leading from book to book, from leaf to leaf,
They make the nights of winter bright and cheerful;
They spread a sense of pleasure thro' the frame,—
And ah! when you behold some valued parchments
All heaven descends to your delighted senses!
Fa. Thy heart, my friend, now knows but one desire,
Oh never learn another!—in my breast
Alas two souls have taken their abode,
And each is struggling there for mastery!
One to the world, and the world's sensual pleasures,
Clings closely with scarce separable organs,
The other from the dimness of the earth,
Rises in power to loftier purer pleasures.—
Bright Spirits—ye, who even in the air,
Move with your lordly wings 'tween earth and heaven,
Come from your golden, "incense-breathing" clouds,
Bear me away to new and varied life!
Oh were that magic mantle mine, which bore
The wearer at his will to distant lands,
How little would I prize the lordly robes
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!
Wag. Oh venture not to invoke the well-known host,
Who spread, a living stream, thro' the vast air,
Who watch industriously man's thousand motions,
For ever active in the work of evil.
From all sides pour they on us, from the North,
With shrilling hiss they drive their arrowy tongues,
And speeding from the parching East, they feed
On the dry lungs, and drink the breath of life,
And the South sends them forth, at middle day
To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain!
Ready for evil, with delight they hear,
Obey Man's bidding to deceive his soul.
Like angel-ministers of Heaven they seem,
And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.
But let's away—the sky is gray already,
The air grows chill—the clouds are falling heavy—
At evening *Home* 's the best place for a man!
What ails thee? why with such astonished eyes,
Dost thou sit staring into the dusk twilight?
What seest thou there that can affect thee thus?—
Fa. Do you see that black dog, where thro' the green corn-blades
He runs, just glancing by them for a moment,
Wag. I've seen him this while past, but thought not of him,
As any way strange.
Fa. Look at him carefully,
What do you take him now to be?
Wag. Why, nothing,
But a rough water-dog, who, in the way
Of dogs, is searching for his master's footsteps.
Fa. Do you observe how in wide serpent circles,
He courses round us? nearer and yet nearer
Each turn,—and if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched!
Wag. I can see nothing more than a black dog,
It must be some deception of your eyes.
Fa. Methinks he draws light magic threads around us,
Hereafter to intangle and insnare!
Wag. In doubt and fear, (I think,) he's leaping round us,
Seeing two strangers in his master's stead.
Fa. The circle, see, how much more narrow 'tis,—
He's very near us!
Wag. 'Tis a dog, you see,
And not a spectre, see, he snarls at strangers,
Barks, lies upon his belly, wags his tail,
As all dogs do.
Fa. We'll bring him home with us,
Come pretty fellow—
Wag. He's a comical dog,—
If you stand still, he stands and waits for you—
Speak to him, and he strait leaps up on you,—
Leave something after you, no doubt he'll bring it,
Or plunge into the water for your stick.
Fa. You're right—I can see nothing of the spectre,
In him, it can be nothing more than training.
Wag. 'Tis wonderful the knowledge of brute beasts,
A dog well-trained will know a wise man's walk,
Soon will this most intelligent of students,
Win wholly to himself his master's favour!
(*Exeunt, going in thro' the town-gates.*)

SCENE.—FAUSTUS'S STUDY.

Enter Faustus, with the dog.

Fa. O'er silent field, and lonely lawn,
Her dusky mantle Night hath drawn;
At twilight's holy heartfelt hour,
In Man his better soul hath power,

The passions are at peace within,
And still each stormy thought of Sin—
The yielding bosom overawed,
Breathes love to Man, and love to God!—
When in our narrow cell each night,
The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,
When from the bosom, doubt and fear
Pass off like clouds, and leave it clear—
Then Reason re-assumes her reign,
And Hope begins to bloom again,
And the heart seeks with longing strife,
In vain to feel the streams of life!
Cease, dog, to growl, thy beastly howl
Ill suits the holy tone of feeling,
Whose influence o'er my soul is stealing—
With men 'tis common to contemn,
Whatever is too good, too fair,
Too high to be conceived by them,
And is't that like those wretched carles,
This dog, at what he knows not, snarls!
But ah, already, from my heart,
The streams of heavenly thought depart!
How oft have I experienced change like this,
Yet is it not unblest in the event,
For seeking to supply the natural dearth,
We learn to prize things loftier than the earth.
And shall we find a better offering
Or seek for comfort from a purer spring
Than that, which flows in the NEW TESTAMENT?
Strong impulse sways me to translate the text,
Of that most holy book, with honest feeling,
In the loved language of my native land;
The heavenly mysteries of truth revealing!
(*He opens a volume, and prepares to commence his translation.*)
IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD,"—alas,
The first line stops me—how shall I proceed?
" The word" cannot express the meaning here—
I must translate the passage differently,
If by its spirit I am rightly guided!—
Once more—" IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE THOUGHT,"
Consider the first line attentively,
Lest hurrying on too fast you lose the meaning—
Was it then *Thought* that has created all things,
Can Thought make Matter! let us try the line
Once more,—" IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE POWER,"
This will not do—even while I write the phrase
I feel its faults—oh help me holy Spirit,
I'll weigh the passage once again, and write
Boldly, " IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE ACT."
Cease teasing dog, this angry howl,
These moans dissatisfied and dull,—
Down, dog, or I must be rougher,
Noise like this I cannot suffer,—
One of us must leave the closet, if
You still keep growling—that is positive
To use a guest so, is not pleasant,
But none could bear this whine incessant!
The door you see is open yonder,
And let me hint; you're free to wander—
But can what I see be real,
Or is all some trick ideal?
'Tis surely something more than nature,
Form is changed, and size, and stature,
Larger, loftier, erecter,
This seeming dog must be a spectre,
With fiery eyes, jaws grinding thus,
Like an hippopotamus,
And here to bring this whelp of hell,
Oh, at last, I know thee well,
For such half-devilish, hellish spawn,
Nought's like the lock of Solomon.

SPIRITS *without.*

One is in prison!
Listen to reason,
Venture not on!
Where he hath gone
Follow him none!
Stay we without,
Sweep we about,
Backward and forward,
Southward and northward,
Our colleague assisting,
His fetters untwisting,
Lightening their pressure
By mystical measure,
At our motions and voices,
Our brother rejoices,
For us hath he offered,
His safety, and suffered,
We are his debtors,
Let's loosen his fetters!

Fa. To conquer him must I rehearse,
First that deep mysterious verse,
Which each elemental spirit,
Of the orders four, who hear it,
Trembling, will confess and fear it!
Scorching SALAMANDER burn,
NYMPH OF WATER, twist and turn,
Vanish SYLPH to thy far home,
Labour vex thee, drudging GNOME!
He is but a sorry scholar,
To whom each elemental ruler,
Their acts and attributes essentail,
And their influence potential,
And their sympathies auxiliar
Are not matters quite familiar,
Little knows he, little merits
A dominion over spirits.
Salamander, fire-wrapt wither,
Crush, *Nymph*, thy murmuring waves together—
Vanish, *Sylph*, with pinions fleeter
And more bright than midnight meteor.
Hither, *Incubus*, flee, flee
To domestic drudgery—
Incubus, I name thee guard,
O'er the beast keep watch and ward!
By spirits of a different kind
Is the brute possessed I find,
Grinning he lies, and mocks the charm
That has no power to work him harm.
Spectre! by a stronger spell
Thy obedience I compel—

If thou be a serf of Satan,
A follower of the fallen great one—
Deserter from hell—
I conjure and charm thee,
By the voice of the spell
To which bows the black army!—

Faustus' charms are at last successful. The dog, who has been hiding behind the stove, swells to the size of an elephant—at last bursts asunder—the chamber is filled with clouds of smoke, which, as they slowly disperse, leave exposed to view Mephistopheles, arrayed in the dress of a travelling student. After some expressions of complaint on the part of Mephistopheles, and surprise on that of Faustus, the latter inquires who his visitor is, and is answered,

A member of that power, which evermore
Acting with evil will works only good.
Fa. What may this riddle mean?
Meph. I am the spirit
That evermore am busy in destruction—
My righteous task—for all, whatever is,
Is worthy of destruction. Therefore, better
Were it that nothing should remain. What you
Call falsely sin and ruin, and, in short,
All man deems evil, is my proper province!
Fa. Thou callest thyself a member of a body,
And yet thou stand'st a perfect form before me.
Meph. I speak the language of deliberate truth.
Tho' *Man*, mean man, proud of that little fool-world,
His individual bosom, boasts himself
A being whole and perfect, yet am I
Part of a part, which part at first was all,—
A part of Darkness who gave birth to Light,
Proud Light, who each day is diminishing
Her mother's rank, confines each day her range,
Yet conquers not, for in the constant strife
Light still must cling to *body* for existence;
From *body* streams she, she makes *body* bright,
Body opposes and arrests her beams;
And so, I trust, when body is no more
Light too will share th' inevitable doom.
Fa. At length, I know thy worthy occupations,
All impotent to do extensive evil;
On lesser trifles dost thou try thy hand?
Meph. And even in this way little can be done—
Some power still stops the progress of destruction.
This something, or this nothing, of a world,
This mass of strange confusion, why should I
Approach it ever? Far as I can see,
For all its tempests, floods, volcanoes, earthquakes,
It still remains, the self-same sea and land.
Even o'er the death-doomed race of men and beasts
How little is the conquest I have gained!
How many generations have I seen
Laid in their graves, and still the young fresh blood
Will circulate, and still the spirit of life
Decays not. 'Tis enough to drive me mad.
In air, in water, and in earth, up-spring
A thousand bursting germs. In dry and damp,
In warm and cold, all things are full of life!

After some mutual recrimination, Mephistopheles begs permission to depart, being detained still by the powerful effects of a goblin-foot, which Faustus had traced in the threshold. Faustus, after observing that it is not every day that a man has the opportunity of catching the devil, argues that it is therefore prudent to keep him when we have him caught. They become better friends; and Mephistopheles proposes to give the Doctor a proof of his powers of amusing the time agreeably.

The songs soft spirits sing to thee,
The images they bring to thee,
Are not in empty exhibition
Of the skill of a magician;
Pictures fair and music's tone
Speak to eye and ear alone,
But odours sweet around thee sporting,
Lingering tastes thy palate courting,
Feelings gratified, enraptured,
All thy senses shall be captured.
—Preparation need not be—
Spirits, begin your melody.

Spirits sing.

Vanish dark arches,
That over us bend,
Let the blue sky in beauty
Look in like a friend.
Oh! that the black clouds
Asunder were riven,
That the small stars were brightening
All thro' the wide heaven!
And look at them smiling
In beautiful splendour,
Suns, but with glory
More placid and tender!
Children of Heaven,
In spiritual beauty,
Descending, and bending
With billowy motion,
And others, your brothers,
In fervent devotion
Follow behind—
O'er field and o'er flower,
On bank and in bower
Ribbands are fluttering
Graceful they move,
When lovers are uttering
Feelings of love.
Clustering grapes,
The vine's purple treasure,

Have fallen in the wine-vat,
And bleed in its pressure—
Foaming and steaming, the new wine is streaming,
Over bright precious stones
It rolls on from its fountain,
Leaving behind it
Meadow and mountain,
It lingers in wide lakes more leisurely flowing,
Where the hills to behold it with pleasure are glowing!
And the winged throng,
Fly rejoicing along,
Onward and onward,
With wings steering sun-ward,
To where the bright islands, with magical motion,
Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean!
Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,
Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,
As over land or over waters
Chance the idle parties scatters;
Some upon the far hills gleaming,
Some along the bright lakes streaming,
Some their forms in air suspending,
Float in circles never-ending;
All their feeling and employment
Is the spirit of enjoyment,
While the gracious stars above them
Smile to say how much they love them!

This extraordinary song produces the effect which our readers, we suppose, anticipated—Faustus is, before it is concluded, fast asleep—Mephistopheles, in a charm more intelligible, commands a rat to appear before him, and orders him to gnaw away the goblin-foot from the threshold, and thus he effects his escape. Mephistopheles, however, soon repeats his visit. Faustus is sitting alone in his study when he hears him at the door.

Fa. A knock. Come in. Who's now come to torment me!
Meph. 'Tis I.
Fa. Come in.
Meph. You must command me thrice.
Fa. Come in, then.
Meph. That will do. I'm satisfied.
We soon shall be the best friends in the world!
(*Enters.*) From your mind to scatter wholly
The mists of peevish melancholy,
Hither come I now, and bear
Of a young lord the noble air,
And mask me in his character;
My dress is splendid, you behold,
Blazing with the ruddy gold,
With my stiff silken mantle's pride,
And the long sword hanging by my side,
And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather—
I'm a fine fellow altogether.
And now, my friend, without delay,
Equip yourself in like array,
That, light and free, you thus may see
Life's many pleasures what they be!
Fa. Oh! I would feel in such a dress more bitterly
The narrow cramping limits of man's nature!
I am too old to yield myself to pleasure,
Too young to have the appetite departed.
What can earth give me now? "Refrain, refrain!"
This is the everlasting song—the chime
Perpetually jingling in the ears,
And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.
Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful,
I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep
To see another day, which, in its course
Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one!
* * * * *
And, when the night is come, with heavy heart
Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest
Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,
Hideous and scaring. The indwelling spirit,
Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,
Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,
But has no power to move external nature;
And therefore is existence burthensome,
And death desireable, and life detested.
Meph. Yet death's a guest not altogether welcome.
Fa. Oh happy he for whom, in victory's hour
Of splendour, death around his temples binds
The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he
Whom, in his true love's arms, he finds reposing—
Oh that before that mighty spirit's power
My individual being was dissolved,
My life absorbed, my soul unchained from earth!
Meph. And yet to-night I've seen a certain man
Forbear to taste a certain dark brown liquid!
Fa. 'Tis then, I see, your gentlemanly practice
To amuse yourself in playing the spy's part.
Meph. I know not ALL, but I know many things.
Fa. From harrowing thoughts, a well-known winning lay—
Sweet music—long-remembered words awaked me.
All that remained of my boy's heart was captive
To the dear echo of more happy days.
This makes me curse all these unholy things,
This magic jugglery, that fools the soul—
These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it,
And bind it in this dungeon of despair!
Oh cursed first of all be the high thoughts
That man conceives of his own attributes!

And cursed be the shadowy appearances,
The false delusive images of things
That slave and mock the senses ! cursed be
The hypocrite dreams that sooth us when we think
Of fame—of deathless and enduring names !
Cursed be all that, in self-flattery,
We call our own, wife, child, or slave, or plough ;
Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold
He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when
He spreads the couch of indolent repose ;
And cursed be that highest joy of life,
The sweet grape's balmy and luxurious juice ;
And cursed be all hope and all belief ;
And cursed more than all, man's tame endurance.

Song of invisible spirits.

Wo ! wo ! thou hast destroyed it,
The beautiful world
Into darkness is hurled !
A demi-god cursed it ;
Horror and ruin
Now are ensuing :
Its fragments we sweep
With old Chaos to darkle ;
Over brightness we weep
That has now ceased to sparkle !
Son of earth,
To second birth,
Call again its glories splendid ;
Oh restore what thou hast rended ;
Build it in thy secret heart,
Be no more the thing thou art.
Re-commence, with clearer sense,
The better paths of life preferred,
And far around, let the blythe sound
Of joy unheard before, be heard !

Meph. Listen to the witching lay,
The lowest of my spirits they !
How they advise to joys of sense,
With voice of old experience ;
Inviting thee 'mong men to dwell
Far away from this dull cell—
Where passions and young blood together
In solitude grow dry and wither,
Oh listen, and let charms like these
Thy feelings and thy fancy seize !
Cease to indulge this misanthropic humour,
Which like a vulture preys upon your life,
The worst society will make thee feel
That thou too art a man and among men !

Mephistopheles proposes to show the world and its pleasures to Faustus, on the usual conditions in such cases.

Meph. I bind myself to be thy servant *here*,
To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding,
And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant.

Fa. THAT YONDER PLACE gives me but small concern ;
When thou hast first scattered this world to atoms,
There may be others then, for aught I care.
All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,
And this sun shines upon my miseries !
And were I once divorced from them I care not
What may hereafter happen—of these things
I'll hear no more—I do not seek to know
If man, in future life, still hates and loves ;
If in these spheres there be, as well as here,
Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,
Debasement and superiority !

Meph. With feelings, such as these, you well may venture.
* * * * *
* * * * *
I'll give thee things that man hath never seen !

Fa. What can'st thou give, poor miserable devil.
Thinkest thou that man's proud soul—his struggling thoughts
And high desires—have ever been conceived
By such as thou art ? wretch, what canst thou give ?
But thou hast food which satisfieth not,
And thou hast the red gold, that restlessly
Like quicksilver glides from the grasping hand—
And Play, at which none ever yet hath won,
And Beauty, a fair form, that while she leans
Upon my trusting heart with winning eyes,
Will woo another ; and thou canst display
High honours, objects of divine ambition,
That, like the meteor, vanish into nothing !
Shew me this fruit, that perishes untasted ;
The trees, that every day grow green again !

Meph. I do not shrink from thy demand —with gifts
And treasures such as these will I supply thee ;
But the time comes, my friend, when we shall feast
Untroubled, and enjoy things truly good !

Fa. Oh could I once lie down with heart untroubled,
Even for one moment feel my heart at rest,
I care not if the next behold my ruin ;
Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
Delude me to one feeling of delight ;
One breathing of enjoyment ! let that day
Be my last day of life ; be this our bargain.
* * * * *
If ever I, at any moment, say,
" Fair visions linger ;"—" Oh how beautiful ;"
Or words like these, then throw me into fetters,
Then willingly do I consent to perish ;
Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds ;
Then is thy service at an end, and then
The clock may cease to strike—the hand to move ;
For me be time then past away for ever !

The bond is duly executed with the usual formalities. Goethe, however, does not follow the good example of

old Christopher Marlowe in giving us a copy of it. When it is delivered into the hands of Mephistopheles, Faustus exclaims:

Fear not that I will break this covenant,
The only impulse now that sways my powers,
My sole desire in life, is what I've promised!
I've been puffed up with fancies too aspiring,
My rank is not more high than thine; I am
Degraded and despised by the great spirit;
Nature is sealed from me! the web of thought
Is shattered; burst into a thousand threads;
I loathe, and sicken at the name of knowledge!
Now in the depths of sensuality
To still these burning passions; to be wrapped
In the impenetrable cloak of magic,
With things miraculous to feast the senses!
Let us fling ourselves into the stream of time,
Into the tumbling waves of accident,
Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,
Mingle and alternate, as it may be;
Restlessness is man's best activity.

Meph. If your desires be thus impetuous,
Measureless, universal, objectless,
Catching each moment, while upon the wing
In random motion, all that wins your eye;
If any thing will do that is amusing,
Cling close to me; come on, and tremble not!—

Fa. Harken; I have not said one word of bliss!
Henceforth be tumult holy unto me,
Painful enjoyment, idolizing hatred,
Cheering vexation! and my breast, serened,
And separated from the toil of knowledge,
Shall never shut itself against the wounds
Of Pain; whate'er is portioned 'mong mankind,
In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,
With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,
Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,
Expand myself, until mankind become
A part, as 'twere, of my identity;
And they and I at last together perish!

Meph. Believe me, who for many thousand years
Have fed on this hard food unwillingly.
Man from the cradle to the grave, in youth
Or age, is still unable to digest
The ancient leaven of grief, that spreads through all.
Oh well may'st thou give faith to one of us,
Who tells thee that this universal life
Is suited to the Deity alone;
Himself he dwells in brightness everlasting;
Us he hath driven into eternal darkness;
For day and night *your* nature is adapted!

Fa. This daunts not me!

Meph. Well, please yourself with words,
To me there seems to be one obstacle;
Man's time is short; the paths of knowledge long;
Call to your aid some builder up of verses,
Let his mind wander in the fields of thought,
Imagining high attributes to heap
On you—the lion's magnanimity—
The fleetness of the stag—the fiery blood
That dances in the hearts of Italy—
The constancy and firmness of the North—
Let his invention gift you with the secret,
With lofty thoughts low cunning to combine—
To love with all a young heart's ardent impulses,
Yet following closely some cold plan of reason—
Oh, if I chanced to meet a man, who thus
Could reconcile all contrarieties,
In truth I know no other name that I
Could give him justly, than "*Sir Microcosm.*

Fa. What am I then? if it be thus impossible
For *man*, however he may strive, to win
The crown for which his every feeling pants?

Meph. Thou art at last, that which thou wert at first—
Fix to thy head ten thousand lying curls,
Or place thy feet on stilts a cubit high,
Still wilt thou end in being, what thou art.

Fa. I feel, that 'tis in vain I would assume
The universal feelings of mankind—
Their soul and being, I must end at last,
Feeling within myself no added powers,
Not by one hair's breadth higher than before,
—As far as ever from the eternal nature!

Meph. You view the thing, good sir, as men view things—
This must be made more clear, or we will lose
Life's pleasures—what, the vengeance—hands and feet,
And head and heart, are thine, confessedly.
But are the things which I command, enjoy,
And use at will, the less to be called mine?
When I behold six horses at my service,
Is not their strength, and speed, and vigour, mine?
I move as rapidly, and feel, in truth,
As if their four and twenty limbs were mine!
But come, let us haste into society,—
Away into the world, and yield ourselves
Up to the pleasures, which the senses give—
I tell thee, that a calculating wretch—
Your moralist—your deep philosopher—
Is like a beast upon a withered heath,
By a bad spirit carried round and round,
In the same grassless circle—while, on all sides,
Unseen by him, the bright green pastures shine.

Fa. But how, begin?

Meph. First, must we fly from hence—

What place of martyrdom is this? what life
Is this to lead! or can you call it life,
Wearying yourself and pupils thus for ever?
Afraid, even in a hint, to intimate
Your best acquirements to the boys who crowd
Your lecture-room; even now upon the stairs
I hear the foot of one.
Fa. Impossible; I cannot see him now.
Meph. The poor lad has been waiting a long while;
We should not let him go without some notice;
Come now, let me put on your cap and gown,
This masquerade dress becomes me charmingly,
In a few minutes I'll have done with him;
Meanwhile, go you, get ready for our journey! [FAUSTUS *exit.*
Meph. (*In Faustus's long gown.*) Aye, thus continue to contemn
Reason and learning, man's best powers;
And every hope he can inherit,
Still speak despisingly of them,
Heart-hardened by an evil spirit;
Soul and senses in confusion,
Mocked by magical delusion;
Still indulge thy vain derision!
Mine thou art, without condition!
His is an eager restless mind,
That presses forward unconfined;
And, in the anticipation
Of a brisk imagination;
Ever active, still outmeasures
The slow steps of earthly pleasures:
Him, thro' the world's wild vanity,
Its wearisome inanity
Now, I mean to bring with me;
In these new scenes he will resemble
A child; will totter, stop, and tremble,
And for support will cling to me!
Meats and wines, unsatisfying,
Shall before his lips be flying;
He seeks repose, in vain, in vain,
Repose he never shall obtain;
And though he had not sold it to the devil,
A soul, like his, could not escape from evil.

The student enters, but after a little conversation with the supposed Faustus, on the subject of his future studies, he feels dispirited, and when Mephistopheles congratulates him on the opportunities before him of pursuing knowledge, he says, with a natural sigh—

And yet, if I the truth may say,
I would I were again away;
Walls like these, and halls like these,
Will, I fear, in no wise please!
The narrow gloom of this cold room,
Where nothing green is ever seen;
No lawn—no tree—no floweret's bloom—
'Mong benches, books, my heart is sinking,
And my wasted senses shrinking—
I mourn the hour that I came hither,
Ear, and eye, and heart will die,
Thought, and the power of thought will wither.
Meph. This is all custom, as at first,
Unwillingly the young child sips
The breast; but soon, with eager thirst,
And pressure of delighted lips,
Clings to the mother's heart, that gives
The living food, on which he lives;
Thus thou, each day more deeply blest,
Will drink from wisdom's nursing breast;
* * * * *
But let me beg, that you will mention,
What line of life is your intention.
Stu. Oh, I long ardently to know,
Whatever man may learn below,
All that we contemplate on earth,
And all that in the heaven hath birth,
To roam thro' learning's wondrous maze,
And comprehend all nature's ways.
Meph. Right; but by prudence still be guided,
Guard most, that mind and thought be not
Much dissipated and divided.
Stu. With soul and strength will I apply,
But now and then could seize with pleasure
A few short hours of idle leisure,
A little thoughtless liberty;
A pleasant summer holiday,
When skies are bright, and fields are gay.
Meph. Use TIME with wisdom—fast flies time from thee,
But by strict order thou may'st conquer him!
For this to Logic first, my friend,
Would I advise thee to attend;
Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,
In Spanish boots stalk pompously!
With solemn look, and sober pace,
The beaten road of thought will trace;
Nor here and there, thro' paths oblique,
In devious wanderings idly strike;
Then in long lessons are you taught,
That in the processes of thought,
Which hitherto unmarked had gone,
Like eating, and like drinking, on;
One, Two, and Three, the guide must be
In things which were till now so free.
But, as the weaver's work is wrought,
Even so is formed the web of thought;
One movement leads a thousand threads;
Unseen they move, as now above
The shuttle darts, and now darts under;
And, with one blow, at once will go
A thousand binding ties asunder.
And thus with your philosopher
Who teaches wisely to infer—
The first was so—the second so—
Then must the third and fourth be so—
And *if the premises be hollow*
That the conclusion will not follow.
Such things charm students every where,
But none is a philosopher—
For he, who seeks to learn, or gives
Descriptions of a thing, that lives,
Begins with "murdering, to dissect,"
The lifeless parts he may inspect—
The limbs are there beneath his knife,
And all—but that, which gave them life!

Alas! the spirit hath withdrawn,
That, which informed them all is gone—
And yet your wise men will call this
Experiment—Analysis—
Names all of mockery—yet each fool
Sees not the self-given ridicule!

Stu. I cannot wholly comprehend your meaning.

Meph. No matter—next time you'll get better on—
When you have learned to arrange, and classify,
And body all you hear in syllogisms.

Stu. My brain is stupified—I feel
As if, within my head, a wheel
Was whirling round with ceaseless reel.

This confusion of the student is not lessened in the course of the conversation—Mephistopheles speaks in the same confident, assuming, and perplexing style, of *metaphysics* and *divinity*—affecting to point out their advantages, while he is suggesting by his sarcastic manner more than doubts of their utility, into the mind of the wondering student. Our lecturer, however, gets tired of the serious tone, and when he comes to speak of *medicine*, he treats it, or rather its professors, with more malicious and devilish ridicule, than the other studies of which he has been speaking—we are sorry we have not left ourselves room for this part of his lecture. The student is lost in admiration of his learning, but as might be expected, quite confused after this lesson, of which he does not know what to make. The interview closes by the student's requesting him to write a sentence in his Album. (*Stammbuch,*) Mephistopheles complies, and writes—

"Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."

The student retires—Faustus enters, drest for his journey—inquires how they are to travel, and is informed, that by the assistance of Mephistopheles's mantle, and some preparation of fire which he has ready for the purpose, they will be enabled to move easily through the air.—They first go to Leipsic, and witness the drinking and singing of a dissipated party in a tavern—Mephistopheles becomes quite gay—sings for them, and at last proposes to supply them with better wine than what they are engaged in discussing. While, however, they are enjoying the various wines which he astonishes them by producing, one unluckily spills his glass, and the liquor, as it falls to the ground, is observed to sparkle like fire—the character of the new guest is now suspected, but he, who derives much amusement from their confusion, recites a charm, on which they lose altogether the faculties, which, even before this juggling, were pretty well clouded. They imagine themselves in a vineyard, each mistakes his neighbour's nose for a cluster of grapes, and has a knife raised, about to cut it off, when Mephistopheles removes the delusion, and lets them see their danger. This story, which we do not much admire here, is told with amusing gravity by Camerarius, in his historical meditations, and the reader is solemnly warned against the danger of keeping company with the devil.

The next scene is *a witch's kitchen.*—

[*On a low hearth a large cauldron is seen on the fire—in the thick smoke are discovered several strange figures—*A FEMALE CAT-APE *is sitting beside the cauldron, to skim it, and take care it does not boil over.* AN OLD MALE CAT-APE, *with his children, sits near, warming himself—strange articles of furniture, suitable to the place, seen hanging from the walls,* &c.]

FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fa. This senseless witchcraft sickens and disgusts me,
And say'st thou that I shall recruit life's powers,
Here in this loathsome den of filthy madness?
Shall I petition an old hag for counsel?
And can the nauseous puddle of that pot
Give thirty years of life?—alas, it seems
There's little hope if thou hast nothing better—
My expectation is already gone!
Is there in Nature no restorative
But this? has Spirit never yet devised
Means different to prolong man's time of life?

Meph. Now do I recognize my friend's good sense—
Yes! there are also natural means by which
Life's bloom and vigour may be long preserved,
But in a different book this lesson lies,
And it forms a strange chapter.

Fa. I will learn it—

Meph. There is a means, and it requires not gold,
Magic or medicine;—away with you
Into the fields—begin to hew and delve—
Confine yourself, and limit every wish
Within a narrow circle—feed upon
Meats, simple, undisguised—and live, in short,
Beast-like, 'mong beasts—deem it no degradation,

Thyself to spread the dung upon the field,
The growth of which thou art to reap—this is
Indeed the best way to prolong your life,
And wear at eighty a hale countenance.

Fa. This cannot be—I am not used to it—
Nor can I learn to take up now the spade—
Such narrow life would never do for me.

Meph. We must recur then to the witch.

Fa. Why so?—What's the particular use of an old hag
In the matter? can't you cook the draught yourself?

Meph. That were a pretty waste of Time—why, man,
A thousand bridges might be built, before
'Tis done—it asks not skill and science only,
But patience must brood over it—the spirit
In silence must remain for years fermenting;
Time, and Time only, clears and strengthens it—
All things belonging to it are mysterious—
Its powers, and its ingredients wonderful—
True—'twas the devil that first invented it,
But yet the devil can't make it—look—look, yonder—
What a handsome crew they are—both maid and man.

Mephistopheles enters into a conversation with the cat-apes—their answers to the different questions he proposes are delivered in uncouth rhymes—and the whimsical absurdity of all that they say, seems, as if the author intended, that their minds should be supposed to bear the same disagreeable resemblance to that of man, as their monkey shapes to the human body. It is impossible—as Madame de Stael has observed—to read the scene without thinking of the witches in Macbeth—but these are loathsome, squalid, hateful creatures—burlesquing humanity, and below the brute creation. Though they are the creation of a powerful imagination, yet the entire scene is so repulsive to us, that we are glad there is but little of them in the play—we will give just a sentence of one of their speeches.

Meph. What thinkest thou of these lovely creatures!

Fa. All sickens me—voice—form—and features!

[*While the young cat-apes are playing and rolling round a large bowl, the old gentleman says*]

Such is the world!
So is it twirled,
Now rolling onward,
Now rolling downward,
Ceaselessly, restlessly,
Still does it spin;
Like glass it is brittle
And broken by little,
And hollow within!
Now doth it glimmer,
Now is it dimmer,
Living am I—
Stop, my dear son,
Thy sporting have done,
Think thou must die!
All is clay,
And must crumble away!

Faustus, meanwhile, looks into a glass, in which he sees the image of a beautiful female, who at once takes possession of his imagination—Mephistopheles, for the purpose of allowing the charm to produce its full effect, leaves Faustus to the uninterrupted contemplation of this attractive object, and continues his conversation with the cat-apes. They neglect the cauldron, which boils over; a bright flame fills the place, and the witch appears. After scolding her slaves, she addresses the strangers in a tone of very witch-like anger; however, Mephistopheles makes himself soon known, and the witch makes many apologies for her rudeness—she could never have recognised her old friend in this new dress—where are the ravens that used to attend him, what is become of his tail and horns, and above all, his horses foot?—He admits this as a sufficient excuse—speaks of the general improvement that is pervading the world, and says, that it has produced some effects on him—that he is no longer the same hideous phantom that in old times had terrified the imaginations of the Northerns—he had long laid aside horns, and claws, and tail—and that, though he could not so easily manage the foot, yet, he was enabled almost wholly to disguise the peculiarity of its shape, and nothing more was observable to common eyes, than a slight limp, which was rather fashionable. Peace being thus made, he obtains from the old lady a glass of the elixir for Faustus—when he is about to drink it, sparkles of fire rise to the brim of the glass, but this has no power to daunt a man now so familiar with the devil. The next scene is *the street*.

Fa. (*Margaret passing on.*) Fair lady, may I offer you my arm,
And will you suffer me to see you home?

Mar. I am no lady, and I am not fair,
I want no guide to shew me the way home.
(*Disengages herself, and exit.*)

Fa By heaven, she is a lovely child,
A fairer never met my eye,
Modest she seems, and good and mild,
Though something pert was her reply—
The red lips bright—the cheek's soft light—
My youth hath not departed quite!
She past, her timid eyes declining,
Deep in my heart they still are shining—
The beauty of her neat array
Hath stolen me from myself away!

Mephistopheles enters, and is informed of Faustus's new passion. He endeavours, or affects to dissuade him from pursuing the adventure farther: he tells him of Margaret's extreme youth—almost childhood,—of her innocence and piety. She has just, he says, returned from confession; and he who had stood unseen near the priest says, that she has gone from feelings of devotion, not from the necessity of obtaining absolution for past sins. Faustus, however, persists, and he gives directions to Mephistopheles to procure some costly ornaments for her. These are easily got, and Faustus is introduced into Margaret's chamber by his friend. It is a small room of a poor dwelling; but the extreme neatness with which its little furniture and few ornaments are arranged, makes Faustus reflect on the misery he is about to create, and he almost repents. He dwells on the piety of this happy child, and fears to introduce into this humble abode the passions and vices which are distracting his own bosom. His companion now laughs at his inconsistency, and Faustus leaves in her room the ornaments—They depart on seeing her approach. Her thoughts are still engaged with the gay nobleman who had taken such notice of her in the morning. To while away her melancholy, she begins singing an old ballad, when the casket which Faustus left attracts her eye.

How came this brilliant casket here?—
I locked the box, I'd almost swear.
The cover's beautiful—I wonder
What it may be that lies under?
I should conjecture it to be
A pledge and a security,
Left by somebody or other
For money, borrowed from my mother.
I think I'll open it,—and, see!
Attached to it, and tempting me,
A ribbon with a little key.
Good heaven! how beautiful it is!
I've never seen the like of this!
Jewels and pearls!—At mask or ball
'Twould grace the proudest dame of all,
Who glitter at high festival.
I wonder how 'twould look on me?
Whose can the glorious splendour be?
(*She puts them on, and stands before the glass.*)
Oh! if I had these ear-rings only!—
Drest thus, I seem a different creature!
What good are charms of form and feature?
Tho' poor maids are both mild and fair,
The world for ever leaves them lonely—
Man may praise,
Yet half he says,
Seems less like kindness than compassion—
For gold he strives,
For gold he drives—
Alas! the *poor* are not in fashion!

In the next scene, Faustus is interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mephistopheles.

Meph. By love, which I contemn, and hell's
Essence of fire, things can't be worse:
Oh! that I could be something else
Than what I am, that I might curse!
Fa. What ails thee now? What pinches thee so sore?
A face like that I never saw before!
Meph. I'd damn myself to everlasting evil,
But that I am myself the devil!
* * * * *
Think, only think, that splendid set
Of pearls, procured for Margaret
With so much toil, a priest has got 'em,
Away in eager haste he brought 'em:
The mother, soon as she detected
The treasure, something wrong suspected—
The old hag o'er her book of prayer
Sits moping, mumbling, snuffling there,
Or, as she has so good a nose,
Exploring through the house she goes,
And, by the smell can ascertain
What is holy, what profane.
Curse her! she smelt no good event
From Margaret's rich ornament:
'My child,' she said, 'things thus unholy
Are suited not for one so lowly,
Will seize and fasten on the heart,
And hold it till health, peace, depart.
With pious feeling be it given
To Mary, maiden queen of Heaven;
The offering will she requite
With manna, to our heart's delight.'

Faustus, however, has the satisfaction of learning, that the purpose for which the present was made has been, in some degree, effected. Margaret, already captivated by the splendour of the ornaments, complains bitterly (he is told) of her mother's cruelty, and cannot think otherwise than favourably of the unknown admirer to whom she is indebted for the gift; for there can be no longer any doubt for whom the casket was intended. Faustus or-

ders another casket of more brilliant ornaments, and the heart of the poor girl is seduced by the vanity of dress, which she is afraid to exhibit before any one but an old woman, (Martha) whose folly and cunning render her a willing and useful assistant in Margaret's ruin. We have dwelt so long on the earlier parts of this tragedy, as to render it impossible to quote much from the affecting scenes in which this story of overpowering distress is told; but it is the less necessary, as many of these scenes have been rendered familiar by Madame de Stael's most beautiful translation.—There is one story in our own language—a tale of deeper distress, and told, perhaps, more affectingly—for the author was enabled, by the different form of his work, to express the feelings which Goethe could only suggest—we mean the story of Rosamund Gray, by Charles Lamb. We were so strongly reminded of it by the passages before us, that we could not forgive ourselves for not mentioning it, though we have only time for a passing sentence. After some scenes of courtship between Faustus and his mistress, and also between Martha and Mephistopheles, whose heart she endeavours to win, having first procured from him a certificate of her husband's death abroad, we find Faustus alone in the depths of a wood. We transcribe his soliloquy.

Yes! lofty spirit, thou hast given me all,
All that I asked of thee; and not in vain
Thy fiery countenance hast turned on me!
—Hast given me empire o'er majestic nature,
Power to enjoy and feel. 'Twas not alone
The stranger's short permitted privilege
Of momentary wonder, that thou gavest;
No; thou hast given me into her deep breast
As into a friend's secret heart to look;
Hast brought to me the tribes of living things;
Thus teaching me to recognise and love
My brothers in still grove, or air, or stream.
And when in the wide wood the tempest raves,
And shrieks, and rends the giant pines, uproots,
Disbranches, and, with maddening grasp uplifting,
Flings them to earth, and from the hollow hill
Dull moaning thunders echo their descent;
Then dost thou lead me to the safe retreat
Of some low cavern, there exhibiting
To my awed soul its own mysterious nature!
Of my own heart the dept hs miraculous,
Its secret inward being all exposed!
And when before my eye the pure moon walks
High over-head, diffusing a soft light,
Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,
The pale bright shadows of the ancient times
Before me seem to move, and mitigate
The too severe delight of earnest thought!—
Alas! even now I feel MAN's joys must be
Imperfect ever,—with these rapturous thoughts,
That raise me near and nearer to the gods,
Was linked this insupportable companion.
Cold, insolent, malicious, he contrives
To make me to myself contemptible;
And with a breath will scatter into nothing
All these high gifts; with what officious zeal
He fans my breast into a raging flame
Of passion, to possess each form of beauty
That wins my eye. Thus, from desire I pass
On to enjoyment, and, uneasy still,
Even in enjoyment languish for desire!

His tormentor does not leave him long to himself; and when he sneers, in his usual tone, at Faustus's indulgence of solitary thought, he provokes his anger. Mephistopheles replies to the accusation of embittering Faustus's life by his constant interruptions and perpetual sarcasms:—

Poor child of earth! and couldst thou then have borne
Thy life till now without my aid? 'Twas I
That saved thee from imaginations idle!
I guarded thee with long and anxious care,
And, but for me, even now thou wouldst have been
Idling in other worlds! Why sittest thou there,
Lingering in hollow cave, or rifted rock,
Dull as the moping owl? Why, like the toad,
Dost thou support a useless life, deriving
Subsistence from damp moss and dripping stone?
Sweet pastime this! most charming occupation!
I fear you've not forgotten your old trade!

Fa. Couldst thou conceive what added life is given
In hours like this, passed in the wilderness,
And couldst thou feel it—still thou wouldst remain
The devil thou art—still hate and poison it!

* * * *

* * *

Meph. To me 'twould seem a more becoming thing,
Instead of reigning here, among the woods,
On your imaginary throne, that you
Should visit this poor broken-hearted girl,
Who else will die for love. To her the time
Seems miserably long. She lingers at
The window; gazes on the clouds that pass
Slow o'er the old town-walls. "Oh! that I were
A little bird!" she cries. This is her song

All the day long, and half the heavy night!
One moment seems she mirthful, when she grieves
Most; then she weeps, till she can weep no more;
Then, as 'twould seem, she is at rest again.
But grief or mirth, whatever the mood be,
This all is love—deep, tender, passionate love.

The contest between Faustus's conscience and passions continues—he treats Mephistopheles with contempt, but remains his victim. The next scene shews Margaret in her chamber, at her spinning-wheel, singing,

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore,
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore!

The place where he is not,
To me is the tomb,
The world is sadness,
And sorrow, and gloom!

My poor sick brain
Is crazed with pain,
And my poor sick heart
Is torn in twain!

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore,
For lost is my love,
For evermore!

From the window for him
My heavy eyes roam;
To seek him, all lonely
I wander from home.

His noble form,
His step so high,
The smiles of his lip,
And the power of his eye;

And the magic tone
Of that voice of his,
His hands' soft pressure,
And oh! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore;
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore!

Far wanders my heart
To feel him near,
Oh! could I clasp him,
And hold him here!

Hold him and kiss him,
Oh! I could die!
To feed on his kisses,
How willingly!

We are almost insensibly adding to our extracts, already too long. Margaret, that she may receive Faustus's visits without the knowledge of her mother, administers to her a sleeping draught. The potion is given in too large a quantity, or it was poison, and the mother dies in consequence. Margaret's brother returns from the army to hear his sister's disgrace, and die by the hand of Faustus, in the attempt to avenge her. This unfortunate girl, who is represented through the entire work as of a religious disposition, now in her distress, when she is exposed to the mockery and insults of the world—when all means of human consolation are removed from her—ventures into the church—an evil spirit stands behind her—whispers to her how different was her state a few months before, then an innocent child, and now—"Why dost thou come hither?

——prayest thou for thy mother's soul?
She whom thy poison-draught
Murdered! Oh, she is doomed to long, long pain—
The everlasting sufferings of the damned!
Her blood is on thy soul!
And in thy bosom is there not
A life that tortures thee?
And pangs, that, with thy present grief,
Connect the fears of future days?"
Mar. Alas! alas!
Oh! that I could escape
Those thoughts, that chase each other thro' my mind,
And all accuse me!
Choir. Dies Iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favillâ.

The agony of her own thoughts—the voice of the evil spirit in her ears, and this hymn, that seems to express the sentence of Heaven against her crimes, is too much for Margaret to bear, and she falls down insensible.

Mephistopheles removes Faustus to the Hartz-mountains; all is haunted ground here, and it being the famous night of the first of May, the sabbath of witches, demons, &c. is held, but we dare not attempt a translation of this wonderful scene—"this whirlwind," as it has been called, "of all that can be thought and said." On his return, Faustus finds that Margaret is imprisoned and sentenced to death; with the assistance of Mephistopheles, who, however, ridicules the idea of taking any trouble on the subject, Faustus obtains the keys of the prison. As he is opening the door of her cell, he hears her singing, but from the coarse and vulgar words of the song, it is apparent that her reason is overthrown; when Faustus enters, she does not know him, and

at first she mistakes him for the executioner.

Mar. (*endeavouring to conceal herself.*)
Woe! woe! they come! they come—death, bitter death!

Fa. (*in a low voice.*) Hush! hush! 'tis
I who come to rescue thee!

Mar. (*throwing herself on her knees to him.*)
Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee?
It is not more than midnight now—have mercy!
Is it too long a time to wait till morn?
And I am still so young—so very young—
And must I die so soon!
Oh! if my love were here—but he is gone,
Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—
Oh! do not grasp me with such violence—
Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee;
Let me not weep, and pray to thee in vain!
Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

Fa. How can I bear to see these sufferings?

Mar. I know that I am wholly in thy power—
Only permit me this once to give my breast
To this poor child of mine! all the long night
It lay upon my heart, they took it from me;
They took away my child to torture me,
And now they say that I have murdered it,
And never more will I be gay and happy.

* * * * * *

Fa. Thy lover, Margaret, kneels at thy feet,
He comes to open these sad prison gates.

Mar. Let us kneel down, and call upon the saints—
See! See! beneath us Hell boils up—the Devil
Is raving there below in hideous rage!

Fa. (*in a low tone of voice.*) Margaret—Margaret.

Mar. (*with eager attention.*)
That is my love's voice. (*stands up—her irons fall off.*)
Where is he! where! I heard my own love's voice!
Now am I free, none, none shall keep me here.
I'll clasp his neck, will lean upon his bosom;
I heard him call, he's standing on the threshold;
I heard him call the name of Margaret—
Amid the noises and the howls of Hell,
And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,
I recognised the sweet soft voice of love!

Fa. 'Tis I.

Mar. 'Tis thou—oh! tell me so once more! (*presses him to her bosom.*)
'Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now?
Dungeon and chains, and scaffold, where are they?
'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me!
I am already free—look—there's the street
Where we first met—where first I saw my love—
And yonder is the cheerful garden smiling,
Where I and Margaret used to wait for thee!

Fa. Come! come!

Mar. Oh stay a little while,
Some moments more—I love to stay with thee!

Fa. Haste! haste! ah! linger not,
One moment more—a moment's lingering now
Will cost—we cannot tell how much.

Mar. How! what!
And hast thou then forgot that kiss of thine,
My love?—so short a time away, and yet
To have forgotten all those signs of love!
Why must I fear to hang upon thy neck?
Oh! there was once a time, when all thy words,
And every glance of thine seemed heaven to me!
And warmly didst thou press me to thy heart!
Oh, let me feel once more that loved embrace!
Alas! thy lips are cold and dumb—ah! where,
Where is thy love? Who robbed me of thy love?

Fa. Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.
I love thee with unutterable ardour;
But follow me—grant,—grant this one request.

Mar. And is it then, and art thou surely Faustus?

Fa. I am. But come!

Mar. And thou wilt break my chains;
And thou will take me to thy arms again!
How is it, thou dost not shudder at my sight?
And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

Fa. Come! come!—the darkness of the night is fading!

Mar. My mother, I have murdered her—my child,
I drowned my child! and was it not thy child
As much as mine? yes, thine! and thou art here,
I scarcely can believe it is thyself.
Give me thy hand—it is not then a dream;
Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist—
Wipe, wipe it off; methought it felt like blood!
What hast thou done? Ah, sheathe thy bloody sword;
Ah, hide it from me!

Fa. Think not of the past;
That which is done, is done. Come, this delay
Is death to us!

Mar. No; thou must yet remain,
'Till I describe to thee the graves, which thou
To-morrow must see made; the best place give

To my poor mother; near her lay my brother;
And by their side, a little space away,
Place me; and lay my child on my right breast;
No other will lie with me in that bed!
Oh, could I lie down softly at thy side,
That would have been a sweet and happy thing;
A happiness that never more can be.
I feel as if I forced myself on thee,
And that thou wert repelling my embrace;
And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

Fa. Oh, if thou feelest who I am! Come, come.

Mar. Come! Whither?

Fa. From this prison to thy freedom.

Mar. Aye, to the grave! Death lays his snares for me!
Come to the bed of everlasting rest!
No other journey can I make from this;
And wilt thou go? Oh, could I go with thee!

Fa. Thou canst; the gates are open, only come.

Mar. I dare not go; there is no help for me!
What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.
It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,
And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.
'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,
And then whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me!

Fa. I will be with thee!

Mar. (*wildly*) Fly, fly,
Save thy poor child;
Away to the road,
By the side of the stream,
And across the path
That leads to the wood;
Then turn to the left,
He lies in the pond.
Loiter not—linger not,
Still does he stir
With the motion of life.
His little hands struggle
More faintly and faintly,
Rescue him!—rescue him!

Fa. Recall thy wandering mind—thy life's at stake!
One step, and thou art free.

Mar. Oh, that we once had left yon hill behind!
See there, my mother sitting on a stone—
How cold the wind blows on us from that spring—
My mother there is sitting on a stone,
And her grey head is trembling, and her eyes
Close, and she now has ceased to nod; her head
Looks heavy, and she sleeps to wake no more!
Oh, when she sunk to sleep how blest we were,
It was a happy time!

Fa. She listens not,
Words have no weight with her; there is no way,
But forcibly to bear her hence.

Mar. Touch me not; no, I will not suffer violence:
Seize me not with that murderer's grasp; whate'er
I did, was done for thee, my love.

Fa. Day dawns—oh hasten hence, my love! my love!

Mar. Day; yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day;
My bridal-day it should have been: tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.
Alas, my garland is already withered;
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love:
The crowd is gathering tumultuously,
The square and street are thronged with crushing thousands.
The bell hath sounded; the death-wand is broken;
They bind and blindfold me, and force me on:
On to the scaffold they have hurried me;
And now, through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.
The world is not as silent as the grave!

Fa. Oh, that I never had been born!

Meph. (*Appears at the door.*) Away, or you are lost;
This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,
Will be your ruin; hence, or you are lost;
My horses shiver in the chilling breeze
Of the gray morning.

Mar. What shape is tha which rises from the earth?
'Tis he, 'tis he, oh send him from this place;
What wants he here? Oh, what can bring him here?
Why does he tread on consecrated ground?
He comes for me.

Fa. Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

Mar. Upon the judgment-throne of God, I call;
On God I call in humble supplication.

Meph. (*To Faustus.*) Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

Mar. Father of heaven, have mercy on thy child!
Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.
Faustus, I grieve to think upon thy doom!

Meph. Come, she is judged: (*A voice from above.*) She is saved!

Faustus disappears, together with Mephistopheles—Margaret's voice is still heard from the prison, calling him back.—The curtain falls—Thus ends this extraordinary drama.

Horæ Hispanicæ.

No II.

The Morning of St John the Baptist, and Don Alonzo of Aguilar.

[We have no doubt our readers will thank us for inserting the two following ballads, immediately after the preceding article on the Faustus of Goethe. To say nothing of the merits of the translations themselves, it cannot but afford a delightful sensation, to pass at once from the awful dreams and terrors of the most wildly imaginative poem that has been produced in these days, to the simplicity of those natural feelings, that are painted in both the pastoral song and the warlike ballad of the old days of Spain. It is like being thrown back at once, from the midst of the agonies of disturbed and perverted reason, into the clear open daylight of external things. It is like passing from some gloomy cathedral aisle, hung round with all the emblems of human nothingness, and human vanity, into the smiling freshness of the green meadow, or the healthy breezes of the mountain. We are sensible to the relief afforded by the exchange of things tangible for things intangible, things intelligible for things unintelligible,—the "common thoughts of mother earth," for the musings and the mysteries even of the most majestic of poets.—Editor.]

Mr Editor,—Since you are pleased with the specimens I formerly sent you of my translations from the Spanish Ballads, I am happy to send you two more, although I am afraid you will not regard them as equally interesting with the others. The first is a very literal version of the ballad, which has been, for many centuries, sung by the maidens on the banks of the Guadalquiver, when they go forth to gather flowers, on the morning of the day of St John the Baptist. In my former communication I had occasion to allude to the fact, that this holiday, in the old time, was equally reverenced by the Christian and the Moorish inhabitants of Andalusia, and such of your readers as are acquainted with the ballad of the Admiral Guarinos, (which Cervantes, in one of his most beautiful passages, has introduced Don Quixote as hearing sung by a peasant going to his work at daybreak) will recollect the mention that is made of it there.

> "Three days alone they bring him forth a spectacle to be
> The feast of Pasch and the great day of the Nativity,
> And on that morn more solemn yet when the maidens strip the bowers,
> And gladden mosque and minaret with the first fruits of the flowers."

Depping, in his annotations to the ballad I am about to give you, mentions that a custom, and a belief similar to those commemorated Stanza 5th, are even at this time to be found extant among the Catholic peasantry of Southern Germany. In short, the morning of St John the Baptist's day seems to have been, and still to be regarded in many parts of Europe, in something like the same light with our own Allhallows Eve, the Scottish observances and superstitions connected with which have been so beautifully treated by Burns in his *Halloween*.

SONG FOR THE MORNING OF THE DAY OF ST JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good St John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon,
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew,
Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the hedgerows all are green,
And the little birds are singing the opening leaves between,
And let us all go forth together, to gather trefoil by the stream,
Ere the face of Guadalquiver glows beneath the strengthening beam,
Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away
The blessed blessed morning of John the Baptist's day;
There's trefoil on the meadow, and lilies on the lee,
And hawthorn blossoms on the bush, which you must pluck with me,
Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the air is calm and cool,
And the violet blue far down ye'll view, reflected in the pool;
The violets and the roses, and the jasmines all together,
We'll bind in garlands on the brow of the strong and lovely wether,
Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we'll gather myrtle boughs,
And we all shall learn from the dews of the fern, if our lads will keep their vows.
If the wether be still, as we dance on the hill, and the dew hangs sweet on the flowers,
Then well kiss off the dew, for our lovers are true, and the Baptist's blessing is ours.*

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good St John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

The next ballad I now send you has been selected out of a great number I have lying by me, because it contains another version of that same tragic story, which has already been made familiar to all English readers, by the ballad—

> "Gentle river, gentle river,
> "Now thy streams are stained with gore."

It follows in the *Romancero general*, immediately after "*Rio verde, rio verde,*" the original of that exquisite version; but the commentators observe that, from the style both of its versification and its structure, it is probably of a much more ancient date. As it gives the details much more fully, we may, perhaps, be permitted to believe, that it gives them more exactly. This much is certain, that the pass of Sierra Nevada is expressly mentioned by the author of the *Historia de las guerres civiles de Grenada*, as the scene of the catastrophe—for it cannot, according to his account, or to the ballad which follows, be called the battle ———— at which the gallant Alonzo of Aguilar lost his life.

THE DEATH OF DON ALONZO OF AGUILAR.

Fernando, King of Arragon, before Grenada lies,
With dukes and barons many a one, and champions of emprize;
With all the captains of Castille that serve his lady's crown,
He chaces Zagal from his gates, and plucks the crescent down.

The cross is reared upon the towers, for our Redeemer's sake;
The king assembles all his powers his triumph to partake,
Yet at the royal banquet there's trouble in his eye—
Now speak thy wish, it shall be done, great king, the lordlings cry.

Then spake Fernando, Hear, grandees! which of ye all will go
And give my banner in the breeze of Alpuxar to blow?
Those heights along, the Moors are strong, now who, by dawn of day,
Will plant the cross their cliffs among, and drive the dogs away?

Then champion on champion high, and count on count doth look;
And faultering is the tongue of lord, and pale the cheek of duke;
Till starts up brave Alonzo, the knight of Aguilār,
The lowmost at the royal board, but foremost still in war.

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* "They enclose the wether in a hut of heath," says Depping, "and if he remains quiet while the girl sings, all is well, but if he puts *his horns* through the frail wall or door, then the lover is false hearted."

And thus he speaks: I pray, my lord, that none but I may go;
For I made promise to the queen, your consort, long ago,
That ere the war should have an end, I, for her royal charms,
And for my duty to her grace, would shew some feat of arms.

Much joyed the king these words to hear—he bids Alonzo speed—
And long before their revel's o'er the knight is on his steed;
Alonzo's on his milk-white steed, with horsemen in his train—
A thousand horse, a chosen band, ere dawn the hills to gain.

They ride along the darkling ways, they gallop all the night;
They reach Navada ere the cock hath harbinger'd the light;
But ere they've climb'd that steep ravine the east is glowing red,
And the Moors their lances bright have seen, and Christian banners spread.

Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork-trees grow,
The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow;
There, o'er the path, the heathen range their ambuscado's line,
High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine.

There nought avails the eagle eye, the guardian of Castille,
The eye of wisdom, nor the heart that fear might never feel,
The arm of strength that wielded well the strong mace in the fray,
Nor the sheer mail wherefrom the edge of faulchion glanced away.

Not knightly valour there avails, nor skill of horse and spear,
For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear;
Down—down like driving hail they come, and horse and horsemen die,
Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.

Alonzo, with a handful more, escapes into the field,
There like a lion stands at bay, in vain besought to yield,
A thousand foes around are seen, but none draws near to fight;
Afar with bolt and javelin they pierce the stedfast knight.

An hundred and an hundred darts are hissing round his head;
Had Aguilar a thousand hearts their blood had all been shed;
Faint and more faint he staggers upon the slippery sod,
Then falls among a lake of gore, and gives his soul to God.

With that the Moors plucked up their hearts to gaze upon his face,
And caitiffs mangled where he lay the scourge of Africk's race;—
To woody Oxijera then the gallant corpse they drew,
And there upon the village green they laid him out to view.

Upon the village green he lay, as the moon was shining clear,
And all the village damsels to look at him drew near;
They stood around him all a-gaze beside the big oak tree,
And much his beauty did they praise, tho' mangled sore was he.

Now, so it fell, a Christian dame, that knew Alonzo well,
Not far from Oxijera did as a captive dwell,
And hearing all the marvels, across the woods came she,
To look upon this Christian corpse, and wash it decently.

She looked upon him, and she knew the face of Aguilar,
Although his beauty was disgraced with many a ghastly scar,
She knew him, and she cursed the dogs that pierced him from afar,
And mangled him when he was slain—the Moors of Alpuxār.

The Moorish maidens, while she spake, around her silence kept,
But her master dragged the dame away—then loud and long they wept,
They washed the blood, with many a tear, from dint of dart and arrow,
And buried him near the waters clear of the brook of Alpuxarra.

THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES,

Or the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.

Mr M'Gruel, the surgeon, our correspondent in Kilwinning, has sent us several letters from the different members of Dr Pringle's family, during their present visit to London. But although our Ayrshire friends are well acquainted with the Rev. Doctor, and rejoice in his good fortune, we have a few readers in other parts of the kingdom, to whom it may be necessary to mention something of the objects of his journey.

On last new-year's day the Doctor received a letter from India, informing him that his cousin, Colonel Armour, had died at Hydrabad, and left him his residuary legatee. The same post brought other letters on the same subject from the agent of the deceased in London, by which it was evident to the whole family that no time should be lost in looking after their interests in the hands of such brief and abrupt correspondents. "To say the least of it," as the Doctor himself sedately remarked, "considering the greatness of the forthcoming property, Messieurs Richard Argent and Company, of New Broad-street, might have given a notion as to the particulars of the residue." It was therefore determined that, as soon as the requisite arrangements could be made, the Doctor and Mrs Pringle should set out for the metropolis, to obtain a speedy settlement with the agents, and, as Rachel had now, to use an expression of her mother's, "a prospect before her," that she also should accompany them: Andrew, who had just been called to the Bar, and who had come to the manse to spend a few days after attaining that distinction, modestly suggested, that considering the various professional points which might be involved in the objects of his father's journey; and considering also the retired life which his father had led in the rural village of Garnock, it might be of importance to have the advantage of legal advice.

Mrs Pringle interrupted this harangue, by saying, "we see what you would be at, Andrew; ye're just wanting to come with us, and on this occasion I'm no for making step-bairns, so we'll a' gang thegither.

The Doctor had been for many years the incumbent of Garnock, which is pleasantly situated between Irvine and Kilwinning, and, on account of the benevolence of his disposition, was much beloved by his parishoners. Some of the pawkie among them used indeed to say, in answer to the godly of Kilmarnock, and other admirers of the late great John Russel, of that formerly orthodox town, by whom Dr Pringle's powers as a preacher were held in no particular estimation:—"He kens our pu'pit's frail, and sparst to save outhy to the heritors." As for Mrs Pringle, there is not such another minister's wife, both for economy and management, within the jurisdiction of the Synod of Glasgow and Ayr, and to this fact, the following letter to Miss Mally Glencairn, a maiden lady residing in the Kirkgate of Irvine, a street that has been likened unto the Kingdom of Heaven, where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, will abundantly testify.

Letter I.

Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

Garnock Manse,
1st Jan. 1820.

Dear Miss Mally,—The Doctor has had extraordinar news from India and London, where we are all going, as soon as me and Rachel can get ourselves in order, so I beg you will go to Bailie Delap's shop, and get swatches of his best black bombaseen, and crape, and muslin, and bring them over to the manse, the morn's morning. If you cannot come yourself, and the day should be wat, send Nanny Eydent, the mantua-maker, with them; you'll be sure to send Nanny, ony how, and I requeesht that, on this okasion, ye'll get the very best the Bailie has, and I'll tell you all about it when you come. You will get, likewise, swatches of mourning print, with the lowest prices. I'll no be so particular about them, as they are for the servan lasses, and there's no need, for all the greatness of God's gifts, that we should be wasterful. Let Mrs Glibbans know, that the Doctor's second cousin, the Colonel, that was in the East Indies, is no

more;—I am sure she will sympatheese with our loss on this melancholy okasion. Tell her, as I'll no be out till our mournings are made, I would take it kind if she would come over and take a bit of dinner on Sunday. The Doctor will no preach himself, but there's to be an excellent young man, an acquaintance of Andrew's, that has the repute of being both sound and hellaquaint. But no more at present, and looking for you and Nanny Eydent, with the swatches,—I am, dear Miss Mally, your sinsare friend. JANET PRINGLE.

The Doctor being of opinion that, until they had something in hand from the legacy, they should walk in the paths of moderation, it was resolved to proceed by the coach from Irvine to Greenock, there embark in a steamboat for Glasgow, and, crossing the country to Edinburgh, take their passage at Leith in one of the smacks for London. But we must let the parties speak for themselves, with only such occasional explanatory notes as our Kilwinning correspondent, Mr M'Gruel, the surgeon, has taken the trouble to subjoin to some of the letters.

LETTER II.

Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.

Greenock.

MY DEAR ISABELLA,—I know not why the dejection with which I parted from you still hangs upon my heart, and grows heavier as I am drawn farther and farther away. The uncertainty of the future—the dangers of the sea—all combine to sadden my too sensitive spirit. Still, however, I will exert myself, and try to give you some account of our momentous journey.

The morning on which we bade farewell for a time—alas! it was to me as if forever, to my native shades of Garnock—the weather was cold, bleak, and boisterous, and the waves came rolling in majestic fury towards the shore, when we arrived at the Tontine inn of Ardrossan. What a monument has the late Earl of Eglinton left there of his public spirit!—it should embalm his memory in the hearts of future ages, as I doubt not but in time Ardrossan will become a grand emporium; but the people of Saltcoats, a sordid race, complain that it will be their ruin; and the Paisley subscribers to his Lordship's canal grow pale when they think of profit.

The road, after leaving Ardrossan, lies along the shore. The blast came dark from the waters, and the clouds lay piled in every form of grandeur on the lofty peaks of Arran. The view on the right hand is limited to the foot of a range of abrupt mean hills, and on the left meets the sea—as we were obliged to keep the glasses up, our drive for several miles was objectless and dreary. When we had ascended a hill, leaving Kilbride on the left, we passed under the walls of an ancient tower. What delightful ideas are associated with the sight of such venerable remains of antiquity!

Leaving that lofty relic of our warlike ancestors, we descended again towards the shore. On the one side lay the Cumbra islands, and Bute, dear to departed royalty. Afar beyond them, in the hoary magnificence of nature, rise the mountains of Argyllshire; the cairns, as my brother says, of a former world. On the other side of the road, we saw the cloistered ruins of the religious house of Southenan, a nunnery in those days of romantic adventure, when to live was to enjoy a poetical element. In such a sweet sequestered retreat, how much more pleasing to the soul it would have been, for you and I, like two captive birds in one cage, to have sung away our hours in innocence, than for me to be thus torn from you by fate, and all on account of that mercenary legacy, perchance the spoils of some unfortunate Hindoo Rajah.

At Largs we halted to change horses, and saw the barrows of those who fell in the great battle. We then continued our journey along the foot of stupendous precipices; and high, sublime, and darkened with the shadow of antiquity, we saw, upon its lofty station, the ancient castle of Skelmorlie, where the Montgomeries of other days held their gorgeous banquets, and that brave knight who fell at Chevy-Chace came pricking forth on his milk-white steed, as Walter Scott would have described him.—But the age of chivalry is past, and the glory of Europe departed for ever.

When we crossed the stream that divides the counties of Ayr and Renfrew, we beheld, in all the apart and consequentiality of pride, the house of

Kelly overlooking the social villas of Wemyss bay. My brother compared it to a sugar hogshead, and them to cotton-bags; for the lofty thane of Kelly is but a West India planter, and the inhabitants of the villas on the shore are Glasgow manufacturers.

To this succeeded a dull drive of about two miles, and then at once we entered the pretty village of Inverkip. A slight snow shower had given to the landscape a sort of copperplate effect, but still the forms of things, though but sketched as it were, with China ink, were calculated to produce interesting impressions. After ascending, by a gentle aclivity, into a picturesque and romantic pass, we entered a spacious valley, and, in the course of little more than half an hour, reached this town; the largest, the most populous, and the most superb, that I have yet seen. But what are all its warehouses, ships, and smell of tar and other odoriferous circumstances of fishery and the sea, compared with the green swelling hills, the fragrant beanfields, and the peaceful groves of my native Garnock?

The people of this town are a very busy and clever race, but much given to litigation. My brother says, that they are the greatest benefactors to the Outer House, and that their lawsuits are the most amusing and profitable before the Courts, being less for the purpose of determining what is right than what is lawful. The chambermaid of the inn where we lodge pointed out to me, on the opposite side of the street, a magnificent edifice erected for balls; but the subscribers have resolved not to allow any dancing till it is determined by the Court of Session to whom the seats and chairs belong, as they were brought from another house where the assemblies were formerly held.* I have heard a lawsuit compared to a country-dance, in which, after a great bustle and regular confusion, the parties stand still, all tired, just on the spot where they began; but this is the first time that the judges of the land have been called on to decide when a dance may begin.

We arrived too late for the steamboat, and are obliged to wait till Monday morning; but to-morrow we shall go to church, where I expect to see what sort of creatures these beaux are. The Greenock ladies have a great name for beauty, but those that I have seen are perfect frights. Such of the gentlemen as I have observed passing the windows of the inn may do, but I declare the ladies have nothing of which any woman ought to be proud. Had we known that we ran a risk of not getting a steam-boat, my mother would have provided an introductory letter or two from some of her Irvine friends; but here we are almost entire strangers: my father, however, is acquainted with one of the magistrates, and has gone to see him. I hope he will be civil enough to ask us to his house, for an inn is a shocking place to live in, and my mother is terrified at the expense. My brother, however, has great confidence in our prospects, and orders and directs with a high hand. But my paper is full, and I am compelled to conclude with scarcely room to say how affectionately I am yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

LETTER III.

The Rev. Dr Pringle to Mr Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session Clerk, Garnock.

Edinburgh.

DEAR SIR,—We have got this length through many difficulties, both in the travel by land to, and by sea and land from Greenock, where we were obligated, by reason of no conveyance, to stop the Sabbath, but not without edification; for we went to hear Dr Drystour in the forenoon, who had a most weighty sermon on the tenth chapter of Nehemiah. He is surely a great orthodox divine, but rather costive in his delivery. In the afternoon we heard a correct moral lecture on good works, in another church, from Dr Eastlight—a plain man, with a genteel congregation. The same night we took supper with a wealthy family, where we had much pleasant communion together, although the bringing in of the toddy bowl after supper is a fashion that has a tendency to lengthen the sederunt to unseasonable hours.

On the following morning, by the break of day, we took shipping in the

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* This intelligence was not quite correct. The dispute about the stools and chairs was between the subscribers to the public news-room, and has ended in a complete division of the town into two parties.

steam boat for Glasgow. I had misgivings about the engine, which is really a thing of great docility; but saving my concern for the boiler, we all found the place surprising comfortable. The day was bleak and cold, but we had a good fire in a carron grate in the middle of the floor, and books to read, so that both body and mind are therein provided for.

Among the books, I fell in with a History of the Rebellion, anent the hand that an English gentleman of the name of Waverley had in it. I was grieved that I had not time to read it through, for it was wonderful interesting, and far more particular, in many points, than any other account of that affair I have yet met with; but it's no so friendly to protestant principles as I could have wished. However, if I get my legacy well settled, I will buy the book, and lend it to you on my return, please God, to the manse.

We were put on shore at Glasgow by breakfast time, and there we tarried all day, as I had a power of attorney to get from Miss Jenny Macbride, my cousin, to whom the Colonel left the thousand pound legacy. Miss Jenny thought the legacy should have been more, and made some obstacle to signing the power, but both her lawyer and Andrew Pringle, my son, convinced her that, as it was specified in the testament, she could not help it by standing out; so at long and last Miss Jenny was persuaded to put her name to the paper.

Next day we all four got into a fly coach, and without damage or detriment, reached this city in good time for dinner in Macgregor's hotel, a remarkable decent inn, next door to one Mr Blackwood, a civil and decent man in the bookselling line.

Really the changes in Edinburgh since I was here, fifty years ago, as the laird of Budland's tutor, are not to be told. I am confounded, for although I have both heard and read of the New Town in the Edinburgh Advertiser, and the Scots Magazine, I had no notion of what has come to pass. It's surprising to think wherein the decay of the nation is; for at Greenock I saw nothing but shipping and building; at Glasgow, streets spreading as if they were one of the branches of cotton spinning; and here, the houses grown up as if they were sown in the seed-time with the corn, by a drill machine, or dibbled in rigs and furrows like beans and potatoes.

To-morrow, God willing, we embark in a smack at Leith, so that you will not hear from me again till it please Him to take us in the hollow of his hand to London. In the mean time, I have only to add, that when the Session meets, I wish you would speak to the elders, particular to Mr Craig, no to be overly hard on that poor donsie thing, Meg Miliken, about her bairn; and tell Tam Glen, the father o't, from me, that it would have been a sore heart to that pious woman, his mother, had she been living, to have witnessed such a thing; and therefore I hope and trust, he will yet confess a fault and own Meg for his wife, though she is but something of a tapie. However, you need not diminish her to Tam. I hope Mr Snodgrass will give as much satisfaction to the parish as can reasonably be expected in my absence, and I remain, dear sir, your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

Mr Micklewham received the doctor's letter about an hour before the Session met on the case of Tam Glen and Meg Milliken, and took it with him to the Session house to read it to the elders before going into the investigation. Such a long and particular letter from the doctor was, as they all justly remarked, kind and dutiful to his people, and a great pleasure to them.

Mr Daff observed, "Truly the doctor's a vera funny man, and wonderfu' jocose about the toddy bowl." But Mr Craig said, that "sick a thing in the Lord's night gies me no pleasure; and I am for setting my face against Waverley's History of the Rebellion, whilk I hae heard spoken of among the ungodly, both at Kilwinning and Dalry; and if it has no respect to protestant principles, I doubt its but another doze o' the radical poison in a new guise." Mr Jeener, however, thought, that "the observe on the great doctor Drystour was very edifying; and that they should see about getting him to help at the summer occasion."*

While they were thus reviewing, in

* The administration of the Sacrament.

their way, the first epistle of the doctor, the betherel came in to say that Meg and Tam were at the door. "O, man," said Mr Daff, slyly, "ye should na hae left them at the door by themselves." Mr Craig looked at him austerely, and muttered something about the growing immorality of the backsliding age; but before this smoke of his indignation had kindled into eloquence, the delinquents were admitted, and as we have nothing to do with this business, we shall leave them to their own deliberations.

LETTER IV.

Andrew Pringle, Esq. Advocate, to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.

London.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—We have at last reached London, after a stormy passage of seven days. The accommodation in the smacks looks extremely inviting in port, and in fine weather, I doubt not, is comfortable, even at sea; but in February, and in such visitations of the powers of the air as we have endured, a balloon must be a far better vehicle than all the vessels that have been constructed for passengers since the time of Noah. In the first place, the waves of the atmosphere cannot be so dangerous as those of the ocean; being but "thin air;" and I am sure they are not so disagreeable; then the speed of the balloon is so much greater, and it would puzzle professor Leslie to demonstrate that its motions are more unsteady; besides, who ever heard of sea sickness in a balloon? The consideration of which alone, would, to any reasonable person, actually suffering under the pains of that calamity, be deemed more than an equivalent for all the little fractional difference of danger between the two modes of travelling —I shall, henceforth, regard it as a fine characteristic trait of our national prudence, that in their journies to France and Flanders, the Scottish witches always went by air on broomsticks and bunweeds, instead of venturing by water in sieves, like those of England. But the English are under the influence of a maritime genius.

When we had got as far up the Thames as Gravesend, the wind and tide came against us, so that the vessel was obliged to anchor, and I availed myself of the circumstance to induce the family to disembark and go to London by LAND; and I esteem it a fortunate circumstance that we did so, the day, for the season, being uncommonly fine. After we had taken some refreshment, I procured places in a stage coach for my mother and sister —and, with the doctor, mounted myself on the outside. My father's old fashioned notions bogled a little at first to this arrangement, which he thought somewhat derogatory to his ministerial dignity—but his scruples were in the end overruled.

The country in this season is, of course, seen to disadvantage, but still it exhibits beauty enough to convince us what England must be when in leaf. The old gentleman's admiration of the increasing signs of what he called civilization, as we approached London, became quite eloquent; but the first view of the city from Blackheath, (which, by the bye, is a fine common surrounded with villas and handsome houses,) overpowered his faculties, and I shall never forget the impression it made on myself. The sun was declined towards the horizon; vast masses of dark low-hung clouds were mingled with the smoky canopy, and the dome of St Paul's, like the enormous idol of some terrible deity, throned amidst the smoke of sacrifices and magnificence, darkness and mystery, presented altogether an object of vast sublimity. I felt touched with reverence, as if I was indeed approaching the city of THE HUMAN POWERS.

The distant view of Edinburgh is picturesque and romantic, but it affects a lower class of our associations. It is, compared to that of London, what the poem of the Seasons is with respect to Paradise Lost; the castellated descriptions of Walter Scott to the "DARKNESS" of Byron—the Sabbath of Graham to the Robbers of Schiller. In the approach to Edinburgh, leisure and cheerfulness are on the road; large spaces of rural and pastoral nature are spread openly around, and mountains, and seas, and head-lands, and vessels passing beyond them, going like those that die, we know not whither, while the sun is bright on their sails, and hope with them. But in coming to this Babylon, there is an eager haste and a hurrying on from all quarters, towards that stupendous pile of gloom, through which no eye can penetrate; an unceasing sound, like the enginery

of an earthquake at work, rolls from the heart of that profound and indefinable obscurity—sometimes a faint and yellow beam of the sun strikes here and there on the vast expanse of edifices; and churches, and holy asylums, are dimly seen lifting up their countless steeples and spires like so many lightning rods to avert the wrath of Heaven.

The entrance to Edinburgh also awakens feelings of a more pleasing character. The rugged veteran aspect of the old town is agreeably contrasted with the bright smooth forehead of the new, and there is not such an overwhelming torrent of animal life, as to make you pause before venturing to stem it; the noises are not deafening, and the occasional sound of a ballad singer or a highland piper varies and enriches the discords; but here, a multitudinous assemblage of harsh alarms, of selfish contentions, and of furious carriages, driven by a fierce and insolent race, shatter the very hearing, till you partake of the activity with which all seem as much possessed as if a general apprehension prevailed, that the great clock of time would strike the doom-hour before their tasks were done. But I must stop, for the postman with his bell, like the betherel of some ancient "borough's town" summoning to a burial, is in the street, and warns me to conclude. Yours,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

LETTER V.

The Rev. Dr Pringle to Mr Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session-Clerk, Garnock.

London,
49, Norfolk Street, Strand.

DEAR SIR,—On the first Sunday forthcoming after the receiving hereof, you will not fail to recollect in the remembering prayer, that we return thanks for our safe arrival in London, after a dangerous voyage. Well, indeed, is it ordained that we should pray for those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great deep, for what me and mine have come through is unspeakable, and the hand of Providence was visibly manifested.

On the day of our embarkation at Leith, a fair wind took us onward at a blithe rate for some time; but in the course of that night, the bridle of the tempest was slackened, and the curb of the billows loosened, and the ship reeled to and fro like a drunkard, and no man could stand therein. My wife and daughter lay at the point of death, Andrew Pringle, my son, also was prostrated with the grievous affliction, and the very soul within me, was as if it would have been cast out of the body.

On the following day the storm abated, and the wind blew favourably, but towards the heel of the evening it again became vehement, and there was no help unto our distress. About midnight, however, it pleased HIM, whose breath is the tempest, to be more sparing with the whip of his displeasure on our poor bark, as she hirpled on in her toilsome journey through the waters, and I was enabled, through his strength, to lift my head from the pillow of sickness, and ascend the deck, where I thought of Noah looking out of the window in the ark, upon the face of the desolate flood, and of Peter walking on the sea, and I said to myself, it matters not where we are, for we can be in no place where Jehovah is not there likewise, whether it be on the waves of the ocean, or the mountain tops, or in the valley and shadow of death.

The third day the wind came contrary, and in the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth, we were also sorely buffetted; but on the night of the sixth we entered the mouth of the river Thames, and on the morning of the seventh day of our departure, we cast anchor near a town called Gravesend, where to our exceeding great joy, it pleased HIM, in whom alone there is salvation, to allow us once more to put our foot on the dry land.

When we had partaken of a repast, the first blessed with the blessing of an appetite, from the day of our leaving our native land, we got two vacancies in a stage-coach for my wife and daughter, but with Andrew Pringle, my son, I was obliged to mount aloft on the outside. I had some scruple of conscience about this, for I was afraid of my decorum. I met, however, with nothing but the heighth of discretion from the other outside passengers, although I jealoused that one of them was but a light woman. Really I had no notion that the English were so civilized; they were so

well-bred, and the very duddiest of them spoke such a fine style of language, that when I looked around on the country, I thought myself in the land of Canaan. But it's extraordinary what a power of drink the coachmen drink, stopping and going in to every change-house, and yet behaving themselves with the greatest sobriety. And then they are all so well dressed, which is no doubt owing to the poor rates. I am thinking, however, that for all they cry against them, the poor rates are but a small evil, since they keep the poor folk in such food and raiment, and out of the temptations to thievry; indeed, such a thing as a common beggar is no to be seen in this land, excepting here and there a sorner or a neer-da-weel.

When we had got to the outskirts or London, I began to be ashamed of the sin of high-places, and would have gladly got into the inside of the coach, for fear of any body knowing me, but although the multitude of by-goers was like the kirk scayling at the sacrament, I saw not a kent face, nor one that took the least notice of my situation. At last we got to an inn, called *the White Horse*, Fetter Lane, where we hired a hackney to take us to the lodgings provided for us here in Norfolk Street, by Mr Pawkie, the Scotch Solicitor, a friend of Andrew Pringle, my son. Now it was that we began to experience the sharpers of London; for it seems that there are divers Norfolk Streets, our's was in the Strand, (mind that when you direct) not very far from Fetter Lane, but the hackney driver took us away to one afar off, and when we knocked at the number we thought was ours, we found ourselves at a house that should not be told. I was so mortified that I did not know what to say, and when Andrew Pringle, my son, rebuked the man for the mistake, he only gave a cunning laugh, and said we should have told him what'na Norfolk-street we wanted. Andrew stormed at this, but I discerned it was all owing to our own inexperience, and put an end to the contention, by telling the man to take us to Norfolk-street in the Strand, which was the direction we had got. But when we got to the door, the coachman was so extortionate, that another hobbleshaw arose. Mrs Pringle had been told, that in such disputes, the best way of getting redress was to take the number of the coach, but in trying to do so, we found it fastened on, and I thought the hackney-man would have gone by himself with laughter. Andrew, who had not observed what we were doing, when he saw us trying to take off the number, went like one dimented, and paid the man, I cannot tell what, to get us out, and into the house for fear we should have been mobbit.

I have not yet seen the Colonel's agents, so can say nothing as to the business of our coming; for landing at Gravesend, we did not bring our trunks with us, and Andrew has gone to the wharf this morning to get them, and until we get them, we can go no where;—which is the occasion of my writing so soon, knowing also how you, and the whole parish, would be anxious to hear what had become of us, and I remain, dear sir, your friend and pastor.

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

By our friend Mr M'Gruel's note to this letter, it appears that it was received late on Saturday evening; and that Saunders Dickie, the Irvine postman, suspecting it was from the doctor, had himself, on his own feet, taken it to Mr Micklewhams, although the distance was more than two miles, and that Saunders, in addition to the customary *twal pennies* on the postage, had a dram for his pains. The next morning being wet, Mr Micklewham had not an opportunity of telling any of the parishioners in the churchyard of the doctor's safe arrival, so that when he read out the request to return thanks, (for he was not only schoolmaster and session-clerk, but also precenter) there was a murmur of pleasure diffused throughout the congregation, and the greatest curiosity was excited, to know what the dangers were, from which their worthy pastor, and his whole family, had so thankfully escaped in their voyage to London. Mr Snodgrass, who officiates in the doctor's absence, and who had not then received his letter from Mr Andrew Pringle, was no less anxious to learn the particulars, so that when the service was over, he adjourned with the elders to the session-house, to hear the letter read, and many of the heads of families, and other respectable parishioners, were admitted to

the honours of the sitting, who all sympathized with the greatest sincerity in the sufferings which their minister and his family had endured. Mr Daff, however, was justly chided by Mr Craig, for rubbing his hands, and giving a sort of sniggering laugh, at the doctor's sitting on high with a light woman. But even Mr Snodgrass was seen to smile at the incident of taking the number of the coach, the meaning of which none but himself seemed to understand.

When the epistle had been thus duly read, Mr Micklewham promised, for the satisfaction of some of the congregation, that he would get two or three copies made by some of the best writers in his school, to be handed about the parish, and Mr Jeener remarked, that truly it was a thing to be held in remembrance, for he had not heard of greater tribulation by the waters, since the shipwreck of the Apostle Paul.

Letter VI.

Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

London.

My Dear Miss Mally,—You must not expect no particulars from me of our journey, but as Rachel is writing all the calamities that befell us to Bell Tod, you will, no doubt, hear of them. But all is nothing to my losses. I bought from the first hand, Mr Treddles the manufacturer, two pieces of muslin, at Glasgow, such a thing not being to be had on any reasonable terms here, where they get all their fine muslins from Glasgow and Paisley, and in the same bocks with them I packit a small crock of our ain excellent poudered butter, with a delap cheese, for I was told that such commodities are not to be had genuine in London. I likewise had in it a pot of marmlet, which Miss Jenny Macbride gave me at Glasgow, assuring me that it was not only dentice, but a curiosity among the English, and my best new bumbeseen goun in peper. Howsomever in the nailing of the bocks, which I did carefully with my oun hands, one of the nails gaed in ajee, and broke the pot of marmlet, which, by the jolting of the ship ruined the muslin, rottened the peper round the goun, which the shivers cut into more than twenty great holes. Over and above all, the crock with the butter was, no one can tell how, crackit, and the pickle lecking out, and mixing with the seerip of the marmlet, spoilt the cheese. In short, at the object I beheld, when the bocks was opened I could have ta'en to the greeting, but I behaved with more composity on the occasion, than the doctor thought it was in the power of nature to do. Howsomever, till I get a new goun and other things, I am obliged to be a prisoner, and as the doctor does not like to go to the counting-house of the agents without me, I know not what is yet to be the consequence of our journey But it would need to be something; for we pay four guineas and a half a-week for our dry lodgings, which is at a degree more than the doctor's whole stipend. As yet, for the cause of these misfortunes, I can give you no account of London, but there is, as every body kens, little thrift in their house-keeping, we just buy our tea by the quarter a pound, and our loaf sugar, broken in a peper bag, by the pound, which would be a disgrace to a decent family in Scotland, and when we order dinner, we get no more than just serves, so that we have no cold meat if a stranger were coming by chance, which makes an unco bare house. The servan lasses I cannot abide; they dress better at their wark, than ever I did on an ordinaire week-day at the manse, and this very morning I saw madam, the kitchen lass, mounted on a pair of pattens, washing the plain stenes before the door, na, for that matter, a bare foot is not to be seen within the four walls of London, at the least I have na seen no such thing.

In the way of marketting, things are very good here, and considering, not dear, but all is sold by the licht weight, only the fish are awful; half-a-guinea for a cod's head, and no bigger than the drouds the cadgers bring from Ayr, at a shilling and eighteenpence a-piece.

Tell Miss Nanny Eydent that I have seen none of the fashions as yet, but we are going to the burial of the auld King next week, and I'll write her a particular account how the leddies are dressed; but every body is in deep mourning. Howsomever I have seen but little, and that only in a manner from the window, but I

could not miss the opportunity of a frank that Andrew has got for the doctor, and as he's waiting for the pen, you must excuse haste. From your sincere friend.

JANET PRINGLE.

LETTER VII.

Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Rev^d. Cha^s. Snodgrass.

London,

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It will give you pleasure to hear that my father is likely to get his business speedily settled without any equivocation; and that all those prudential considerations which brought us to London, were but the phantasms of our own inexperience. I use the plural, for I really share in the shame of having called in question the high character of the agents: it ought to have been warrantry enough that every thing would be fairly adjusted. But I must give you some account of what has taken place, to illustrate our provincialism, and to give you some idea of the way of doing business in London.

After having recovered from the effects, and repaired some of the accidents of our voyage, we yesterday morning sallied forth, the doctor, my mother, and your humble servant, in a hackney coach to Broad Street, where the agents have their counting-house, and were ushered into a room among other legatees or clients, waiting for an audience of Mr Argent, the principal of the house.

I know not how it is, that the little personal peculiarities, so amusing to strangers, should be painful when we see them in those whom we love and esteem; but I own to you, that there was a something in the demeanour of the old folks on this occasion that would have been exceedingly diverting to me, had my filial reverence been less sincere for them.

The establishment of Messrs Argent and Company is of vast extent, and has in it something even of a public magnitude; the number of the clerks; the assiduity of all, and the order that obviously prevails throughout, give, at the first sight, an impression that bespeaks respect for the stability and integrity of the concern.—When we had been seated about ten minutes, and my father's name taken to Mr Argent, an answer was brought that he would see us as soon as possible; but we were obliged to wait at least half an hour more. Upon our being at last admitted, Mr Argent received us standing, and in an easy gentlemanly manner said to my father: "You are the residuary legatee of the late Colonel Armour;—I am sorry that you did not apprise me of this visit, that I might have been prepared to give the information you naturally desire, but if you will call here to-morrow at 12 o'clock, I shall then be able to satisfy you on the subject. Your lady, I presume," he added, turning to my mother, "Mrs Argent, will have the honour of waiting on you; may I therefore beg the favour of your address." Fortunately I was provided with cards, and having given him one, we found ourselves constrained, as it were, to take our leave. The whole interview did not last two minutes, and I never was less satisfied with myself. The doctor and my mother were in the greatest anguish; and when we were again seated in the coach, loudly expressed their apprehensions. They were convinced that some stratagem was meditated; they feared that their journey to London would prove as little satisfactory as that of the Wrongheads, and that they had been throwing away good money in building castles in the air.

It had been previously arranged, that we were to return for my sister, and afterwards visit some of the sights; but the clouded visages of her father and mother, darkened her very spirit, and she largely shared in their fears. This, however, was not the gravest part of the business; for, instead of going to St Paul's and the Tower, as we had intended, my mother declared, that not one farthing would they spend more till they were satisfied that the expences already incurred were likely to be reimbursed; and a Chancery suit, with all the horrors of wig and gown, floated in spectral haziness before their imagination.

We sat down to a frugal meal, and although the remainder of a bottle of wine, saved from the preceding day, hardly afforded a glass a piece, the doctor absolutely prohibited me from opening another.

This morning, faithful to the hour, we were again in Broad Street, with hearts knit up into the most peremptory courage; and, on being announ-

ced, were immediately admitted to Mr Argent. He received us with the same ease as in the first interview, and, after requesting us to be seated, which, by the way, he did not do yesterday, a circumstance that was ominously remarked, he began to talk on indifferent matters. I could see that a question, big with law and fortune, was gathering in the breasts both of the doctor and my mother, and that they were in a state far from that of the blessed. But one of the clerks, before they had time to express their indignant suspicions, entered with a paper, and Mr Argent, having glanced it over, said to the doctor:—"I congratulate you, Sir, on the amount of the Colonel's fortune. I was not indeed aware before, that he had died so rich. He has left about L.120,000; seventy-five thousand of which is in the five per cents; the remainder in India bonds and other securities. The legacies appear to be inconsiderable, so that the residue to you, after paying them and the expences of Doctors Commons, will exceed a hundred thousand pounds.

My father turned his eyes upwards in thankfulness, "but," continued Mr Argent, "before the property can be transferred, it will be necessary for you to provide about four thousand pounds to pay the duty and other requisite expences." This was a thunder-clap. "Where can I get such a sum," exclaimed my father, in a tone of pathetic simplicity—Mr Argent smiled and said, "we shall manage that for you," and having in the same moment pulled a bell, a fine young man entered, whom he introduced to us as his son, and desired him to explain what steps it was necessary for the doctor to take—we accordingly followed Mr Charles Argent to his own room.

Thus, in less time than I have been in writing it, were we put in possession of all the information we required, and found those whom we feared might be interested to withhold the settlement, alert and prompt to assist us.

Mr Charles Argent is naturally more familiar than his father; he has a little dash of pleasantry in his manner, with a shrewd good-humoured fashionable air, that renders him soon an agreeable acquaintance. He entered with singular felicity at once into the character of the doctor and my mother, and waggishly drolled, as if he did not understand them, in order, I could perceive, to draw out the simplicity of their apprehensions. He quite won the old lady's economical heart, by offering to frank her letters, for he is in parliament. "You have probably," said he, slyly, "friends in the country, to whom you may be desirous of communicating the result of your journey to London; send your letters to me, and I will forward them, and any that you expect may also come under cover to my address, for postage is very expensive."

As we were taking our leave, after being fully instructed in all the preliminary steps to be taken before the transfers of the funded property can be made, he asked me, in a friendly manner, to dine with him this evening, and I never accepted an invitation with more pleasure. I consider his acquaintance a most agreeable acquisition, and not one of the least of those advantages which this new opulence has put it in my power to attain. The incidents, indeed, of this day have been all highly gratifying, and the new and brighter phase in which I have seen the mercantile character, as it is connected with the greatness and glory of my country—is in itself equivalent to an accession of useful knowledge. I can no longer wonder at the vast power which the British government wielded during the late war, when I reflect that the method and promptitude of the house of Messrs Argent and Company is common to all the great commercial concerns from which the statesmen derived, as from so many reservoirs, their immense pecuniary supplies, which enabled them to beggar all the resources of a political despotism the most unbounded both in power and principle of any tyranny that ever existed so long. Yours, &c.

ANDREW PRINGLE.

THE SILENT EVE.

The shades of night are hastening down,
To steep in blue the mountains brown,
The sky is cloudless, and serene;
The winds are pillowed; and the scene
So beautiful, so wild, so sweet,
Where forests, fields, and waters meet,
Is bathed in such delicious hues,
Beneath the twilight's falling dues,
That man, afar from Sorrows sphere,
Might muse away his anguish here;
While, o'er his erring thoughts subdued,
That quiet—tranquillizing mood,
That tone of harmony would steal,
Which poets feign, and angels feel.

Earth answers to the hues above—
The music ceases in the grove;
While not a breeze, in wandering, stir
The branches of the silent firs,
That stretch their azure cones on high,
And shoot into the lucid sky.

There is no living motion round,
Save, that, with meek and mellow sound,
The shaded river murmurs on,
'Tween banks with copsewood overgrown;
Athwart its bed, the willow throws
The brightness of its pendent boughs,
And hangs, with melancholy air,
And languid head, its tresses there;
Like Guilt, that feels remorse endure,
Performing penance to be pure.—

Lo! in the south, a silver star,
With amber radiance, shines afar;—
The eldest daughter of the night,
In glory warm, in beauty bright.
Thou diamond in the pathless dome
Of azure, whether dost thou come?—
Far—far, within the orbless blue,
A tiny lustre twinkles thro',
With distant and unsteady light,
To catch the eye, then mock the sight;
Till—as the shades of Darkness frown,
And throw their viewless curtains down,
The very veil, that mantles earth,
Awakens thee to brighter birth,
And bids thee glow, with purer ray,
A lily on the tomb of Day!

With outlines palpable, and clear,
And, 'mid the lowering darkness drear,
Above the forest, rise sublime
The gothic towers of olden time;
Thro' lattices, unframed, looks forth
The calm, pure azure of the North,
Unbroken, save, where, dark and down,
The ivy tendrils hang, and frown;
And Time, with mimic finger, weaves
A natural latticework of leaves.

What marvel, then, that trembling fear,
In many a grot, and cavern here,
Should hold her solitary reign,
To scare the natives of the plain,
And people every lonesome glade,
With many a mute, and wandering shade.
Lo! in the convent's dewy cell,
What time awoke the vesper bell,
The homeward-stalking peasant hears,
Beneath the moonlight of the spheres,
Strange music on the breezes swim,
A low—a wild—a wailing hymn,
Soaring, and sinking, like the breeze
Among December's leafless trees;
Nor backward is his mind to dream,
In passing, that strange faces gleam
From every frowning cranny there—
As throbs his heart, and stirs his hair,
With quickened step he hastens on,
For well he knows in ages gone,
When sack-cloth-vested abbots swayed,
And Rome was mighty and obeyed,
That there unholy deeds were done,
Perceived by few, and told by none,
And oft the restless spirits sweep,
When storms are dark, and night is deep,
Amid the gothic aisles, where rest,
In charnel cell, their bones unblest.

The blue horizon circles round
This silent spot of fairy ground;
So hushed, that even my very breath
Intrudes upon the still of death!
No trace of mind or man is here,
The sight to win, the heart to cheer;
Like him, who, on Fernandez, sate,
Lamenting o'er his lonely fate,—
While, in the hush of winds, the roar
Of Ocean thundering on the shore
Was heard, the only living sound,
To break the deep, and dull profound,—
So here I rest; no tempests roll
Above my head, or in my soul,
A musing heart, and watchful eye,
Conversing with the earth, and sky.

A.

STANZAS.

AFAR, OH LADYE FAIR, AFAR.

Afar, oh Ladye fair, afar
From thee, and these delightful scenes,
Beyond the restless Ocean's jar,
On former bliss my spirit leans.

When all that was my heaven below,
Hath vanished from my vacant view,
Then Hope shall hold her glass, to show,
As wont of yore, thy spirit true.

True as the needle to the pole,
Pure as the thoughts of saints above;
Ah! fairer form, and purer soul,
Were never sanctified to Love!

When in the west the sun declines,
And twilight reigns in blue array,
When in the south a planet shines,
To herald the departing day,

Oh, gaze upon it—warmly gaze,
Too conscious, far beyond the sea,
That one regards its silent rays,
And has no other care but thee!

How drearily the time will run,
No bliss-fraught moments strewed between,
When wakes the morn, and sinks the sun,
And thou art silent and unseen!

Thou!—ah! it was my chief delight,
Thy mind to scan, thy form survey;
To dream about thee all the night,
And linger near thee half the day.

And shall it then be thus no more?
No more, beneath the shades of eve,
Shall I, the form that I adore,
With pleasure meet, with sorrow leave?

Yes! thus it must be; but the sands
Of envious Time shall never run,
Which—tho' it finds divided hands—
Shall find our bosoms more than one.

Δ.

BIBLICAL SKETCHES.

No I.

Elijah.

Elijah with his mantle smote the waves
Of Jordan to the right hand, and the left,
Which, parting, sundered like a breaking cloud
When vernal breezes wanton in the sky;
And onwards with his master, thro' the sands,
Without a word, in that mysterious calm,
Elisha passed.
The fated hour was nigh,
The hour of consummation; loneliness
Hung o'er the hills and vallies, like a shroud;
Dashing the bridled waters closed behind,
And all was still;—sombre the forests lay,
A mass of pitchy darkness, in the scowl
Of that dim sky—a solitude of death!
The elements of Nature seem'd asleep;
And, in their place, mysterious agencies
At work, to overthrow the rolling world.
Within Elijah's glance a piercingness
Which was not of this earth, upon his face,
Shaded with raven locks, a darkening hue,

As if reflective of the frowning sky,
Was visible; when, lifting up his voice,
"It is the hour," he said, "before we part,
To meet no more upon this lower sphere;
What would'st thou of me?"
Then Elisha prayed
For a double portion of his master's soul
Prophetic.
And a flaming chariot came,
A fiery chariot, drawn by steeds of fire,
Treading the clouds beneath them in their march.
And breathless silence, like a wizard, held
Spell-bound the breathless elements in awe,
While forky lightnings flash'd among the clouds;
And they were parted by invisible arm!—
Elijah entered,—and a whirlwind rose,
And took him to the skies, and—he was not!

Δ.

No. II.

THE CASTING FORTH OF JONAH.

Dark lowered around the canopy of clouds;
Winds sang, and thunders rolled, and lightnings flashed;
The fear-struck sailor clung unto the shrouds,
As o'er his head the warning billow dashed;
And while the rain, a sheety torrent, lashed
The tortured sea, each mountain wave between,
The ship, and all its shrieking crew, were seen!

They thought of Joppa,—of their pleasant home!
Despairing e'er to view its walls again;
And, drifting o'er the circumambient foam,
Saw but the skies commingling with the main;
Then, deeming labour lost, and effort vain,
They threw their merchandize into the sea,
And each called on his God, and bent his knee.

When lo! reposing on a plank beneath,
As on the sward, below a summer sky,
With countenance serene, and placid breath,
They viewed a passenger in slumber lie;
On him the master gazed with wondering eye,
And roused him from his trance, and wildly cried,
"Call, sleeper, on your God, to calm the tide!"

Then each did gaze distrustfully on each,
Imagining that, for some grievous sin,
Heaven doomed the land they never more should reach,
But all should perish Ocean's womb within.
They thought them then of lots, and did begin—
While silently each weighed his failings well—
To cast them, and the lot on Jonah fell!

Hope, like a sunbeam, over every face
Began to play; they asked him whence he came,
His occupation, and his dwelling-place,
His unshrived sin, his country, and his name;
Then as he patiently endured the blame,—
"I am a Hebrew," Jonah said, "by birth,
And worship God, who made the seas and earth!"

Then were they terrified, for he had told,
That from the presence of the Lord he fled;
And, while without the foaming billows rolled,
Within, there was the silence of the dead;
But, boldly stepping forward, Jonah said,—
"For me hath risen this tempest—all for me—
"Then spare me not, and cast me to the sea."

Yet did they make delay, compassionate,
And plied, with dextrous hand, the bending oar,
Fain had they saved him from impending fate,
And hard they struggled to approach the shore;
But more tempestuous grew the main, and more;
And every wave, with crest of tawny brown,
Threatened to whelm them o'er, and suck them down.

They saw it was in vain—and then they prayed,
They prayed of Heaven forgiveness of his blood,
And cast him to the sea, deprived of aid;
But lo! as by the vessel's side they stood,
They saw leviathan, amid the flood,
Gape for his victim wide, who shrunk in fear,
Then dive amid the waves, and disappear.

Then, as by magic spell, the sea was calm,
And ceased its raging; its tempestuous roar
Was stilled; and winds, with pinions dipped in balm,
Blew gently o'er them from the flowery shore;
The skies their crown of azure glory wore;
And beautiful the sun-beams bathed the deep,
As on its breast the vessel seemed asleep. Δ

No III.

THE VISION OF ZECHARIAH.

With smiling cheek, and eyes of cloudless light,
His garments glowing 'mid the shades of night—
The angel of the Lord before me stood,
When lo! a vision burst on solitude;
And things, surpassing Nature's earthly law,
Beneath his guardian eye, secure, I saw.

With low and melancholy sigh, the breeze
Just kissed, in passing by, the myrtle trees,
Between their sombre boughs, a rider rear'd
His stately head, and straight a steed appear'd;
Blood-red its colour, like the clouds that stand
O'er morning's car, portending storms at hand,
And horses throng'd behind, a varied sight,
The roan, the bay, the speckled, and the white.

Deep admiration struck me, and I stood,
Gazing perplex'd, in reverential mood,
When thus the angel,—"These are they that go
"'Mong men and nations, journeying to and fro."

Then answered they submiss,—"From east to west
"Our steps have roam'd, and all the world hath rest;
"O'er every region, where the shining day
"Sheds forth a powerful glow, or feeble ray,
"Our long, long course hath been: contentions cease,
"Air sitteth still, and earth is hush'd to peace."

Δ

RECOLLECTIONS.

No VI.

Mark Macrabin, *the Cameronian.*

(*Continued from last Number, p.* 168.)

The Witch of Ae.

" A pawkie auld kimmer wons in yon glen,
Nane kens how kimmer can fight and fen ;
Kimmer gets malt, and kimmer gets meal,
And canty lives kimmer right cozie and hale ;
Kimmer gets bread, and kimmer gets cheese,
And kimmer's uncannie e'en keep her at ease.
Kimmer can sit i' the coat-tail o' the moon,
And tipple red wine in Brabant brewn ;
Kimmer can sit, and say, " E'en be it sae !"
And red rowes the Nith between banking and brae ;
I creeshed kimmer's loof weel wi' howdy fee,
Else a cradle had never been rocked for me."

I was quite unprepared for this poetical and singular transition of my friend, from the rude and characteristic portraiture of a horde of gypsies. This rhyming enumeration of the powers and endowments of the far kend and noted " Cannie Cummer of Ae," was performed in my Cameronian confidant's very best manner; he chanted it over with an air and tone of mingled merriment and apprehension, and thus he pursued his narrative in prose, " The rustic who fashioned these verses, mine honest friend, Miles Cameron, must have possessed himself of the ruling secret, on which this ancient and meritorious dame continued to live in comfort and ease to a good old age; and as it was my destiny to become her vassal and her friend, I shall without scruple relate how I obtained her affection, and became acquainted with her means and manner of life. When the Galwegian Macgrab and his tawny princess departed, I was left in the world a third time to the freedom of mine own will; and though I had experienced two strange and ominous adventures in my pursuit after a pastoral employment, the sharpness of my desire for moorland-ham, crop of whig, and above all, for blawing in a boss stick, called in pastorals a pipe, to a white footed lass among the burn-bank gowans, was far from being blunted or abated. I was full, too, of the buoyant ardour of youth, possessor of some current gold, and a dozen of ram-horn spoons, an unconquerable spirit, lord of mine own person, and no land beside, or as the Scottish song so curiously and quaintly expresses it, ' Laird of windy waas,' all free and portable gifts and endowments. Once more, therefore, I turned my face to the mountains, and passed into that high, wild, and heathy region, claimed by the parishes of Closeburn and Kirkmahoe. My late companions were far from my path, and I consoled my apprehensions with the hope, that the Galwegian adventurer, and his extraordinary bride, would flourish and prosper among the green forests and fat deer-herds of the south, and molest me no more.

" As I hastened onward, the gray day began to glimmer in the east, the wild-fowl summoned each other from morass and mountain, and the flocks thickly scattered over the heath, arose, shook the heavy dew from their fleeces, and turned to the ruddying east glisk of returning light. At length I reached those dreary extents of moor, through which the beautiful water of Ae winds its way to the lowland parishes. I sought out the stream itself, and having tasted of its waters, I bathed my brow in the current, and resumed my journey sensibly refreshed. I ascended an eminence, matted knee deep with brown heather, a-

mongst which that singular and beautiful creeping ornament of the moorlands, called by the peasantry 'tod tails,' wound its green branches like plants of vegetable coral. Having decked my hat with the plant which 'plovers love,' I pursued the sinuous course of this mountain brook. The traces of the plow were still visible on its banks, but the rude and ungentle soil had refused to submit to the labours of man, and after a brief contest with sterility, the ground was abandoned to its primitive possessors, green bracken and brown heath, and the black cock and curlew. Man, too, following on the steps of cultivation, had established himself on several bends of the stream, but the intractable and waste barrenness, having prevailed against the plowshare and the reaping-hook, he had abandoned his shealings of turf and stone, and all that remained to bear testimony of his encroachments was a huge corner stone or two, over which the active moss, and the hardy heather, had not been able to triumph, and a green and irregular line, which denoted the ancient limit of the kail yard. I followed the winding stream over the dreary moor with the patience of an angler. Though the offspring of the heath, the current is not tainted with the sap of the soil, but runs as pure and pellucid as rock crystal, and the pebbles may be counted in the bottom of the deepest pools. It was my purpose to follow this beautiful stream till freeing itself from the sterile moorlands, and increased with the waters of many tributary burns. It threw itself over a prodigious precipice, which bounded the valleys from the table land of Nithsdale, and winded broad and deep among the nut groves which belonged to the ruined castle of Glenae, once the residence of the famous family of the Dalyells. Amidst the deep solitude of the moor I found one or two of the martyrs' grave stones, and having removed the heather and decayed leafs of lady-bracken which covered the inscription, and having recited aloud 'Satan's lamentation for Grierson of Lagg,' I renewed my journey. It was not the beauty of the stream altogether that carried me along its banks. During the Cameronian preachings I had become acquainted with John Macmuckle, a moorland farmer on Ae water, who, besides an extensive farm and much primitive wealth, had 'Ae bonny daughter, his darling and mine,' whose beauty was the admiration of the country side. Now, though I cannot presume to say that this upland maiden loved me, or that I had for her that deep and brimful affection, which overflows into bad verse, and calls itself a pastoral song, still it is a delightful thing to be serving under the meek dark eyes of beauty, to hear a lovely tongue say, 'Mark do this,' and 'Mark do that,' and though this is not exactly what the world calls love, in love chaste and devout and devoted it has often ended. So thought I, as I pursued my way along the margin of Ae water, with the intention of looking at the damsel, loving her, and tending her father's flocks. As I approached the limit of the table-land, I heard the chafing and clamour of the stream, and observed the green tops of the lowland groves, peering over the edge of the heath. The stream which had hitherto flowed broad and slow, began to contract its waters, like that beautiful bird, the first of the game, the heron, before it pounces down on its prey in the lake. The banks became more shagged and abrupt, and the waters, limiting themselves to a channel such as an active man might leap over, rushed smoothly on with silent and amazing rapidity. At length I reached the head of the linn, and the whole unrivalled scene was spread out in glory before me, glancing in the light of the half risen sun. The stream dived into the earth where I stood, and leaped down a tremendous precipice of sandstone to the depth of eighty feet. Its descent into this den was screened and hid by a profusion of dwarf trees, chiefly rowans and hazels, which shot out on all sides from the perpendicular cheeks of the rocks, and made their way to the level of the brown moor. Below, the scene soon assumed a softer and more alluring character, the agitation of the stream subsided, the glen opened wide, and sloped back into green and wooded declivities, corn fields glanced yellow at a distance, and the smoke ascended curling and blue from the abodes of men. The termination of the moorland was so abrupt, that I sought in vain for a pathway to the beautiful vale of Ae; at last I boldly

seized hold of a hanging hazel, and swang myself down the front of the precipice, from one tree to another, till I found myself standing on a green and sunny mound or promontory, half way between the vale and the moor. The river had here accomplished its first fearful leap, and was preparing for another of less depth, but of equal beauty. I advanced along the green sward mound, which bore evident marks of recent cultivation. A few flowers and shrubs, not native to the soil, remained clinging to the spot in stunted and neglected beauty, and a fruit tree or two, long past their prime, had submitted to the blast, and bowed down to the earth, leaned over the rapid current, till their branches glistened with moisture. On the limit of this mound, I stood and gazed on a scene equally singular and unexpected. At the bottom of this upper promontory, another still more beautiful and broad, and edged with rock, to resist the perpetual chafing of the stream, seemed projecting like a fairy table from the face of the cliff, and a time-worn and humble cottage occupied its abrupt extremity. The mound might be a good penny-stone cast in breadth, and twice as much in length. The earth seemed once to have owed much to cultivation. At present it was a level and smooth green sward, and owned neither flower nor bush, except a natural enclosure of wild plumb-trees, on which the ripe fruit hung in thick and black powdry clusters. This hedge-row surrounded the cottage, and completely hemmed in the mound, and rendered it one of the loveliest spots I ever looked upon. The station from which I looked was elevated about fifteen feet above its neighbour mound, and the wild plumb trees, ascending to the level of the upper ground, came with their dark clustering fruit to my very feet. I stooped to pluck and taste the productions of this fairy region, when lo! to my utter fear and astonishment, I observed seated on a large squared block of sandstone, an old and feeble, and withered WOMAN. She wore a lappeted mutch over her gray hairs, a kind of cloth cap surmounted this, and around her shoulders was a lowland maud, or plaid, fastened by a broach of massy silver. She sat basking herself in the beams of the new risen sun, and spread out her wrinkled and palsied hands, to the genial warmth of the luminary. I could not look, without emotion, on this ancient and solitary being, and it was evident she felt sensible of the presence of some stranger, for she glanced her large gray eyes sharply and suspiciously around, but screened by the thick and leafy hedge, I continued concealed from her eye, though I was certainly present to her other senses. While I was considering of some suitable mode of introducing myself to the ancient dame, I observed her stoop and lift a roke or distaff, from which thread, black as the back of a raven, depended, and a small fleece of the same ominous colour lay at her feet. This primitive instrument she soon put in motion, and while she whirled it round, to give consistency and twirl to her thread, she began to chant a song addressed to her ROKE, which disclosed something of her history, her calling, and the merits of this gifted implement of industry.

THE WITCH OF AE'S SONG.

1.

'Turn round, thou bit o' the rarest timmer
Ere bore a bud to the dew o' simmer,
Thou wert nursed in a cleugh o' blood and strife,
I' the mirkest nook o' the haunted Dryfe;
Nor wert thou plucked by steel or airn,
But by the cauld hand o' a strangled bairn,
When the stars fell sick, and the moon grew dull,
By the will-o'-wisp gleam frae a dead man's skull.

2.

'Thou ae best friend i' my starkest need,
That grinds my corn, and bakes my bread;
That frae the bawk the fat hen wiles,
And milks the kye for a thousand miles;

That keeps me cozie, and brings to me,
The bird frae the bush, an' the fruit frae the tree;
That reaps me riggs I never plowed,
And melts men's hearts like minted gowd.

3.

'Gainst the flight o' the sun, as I spin thee about,
A thousand lights i' the earth gae out.—
As I turn thee around wi' the warld, I win
A thousand lives to this land o' sin.
Muckle dool hast thou done—an' gory wark,
To unbaptized brows, and the cruel Turk;
Muckle dool hast thou done, and may do mair
To th' unwelcome foot in thy owner's lair.

4.

A bonnie ship o'er the Solway went,
An' snored through the brine wi' her white sails bent,
I turned my timmer, the shriek frae the sea
Came far up Criffels' green mountain to me—
I turned it back, with a moistened wing,
Away shot the ship, and I heard the men sing,
An' the maids o' Colvend, with a startling laugh,
Grat an' shouted for joy to see her safe.

5.

There was dool to win—there was dool to pu',
Frae the bird o' the fiend this sooty woo.
A strange black raven, wi' croak and peck,
Poud this lock at midnight frae a black tup's neck;
I turned my timmer—and now I twine
My thread, an' sing i' the bonnie sunshine;
But I hae a darg i' the dwine o' the moon,
To do, an' syne my song is done.'

"During the chanting of this infernal lyric, I felt all those terrors which tradition says men feel when some spell or charm freezes up their spirit, and roots them to the earth as motionless as a stone or tree. With every turn of the roke, a new verse succeeded, and the mysterious woman looked around with the light of satisfaction glimmering in her eyes—pleased to think of the success of her evil hymn. Such sorcery did these verses, and the person that uttered them, exercise over my faculties, that I could not help repeating them in a kind of unconsenting mutter after her, and the peculiar emphasis with which she announced dool to the unwelcome foot, rung in my ear like a psalm sung on a scaffold. At last she arose, and, turning slowly to the west, and bowing her charmed roke thrice, she exclaimed, in a tone rivalling in harmony the note of the raven when the schoolboy climbs to her young, "Woe and dool to the secret foot—stranger come forth." Whether the charm she employed compelled me to obey her, or that it was predestined I should be waiting-man to all the curious dames in the district, I stept involuntarily forward to the projecting pinnacle of the promontory, and, bowing to the beldame, said, 'Honest looking woman, I have no mind to molest ye,—can ye show me the way to John Macmuckle's?' 'O, honest looking woman,' reiterated the dame of Ae Glen, turning her withered and brown visage full on me, displaying a large black mole that shaded the whole of her left eye-brow, and a variety of teeth which unsparing time had mutilated into short and rusty fangs, 'and wherefore no honest woman, ye unsonsy callan—mint another sic unseemly word, and on that cliff shalt thou abide till the hooded craws fill their crapins frae atween thy bosombanes!—honest looking woman, my certy!' The terror of her words—the anger of her looks—and the eagerness with which I gazed on her fearful and antique face, made me forget myself;

and, having stood too close to the border of the mound, the green turf suddenly gave way, and down I plunged headlong into the beldame's garden, crushing down an entire plumb-tree, and leaving a gap in her fruit-tree fence wide enough for the passage of a loaded car. Up I started, more alarmed at my intrusion than injured by my fall, and confronted the owner of the garden holding a broken branch loaded with ripe plums in one hand, and a green turf in the other, tokens of my involuntary descent, and the pains I had taken to avert it or render it easy. On me looked the old woman for a minute's space, more in commiseration than anger, down she laid her roke, siezed an old staff, the head of which still retained marks of having worn a covering of precious metal, said, 'lift the roke, Mark Macrabin, and follow—I have wark for thee!' and away she halted into her cottage, with slow steps, and efforts that cost her pain. I lifted her roke, not with my bared hand, but, passing part of the plum-tree branch beneath it, I bore it after her as a timid schoolboy carries a live eel, and internally blessing myself; for it seemed a perilous undertaking. Into the cottage, the door of which, from the rudeness of its architecture and lowness of its lintle, resembled a cavern more than an entrance to a human abode, I followed her. The passage required me to stoop, and I soon found myself in a kind of chamber, filled with that thick and bitter smoke which arises from burning green wood. Living thing I could not discern, till on advancing I saw like a dim hearth fire, struggling for existence, amidst the very cloud it had produced—the form of a human being seated on one side, and a similar form seated on the other. I stood stone-still, and gazed on these guardians of the hearth, neither of whom uttered a word, nor did I attempt to break the silence, but stood looking on the one and looking on the other, with the witch's roke in my right hand, and wiping the tears which the bitter smoke brought abundantly from my eyes with the left. The old woman, my conductress, pitied me, and pulling a pair of 'fall-boards' belonging to a window, instantly opened, and through the apertures the smoke escaped in volumes. She held out her hand—snatched her roke, and beginning to spin, said, not to her companion nor to me, but evidently to herself, though she spoke in her usual audible tone 'Sackless callant! sackless callant! louping on the green tap of Lagghill wi' a gang of raving gomerals,—then snooling amang rags and ram horns, with a horde of deaving gypsies. Its a sad and sair pity to behold youthfu' blood gaun a gate sae gray. Janet Morison, ye maun e'en try to make a saut something out o' this sackless callant.' And then she looked on me with her great gray eyes, and then towards the figure seated opposite, with a look of pitying reflection. The smoke had now eddyed completely out of the chamber, and I obtained a full view of the apartment. It contained no furniture to impede my examination. The walls that had once been plastered, were naked and shining with soot; the rooftree and rafters were seen bare, and two large pieces of timber that supported the whole trusted not to the walls, which were of loose stones, but descending to the floor, grooved their bases in the ground, which was of gravelly clay. Where the rooftree joined the gabel, an aperture had been made for the smoke, but this was nearly choked up with soot, and so slight was the indraught of air, that the reek, after having filled all the roof, descended cloud after cloud to the very floor, where it stood motionless and still, unless the supplemental chimney or window opened its oaken fall-boards to permit its escape. From the rooftree, directly over the fire, a long iron chain depended, and from the chain a bar of iron hooked at the lower end for the purpose of suspending vessels over the fire; but this seemed to be seldom trusted with the weight of cooking utensils, and was wreathed around with a century's soot. All that the apartment contained was three square blocks of freestone, placed as seats round the hearth fire, on two of which sat my conductress and her companion. The third stood unoccupied for me, and into this uncomfortable resting-place was I speedily motioned by the yellow hand of Janet Morison, the cannie cummer of Ae Glen.

"I had now leisure and resolution also to turn my eye on the silent figure beside me. The thick smoke that shrouded her before was now

passed away, but a dark mantle thrown over her head, and reaching down to the floor like a shroud, wrapped her all round—I never beheld any shape that awakened my curiosity so much, but my desire to know more of this mysterious figure was soon redoubled—'Nannie, my sweet and lost lass,' said the beldame, in a tone far sweeter than her common speech—'lang looked for's come at last—the thing that maun be maun be—and sic is the wierd of a human flesh—I maun e'en set a stout heart to the darke—sair sair hae I pled that the ripe ear might drop to the sickle, and the green ear remain unshorn—but it wasnae to be!—The voice called once, and the voice called twice—wi' the third call auld Janet Morison maun buckle and gang.' As the old woman spoke, the agitation of the mantled figure became extreme—at first something of an involuntary shuddering came over her, and the folds of the mantle shook and undulated over her bosom, like ripening grain moving in the wind—the shudderings ceased, and sighs audible and deep were heard, and through the folds of the mantle—held with both hands to her eyes, the tears seemed to come—drop succeeding drop. My heart, that had turned from the old woman and her whole establishment at the first interview, began now to take a deep interest in her fate, which all that I heard and saw induced me to conclude was involved in some strange mystery—above all, I longed to take the mantled figure by the hand, and say, in the tender language of the Scripture, 'Alas, why art thou disquieted!' The old woman guessed, or knew what was passing in my thoughts, and resuming her croaking note, said, 'Sackless callan!—sackless callan! eighty and eighteen years hae I dwalt in this glen—and a' flesh that smiled as I smiled—that I hae nursed i' my heart, and dandled on my knee, is raked wi' the mools—that stream that comes drapping down, singing wi' a gladsome din amang the lang green birks—had the same voice then as it has now—yon rising sun gleamed as brightly then as it does now—and the same sweet sang o' the mavis and the laverock—the tane on the craig, and the tither 'neath the cloud, was heard at my bridal—was heard at the death of my goodman—and the burial o' a' my bairns—bow—bow, never stand against the blast, stoop, stoop—and let the tempest fly o'er ye—men are no made to rin for ever like the streams—women are not made to smile for ever like this sweet morning—we may gang soon—or we may gang syne, but gang we maun—therefore come wi' me, and let me look at yon bonnie beaming sun—It's the last time I shall ever see it arise!'—The voice of the old woman as she proceeded became soft and even pathetic, and swelling to a tone of deep seriousness, and the mantled figure, who had become calm and tranquil, now appeared moved and agitated, and her sighs and sobbings were renewed. But when the old dame desired me to come and look at the full risen sun, she arose, not slow and by degrees as her more aged companion did—but starting to her feet at once, she dropped from her head and shoulders the large mantle—and the most beautiful apparition appeared that ever blessed the sight of man. She seemed to be about seventeen—tall, slender, and handsome—her head was uncovered—nor was her forehead bound in that fillet of maidenhood peculiar to Scotland—the snood—her locks descended in wild and untameable profusion down her back and over her shoulders, parting in the middle of her forehead, and shrouding her bosom like the divine Madonna of Corregio. Amid this streaming luxuriance of locks her face alone was bare—and a face more lovely—sublimed by melancholy thought—and washen with dropping tears—it has never been my lot to look upon. Her brow had more the icy gloss of polished marble than the living glow of breathing beauty; and her eyes, which were large and round, and fringed with the longest black silken lashes I ever beheld, had something of a wild and unearthly expression—but still an expression of gentleness. She glided past me, and casting her long and round and white arms about the neck of the old woman, walked into the sunny air. I followed—for I found myself linked to this pair by something like a charm—and the deep interest that I felt about a dame so old and so singular, and a maiden so young and so beautiful, was chastened by something like awe. They walked or rather tottered forward to the brink of the mound—be-

fore them the remains of an old oak wood, blanched and blasted, and lifeless with extreme age, covered by the aid of dwarf-holly, sparkling with moist leafs and ruddy berries, the slope on the opposite side, and beneath their feet the stream toiled among rocks and roots of trees, diving into profound linns, and then emerging, wheeling, and undulating, and whitened with foam. The sun, cloudless and clear, had now arisen fully over the eastern slope, and its beams slanted across the flood, fell along the sward, at the feet of the old beldame and the lovely and melancholy creature that accompanied her. On the running stream and then on the risen sun the old woman looked—and on them her companion looked too—but with an unsettled and bewildered glance, that did not seem to associate living thing with the inanimate but beautiful scene before her. But Janet Morison's mind was busy with other days, she spoke or rather thought aloud—for her speech was addressed to no living thing. 'Stately and green in your bonny bonny ranks—green wi' yere simmer livery were ye whan I first saw this lanesome glen—where the Morisons hae been Morisons longer than tongue can count—the black blood-raven and the hooded gore-crow sang amang yere branches when I first pou'd the witch-gowan and the hollow hemlock. Sair, sair altered are we since we first became acquaint—leafless is the tane and lockless is the tither—my hooded craws and my poor ravens have alane remained—and the young lord—black and bloody will be his cast—shot the tane on the top of the auld tree, three mornings syne—and its lyart marrow has flown away far, far, and will never see cummer who fed her so kindly again.'

"Even as old Janet lamented, the rustling of wings was heard, and presently up the deep gorge of the glen—sailing slowly along on the bosom of the water, came a large raven—The crown of its head was bald from extreme age—its back was as hoary as if it had been sprinkled with meal—its bosom and wings alone retained their original hue. When this faithful old bird came beneath the mound where we stood, it arose perpendicularly into the air, and seating itself on the topmost stem of a withered oak, turned its head to the cottage, and gave one low croak of recognizance. 'And yere there, my black and my bonny bird, said the old woman—come marrowless back to your leafless tree and your sorrowing mistress.' While she uttered these words, a hunter emerged at once from the bowers of holly, and, presenting his carbine as he appeared, fired at the old and solitary raven. The raven uttered, as the shot struck it—not a croak, but something between a croak and a moan, and spreading its wings, away it soared perpendicularly into the sky—lessening to the eye every moment of its rapid flight. The hunter stept to the summit of a little hillock, and stood gazing upwards at the wounded bird, unconscious of our presence. He was a tall, handsome, and rather slender, youth, with bold martial features, and a careless and gay and dissipated air. He wore a bonnet with a black feather, and a lowland mantle of the finest texture, fastened on his left shoulder by a broach of pure gold. 'Curse the evil bird, exclaimed the youth—much good powder thee and thy blasted brood has cost me—I have weeded ye away one by one—thou alone remain'st—and may remain for me—I might as well shoot at the blessed sun with the hope of marring its shining.' 'And curse the evil being that shot my bonny black raven and her bonny brood,' said Janet Morison, shaking her withered hand at the object of her wrath—'For this, and for sins deep and dark—that winna do to be named in sunshine—have thy days been numbered—listen the amount!—the last of three simmer suns shall see the limit of thy life—a brief space for a face so young—nor shall it be spent—wi' filling the grave with the ruins of thy last—woes me!—but in sorrow that knows no mirth—in tears many and bitter—not tears of repentance.' The person this remarkable woman addressed was the last child of a far descended and renowned race—of noble blood and lordly inheritances—but early left to his own will, he surrendered himself to the indulgence of guilty passions, and ere his twentieth year, he fled to a foreign land—leaving ruined maids and weeping mothers in his native country—whose cries were not heard in vain. Towards the old woman he gazed with a look, not of scorn or contempt, but of terror and

affright:—he stept several paces back, like one afraid to be seen or heard, and dropping his carbine, held both hands before his face, as if to screen his eyes from some sudden and offensive light. 'Saints and souls of men,' he muttered in a voice choking with emotion, 'It is HER! It *is* HER! I shall trust the kirk-yard turf no longer—hell and heaven fail to hold what we give them—it is HER, as sure as light itself.'—He seemed willing to fly—his feet refused to move—his knees were shaking with agony, and the colour was chased from his cheek by some fearful sight, which it was not my fortune to behold. At this moment the wounded raven, that had soared wholly out of sight, fell at the foot of the old woman, its head stretched out, its wings expanded, and all its feathers agitated with the shiverings of death.

"I lifted the poor bird, and it was not without some feelings of astonishment and fear that I saw the place empty on which the young and beautiful maiden stood but a moment before—she must have melted upon the spot, or sunk into the ground—but it was evident the youth observed her departure, for he strained his eyes like one gazing on a distant and dim object, and gradually regained his usual tranquillity of look. The old woman seemed conscious of some unusual thing, for she suddenly veiled her eyes with her hands, and muttered words that sounded like rhymes, and seemed the reliques of some ancient and half-forgotten form of blessing and invocation. 'Janet Morison,' said the youth, assuming his usual imperious tone of voice, and evidently relieved from the presence of something that had agonized him, 'thou shalt have that withered brow stamped with the iron stamp of good Saint Andrew, for these cursed cantrips of thine—thy brood of blood ravens hae haunted me these three days and nights—and the very children called aloud, 'see!—there'll be something seen of him.'—I shall teach thee to bring the shadows of the dead back!—home nor habitation shall be thine by to-morrow's sun-rise.'—On him looked the old woman with a face of inimitable composure—and she even began to smile—I pray never to behold such a smile again—for death and judgment were in it, and she addressed him in a voice gentle and affectionate as that of a mother who condoles with the babe of her bosom. 'Fair fall thee for thy bennison, my bonny lad!—and did my brood of blood ravens croak for a piece of the innocent lamb?—gowks that they were—they'll never taste a morsel o' thy dainty limbs—Na! Na! the rack, the headsman's axe, and the hungry hound maun, and shall be served before all the fowls of heaven. And I am to be turned out of hame and haddin?—But, my bonny bairn, the dust of Auld Janet Morison shall sleep sound and sound under the gowany turf, when the town dogs are toolying for thy bosom banes!—Now, gang yere ways, and if ony ane ask ye, say I said it.'

"On concluding this fearful prediction, Janet Morison walked away to her cottage—agile and erect—mingled wrath and desire of revenge supplied her with unusual strength.—I stood one moment looking on this aged and singular being—and then on the young lord, who seemed lost for a moment in that pondering and bewildering stupor of a criminal who harkens his doom—a brace of dogs that had whined and cowered at his feet—laying their heads on the ground, as if expecting correction, while the mantled maiden remained, leaped up now, caressing and fawning on their master, and evidently partaking, with a kind of brute instinctive sympathy, in the anguish of his feelings:—'Doomed,' said he, 'to the rack, the axe, and the hound, and that for shooting her damned ravens—and doing something that she counts as bad—if there's faith in flint and powder, I shall have a shot at another raven, and hinder her from croaking my death note;' and he began to re-load his carbine, whistling the while, though his hand shook, and his whole frame was disordered.—I was revolving in my own mind how I should interpose to prevent the mischief I saw he was meditating, and had fairly resolved to argue the matter with tongue and with timber—an ancient custom in Scotland—when, on having loaded his piece, he looked, and something met his eye, which changed his resolution and his hue at once.—He turned his head away—gave no second glance—and, diving into the groves of holly, disappeared, but the rapid crashing of the boughs betokened the anxiety of one too hurried to select his steps.

"Though something very mysterious and boding hung over all that I had heard and witnessed, I felt no desire to be gone, and so firmly was I possessed of the belief of Janet Morison's evil influence and power, that like him who wanders on a haunted road, I thought it more dangerous to return than proceed. Into the cottage I walked—not by a step and a stride—but silently and slow, inch after inch—moving as the shadow moves on a dial plate. The beautiful maiden who wore the black mantle was departed—but there sat the old woman herself—on the old square stone—her broad palms spread and clutched on her knees, her head declined on her breasts, and crooning in a low and mournful voice a broken and disjointed ballad—some of the lines seemed old—some seemed new, but they all related to her family name. I can only charge my remembrance with forgetting one verse.

THE MORISONS.

1.

'From Burnswark top to deep Glenae,
Carlaverock bank to Drumlanrig brae,
A bauld race ruled—the Morisons brave,
They travelled the earth, and they stemmed the wave,
They bore the red cross—they barefoot trod
Jerusalem's sands, and they gallantly rode
In the ranks of war, when the sword had trust
Of the Church's fame and the martyrs' dust—
It is rife in tale and in minstrel story,
The Morisons' might and the Morisons' glory.

2.

'But in the battle, when shafts flew thickest,
And the Morisons sword fell sheering quickest—
But in the church, when prayers were longest,
And the Morisons voice prayed loud and strongest—
But in the field, when the lilies were springing—
When the bridal bells were bedward ringing—
When the hunters horns were merriest blowing—
When the ladies bosoms were heaving and glowing—
In court—in camp—in church or hame
An ancient curse still clung to their name.—

3.

'It is sad to hear—though its brief to tell,
How the curse that maun cling to their name befel—
It came with a lass—it maun gang wi' a lass,
In sorrow and shame!—and away let it pass—
This throbbing heart, and this eye in sorrow—
Shall be mute and be dry ere the sun-rise of morrow,
And she that sings this sang o' their shame
Is the last of the Morisons' lineage and name—
But rife in tale and the minstrel story
Is the Morisons might and the Morisons glory.'

"Her voice, mournful and low at the commencement of the ballad, waxed full and flowing as she proceeded, but sunk all at once into a kind of hollow and murmuring tone at the last verse, and she evidently laboured under some overmastering emotion. So intent was I in listening to, and learning this rude and traditional rhyme, that I took little notice of the old woman's altered mood and manner towards the close of the song. She sat upright—her looks changing as an April sky from brightness to gloom, and she looked as if she saw something opposite, that gave her pain. I now looked around from gazing on the old woman, and it was not without fear that I beheld seated on the square seat of stone, the same beautiful maiden I

had found in possession of it before. She sat completely shrouded from head to foot in her sable drapery, and her sighings and sobbings were again renewed. Thrice were words of condolence and cheer on my tongue, and as often was I stayed from addressing her by the altering looks of Janet Morison, who broke out at last with a voice that made me shudder. 'Mark Macrabin, yere ane of a fearless race; but if ye want to be ane *auld* man and ane *honoured*, speak in this house to *nothing* but *me*.' It might have been the beaming of the sun through two small panes of coarse green glass which dazzled my sight, and made me see imperfectly, but I really imagined I saw the form of the maiden melting into something like a pillar of impure and mottled light, such as the sun throws through the unwashen window of a sepulchre. This fearful thing lingered against the wall in shadowy outline, and gradually waxed dimmer and dimmer, like sunshine over which an increasing cloud is passing, till it vanished entirely away, and neither shadow or substance were left in the room save Janet Morison and me.

"What all this might be or bode I had little time to examine; the old woman arose, and I arose also; I had a kind of dread of being alone in this sable chamber with its shadowy guest, though, as I had never heard that spectres were visible in sunshine, I thought all appearances might be accounted for without supernatural aid. She came, and taking me by the hand, said, 'Come wi' me, my bonny lad, yere come in pleasant time for me; for muckle need have I to be cheered with the presence of some kindly flesh and blood being—and it may be pleasant for thee too—it will sober down the flightiness of youth to have a last lang look of a dying creature.' I looked acquiescence, and she led me out of the smoky and sooty spence into a lesser chamber, furnished and kept in a much more comfortable plight. A clear peat fire sparkled on the hearth; a cat sat purring in concert with innumerable crickets, and a clean copper pan glanced on the fire, full of new-milked milk, to make porridge—the common and delicious breakfast of the farmers of Scotland. A bed, netted and roofed, of long and beautifully plaited straw, and hung in the front with curtains bleached among the daisies, as white as driven snow, occupied a kind of recess, and formed a comfortable place of repose; a large oak chest stood full of meal—a broad chimney front hung full of dried hams and kipper'd salmon, and a cupboard showed besides a noble ewe-milk cheese, the heads of sundry bottles, the imported contents of which were thought worthy of wearing a seal. Besides all these infallible tokens of substantial comfort, I observed the ends of webs of fine linen—part of the patriarchal portions of the thrifty maidens of Scotland—and webs of barley-pickle napery—equal almost in beauty to the unrivalled labours of the Cameronian loom of James Macgee—long may he move the foot and the hand to the comfort and delight of the maidens and matrons of the Vale of Nith!

"The window, which threw its eastern light on all these rustic treasures, looked on a scene of limited extent, but of unequalled and particular beauty. Beneath, and perpendicular as a plummet would drop, the natural rock receded; its seams and crevices had been garnished in spring with knots of primroses, and at the bottom of the rock rushed the river, so swift and so strong to take its second leap, that a common sized pebble, thrown on its surface, would not have sunk to the bottom. On the other side of the stream, nature had amused herself in elbowing out a deep recess on the freestone rock, and had seated it round with pieces of stone, over which the moss, and the ivy, and the honeysuckle, had each, in their turn, thrown their verdure and their blossom. On the crest of the crag above, the remains of an ancient stronghold were visible, and beneath, the mouth of a cavern appeared, half hid among the ivy, while a slender spring ran, or rather trickled, through the pebbles at its entrance. A circular screen of witch-tree and holly, both red with their glowing bunches of berries, was wound about the top of this fiery root; and between the eye and this sweet scene, a slender branch of the river, having lost its way in the crevices of the rock above, found a passage to the pinnacle of a projecting crag, and finally, leaped from this vantage ground past the window to join its fellow stream below—form-

ing, in its descent, a long rainbow line of light, pure as a star-beam. Beautiful as the scene was, it spoke more of past than of present grandeur, and nature, in all this remarkable place, seemed fast hastening to resume her dominion from the power of man. I connected, as I gazed forth, the song of Janet Morison with the landscape, and my heart began fast to sympathize with the bitter feelings in which she sung the former glory and present wretchedness of her doomed name. 'Mark Macrabin, my good lad,' said Janet, laying her hand on my shoulder, 'that's a bonny, bonny field; and mony a bonny chield of Morison blood has laid aside his plumed helmet to give his brow the dewy air of that sweet nook, and mony a lovely dame of the Morison's name has dandled her baby on her knee, and loot its feckless hands play with the long strings of blossomed honeysuckle that hang sae greenly down from the upper sward. Even I, withered, and worn, and frail as I am now—fed by the ravens, as I may say, and the bountith of honest shepherds—the last of the bauld and the manly Morisons,—have dandled my ain sweet boy on my knee in that sweet nook, and anither creature, sweeter and dearer still, wha has dreed and fulfilled the ancient cause that clung to our name, and sae to the mools we maun gang.'—Even as she spoke, I observed something beginning to darken in the scene before me, and in the glancing of an eye, the beautiful maiden, dressed from head to foot in her sable mantle, occupied, as a statue does a pedestal, one of the seats. The old woman's glance grew dark as he looked, and, in a half sigh and whisper, she said, 'Sweet, sweet, and hapless being! I shall soon be with thee: sad was the sentence that decreed thy lovely face and youthfu' blood to bear shame and ruin for sins of auld date.'—Here Janet Morison looked on me with an eye moist in tears, and seeing that I strove to prevent the ready tears from escaping to my cheek, said, in a tone of composure, 'It's a cauld dowie den to look upon after a', and I'm e'en thinking ye might slip something less welcome atween your teeth than a good horn spoon reeking with rich milk parritch;' and with ready Scottish hospitality, that asks one to have, and presents the viands at the same time, she placed me at a kind of sideboard, set a goan of porridge before me, laying an ample spoon in the vicinity of this tempting dish, and motioning me to the undisturbed enjoyment of a rural breakfast in her chamber. I had scarcely finished my meal, and resumed my bonnet, when I heard a footstep, heavy and slow, approach the door. Presently a gentle rap was given, and the latch was lifted, while a voice, naturally rough, but softened down for the occasion to something between a whisper and a hallo, said, 'Peace be here! douce and cannie cummer! Peace be here!' and having paved the way by this preparatory introduction, in floundered a moorland rustic, bearing an enormous cheese in the nook of his shepherd maud. On seeing, instead of an old, and, to use his own words, a douce and cannie cummer, a sapling youth, somewhere between a boy and a man, the man of the mountains stepped back, protruding his hand behind him to grope for the door, and exclaiming, in the broad dialect of Annandale, 'Eh! lord, I'se rad!—I'se rad!'—'Rad! for what, Sandie Macbirn?' said Janet Morison, entering and laying her hand on the retrograding person of the rustic. At this unexpected intrusion behind, he leaped perpendicularly from the floor the height of an ellwand, and then attempted to run three separate ways, none of which presented an outlet for escape. The old woman gave a grim smile, and said, 'Here's the door, man; dinna ding down bigget wa's.'—'Eh! praise be blest, auld cannie cummer, and this is you?' said the man of Annandale; 'and what should I be rad for? Conscience, cummer! I thought this Cameronian chip was wark o' thine! and I wad rather grip by the neck the boordliest child e'er a Cameronian gat, than face a creature o' thy raising!—else may I be hounded up Dryfsedale and down Ae, by a' the hungry town tykes of Loughmaben—dom me if I wadna!'—'And what brings thee here?' said the dame, in a tone harsh and forbidding; for she evidently wished to repel the intrusive familiarity of her assistant. 'Brings me here!' said Sandie Macbirn, in a tone sufficiently humble; 'ye may weel spier that,' unwinding, as he spoke, a large cheese from the corner of his pla-

'Conscience! ye see, cummer, I shall e'en tell ye, and syne crave your helping hand. I hae sax kye—Hawk, Pawk, Paddie Whawk, Cherry, and Brown Mag, and ane that answers when ye cry Hurleydodie—a' as famous milkers as e'er striddled a goan, but now as yell as my pikestaff. Now I needna tell ye, cummer, what I want wi' them. Gie me back my rich milk and my gowden butter. Aweel—I hae forbye a hirsel of sheep, hairy hippet limmers, black-faced and broket—nae mair to be compared to the auld stock o' Tinwald, or the gimmers of the Cheviot, than a sow's left lug to a lappet of velvet. Now, cummer, gin ye wad make thae creatures, that are no worth twal shillings the day, worth thirty white shillings by the Rood-Fair o' Dumfries, ye wad be a dainty ane!—it's little to thee, but a great deal to me.'—The remainder of the sentence, which should have expressed the extent of the bribe for this singular good service, was neither speech or action—but both—he made a full pause, looked in her face, which grew exceeding dubious and dark, turning the large cheese round and round, and having thus displayed the merits of the alluring sample, he said, "I hae twa mae at Hirselcleugh that lang to keep this ane company—and shall too, gin cummer be kindly—dom me if they denna!' 'Hast thou ony maer to ask,' said the dame, in a tone from which no one could either augur promise or denial. 'Mair!' echoed Sandie, 'ony mair! muckle mair—for sairly I want the helping hand o' some cannie body like thysell.—I hae e'en put the plough to the swaird—but there's either a great internal machine turning up the stanes in the bosom of the earth, or else Hirselcleugh's the very riddlings o' the creation!—its a ringing jingle; I clapped my yoke to the only kindly spot about it—the auld church-yard i' the Chapel-croft, an' at the first tug a cursed tombstane brake my coulter in twa, and what should this be but the grave o' ane o' thae auld dour deevils the Morisons. I kenned it by the figure of a mailed man wi' a cross hilted brand, and a raven fluttering at his feet, and aneath was written, Ronald Morison, and the gear o' gude was a gear I never heard o' before—sae I think the hale was nonsense, and sae I saired it, for I smashed it into seven pieces, and causeyed my byre door wi't. Its better there than lying deep i' the cauld grund amang moudies and shank banes.' 'Lay the sculptured stane, broken and dishonoured as it is, on the brave man's dust again,' said Janet Morison, darkening down her brows as she spoke;—and, at your peril, touch that burial-ground again with spade or with plough—it is dangerous to meddle with a Morison living—it is thrice as dangerous to disgrace their dust—limb and limb must meet again—and he that scatters man's dust wantonly, has much to answer for. Hast thou ought more to ask? The man of the Moorlands was humbled in his hopes by this unlucky adventure with the tombs of the Morisons; he looked at the old woman, and he looked at his cheese, with a look that said, 'I have offered thee in vain.' At last, mustering resolution, he said, 'Mair to ask! faith have I; but I need hardly ask for others, when I speed sae ill myself. There's Johnnie Macgorlin of Gowkstane, sent our cannie cummer a message as I came past; his yellow corn's shaking owre ripe on its legs—and deil a' ane will whet a sickle for't since he forsware Kirstin Smackagain's sweet armfu' of a lad wean, and broke the lassie's heart. I was sae vexed with Jock's disaster mysel', that I laid on our muckle pot wi' my pikestaff till it gade owre ringing. Now cummer gin ye wad oblige Jock, e'en ca' in the tempests, and sober down thae sair winds.'

"Janet Morison's whole face, since she heard of the disturbed dust of her fathers, had waxed cloudier and cloudier; and now, on hearing this application for the perjured portioner of Gowkstane, her whole wrath came rushing to her countenance at once. The application, though made in a manner abundantly submissive, trode rudely on her wounded bosom-strings, and agitated those injured feelings, the nearest and dearest to the human heart.—'Sweet armful of a lad wean, and broke the maiden's heart!' echoed Janet, leaping from her seat, and striding up to simple Sandie Macrabin like a warrior hastening to do battle for his home and his kindred. She lifted her right hand like one who wishes to make a mortal thrust with a weapon—her large grey eyes shining with the fires of the fiercest anger

—and her whole frame quivering like that of a falcon when it clutches its prey. ‘ Sir ! Sir—said she, with a voice like a trumpet—if all the blood of your name flowed in your veins—and that of all the Morison's lineage in mine, I should spill it all on the earth for the dogs to lap, sooner than endure a shame like this—to ruin and break the heart of my bonnie Nannie, my only hope and stay.’ ‘ Eh, lord, hear till her ! hear till her ! said the shepherd—I break the heart o' sweet Nannie Morison !—a' the warld kens it was our sweet young Lord—deil pyke his banes in the lowest heugh for't.’ The poor bewildered woman heeded him not—her brain was *roving* —but reason returned in a moment, and she said in a voice suffocating with emotion, ‘ Alas ! Alas ! I am a poor old bewildered being, and know not to whom I speak, nor what I say —did not the young lord stand on that floor and mock me, and laugh at me even now?’ Overpowered by the keen agony of spirit, she fell into strong and shuddering convulsions, and would have fallen full length on the floor, had I not timeously caught her in my arms. The man of the moorlands gazed on the scene before him with a face of the darkest dismay—considering it as a prelude to some master spell which would operate to his personal damage—and in nowise believing it to arise from the language of an old wounded mind—‘ Eh ! horrid be't, horrid be't,’ ejaculated he, in the current tone of Annandale, rendered more provincial by terror—‘ fearfu' woman ! fearfu' woman ! sad ! sad ! I wadnae bide anither glower o' thae cat-grey e'en for a the holms of Dryfe—She'll better it ! she'll better it, and then whare am I—she'll shake her robe, and make me into a sooty sheldrake—to swoom to the day o' doom amang the lake dubs of Lochmaben ! ye may bide there, mark my man—but as for me, Sandie Macbirn o' Hirselcleugh, I'se take the bent—’ and out at the door darted the man of the heather top and ling, leaving his ewe milk cheese to atone for his breach of natural courtesy.”

ELEGY III.

SHOULD'ST thou detect a smother'd sigh,
Or some faint drooping of the eye,
Or stronger pressure of the hand,
Lady, or ere thou leav'st the land ;

Or should my failing accents tell
How ill my tongue can bid “ farewell,”
Still let no thought approach thy mind,
Thou leav'st a burning heart behind.

May thy experience never prove
That they may grieve who cannot love ;
—That he may sigh thy loss the while,
Who, should'st thou stay, could never smile.

That face, that form, howe'er divine,
Beam not the day that once was mine,
Yet leave, when they are seen no more,
My night as rayless as before.

Mistake me not ;—though in mine eyes
Thou see'st unusual light arise,
'Tis not the feeling that should shine
Reflected from such charms as thine.

'Tis but a light that gleams above
Th' untimely grave of early love,—
Such ghastly meteors still infest
The tombs whose tenants cannot rest.

Yes, though the canker'd hand of hate,
Or rivals' breath, or glance of fate,
May from the struggling bosom tear
The treasure that is coffer'd there,—

Although the crushing weight of ill
The bleeding heart may seem to kill,
The love that in the soul doth lie,
Like it, can never wholly die,—

But ever o'er the 'nighted mind
Roams, like a spirit unconfined,
Haunting some unfrequented shade,
Where all its buried wealth is laid ;

And at the spell of witching eyes
The melancholy sprite will rise,
As fond to hover near a scene,
Like those where it in life hath been.

ELEGY IV.

(Imitated from the Modern Latin.)

When I that form no longer view,
I shall not smile, as some can do,
Nor blush to mourn the bosom gone,
That mine so oft has lean'd upon.

'Tis sad to think our love should last
No better than the former past,
And sad to think that future bliss
Must haply find an end like this;

Yet had our flame been truly hearted,
Surely we could not thus have parted,
And had it never touch'd the heart,
We should not thus have had to part.

Indulge thy tears—they now are sweet,
Though, haply, if again we meet,
We both may hold our sorrow cheap,
And smile to think that we could weep.

I know that many a girl may wear
As laughing lips, as glossy hair,
As smooth a cheek, as fair a brow,
But yet I cannot think so now:

Those gentle eyes, so kind the while,
I know that I must miss their smile;
That voice, which sooth'd so oft before,
I feel that it shall sooth no more.

The bliss that thou couldst still bestow,
If yet again my breast may know,
Still, equal bliss bestow'd again
Requites me not for present pain;

The kindest heart beneath the sun
Can charm no more than thou hast done,
Nor e'er so true an after-vow
Repay the pang of parting now.

D. T.

THE SPELL UNRAVELLED.

Written the 6th May 1820.

" By each one
Of the dear dreams through which I have travelled
The cup of enjoyment from none
Can I take, till the spells, one by one,
Which have withered ye all, be unravelled.
Nugæ Canoræ, *p.* 126.

1.

My God! with what words can I dare,
Without a presumptuous seeming,
To say that, from thee, who hear'st prayer,
Life's prospects with blessings are teeming?

2.

I talked of a " spell" that had bound
Each sense, and benumbed every feeling;
Though my joys in *their forms* might be found,
Which had all their *fine essence* been stealing.

3.

I was widowed of love—tho' possessing
One whom my sad heart fondly sighed,
By the tenderest, dearest caressing,
To own as its mistress and bride.

4.

I was childless—yet children were given,
Whose innocent charms might inspire
All that ever reminded of Heaven
The heart of a fortunate sire:

5.

And I said, of the manifold " spells"
Which withheld from my senses the taste,
Of the exquisite transport which dwells
With gifts which my lot in life graced.

6.

The demoniac " spells," " one by one,"
That lay on the path which I travelled,
" The cup of enjoyment from none
I take, till they all are unravelled."

7.

And surely I may, without fear,
Call my Maker to witness my truth,
That, for many a tedious year,
While receded the visions of youth,

8.

Never, never from hue, shape, or sound,
From word, never smile or caress,
This bosom an instant e'er found
A respite from cleaving distress,

9.

'Till the " spell" which lay o'er my dear ones,
By a mighty invisible hand—
'Till the heart's pangs, the only severe ones,
Were snapped as a sorcerer's wand.

10.

I, now, in a *smile* that has greeted
My eyes both in sorrow and glee—
In a smile that has never retreated,
Tho' it met with *no welcome* from me,

11.

Can experience the thrilling delight,
Which it gave me in days that are gone!
Though 'twas ever the same to my *sight*,
Yet it fell on a *bosom* of *stone!*

12.

My children—they now can impart
Not only the claims which, from duty,
They well may enforce on my heart;
But in all its most exquisite beauty,

13.

Like soft music, the fond gush is given
To my soul, from the rapturous tie,
Reproducing those blest days when Heaven
'Bout our path, bed, and table, doth lie!

14.

My wife! and my children! dear names,
Which awaken my heart's deepest love,
An earnest such treasure proclaims
Of "the day-spring which comes from" above!

15.

When the THRONS that await on the pleasures
Which owe to yourselves their creation,
Are heightened by *spiritual treasures*,
THEY receive then their last consecration!

16.

And I feel it—that these, the sure pledges
Of Heaven's love, are thus heightened and blest!
Whatever the sceptic alleges,
A pure joy, a pure source must attest!

17.

As well might one doubt the report
Of the senses of sight, touch, and taste,
As believe not the joys that resort
To the soul where God's "secret" is placed.

18.

No! a *seal* there is set to that feeling
Which can be decyphered by none,
Till a *new sense*, with mystic revealing,
Informs us that *seal* is our own!

THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

1.

COME, join me, British landsmen, dragoons and grenadiers,
While I sing the tars of England, and the battle of Algiers.
I have seen your sabres flashing, and heard the din of blows;
I have mark'd the edge of bayonets that swept away your foes;
But here the sword was idle, asleep the cutlass lay,
The mighty cannon roar'd alone, and sailors won the day.

2.

'Twas in the morning early, the north wind bore us down,
And spread the British crescent's arms around the Moorish town,
Then wav'd on every war-ship throughout the bending line,
Before the face of infidels, the cross of Christ divine.
Our van of floating batteries the noble Pellew led,
And bravely dropp'd his anchor a-breast of the Mole-head.

3.

"Now yield thee, prince of pirates, and terror of the sea,
Give up thy plunder'd treasures, and set the captives free.
The sulphur-cloud of vengeance is gathering on the tide,
And the bolt of injured nations will blast thee in thy pride.

4.

The city rose above us as white as mountain snow,
And grim the rampart-girdle hung o'er the wave below;
Beneath the yawning embrasures for action clear'd we lay,
And thrice five hundred cannon were pointed at the bay.

5.

The summer sun was westering as the work of death begun;
It sunk in cloud and darkness before the fray was done.
Then ye heard the crash of bulwarks that tumbled from their height,
And saw the rockets streaming red athwart the vault of night,
And blazing barks dismasted came wildly drifting nigh,
And, midst the pause of thunder, ye heard the heathen cry.

6.

"Now hold thee, gallant admiral, I bow to God's decree;
I yield the virgin city, the empress of the sea;
Renounce my plundered treasures, and set the captive free."
"Now shout, my lads," quoth brave Pellew, "now shout for victory."

HORÆ CANTABRIGIENSES.

No V.

DEAR NORTH,

I TRUST I am not taking an unpardonable liberty in sending you, for your *Horæ Cantabrigienses*, my versions of an ode or two of Horace, as a specimen of some thirty or forty which I have lately endeavoured to exhibit in octosyllabic verse. I trust, at least, you will give the translator credit for that first virtue of a translator, fidelity. To elegance of any kind, still more to Horace's elegance, I fear I have slight pretension. Yours ever, X.

BOOK FIRST, ODE NINTH.

SEE'ST thou, my friend, how white with snow,
Towers in mid air Soracte's brow;
How with their load the forests bend,
And frost the torrent's force has chain'd!
The season's chilling cold to chase,
Bid on thy hearth huge faggots blaze;
And from the twin-ear'd pitcher pour
Thy inmost bin's time-mellow'd store.
Leave to the Gods all cares beside:
Soon as their voice has quell'd the pride
Of storms wild-raving o'er the sea,
Stirs not a breath the aspen-tree.
To trace to-morrow's doom forego,
And count as gain each granted Now;
Nor then the joys of love's young morn,
Or dance of sprightly damsels scorn,
While still with gray unstain'd thine hair.
Now to the public mall repair,
Assiduous; in the appointed bower—
Now breathe thy tale at eve's soft hour.
Dear now the titter arch which tells
What nook the ambush'd maid conceals,
Sweet from the struggling yielding fair
The ring or bracelet-pledge to bear.

BOOK FIRST, ODE THIRTY-EIGHTH.

I HATE the Persian banquet's pride:
Boy, fling that gaudy wreath aside;
Nor seek in what lone dell the rose,
To form th' autumnal chaplet, blows.
Asks nothing more the myrtle band;
Add not a leaf, 'tis my command.
Well fits it thee, that simple braid,
Me, quaffing in the vine's green shade.

BOOK FOURTH, ODE SECOND.

HE who to Pindar's heights would soar,
Ventures on wing like that of yore
Glued to the ambitious boy, who gave
His name to Græcia's glassy wave.
As mountain stream, by tempests fed,
Swells foaming o'er its wonted bed,
So Pindar boils, so pours along
His deep illimitable song.
Around his brow be wreathed the bay,
Whether the dithyrambic lay

He roll, in fierce poetic heat,
Where mingle numbers wild and sweet;
Or gods, and god-descended kings,
Who smote the centaurs, grace his strings—
Smote with just stroke, and quell'd the ire
Of dread Chimæra, breathing fire;
Or round the victor's palm-crown'd head,
On Pisa's plain for strength or steed
Renown'd, he twine one chaplet more,
To which the bust, the pillar's poor;
Or helpless bride his lyre record,
Entirely widow'd of her lord;
His golden truth, his matchless might,
Redeeming from oblivion's night—
Light buoyant through th' empyreal air,
The Theban swan strong breezes bear;
While I, with tiny industry,
I, like the toiling matin bee,
(Whose wing o'er many a thyme-bed roves,
Untired,) 'mid Tibur's bowery groves,
Or by its dripping banks remain
To meditate my lowlier strain.
But thou, my friend, in bolder verse,
Shall laurell'd Cæsar's praise rehearse,
Follow'd by captive hordes, what time
His car the Sacred Hill shall climb;
Cæsar, than whom indulgent Heaven
No nobler boon to man has given,
Nor e'er shall give, though backward roll'd,
The age resume its garb of gold.
Be thine Rome's transports to record,
For Cæsar to her vows restored,
And grateful games, and truce-closed war,
Waged whilom by the wrangling bar.
Then, too, if aught of power be mine,
This voice shall fondly chime to thine,
And hail the day, with gladsome airs,
Which grants Augustus to its prayers.
As on thou sweepest, oft around
Shall echo the triumphal sound:
Rome, Rome shall swell the loud acclaim,
And incense at each shrine shall flame.
For thee ten bulls, ten udder'd cows
Oblation fitting shall compose;
My vow the weaned calf shall pay,
Now in green pastures frisking gay;
Whose front a snowy crescent bears,
Such as the third night's Cynthia wears,
Save that bright mark, in all beside,
Unspotted is his tawny hide.

Boxiana; or, Sketches of Pugilism.

BY ONE OF THE FANCY. *

No VII.

We knew and loved the late Peter Corcoran well—and had ourselves intended to have given his Remains to the world, but justice has been done him by another editor, who enjoyed and deserved the friendship of that poetical pugilist. We cannot too much applaud the delicacy with which he has discharged this melancholy duty to his chum. He has violated no private confidence—he has kindled no animosities—he has promulgated no pernicious doctrines. They who read the memoirs of Peter Corcoran to indulge a passion for scandal, will soon shut the volume in disappointment—they who dip into his works from the love of vice, will, if they read attentively, carry away with them an abhorrence of its seductions—and a pity for its miseries. The poet, the pugilist, and the philosopher, will find in this little volume, food for the reason, the imagination, and the fancy.

Indeed, we do not scruple to say, that this prefatory memoir is one of the best pieces of biography that have appeared during this age. The lives of Chatterton, Burns, Dermody, Kirk White, and others, are vastly inferior in interest and instruction to that of Peter Corcoran. The case of Chatterton, "the Bristol boy, who perished in his pride," is anomalous, and therefore useless. There is little chance of any other young man coming to an untimely end by the forgery of old poems. Burns, too, had a destiny from which no moral can be well drawn, generally applicable to poetical ploughmen. He loved whisky—and his patrons made him an Exciseman. Poor Dermody, whom the Edinburgh Reviewer feelingly called, "Dermody the drunkard," died of hope, despair, poverty, passion, hunger, and thirst—a stranger in a foreign land—and no doubt, a moral might be drawn from his destiny. Kirk White died of the mathematics. The D. J. O. of Peter Corcoran, gives a lesson to the age, which, we hope, the age will read and profit by—he perished by pugilism—not the practice, but the passion of the art. Curtis † and Corcoran are, each in his respective way, the martyrs of the ring.

Peter Corcoran was born in September 1794, at Shrewsbury, "a town," says the editor, "not very celebrated for men either of talent or genius, but proverbial for the pride and arrogance of its inhabitants, and the excellence of its cakes." His parents were Irish, but left Carlow soon after their marriage. The editor has neglected to assure the world of what we know to be a fact, that Mrs Corcoran was pregnant before she left Carlow—indeed farther advanced than the thoughtless reader might conjecture—so that Peter was merely born in Shropshire. During his boyhood, he licked the best lads all round the Wrekin—and it will be some time before the familiar appellation of Young Corky will be forgotten by the Severn's side. At Oxford he made a considerable figure, having thrashed a proctor, and been *plucked*—an operation on which he ever afterwards felt extremely sore. One of the best battles, perhaps, he ever fought, was with a big blouzy bachelor of Brazenose, in Port-Meadow, who tauntingly had shook his *sleeves* at Peter, and complimented him on having *shewn pluck* in the schools. Peter, who was a first class man in his way, took the fight out of A. B. in the twinkling of a bed-post, and walked back to Corpus, robed in his antagonists bachelor's gown, to the great delight of that nation. Leaving Oxford without a degree, (after all, where is the use of one to an Irishman in London?) young Corcoran

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* The Fancy; a selection from the poetical remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, student at Law. With a brief memoir of his Life. London: Printed for Taylor and Hessey. 1820.

† Killed in battle by left-handed Ned.

entered himself of Gray's Inn, and took lodgings in Vine Street, Piccadilly, to be near a pretty girl (his designs were honourable) with whom he had become acquainted during a run up from Oxford to Town. "It may be supposed," quoth the editor neatly, "that he looked more into her face than into the Lord Chancellors; and that he turned the curls on her forehead oftener than the leaves of Coke." He now fell into poetry, "and flamed in the gorgeous pages of La Belle assemblée, or pined in the sober and pensive volumes of the Gentleman's. The Magazines felt the ardour or the melancholy of his hand, month after month!" The following is a specimen of the effusions of his muse at this period—and we conceive that there could be nothing particularly disagreeable in hearing it sung to a good air.

STANZAS.

Hark! Italy's music
Melts over the sea;
Falling light from some lattice,
Where cavaliers be:
And sweet lady voices
Steal over the deep,
To hush all around us
The billows to sleep.

Our gondola gently
Goes over the wave:
As though it were dreaming
To sounds that enslave:—
We listen—we listen!
How blessed are we,
Who hear this dim music
O'er Italy's sea!

Unfortunately at this period the young lady whom Peter loved went down into Kent, on a visit to her maternal uncle, an immense Hop Merchant; and Peter, after ineffectual efforts to fan his constancy by love letters, "was driven, by the natural enthusiasm of his mind, to seek in other pursuits new pleasures, not that his love decreased, but from inaction it slept." It was a critical time with Corcoran. His evil genius met him one drizzly day in August 1817, (Tuesday 19th,) in a shape not at all to be suspected, namely, that of an old Oxford acquaintance, dressed in a blue surtout and white trowsers, and wiled him away into the Fives Court, to witness a sparring exhibition. It was for the benefit of Randal, and the nonpareil's first appeal to the patronage of the public. This was the most important day in young Corcoran's life, and thenceforth he devoted all the exertions of his mind and body to the science of pugilism. He passed evening after evening at Belcher's house, Castle Tavern, (you see Tom, we have not forgotten you, compliments to Mrs Belcher), and can we praise him more, than to say that he was the friend of Egan? Would that he had confined himself to such harmless and amusing company! Would that nothing darker had overshadowed his destiny, than the *clouds blown* over him by the historian of the British Ring. But "thin partitions" do in London divide houses of very different kinds of entertainment, and Peter Corcoran too soon made a wreck, no, not of his honour, but assuredly of his health and happiness. Even in sparring with the gloves, it was but too visible to his friends, that he gave the return with diminished rapidity, that his guard was wavering, and that his confidence was gone. The day had been when he had not the worst of it, even with Eales, when he had stopped Scroggin's rush, and parried "the ravaging hand of Randal." But second-raters nobbed him now; and his wind was so treacherous, that after a couple of rounds, he was at the mercy even of a Johnny Raw! At this dark period, his poetical seems to have faded with his pugilistic powers. "His muse abandoned all hopes of achieving any thing great or good, and it was with this feeling that he wrote the following sonnets."

SONNET.

Were this a feather from an eagle's wing,
And thou, my tablet white! a marble tile
Taken from ancient Jove's majestic pile,—
And might I dip my feather in some spring,
Adown Mount Ida, thread-like, wandering:—
And were my thoughts brought from some starry isle
In heaven's blue sea,—I then might with a smile
Write down a hymn to Fame, and proudly sing!
But I am mortal; and I cannot write
Aught that may foil the fatal wing of Time.
Silent I look at Fame: I cannot climb
To where her temple is—Not mine the might:—
I have some glimmering of what is sublime—
But, ah! it is a most inconstant light.

P. C.

SONNET.

I once had thought to have embalm'd my name
With Poesy:—to have served the gentle Muses
With high sincerity:—but Fate refuses,
And I am now become most strangely tame,
And careless what becomes of Glory's game—
Who strives—who wins the wondrous prize —who loses!
Not that the heavy world my spirit bruises;
But I have not the heart to rush at Fame.
Magnificent and mental images
Have visited me oftentimes, and given
My mind to proud delights—but now it sees
Those visions going like the lights of even:
All intellectual grandeur dimly flees,—
And I am quiet at the stars of heaven!

P. C.

It has been mentioned that Corcoran had left off writing to his absent mistress, fortunate perhaps had it been for him, had he never resumed it. So wholly was he devoted to pugilism, that he wrote to her a very injudicious letter, containing little else (the letter is now lying before us, and we before it) than an account of the "Mill between Belasco and the Brummagem youth." The young lady, as incensed as if she had received a cross-buttock, gave him a chattering hit on the deaf side of his head, to which he made the following return:—

MY DEAR KATE,—I assure you I am not *fibbing*, when, I say, I regret that my last letter proved so severe a *punisher* to you. You have, however, *returned upon* me pretty smartly. You have quite *hit me off* my pugilistic *legs*,—*doubled* me and my letter up at a *blow*,—and actually *floored* me. And though (as this may serve to show) you have not altogether 'taken the *fight* out of me,' yet you see I come very languidly *up to the scratch*; and this will be in all probability the last *round* in which I shall present myself before you in a *milling* attitude. You are *too much* for me. I am but a *light weight*, and you carry too much *gravity*. My *rallyings* are of no use. If I make a *good hit*, it does not *tell* upon you. You are too well *guarded*. I waste my wits and my wind to no purpose: if I try to *plant* a *tickler* upon your *ribs* that shall *shake your sides*, you laugh *at* me, instead of *with* me; and finally put in a *write*-hander upon me *by the post*, that disables my *jaw*, and *drops* me. There is no *standing up* against such a *rum customer* as you are. So I shall in future keep myself out of the way of such *punishment*.

Alas, for poor *Fancy!*—If her flowers meet with so nipping a reception in the neighbourhood of *her own Moulsey*, she may as well, (like Lord Castlereagh's crocodile,) put her hands into her breeches pockets; or turn them to any thing else, rather than double them into fists. She had better at once cut down her *gloves* into mittens, and put her fingers into *rings*, instead of going into them herself." Yours, &c.

PETER CORCORAN.

* * * * * *

"On the return of his young mistress to town, Corcoran for a while absented himself from the haunts of pugilists and of *the Fancy*—being in some sort influenced by her presence: but he was always unsettled and heedless, and he sat late, and forgot himself before her in the histories of his favourite subjects. Differences naturally arose between the lovers on his altered habits; but he had become hasty and intemperate, and she, from being disgusted at his follies and his faults, gradually alienated her heart from his first affection. The lady did not consider herself faithless, for Peter was not the same that she had loved previous to her Kentish visit. On one occasion he appeared before her in the day with two black eyes, and with other marks of the preceding night's skirmish on his way home. The lady from this moment forbade him her presence, nor could she ever afterwards be persuaded to relent, though he sued to her in that fond and penitent style, which bespoke in him an undecayed affection. Some lines appear in this selection which he wrote to her soon after this unfortunate event, thinking that she would listen to his humour, and forget his misconduct: but she returned the stanzas upon his hands, and from this identical copy the lines have been printed.

"His letters of expostulation to her were dictated by a steadier pen and a more sombre mind; but these met with the same fate. In one of his letters he says: "You cannot imagine, my dearest Kate, what I suffer by the recollection of that idle quarrel, and the still more idle verses which it occasioned. If you continue unforgiving, I have no one left to make life cheerful. My own good opinion is lost. My nights are torture to me: but I seem now to have no inducement to wish them better or quieter. I might, perhaps, escape from folly, if any one would rejoice at it, or 'welcome me back to the world.'" In another letter he writes, as if in the provocation of sorrow and despair: "To-morrow I go to Randall's fight; but I think if I were recalled by you, I could break my promise to my companions, and pass a day of happiness and forgiveness with you. Try me, my dear Kate!" It is most probable that she never attempted to reclaim him; but it is much to be lamented that an endeavour was not made by her: for, from her influence alone, could such a measure have been effected."

We cannot do better than give the close of this unfortunate young man's life, in the simple and pathetic language of his biographer.

"The health of Peter, which had been some time declining, now became rapidly altered

for the worse; and he fell into the most dangerous state, apparently without a struggle on his part to avoid it. He was gay, active, and spirited to the last, with the exception of his nightly visits of melancholy, and occasional fits of despondency by day. In reality, life had lost its importance to him.

"In the last weeks of his existence, he employed himself in writing light pieces of poetry for his own amusement; thus living over again the pleasures of which, in health, he had so eagerly partaken. A few of these, and but a few, are now printed. The spirit of poor Corcoran was thus triumphant over pain, and thus did it remain till his departure. His father was with him at his death, and witnessed that heart-rending sight, the termination of a consumption, that complaint which flatters even in its conclusion. Peter wished to see his mistress, but she declined the interview. "*He* was," as Dr Johnson says, "inextinguishably amorous, and *she* inexorably cruel." He died very recently without a struggle, just after writing a Sonnet to *West Country Dick*.

"It is impossible to contemplate the youth, the talents, the fate of this young man, and not lament that he should not have applied himself to some pursuit steadily, so as to have filled a worthy station in life. At one time he seems to have partly recovered himself from the trammels of sad society; but the fascination of pugilism and its professors was too strong in his eyes, and he sealed his ruin and his death by a devotion to its pleasures. A fight was to him a resistless attraction, and he has often declared that he never was so thrilled with enthusiasm, as when that moment arrived at which the men stripped against a fine sun, and advanced like trained blood-horses, to start for the prize. Peter caught cold upon cold at these diversions; and certainly to an infatuated and unrestrained attention to such pursuits his death is attributable. Pugilism in itself is a manly and noble science; but it is apt to seduce its admirers into evil ways and corrupting society.

"The person of Peter Corcoran was tall and slim. His features were of a pleasing expression, particularly when they were excited by any sudden feeling of enthusiasm. If any belief could be placed in the system of Gall and Spurzheim, the head of Corcoran would have explained to any person skilled in the study of such system, that Peter's passion for fighting was greater than men in common possess. His organ of combativeness was unusually large, so much so as to be repeatedly remarked by indifferent observers. The very name of Corcoran is expressive of pugnacity, or an *intense inclination towards butting and battering*.

"His style of writing is not good; it is too broken, irresolute, and rugged,—and is too anxious in its search after smart expressions to be continuous or elevated in its substance. Corcoran was remarkably fond of puns, as his works will exemplify. He wrote with great rapidity, when he could bring himself to write at all; but he more often commenced than concluded works; and it was a common case for him to plan and open a new piece at night which was neglected or forgotten in the morning.

"He had few friends:—and it cannot be denied, in spite of his faults, that his mistress was harsh and relentless, beyond the run of women in general. Few ladies would have frowned so long, who appeared at one time to love so well. The woman that can retain her stern disregard through a long siege of letters and verses, is either singularly high-principled, or superlatively unfeeling. Peter, with all his heedlessness, was the only constant lover of the two, for he remembered her on his death-bed. The lady still lives, and is married. When she reads this imperfect memoir of Corcoran, she will surely feel some contrition at having repulsed him to the last, instead of having lured him from the fatal and fascinating errors that generated his death.

"The works selected for publication are but a small portion of those left in MS. by Peter; if this little volume should be well received by the Public, the Editor may be induced to offer what Addison has happily called, "more last words of Mr Baxter."

Having thus discussed the life of Mr Corcoran, let us now direct the attention of our readers to the selection which the judicious Editor has made from his writings. The first poem is an American tragedy, entitled, King Tims the First, and is an additional proof of the absurdity of those critics, who are monthly bewailing the decay of dramatic genius in this country. What the deuce would the people be at? Have they not Baillie, Maturin, Shiel, Milman, Lamb, Coleridge, and Corcoran? The following are the Dramatis Personæ of this fine play, which is, in truth, not only like Mrs Baillie's, and all other plays, a play upon the passions, but also a play upon words.

MEN.

KING TIMS *(late a Butcher on Dowgate Hill)*.
ANTHONY TIMS *(his Son, and Heir Apparent)*.
MR MINISTER HATBAND *(late an Undertaker in Fleet Market)*.
MR JENKINSOP *(lately ruined)*.

WOMEN.

QUEEN TIMS.
MRS JENKINSOP.
MISS JEMIMA JENKINSOP.

The Scene is laid in the Back Settlements of North America.—Time, half a day.

Mr Tims (uncle to that Tims who visited us in our Tent last August, and who lately died of indisposition) has emigrated, with Mrs Tims and his son Tony, to the Back Settlements —and so has Mr Jenkinsop, with his lady and daughter—(none of whose relations, so far as we know, have been Contributors to this Magazine.) Our readers will be shocked to find, that though the Tims's and the Jenkinsops had maintained a decentish sort of character in London, they went all wrong together in the Back Settlements; and the catastrophe of this tragedy, which is a deep one, consists in the death of the four-married people by the hand of King Tims—it having appeared, to the satisfaction of all parties, that a change of bed-fellows had been meditated, and that all the four were bent on infidelity. Tony Tims succeeds his father on the throne, and, as we chance to know, in due time marries Miss Jemima Jenkinsop. Mr Hatband, the undertaker, conducts the funeral, having, it would seem, emigrated in anticipation of the catastrophe. We have in our possession (and mean to transmit it to the Editor) Mr Corcoran's second play on this subject, entitled, "The Coronation, or King Tims the Second." We are almost disposed to consider it the finer piece of the two.

In the first scene of this tragedy, which of course is in a wood, Miss Jemima Jenkinsop enters with a bundle of sticks, and just as she has finished a song to the tune of "London now is out of town," her lover, Mr Anthony Tims, advances.

A. T. It *is* Jemima Jenkinsop! I know
Her swanlike stateliness and darn'd manteau;
The Yankee breeze than England's seems more fair—
Aye, this *here* suits her, better than that *air*.
For an old song I'll try to get her mine:—
"Whither, my love!"—no, that's too high!—

J. J. That line!

That voice—that look—the rapture—the surprise—
That flaxen hair—those grey, light, loving eyes—
That single-breasted coat—that sweet snub nose—
Those inexpressibles:—I know the clothes,
The eyes, the hair, the voice, the legs, the man;—
My senses sink, and I'm not worth a fan!
But, sinking senses, aid the lower limbs,
And bear my fainting carcass to my Tims!

[*She drops the sticks, and falls into his arms.*

A. T. Why, what are these? are bludgeons wanted here,
In Freedom's undivided vale, my dear?

J. J. These are the harmless branches of the trees.

Broken by chance, and gather'd by degrees,
To make our peaceful fires. But what—oh, what,
To this most rude and solitary spot,
Allured those dear parentheses of legs?
Tell me?—It is your own Jemima begs—
Tell me what brought you here?

A. T. I will, I will.—
Sitting one night at home on Dowgate Hill,
I said, said I—and Father said, said he,
"We're deep in debt—deep, most confoundedly."
And soon we proved, by exercise of wit,
Deep in the method of escaping it.

J. J. Go on, go on—I pant to hear my fill;
Well, you were deep in debt on Dowgate Hill—
Well!—

A. T. Says I, "Father, ere our purpose cool,
Get down, by hook or crook, to Liverpool;
Haste to the Settlements, and take my mother,—
I'll see you off, and stay to bear the bother!"
They fled—I told a lie, and sold the goods,
Some kettles, bedsteads, tables, curtain-rods,
And fled the spot. I knew 'twas not too late
To run,—or (I should say) to emigrate:—
So with a light trunk and a heavy heart,
I lurk'd about your house to kiss and part;
But missing you—somehow my way miss'd me,
I cross'd the *lock*, yet could not find the *quay*;
What with weak spirits, and strong rum and water,
My road grew longer, as my sense grew shorter;—
At length I straggled in, depressed and late,
To the Nag's Head, beyond old Billingsgate.

J. J. Oh, Anthony, how strange thy trials were!

A. T. I rose up early—came away, my dear,
Leaving my reckoning as a recollection
To the full-bosom'd Landlady.—Affection
Look'd o'er the vessel's bow, and guided me
To this untroubled land of liberty.—
How long hast *thou* dwelt here, my love?

J. J. To speak
The truth, I have not sojourn'd here a week.
We're come to settle—(see these sticks); my Pa
Found in his cup of life a little flaw;
We came, with Ma, on cash our Cousin lent,
Forward to get in this *Back Settlement*.

A. T. Exquisite sympathy! My Pa and Ma
Are king and queen here!—you'll make subjects!

J. J La!
What made them king and queen?

A. T. A sudden thought!
They crown'd each other—(crowning goes for nought);

And each new law proposed (since there was none
To contradict) was pass'd at once, *nem. con.*
J. J. How came you not to take me in your trouble?
A. T. My grief was weak, and could not carry double!
The times were hard,—I thought your heart the same,—
I had not wherewithal to feed the flame;
And, without fire and food, vain is Love's cauldron;
(And coals, my dear, were 72 the chaldron.)
Confus'd I felt, 'twixt passion, truth, and want,
And getting *straiten'd*, thus *enlarg'd* upon't:
Marriage makes two at dinner; that's about
As bad, where teeth are in and victuals out,
As Harlequin, at Christmas, with the gout!
So, says I, I'll live single——
J. J. Oh, enough!
My sentimental heart is up to snuff.
But we are here; we must adore; we'll meet—
(If I take time or tea, I like it sweet!)
We'll meet by stealth.
A. T. We will. And I'd contrive
To get friend Hatband (he is here alive)
To give my letters to you of a night—
But you can't read, my love! and I can't write.
J. J. Hatband, the Undertaker, of Fleet Market!—
Does he come here on commerce, or to *lark* it?
A. T. Trader no more; he banish'd pall and urn,
And nail and glove, and cut the whole concern.
My Pa, King Tims the First, in old costume,
Reigns in the open air, or in one room;
Butcher no more, his royal state is kept here—
Scale yields to crown, the cleaver to the sceptre:
You see their nothingness is made secure,
And the king's self does hold a sinecure!
J. J. Soft, Tony Tims! Pa's voice upon the gale
Steals in hoarse freedom over Freedom's dale!
He bawls for wood. I go—we meet again;
Partings and toothach are alike for pain.
A. T. You go—you fly—adieu! Beware the men!
One chaste salute!—Another!—Oh! a third!—
'Tis virgin honey, ma'am, upon my word!
Adieu!
J. J. Adieu!
A. T. Adieu! All tender hopes
Twine round thee, Jonquil of the Jenkinsops!
(*Exit Miss J. J.*)
A. T. (*solus*) Thus when two tomtits sit upon a bough
Chirping together, some rude dog's bow-wow
Frights one away; the other picks his wing,
Squats on his little tail, and trys to sing:—
So I, my bird being bark'd away, remain,
Left to the comfort of a tomtit strain,
Pluming my *inexpressibles*, ere long
I clear my bill, and twitter into song.

In scene II. we behold King Tims the First without his coat, and with his regal sleeves tucked over his royal elbows. Queen Tims and Mr Minister Hatband are at work. There is much majesty, we think, in the following picture—though it is not difficult to see that the heart of King Tims is already something estranged from his consort.

King T. Cease we our work; our royal brows feel heat,
We will relax—we *are* relaxed!—we sweat!
We've driven a hundred *tenpennies* already.
Give us the keg, we'll *pull* a little *Deady*.
Q. T. We're hungry, please your Majesty; and drinking
Will never make us less so, to our thinking!
K. T. Come on our right hand, Queen; Hatband draw near.
Speak, Mrs Tims; open thy mug, my dear;
Mouths here are made to speak and not to eat—
We do not sit,—because we have no seat.
Hat. Logical Tims! I think, since, please your crown,
Our work is at a *stand*, we may sit down.
An Undertaker loveth liberty.—
So wheresoe'er my home or shop may be,
At the Fleet Market, or the Trans-Atlantic,
My heart shall ever be sedately frantic
In Freedom's holy cause. I've had a call!
Q. T. Then pray return it in the name of all.
K. T. You blunder, Mother Tims; his call is great!
A call above all cards—to emigrate!
Your royal intellect is in eclipse;
The *ruin* you've drawn down upon your lips,
Has made it rather foggy.
Hat. To my mind,
Her Majesty with grief or grog is blind!
Q. T. Would I were reading in the midst of meat,
In our first butcher's shop in Friday Street!
Oft, when the fly-flap flourish'd to and fro,
And flies leap'd startled from their own fly-blow,
I hung o'er Werter's page, and sad mishap,
Suspended in the air the fleet fly-flap,
Forgot the insects—lapsed in tragic fears,—
And gave a loose to maggots and to tears!
K. T. You then lov'd *Little*, Mrs Tims; and read
His "hot-press'd lyrics" on cold nights a-bed;
You read them early, and you read them late,
They were so tender, touching, or elate—
So circumstantial, yet so delicate!

The spirits of the party soon begin to flag, so they attempt to raise them and keep them up by a song.

GLEE.

AIR, "*Scots wha ha', &c.*"

Folks who've oft at Dolly's fed!
Folks who've nibbled Batson's bread!
Folks who've ta'en a Hummum's bed!
Come not o'er the sea:

Victuals here are but so, so;
Hollands, too, run very low;
Scarce is coffee and *cocoa*;
Sojourn where you be.

Now's the time, and now's the hour,
For little bread, there being no flower;
Liberty's a glorious dower—
Though ragged, let's be free!

We will walk the unlopp'd wood,
And taste what Nature grows for food—
Grumbling here does little good!
So hail, glad Liberty!

The royal conference is about to break up, when Mr and Mrs Jenkinsops enter.

DUET.—AIR, "*Ar hyd y nos.*"

Lawk-a-daisy! Lawk-a-daisy,
Sweet Mr Tims!
I am mad—my wife is crazy,
Sweet Mr Tims!

You are kings,—your son was stating;
We will be your folks in waiting:
What strange work is emigrating,
Sweet Mr Tims!

K. T. We hear a voice from England—blessed sound!
We'd rather have it than an unforg'd pound!
Mr J. You are the king, friend Tims!
K. T. We are!—(the same,
As if in England we should say—I am!)
Mr J. We've brought all friends; all necessaries too—
One pound of tacks, and half a pound of glue.
K. T. Friends!—necessaries!—all of no account,
Unless you've brought with you Sir Walter *Blunt*. (*Slapping his pockets.*)
Mr J. True, King! 'tis certain, you, as well as I know,
Nothing is done on earth without the rhino!
Mrs J. I have not said much, but I think a *deal*!
Q. T. Most ladies do, who play their cards with zeal.
K. T. We break the conference up—the hour drags on;
Come, gentle Jenkinsops, we'll all be gone!
So have I seen a flea, in blanket yellow,
Linger in quiet, like a steady fellow;
And all at once, without offence or fright,
Frisk, with his jumping comrades, out of sight!
So have I seen—but you are tired—and I
Will put my simile aside, and try
To bring it to a finish, by and by!

Hatband soliloquizes, and exit. Young Tims and Miss Jenkinsop make love—and on Jemima's departure, after a hearty kiss, the heir apparent thus carols to the woods of America.

SONG.

I've had my sport at Tothill Fields,
I've sunn'd myself at Gooseberry Fair;
And all the *lark* that Greenwich yields,
Has fallen to my Easter share:
I've shy'd with stick, to win a bit
The *backy-box* of brown japan;
And shin, and pin, and box I've hit;
And often pitch'd, and *broke* the man!

I've loung'd at Dog-fights—noiseless scene!
A *half-bred* betwixt calf and calf;
I've blown a gentle cloud, I ween,
Over my gentler half-and-half!
A Bait hath given me rich delight,
While loud would rise the rapturous shout,
When brute with brute began to fight,
And horns were in, and bowels out!

I've watch'd the Bruiser's winning art,
To lure his friend into his arms;
And punch his head with all his heart,
Commingling all the face's charms:
I've watch'd the seconds pat and nurse
Their man; and seen him put to bed;
With twenty guineas in his purse,
And not an eye within his head!

At Rowing matches I have been,
Where naked bodies tug for coats;
And Bankside beauties have I seen,
Sit drinking rum in little boats:
And oft on Sundays, scorning land,
With braces loosen'd from the breach;
I've pull'd a girl, with blister'd hand,
And bleeding heart, through Chelsea Reach!

Long at Fate's E O table, I
Have play'd, and met at last a loss;
Gone *odd or even* with the sky,
And tried the sea at *pitch and toss*:
But all is over,—here I am,—
My days go *five in nine* for food;
And I can have no other game,
But playing *hazard* in a wood!

Dull Innocence! I waddle on,—
Thy weary worshipper—and fain
Would give thee up, to be a Don,
And beat the watch in Drury Lane!
The air here feels no hats thrown up,
His dog no costermonger catches;
Farewell to bull, and stake, and pup,
And pipes, and gin, and rowing matches!
Hark! some intruders! (*Exit hastily.*)

Here the reader is all at once taken aback—and the catastrophe comes on like a sudden squall. We are not sure that the close of Faustus is one whit superior to that of King Tims.

[*The dusk of evening comes suddenly on, as on the English stage often; but flashes of soft Summer lightning give sufficient light to shew King Tims with Mrs Jenkinsop entering tenderly on one side, and Mr Jenkinsop and the Queen equally kind on the other. The whole of this part is mysterious, and the speeches are uttered aside.*]

King T. [*to Mrs J.*] I left him fast asleep, indeed, my dear—
His drows'd mug nodding o'er the unfinish'd beer,—
So hush thy virgin plaints and matron fear.

Mr J. [*to the Queen.*] He thought I slept—I saw him hurry quicker,
Across the room, having first *prigg'd* the liquor:
He left it—and I came, my dove, to thee,
To coo, in virtue of our liberty!

Mrs J. I tremble for our love!—warm as it is,
Our passion, Monarch, ne'er would equal his!

Queen T. May his old Majesty ne'er kiss me more:
His kiss I cannot bear—it is a bore!

[*A flash of lightning betrays the parties to each other—the clouds withdraw, and the evening moon makes one of her usual exposures. The two wives throw themselves at the feet of their husbands.*]

K. T. What?—Treason in our sucking settlement!

The Queen. We own ourselves unfortunate—our bent
Is liberty and virtue!

The King. I must fight!
Jenks! we must feed on Honour's slugs to-night.
What can appease the fury of a King?—

Jen. A little *reasonable* reasoning!
We're cuckolds!—granted: and our wives are jades!
Let us agree—though following the same trades.
No one is by:—we'll change our ribs, and then
Try to get into virtue's path again.

The King. No! my steel dirk, made out of an old steel,
First search that bosom—next make this heart feel;
Then for these fatal women—there—and there:—
Now four are massacred—that's just two pair!

[*The King, in furtherance of this pathetic speech, stabs himself, his friend, and the two spouses, in the order in which his speech sets them.*]

The King. We have it!—We are trotting off to hell:
Ladies! You'll claim your dower—we die—farewell!

Jen. That thrust you gave me, Tims has prov'd a nettler—
Your stab turns out, what I have been,—a Settler!

The King. My eyes get hazy—reels the dancing light—
I die—turn down the rushlight;—Ma'am, good night! [*Dies.*

Jen. He's gone—how very muddy some folks die!—
He's for the *cold meat cart*, and so am I:—
Get out, you cats!—you've used us d————y! [*Dies.*

[*The Queen and Mrs Jenkinsop, take hands, and lie down by their respective husbands.*]

DYING CHORUS OF WIVES.

Gentle maids—should any here
Chance to come, and chance to hear
Of our fates—be more severe
To your wedded mates:
Would they bind you to their beds,
Break their hearts, or break their heads:
Cats are free upon the leads,—
Must we have harder fates?

The man the license gets at first;
We get our license at the worst,
When we're with a helpmate curst:—
Marry to be free!
And now we die—and now we're gone—
To the pit of Acheron;—
So, Molly put the ketttle on,
Let's have a cup of tea! [*They die.*

Enter HATBAND, *followed by* ANTHONY TIMS *and* MISS JEMIMA JENKINSOP.

Hat. [*starts.*] They're dead—a contract job, I smell!

A. T. They're dead!—
For how much will you bury them *per head?*
I burst with grief!—No coffins are required—
Lump the whole set!—My breast with woe is tired
One grave will hold the flock. My parents, too!
How did they die? Let's have no more ado!

Miss J. My Pa and Ma are gone—then I come in
For all their goods and chattels,—wine and gin!

A. T. I fear they were not faithful—but they're gone,
Nil nisi bonum:—Nothing's left but bone! [*Exeunt.*

Hatband [*alone.*]

I will inter my friends with honest pleasure,
And snatch an hour at once to mourn and measure:
They're gone—a jolly four—they make me blubber,
A comfortable number for a rubber!
Is this the Settlement where Liberty
And Virtue dwell!—Yes—thus 'tis to be free!
Vice has its revel—woman has her antic—
Man plays his cunning—in the Trans-Atlantic!
Intrigue, and woe, and shame, haunt ev'ry place;
And Emigration does not mend the case!

The next longest poem in this volume, is entitled, "The Fields of Tothill, a Fragment." The heroine is Miss Bessy Habbersfield, daughter of that celebrated character, SLENDER BILLY, who met with an awkward accident, a few years ago, in front of Newgate. It is one of Corcoran's best poems—and had he written nothing else, would entitle him to the reputation of a man of genius.

XXXII.

My heroine's name is at the best call'd Bessy,
A very laughing, rosy sort of creature:
The more romantic name of Rose or Jessy
Was due, beyond a doubt, to her sweet nature.
Her hair is what the Cockney School call *tressy*;
And loveliness, like oil, glosses each feature
Of her round dimpling countenance, and lends
A quakerish look—but warmer than a *friend's*.

XXXIII.

While you gaze slily at her eyes, you're brewing
A cup of dangerous mischief for your drinking;
They look all full of sweet and maddening ruin,
And do a deal of havoc with their winking;
They're like the darkest flowrets with the dew in
And if you meet them fully there's no slinking
They snare one like the serpent's till one feels
Very confus'd between the head and heels.

XXXIV.

Around her lips there is a smiling sweetness,
Which much inviteth other lips to kissing:
I wish I ne'er had witness'd such completeness
Of face—there's not a charm of value missing.
Her words trip from her tongue with all the neatness
Of morning dairy-maids, when winds are hissing
In the early leaves. I would that I were wittier,
To liken her to something that is prettier.

XXXV.

There is no picture in the magazines
Sufficiently divine for such a face;
I've seen *fac-similes* of cheeks and chins,
But none with all her warmth, or half her grace.
Some of the scarcest portraits of choice queens,
Such as the Scottish Mary, give a trace;
But her sweet visage always looks the cosier—
She's something like Miss Stevens—only rosier.

XXXVI.

Her dress—I've said no word about her dress,
And surely that deserves a stanza wholly;
It wreathes simplicity with loveliness,
And is a perfect alien to all folly:
You look at her—you look at it no less—
It throws an air of pastoral melancholy,
As Wordsworth phrases it, serene around her,
(I never saw an arm or bosom rounder!)

XXXVII.

'Tis muslin on high days and holidays,
'Tis "seventeen-hunder-linen" when in common;
For its chaste neatness it deserves my praise,
It lets the neck and arms be seen by no man.
I like for my part these particular ways,
And recommend them much to every woman.
With her fine heart, and head-dress simply gay—
She's capp'd and jewell'd, watch-makers would say.

XXXVIII.

Bessy the beautiful, you needs must think,
Was not without her feelings or her suitors:
She was adored by those who are the pink
Of that wild neighbourhood—by college tutors,
And sober serjeants:—privates too in drink,
While pamper'd by those red kites their recruitors,
Would ope their minds, when, from the feverish drouth
Of gin and beer, they scarce could ope their mouth.

XXXIX.

The highest in the Fancy—all the game ones
Who were not very much beneath her weight,
Would take her ivory fingers in their lame ones,
And woo her very ardently to mate:
But she, although she did not love the tame ones,
Was not for men of such a desperate fate;
She knew a smart blow, from a handsome giver,
Could darken *lights*, and much abuse the *liver*.

XL.

And eyes are things that may be bung'd, or blacken'd—
And noses may lie down upon the face—
Unless the pace of a quick fist is slacken'd;
And jawbones will break down, to their disgrace;
And oftentimes a facer from the back hand,
Will leave of poor Humanity no trace.
She, like a prudent woman, well reflected
On all these things, and dozens she rejected.

XLI.

But many of my readers may not know
What 'tis the *Fancy* means, so I'll explain it.
I hope the very learned will not throw
Slurs on my explanation, and disdain it;

The best of language can be but so so—
Though Berkeley breed it, and tho' Barclay train it.
I struggle all I can—I do my best;
The thing is difficult—but let that rest.

XLII.

Fancy's a term for every blackguardism—
A term for favourite men, and favourite cocks—
A term for gentlemen who make a schism
Without the lobby, or within the box—
For the best rogues of polish'd vulgarism,
And those who deal in scientific knocks—
For bull-dog breeders, badger—baiters—all
Who live in gin and jail, or not at all.

XLIII.

Childe Bessy had a father, not forgot:
I fear this line is Byron's, and not mine;
But he can spare it me, for he is not
So over honest as to need repine
At other's thievery; from Crabbe and Scott
Many a *golden* thought and *metal* line
Has he purloin'd. One scarce can keep one's own
In this abominable swindling town.

XLIV.

Childe Bessy had a father, as I said,
A man of science in his own strange way;
He train'd the *half* and broke the *thoroughbred*,
And fought a match in exquisite array;
He kept a bear and badger, and he led
The former through the streets to dance by day;
At night by candle-light, in cellar dim,
He chain'd the furry brute and baited him.

XLV.

These night-amusements were without cessation,
And Bruin's fame was bandied far and wide:
He squeez'd his pesterers to admiration,
And many a beast in his embrace has died.
Brutes there brought brutes of each denomination,
To dip their muzzles in his dusky hide,
To bay at him from 'twixt the legs, and cling
By couples at him from the loosen'd string.

XLVI.

But this would end; and after its delight,
Our Bessy's father (surnamed Aberfield,)
Allowed two dogs of equal weight and height,
With heads like billiard-balls, to take the field;
And truly very fiercely would they fight,
Scorning, as so it would appear, to yield,
Wagging most dext'rously their jaws and tail,
And clinging and caressing, tooth and nail.

XLVII.

I never could perceive, and my endeavour
Has been most earnest, how it is that dogs
Are made so eager, desperate, and clever,
Chewing each other into senseless logs;
They live with butchers and with brutes for ever,
And so in manners they become such hogs;
Or else they're starv'd, which is enough to bother
The best bred dogs, and make them know each other.

XLVIII.

(Heaven bless thee, Kate!—to think of thee—of thine,
Is sweeter far than poesy or fame;
And though thine anger'd eyes all alter'd shine,
To thee my loving heart is still the same,
The same, though left deservedly to pine;
In a parenthesis I bless thy name!
I bless it early, hopelessly, and late:
Oh! what a life is lost for ever Kate!

XLIX.

Yet what avails repining—have I not
Soil'd the sweet plumage of my youthful life;
Abandon'd my loose spirit to each spot
Which promised low delights or merry strife?
Have I not rush'd perversely to the lot
Which with regret and loneliness is rife?
The gather'd apple in my hand I see,
Then what avails to wish it on the tree?)

L.

The badger there was baited; which is done
By letting beasts of courage in, who draw
The poor domestic creature one by one,
From his box'd house, by tail, or skin, or claw;
To many this is mighty pleasant fun,
But I confess I ne'er with pleasure saw
Such sport—not caring which should lose or win it,
And shrinking at the cruelty that's in it.

LI.

Such were the revelries that chased the night;
Abberfield's house was always well attended;
The badger and the bear gave full delight,
Their flagrance and their fragrance were so blended.
Each evening left, if I'm instructed right,
Legs to be set, and jaw-bones to be mended;
And money was there wager'd, as they say,
Wheedled from simple pockets in the day.

LII.

The mind of Abberfield—But I must beg
Permission to take breath, I've not been idle,
Or wandering or diffuse,—and now my keg
Of spirits is near out, and with a sidle
My weary Pegasus doth lift his leg,
Seeming to ask me just to pull the bridle.
I really will: he must not be distrest,
Master and horse alike are wanting rest.

LIII.

So now I'll stop at Fancy's livery stable,
Where Pegasus is taken in to bait,
(Not in the manner just described): At table,
Over my Cape Madeira, I'll in state
Think over all the incidents I'm able
For my new Canto. It is rather late:
To-morrow after breakfast—about ten,
As Macheath says, I'll take the road again.

It cannot but have struck the reader as something very extraordinary, that devoted as Corcoran was to pugilism, there is not a single allusion to the

science in all King Tims the First—and but one or two stanzas in which it is alluded to in the "Fields of Tothill." The reason of this we believe to be, that Peter was very far gone when he composed these works, and resolutely barred his mind against the entrance of all ideas connected with a study which had brought him to the verge of the grave. The foling song was written when he was yet in the hey-day of health and happiness.

STANZAS TO KATE,

On appearing before her after a casual turn up.

"——— A black eye in a recent scuffle,
"For sometimes we must box without the muffle."
Don Juan.

ALL punish'd and penitent down on the knee,
I bend to thee, Kate, to avert an adieu:
Oh, let not thine eyes, love, look black upon me.
Because mine are forc'd to look black upon you.

Am I worse in your eyes, for being worse in my own?
Are the women to *punish*, as well as the men?
I thought you'd have brought, when you found me alone,
Opodeldoc and smiles to restore me again.

You know I love sparring and poesy, Kate,
And scarcely care whether I'm hit at or kiss'd;
You know that Spring* equally makes me elate,
With the blow of a flower, and the blow of a fist.

You know as you walk'd one damp evening of late,
With your beau at your side, that a bow in the sky
Arch'd its colours ethereal, and surely my Kate,
This must be the rainbow I had in my eye.

Forgive me, and never, oh, never again,
I'll cultivate light blue, or *brown* inebriety;
I'll give up all chance of a fracture or sprain,
And part, worse than all, with Pierce Egan's society.

Forgive me, and mufflers I'll carefully pull
O'er my knuckles hereafter, to make them well bred;
To mollify *digs* in the kidney with wool,
And temper with leather a punch of the head.

And Kate!—if you'll fib from your forehead that frown,
And spar with a lighter and prettier tone;
I'll look,—if the swelling should ever go down,
And these eyes look again,—upon you, love, alone!

But it is in the following chaunt, in which the whole soul of the poet and the pugilist—of Apollo and of Pollux, flashes forth in insufferable splendour. It is equal to any thing in Egan, Emery, Gregson or Wybergh.

LINES TO PHILIP SAMPSON,

the Brummagem Youth.

Go back to Brummagem! go back to Brummagem!
Youth of that ancient and halfpenny town!
Maul manufacturers; rattle, and rummage 'em;
Country swell'd heads may afford you renown;
Here in Town-rings, we find Fame very fast go,
The exquisite *light weights* are heavy to bruise;
For the graceful and punishing hand of Belasco
Foils, and *will* foil all attempts on the Jews.

Go back to Brummagem, while you've a head on!
For bread from the *Fancy* is light weight enough;
Moulsey, whose turf is the sweetest to tread on,
Candidly owns you're a good *bit of stuff:*
But hot-heads and slow hands are utterly useless,
When Israelite science and caution awake;
So pr'ythee go home, Youth! and pester the Jews less,
And work for a *cutlet*, and not for a *stake.*

Turn up the *raws* at a fair or a holiday,
Make your fist free with each Brummagem rib;
But never again, Lad, commit such a folly, pray!
As sigh to be one of the messmates of Crib,
Leave the P. C. purse, for others to handle,
Throw up no hat in a Moulsey Hurst sun;
Bid adieu, by the two-penny post, to Jack Randall,
And take the outside of the coach,—one pound one!

Samson! forget there are such men as Scroggins,
And Shelton and Carter, and Bob Burns and Spring;
Forget *toss fur sides*, and forget all the floggings,
While shirts are pull'd off,—to make perfect the ring.
Your heart is a real one, but skill, Phil, is wanted;
Without it, all useless by bravery begs:
Be content that you've beat Dolly Smith, and been *chaunted*,
And train'd,—stripp'd—and pitted,—and hit off your legs!

* There is both a Boxer and a Season of this name.

All we shall say of the following sonnet to Randal is, that it is worthy of the subject, and almost as good, though not quite, as one we recollect having read a year ago, on the same hero, in the Literary Gazette. That was truly Miltonic:

SONNET
ON THE NONPAREIL.

"None but himself can be his parallel!"

WITH marble-coloured shoulders—and keen eyes,
Protected by a forehead broad and white—
And hair cut close lest it impede the sight,
And clenched hands, firm, and of punishing size—
Steadily held, or motion'd wary-wise,
To hit or stop—and kerchief too drawn tight
O'er the unyielding loins, to keep from flight
The inconstant wind, that all too often flies—
The Nonpareil stands!—Fame, whose bright eyes run o'er
With joy to see a Chicken of her own
Dips her rich pen in *claret*, and writes down
Under the letter R, first on the score,
"Randall—John—Irish Parents—age not known—
"Good with both hands, and only ten stone four!"

What is life? we do not know that any person has answered that question more satisfactorily than Peter Corcoran. For our own parts at least, we think he has got hold of a better notion of human life than Samuel Rogers. Is there any thing in that elegant poet like what follows:

And do you ask me "what is LIFE?"
And do you ask me "what is pleasure?"
My muse and I are not at strife,
So listen, lady, to my measure:—
Listen amid thy graceful leisure,
To what *is* LIFE, and what *is* pleasure.
'Tis LIFE to see the first dawn stain
With sallow light the window pane:
To dress—to wear a rough drab coat,
With large pearl buttons all afloat
Upon the waves of plush: To tie
A kerchief of the king-cup dye,
(White spotted with a small bird's eye)
Around the neck, and from the nape
Let fall an easy fanlike cape:
To quit the house at morning's prime,
At six or so—about the time
When watchmen, conscious of the day,
Puff out their lanthorn's rushlight ray;
Just when the silent streets are strewn
With level shadows, and the moon
Takes the day's wink, and walks aside
To nurse a nap till eventide.
'Tis LIFE, to reach the livery stable,
Secure the *ribbons* and the *day-bill*,
And mount a gig that had a spring
Some summers back; and then take wing
Behind (in Mr Hamlet's tongue)
A jade, whose "withers are unwrung;"
Who stands erect, and yet forlorn,
And, from a *half pay* life of corn,
Shewing as many *points* each way,
As Martial's Epigrammata,
Yet who, when set a going, goes
Like one undestined to repose.
'Tis LIFE to revel down the road,
And *queer* each o'er-fraught chaise's load;
To rave and rattle at the *gate*,
And shower upon the *gatherer's* pate
Damns by the dozens, and such speeches
As well betoken one's *slang* riches:
To take of Deady's bright *stark naked*
A glass or so—'tis LIFE to take it!
To see the *Hurst* with tents encampt on;
Lurk around Lawrence's at Hampton;
Join the *flash* crowd, (the horse being led
Into the yard, and clean'd, and fed);
Talk to Dav' Hudson, and Cy' Davis,
(The last a fighting *rara avis*,)
And, half in secret, scheme a plan
For trying the hardy *Gas-light Man*.
'Tis LIFE to cross the laden ferry,
With boon companion's wild and merry,
And see the ring upon the *Hurst*
With carts encircled—hear the burst
At distance, of the eager crowd.
Oh, it *is* LIFE! to see a proud
And dauntless man step, full of hopes,
Up to the P. C. stakes and ropes,
Throw in his hat, and with a spring
Get gallantly within the ring;
Eye the wide crowd, and walk awhile,
Taking all cheerings with a smile:
To see him strip—his well train'd form,
White, glowing, muscular, and warm,
All beautiful in conscious power,
Relaxed and quiet, till the hour;
His glossy and transparent frame,
In radiant plight to strive for fame!
To look upon the clean shap'd limb
In silk and flannel clothed trim;
While round the waste the kerchief tied
Makes the flesh glow in richer pride.
'Tis more than LIFE, to watch him hold
His hand forth, tremulous yet bold,
Over his second's, and to clasp
His rival's in a quiet grasp;
To watch the noble attitude
He takes—the crowd in breathless mood:
And then to see, with adamant start,
The muscles set, and the great heart
Hurl a courageous splendid light
Into the eye—and then—the FIGHT!

Peter, though far from well when Captain Ross published his account "of the re-discovery of Baffin's Bay," was considerably amused with it—and wrote the following stanzas in the character of an officer on that voyage. We have always been partial to this little poem—perhaps on account of having it in the author's own hand-writing. His other manuscript pieces, *penes nos*, are in the *fist* of Bill Gibbons, and a rum one it is:—

STANZAS,

Written during a voyage in search of a North-west Passage, and addressed to a Northern Princess.

Oh! pretty Polar lady!
Doth thy bearded bosom beat,
That breast so sweetly shady,
With an unaccustomed heat?
Dark, oily, Polar woman!
Lay aside thy freezing airs,
And take to something human,
In the room of boors and bears.

I'm an officer! my jacket
Will tell thee what I am;
No master of a packet,
My pretty Polar dame!
But a sailor with old Jervis,
A man of royal blue;
Kings send me on their service,
And their service send to you.

Thy Husband, from his swooning
At thy flight will soon arise;
And go about harpooning
The sorrow from his eyes:
And he'll be no more a rubber
Of wet sockets; but he'll seek,
With a wiser kind of blubber,
To pacify his cheek.

Thine eyes are dark and roving,
My pretty Polar sun!
Oh, they're very full of loving,
And extremely full of fun.
The mate attracts thine ogling;
But, oh, my fair! thy fate
Don't now be after boggling;
But take me for thy mate.

The ruby tide is rushing
To that shadowy cheek; and, oh,
So heavenly is that blushing,
It shames the ruby snow.
All things thine eye doth snatch at
With a kind of amorous fear;
Ah, do not steal the hatchet;
My pretty Polar dear!

Give up ice-fields, where no hedges
Are full of bloom or birds,
Give up bear-skins, give up sledges,
Give up all thy barking herds:
Come to England, let me marry thee,
And trees shall be thy own;
And a neat post-chaise shall carry thee
From Chatham up to town.

We have now gutted this little volume—as it were, cleaned it out. But, notwithstanding our elegant extracts, every man of Fancy will buy a copy. There is a great deal of literature in and about the Ring at present—and, as the profits arising from this volume, and from those which are to succeed it, are to go to a fund now collecting by Messrs Jackson, Egan, and others, for the support of a natural child of Mr Corcoran's and its poor forsaken mother, we will not suffer ourselves for one moment to doubt that all hands that ever wore a glove will be stretched out in furtherance of a scheme so truly charitable. We cannot conclude this Article with a stronger appeal to the tender-hearted and the affluent in favour of little Peter, the orphan, than is contained in the last poem—and also the most beautiful—written by his ill-starred father.

STANZAS.

"—— And muttered, lost! lost! lost!"
Sir W. Scott, Bart.

'Tis vain to grieve for what is past,
The golden hours are gone;
My own mad hand the die hath cast,
And I am left alone:
'Tis vain to grieve—I now can leave
No other bliss—yet still I grieve!

The dreadful silence of this night
Seems breathing in my ear;
I scarce can bear the lonely light
That burns oppress'd and near)
I stare at it while half reclin'd,
And feel its thick light on my mind.

The sweetest fate have I laid waste
With a remorseless heart;
All that was beautiful and chaste,
For me seem'd set apart;
But I was fashion'd to defy
Such treasure, so set richly by.

How could I give up HER, whose eyes
Were fill'd with quiet tears,
For many a day—when thoughts would rise,
Thoughts darken'd with just fears,
Of all my vices!—Memory sees
Her eyes' divine remonstrances.

A wild and wretched choice was mine,
A life of low delight;
The midnight rounds of noise and wine,
That vex the wasted night;
The bitter jest, the wearied glee,
The strife of dark society.

To those who plung'd me in the throng
Of such disastrous joys,
Who led me by low craft along,
And stunned my mind with noise—
I only wish they now could look
Upon my Life's despoiled book.

When Midnight finds me torn apart
From vulgar revelry,
The cold, still Madness of the heart
Comes forth, and talks with me;
Talks with me, till the sky is grey
With the chill light of breaking day.

My love is lost—my studies marr'd,
My friends disgrac'd and chang'd;
My thoughts all scatter'd and impair'd,
My relatives estrang'd:
Yet can I not by day recall
My ruined Spirit from its thrall.

The best things may be abused—and so will every philosophic reader think of pugilism, as he returns to its place on the shelf, the Memoir of the Life and Writings of Peter Corcoran.

NOTICES OF THE ACTED DRAMA IN LONDON.

No XVI.

COVENT GARDEN.

Virginius.

Since our last this house has produced a tragedy founded on the well-known story of Virginius and his daughter; and it has met with distinguished success. Without intending to say that this success has been unmerited, we are yet not among those who would persuade the world that this tragedy deserves to be considered as nothing less than the commencement of a new and splendid era in the dramatic art; or—what is perhaps still higher praise—the revival of the old era of Elizabeth. As an acting piece Mr Knowles's play is an excellent one,—very skilfully embodying the story, and very admirably adapted to the talents of the performers who are engaged in it. But this is the extent of the praise that can be fairly awarded to it: And the author himself—for he is evidently a man of perfect good sense—will be equally surprised and disgusted at the involuntary degradation which certain critics are heaping on his work, by crying it up as not only the best example of tragedy in the present times, but as worthy to be placed beside the best even of times past. Mr Knowles knows better than this, if his injudicious friends do not. His work is a delightful one *to see*,—chiefly from the dramatic taste and skill with which the story is brought out, and from the entire reliance which is placed on the power of the subject matter. If, after this, we venture to say that there is no poetic power displayed, it is because we can add that there is none needed. The story itself is poetry; and what more *can* it be? If we assert, too, that the language and versification are neither highly polished nor dramatic, it is because we can add that they are—what is perhaps, for once in a way, better—namely, the simple expressions which the feelings and passions of the human heart would suggest *to all of us*—not to a poet—(for this is precisely the difference between poets and other people)—but to all of us under the like circumstances. In fact, the work before us is the true story of Virginius, told under a dramatic form, by a sensitive and cultivated mind, addressing itself to the hearts and perceptions of mere human beings; and depending for its effects on mere human sympathy.

We are delighted that a work of this kind should have met with the success which this tragedy has—and think that it augurs well for the future prospects of our national drama;—but we cannot consent to join in the cry which its success—not its merit—has called forth—and laud it to the skies for being what it is not, and what it need not be. We agree in the opinion that it deserves all its success; but not on account of its possessing either the vigour and simplicity of our early drama, or its poetical power. It exhibits nothing of either the one or the other. With two or three slight exceptions it contains no poetry at all—as it respects the author;—and the ease and simplicity of the language and versification are the ease and simplicity of a slip-shod sloven who is too careless to take the trouble of dressing better, or too busied to have time to do so. This is the most favourable construction that can be put upon it. If Mr Knowles really intended the style to be an imitation, or a revival, of the simple and natural style of the age of Elizabeth, he has no notion whatever of the essential qualities of that style, and no perception of its peculiar beauties. We are convinced that he did not intend it to be any such thing. Let those who think that it *is* such, turn to the dramatic scenes of Mr Barry Cornwall. There they will find a highly poetical and exquisitely finished imitation of the style in question—but *only* an imitation. Let them compare this with the loose, unformed phraseology, and the no-versification of the tragedy before us; and if, when they have done so, they cannot distinguish mere boldness from studied simplicity—the effects of carelessness from the effects of care—it is their own fault.

It would be an ungracious and an unnecessary task to set about proving all that we have said as to the kind of simplicity which characterises the language and versification of this tragedy. To those who read it examples will

occur at every page. To satisfy those who merely see Virginius acted, that what we have said is not without foundation, we shall give two or three extracts; and then turn to the more pleasant part of our duty—that of praise and admiration. Virginius, at parting from Icilius, says

" Rome owes you much, Icilius—fare you well—
I shall be glad to see you at my house."
p. 11.

If this is not carelessness it is affectation—which is worse.—The following is Virginius's lamentation over the body of the slain Dentatus.

" Where is Dentatus? Where is the gallant soldier?
Ah, comrade! comrade! warm! yet warm! so lately
Gone, when I would have given the world, only
To say farewell to thee, or even get
A parting look! O gallant, gallant soldier,
The God of war might sure have spared a head
Grown grey in serving him! my brave old Comrade!"

And so on. This is not only bare and bald, but totally feeble and commonplace. The following is the manner in which Icilius compliments his mistress Virginia:—

" Every term of worth
Writ down and doubled, then the whole summ'd up,
Would leave with thee a rich remainder still!
Pick from each rarer pattern of her sex,
Her rarest charm, till thou hast every charm
Of soul and body, that can blend in woman,
I would out-paragon the paragon
With thee!"

To which Virginia replies,

" And if thou would'st, I'd find thee for
Thy paragon a mate—if that can be
A mate which doth transcend the thing 'tis ta'en
To match, would make thy paragon look poor,
And I would call that so o'ermatching mate Icilius."

Can any thing be more awkward, extravagant, and affected than this?—more distant from the truth and simplicity of nature? With respect to the versification, for the most part, it seems to have become so by mere accident. Adjectives are separated from their substantives—the former being placed at the end of a line, and the latter at the beginning of the next—lines are closed by conjunctions—and there are numerous other such licences. These are always inadmissible, because they are at variance with the very principles of versification itself; and because they invariably injure the sense as well as the sound. But enough of this hyper-criticism. It is not at all to our taste; and we should not have fallen into it but for the reasons we have assigned above.

We repeat that, as an acting drama, Virginius is a very delightful work: And the kind of blemishes we have pointed out, are of scarcely any importance, viewing it in that light only—for it is quite impossible to detect them during the performance. The story is admirably told; and all the collateral circumstances connected with it are arranged in the most skilful manner, so as to bring out and heighten the interest excited by the principle event. In the first act, there is a charming home scene at the house of Virginius, where Icilius and Virginia declare their mutual love, and are betrothed to each other by her father. This scene is full of beauty, because it is full of simplicity and nature. The reader must remember, that our censure applied almost exclusively to the language and versification. Indeed, the charm of the piece throughout, (and it is no slight or common charm) consists in the entire confidence which the author places in the power of his subject, and the sympathies of his audience.

The first act is merely introductory, and calculated to heighten the interest excited towards the person and character of Virginia. In the second act, Virginius leaves Rome to join the army; and Appius, the chief Decemvir, for the first time sees Virginia, and meditates plans for getting her into his power. The violent and unbridled passion of the tyrant are well depicted. In the third act, the plans of Appius are brought to maturity by means of his creature Claudius; and the victim of them is dragged before the tribunal, at which Appius himself is presiding. Considerable dramatic skill is shewn in the whole management of this scene—particularly that part of it in which Appius is compelled to forego the immediate completion of his designs by the violent interference of the people—roused by the appeals of Icilius and the other friends of Virginius. At the end of this act, Virginius is made acquainted with the danger of his beloved child, and quits

the camp to return to Rome. This last scene is written with great spirit, and produces a very powerful effect—both in itself, and in heightening the interest of what follows. The fourth act is by far the best part of the drama. At the moment when his daughter and friends have given him up, and it is time to proceed to the tribunal, Virginius arrives; and a very spirited scene ensues between them. After which they repair to the forum, where Appius is impatiently awaiting them. In the preceding scene to this, however, there is one charming little touch of nature which we cannot pass over. In the midst of Virginius's rage at the recollection of his beautiful and beloved child having been dragged through the streets of Rome, as the daughter of a slave, he stops—gazes on her in a quiet ecstasy of parental pride and fondness—and, inattentive to what Numitorius or even Virginia herself, is saying to him, exclaims

"I never saw you look so like your mother
In all my life."

This is, indeed, in the very spirit of nature and the old dramatists; and the simplicity of the language is exactly accordant. But it is idle to compare such simplicity as this with

"I shall be glad to see you at my house."
p. 11.

Or,

"Ah! how d'ye do? I hope I see you
well!"

which is quite as simple, and quite as good verse. The scene at the forum, after the arrival of Virginius and his friends, is as admirably managed, and produces as powerful an effect in the performance as any one scene on the modern stage. Virginia herself hangs upon the shoulder of her father, like a drooping flower, and utters not a word till towards quite the end. Virginius is of course the person to whom the principal attention is called; and nothing can be finer than the tremulous rage of the agonized father, which is perpetually on the point of bursting forth, yet is as often held back by the suggestions of his cooler and more prudent friends. At length he sees that all is lost—that troops have been brought into the forum—and that himself and his child are in the power of the Decemvir. From this moment he never loses hold of Virginia, till the fatal catastrophe of the scene,—which, we repeat, is admirably brought about, and excites as full and fixed an interest as if the story were entirely new to us, instead of being familiar to almost every spectator in the house. After the death of Virginia, her father rushes through the soldiers, and the act closes. Here, if the unities had been consulted, undoubtedly the play must have ended. That it cannot end here consistently with the demands of our feelings, is the fault, (if a fault it be) of the story itself. The fifth act exhibits the fall of the Decemviri, and the award of poetical justice in Appius meeting his death by the hand of Virginius, who strangles him in a fit of insanity. This kind of falsification of his story, if it is admissible at all, is so in a story of this kind, which is purely a tale of domestic life. This last act is written with considerable vigour, and it is not without poetic feeling. The following passage is an example. Virginius, during the wandering of his mind, has been seeking for his lost child, and asking for her everywhere:—

"——Will she come or not?
I'll call myself!—She will not dare——*O when*
Did my Virginia dare!—Virginia!
Is it a voice, or nothing answers me?
I hear a sound so fine, there's nothing lives
'Twixt it and silence. Such a slender one
I've heard when I have talk'd with her in fancy!
A phantom sound!"

The exclamation in italics gives a very sweet idea of Virginia's character; and the latter part of the passage is very delicate and poetical. The whole is quite in the style of Coleridge.

While we close our remarks on this tragedy by congratulating the author as well as the public on the eminent success it has met with, we cannot help attributing that success, in a great measure, to the admirable performance of Mr Macready in Virginius. He had evidently taken great pains in his study of the part; and played it perfectly con amore. It was a noble and complete piece of acting—without exception the most so of any which this gentleman has attempted. It was full of high passion—deep and delicate pathos—intense energy, both of conception and execution—and the whole rounded off by a finished taste and discrimination.—In the home scene with Virginia and Icilius in the first act he

was the unaffected and happy father, in the bosom of his family.—Nothing could be conceived with greater truth, or executed with greater force, than the scene at the end of the second act, where he learns the danger of his child.—But his highest and most successful effort was reserved for the trial scene in the fourth act. Here nothing could possibly exceed the variety, the vividness, and the masterly truth of the picture throughout: and, accordingly, nothing could be more affecting and impressive.

Mr C. Kemble played the love scenes with Virginia delightfully; and the more energetic parts—where he beards Appius to his face, and appeals to the people against his decision,—and particularly where he steps in to prevent Claudius from touching his betrothed bride—were given with more power than any thing we have seen from this accomplished actor. Mr Terry's Dentatus was also excellent. No one else could have played the blunt old soldier so feelingly, and at the same time so naturally.—And, lastly, we must not forget Miss Foote in Virginia. As an actress she has never before appeared to so much advantage. She had evidently caught the spirit of the whole performance, and was, for once, unaffected. She seemed content to be Virginia instead of Miss Foote.

Old Mortality.

The afterpiece at this theatre called *The Battle of Bothwell Brig* professes to be founded on *Old Mortality*; but it appropriates little of that work but two or three of its battles, and some of its dullness. For, "not to speak it profanely," that wonderful writer, among the infinite variety of his qualities, includes a little of that one sometimes. Miss M. Tree sings some pretty Scotch music in this piece; but she does not make it very effective. She does not appear to us to have caught the true spirit of the old Scottish melodies. She sang those in question very well—and therefore spoiled them. She should have let them *sing themselves*.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

It is fortunate that we have left ourselves scarcely any room to speak of the Virginius at this house; because finding fault is very little to our taste, and here we can find nothing else. That part of it which was not mere common-place was either bombast or nonsense. Notwithstanding Mr Kean did what he could to buoy it up, it fell flat on the first night. It was tried for a night or two longer; but has since been withdrawn entirely.

Giovanni in London has been more successful; and it deserved to be so. It is called a "comic extravaganza;" but it is a good deal more extravagant than comic. In fact there is very little of fun or point in either the dialogue or the incidents. The chief merit of the piece lies in the songs; and its chief attraction in the delightful music to which they are set—the words being tolerably good parodies on the words which belong to the original music. These are sung with a charming carelessness by Mr Vertris, who plays the amorous Don.—The piece is written by Mr Moncrief; and has been performed at one of the minor theatres.—This is the best thing Mr Elliston can do,—to perform what he knows by experience the public like—for he seems to have no notion, before hand, of what is fit for them.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, STRAND.

We cannot better close our notices of actors and acting for this season than by directing the attention of our readers—our Scottish readers in particular, for he will probably now be among them—to the performance of a person who combines in himself, in a most extraordinary and unrivalled degree, the mental and physical qualities of almost all actors and acting. We allude, of course, to Mr Matthews. It is the fashion for those who pretend to admire the art of acting, at the same time to depreciate the art of imitation,—as if it did not require the very same powers, both intellectual and bo-

dily, and the very same discipline of those powers, to succeed in the one as in the other;—and as if, therefore, the very best imitator in the world were not necessarily the very best actor in the world—in short, as if they were not one and the same thing. We have little scruple in following this general proposition—for we put it as such—wherever it may lead; and in asserting that Mr Matthews is the very best actor on the English stage at this day. We shall of course not be suspected of meaning to say that he ever can reach, or that he ever could have reached, the lofty tragedy of Kean, or the pure nature of Dowton, or the ineffable farce of Liston. But we do say that he can embody an infinitely greater variety of characters than either of those actors can; and, consequently, that his physical powers must be more plastic than theirs, and more under the command of his will, and his intellectual resources more various, and more immediately available to him. Besides, in these actors it is always the tragedy of *Kean*, the nature of *Dowton*, the farce of *Liston*;—but in some of Mr Matthews's performances it would be actually impossible to detect *him*, unless one knew beforehand that it *was* him—for it is the thing itself. This is true, without any exaggeration, of the old Scotch woman in particular, in his last year's entertainment of a Trip to Paris; and also of many other parts of his performance this year. It is idle and invidious to attempt to distinguish this kind of acting from any other, by calling it *mimickry*. Who thinks of calling Wilkie's pictures mimickry?—And what are they but just representations of individual character and habit, under peculiar circumstances? And what does it require to produce them but plastic bodily powers working under the direction of a mind possessed of a fine talent for general observation, and an exquisite tact for discriminating between that which is common and essential to a class, and that which is peculiar to a particular and individual of that class. And these are precisely the qualities which Mr Matthews possesses in common with all other successful actors—only, as it appears to us, in a still more striking and extraordinary degree.

We are confirmed in this opinion by what we have heard related of Mr Matthews by those who are acquainted with him in private life. There, when he chooses to exhibit his peculiar powers at all, the effect of them is still more striking. In public he is necessarily compelled to confine himself to that which is "set down for him." But in private, when he throws himself into the manner and habit of another person, he at the same time absolutely throws himself into their mind and character. He feels and thinks and says, as well as *acts*, as they would inevitably do under the same circumstances: not as he recollects that they *have done*, but as he knows, as it were intuitively, that they *would do*.—If we had not been told this we should have guessed it from what we have seen of his performances in public—for they have always struck us as a very extraordinary instance of the plasticity of the human mind and frame; and we have paid particular attention to them accordingly. In fact, to those who have looked as closely into Mr Matthews's performances as we have done we need not scruple to say that his powers in this respect amount to nothing less than *genius*: and we may add that this can be said of no other actor on the English stage, with the splendid exception of Mr Kean.

We shall not deprive our Edinburgh friends of the freshness of Mr Matthews's performances of this year by giving any detailed account of them. It is sufficient to say that they are so written and arranged as to call forth and shew to the best advantage the peculiar powers of which we have spoken above. They will probably be more than usually attractive to country auditors, from the scene of them being in London; with the exception of one of the parts—which consists of an interlude or one act piece, all the characters of which are performed by Mr Matthews.

ANSTER'S POEMS.*

Mr Anster is, in our opinion, a young poet of good performance and great promise. He possesses very uncommon powers of fancy and imagination; and his sensibilities are all of a deep, delicate, and manly nature. Above all things, he is free from affectation and self-conceit; and, while he is pouring forth fresh and genuine poetry, does not, like too many bardlings of the day, keep his eyes rivetted with delight on his own perfections as a poet. He surrenders himself up to his impulses, conscious of their purity and power—employs the free and flowing phraseology natural to his youthful and enthusiastic emotions—on no occasion seeks to prolong his flight when his wings are wearied—and, in short, exhibits a very interesting and delightful picture of an intelligent, amiable, and original mind, indulging itself in all sorts of reveries and rhapsodies, in obedience to the inspiration of a truly poetical genius.

Now, we humbly think, that this is just what ought to be the first poetry of a young mind. Mr Anster is fearless without being presumptuous, and impassioned without being egotistical. He does not narrow and confine his feelings or his perceptions within the pale of some imaginary excellence, and thus become an exclusive mannerist during that very period of life when the whole soul ought to be open to all sorts of impressions from whatever quarter proceeding; but, on the contrary, he gives loose to his feelings and his words without any very nice care or attention to peculiar models, but in a tone of language inspired and coloured by an evidently sincere and delighted admiration of many different schools of poets and poetry. Some critics might find fault with his compositions on this very ground, namely, that there is nothing very *peculiar* either in their thoughts, feelings, or expression. To us this freedom from mannerism seems one of the most hopeful things about this hopeful young poet, for it proves that he has an enlarged and unaffected mind; and there can be no doubt, that as he grows older, and writes more, he will gradually form for himself a style of his own out of those other pure and noble styles which he has shewn himself so early capable of distinguishing, admiring, and imitating, in a spirit at once lofty and submissive.

Mr Anster is an Irishman; and we confess that it has given us the greatest pleasure to see an Irishman writing the pure and classical language of England, without abating one jot of the warmth, and vivacity, and imagination, for which his own countrymen are so justly celebrated. Mr Charles Phillips is, we dare say, a more splendid name in Dublin than Mr John Anster, and we, too, cannot help admiring his speeches more than we ought to do; but let any man of ordinary taste look for a moment into his verses, and he will not fail to be shocked and dispirited by the miserable dearth of ideas, and the still more miserable abundance of words. Our worthy friends across the channel seem seriously to believe all that unhappy bustle to be poetry, and even proudly set down whatever they cannot help feeling to be something odd, as peculiar to Mr Phillips and themselves as natives of the Emerald Isle. There is nothing of this flutter and floridity in the poems of Mr Anster, who writes as simply and purely as if he had lived all his life in England, and been educated at an English university. And we cannot but be of opinion, that this exquisite delicacy of tact, in a young poet, exposed by his birth and nurture to such strong and trying temptations to bombast and extravagance, does of itself, independently altogether of his manifest and indisputable genius, augur well of his future poetical renown.

A few extracts from this very pleasing volume will, we have no doubt, satisfy our readers, that our opinion of Mr Anster's genius is not an exaggerated one, and that it is within his power, by study and perseverance, to gain a very enviable reputation among our living poets.

The longest poem in the collection is entitled, "The Times," a reverie. It is precisely what it is called; and the poet's mind wanders along from

* Poems. With some Translations from the German; by John Anster, Esq. William Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell and W. Davies, London; and R. Milliken, Dublin.

one object to another, according to those dim and shadowy associations which link together our thoughts during a waking dream. It requires to be read, too, during a mood of mind congenial with that in which it has evidently been composed; if not, it will often seem languid and diffuse, and indeed it is somewhat too lax in its structure. It is, however, full of poetry, and there is a harmonious and even majestic flow in the versification, which reminds one of Akenside, and which is far beyond the reach of any writer who is not by nature gifted with very considerable poetical genius. This reverie seems to have been written soon after the battle of Waterloo; and the dreamer indulges in thoughts, and feelings, and fancies, and forebodings, and anticipations, respecting the destinies of Europe and of man. It is not possible to give an analysis of a dream, and we therefore shall present our readers rather with a few fragments. Mr Anster describes very beautifully the abode in which he dreamt the hours away in the composition of his poem.

Round my broad window's arch
The ivy's wreaths are wound, and through the frame
A few short shoots have found unbidden way;
The woodbine's pillar'd blossom in the breeze
Moves slowly, and upon the moonlight ground
The shadow casts an ever-varying stain;—
The sound of waters, too, is here,—that stream,
Whose banks I love to call the poet's haunt,
Soothes with its ceaseless murmur,—opposite
My window is a poplar, all whose leaves
Flutter most musical;—the moonshine there
Plays strange vagaries,—now a flood of light
Spreads like a sheet of snow along the plain,—
Now all is darkness, save that through the boughs
On the green circle, like a summer shower
Slow falling from unagitated leaves,
Some glancing drops of light are chequering still;
Now is the ivy colour'd with the beams,—
Now on my floor they lie in quietness,—
Now float with mazy flow most restlessly,
(At rest, or quivering, still how beautiful!)
Like Fancy sporting with the poet's soul!

We intended to have quoted a very fine description of a great field of battle, and some deep and searching lines on the character of Napoleon, but the following passage can be enjoyed by itself, and is, we think, a very beautiful specimen of that pure, enthusiastic, and lofty spirit which characterizes the poetry of Mr Anster.

But joy to Man! progressive centuries
Have erred, and Wisdom now at length appears;
And, lo! the Goddess! not with brow austere,
Features, that tell of silent toil, and locks
Laurell'd, as erst in the Athenian schools;—
Nor yet with garment symbol'd o'er with stars,
And signs, and talismans, as in the halls
Of parent Egypt; not with pensive eye,
And dim, as though 'twere wearied from its watch
Through the long night, what time, to shepherd-tribes
Of fair Chaldæa, she had imag'd forth
The host of Heav'n, and mapp'd their mazy march,
While the bright dew on her tiara'd brow
And the cold moonlight on her pallid face,
And the loose wandering of her heavy hair,
(As the breeze lifted the restraining bands,)
And the slow motion of the graceful stole,
When with her jewell'd wand she trac'd the line
Of milky light—all gave a sober air
Of mild solemnity.—*She* comes not now,
Like that tall matron, on whose sunny cheek
The smile of pleasure shone, when over earth
She yok'd her cloudy chariot to the breeze,
And scatter'd blessings with a bounteous hand,
While young Triptolemus, with flushing face
And animated eye, reveal'd his love,
And sporting with the brown lock's floating length,
Wreath'd her dark temples with the curling shoots,
And green leaves of the vine! Hath Wisdom rob'd
Her form with mystery, as when Athens bow'd,
At old Eleusis' venerable shrine,
The suppliant knee, while cymbal clash'd, and song
Re-echoed, and, with pomp of sacrifice,
The victims bled to pale Persephone,
'Till all was perfected—then came a pause,
And stop of sound most sudden, and the step
Of votaries falling on the earth so soft,
That not an echo caught the still small sound,
As sad they enter'd the interior vault;
And not a stir was heard among the crowd,
Till from the fane, with sadness in their looks,
The venerable sages issued forth,
Burthen'd with thoughts they never may reveal!

But now Philosophy hath thrown aside
These old austerities; with smiling lip,
And features painted for the last night's dance,
She reels into the chair; around her seat
Attends a motley throng, and first Old Age,
With solemn countenance, disturb'd at times,
When hoarse hard coughs convulse the palsied frame,

Mark! with what rapture he unlearns his creed!
The stammering tongue of Boyhood next is taught
To mutter over some unmeaning words,
"Motion" and "Matter," "Liberty" and "Chance."
Youth lingers here to learn the silly cant,
And soon with fevered soul, and blood on fire,
Will rush more madly to the wild debauch.
The maiden must not blush to hear the name
Of maiden held in mockery, to hear
All the kind charities of life profan'd,
And lessons taught at which our ancestors
Are shuddering in their startled sepulchres;—
And these are they—these, who such doctrines preach,
These are the men, whom France hath deified!
Heavens! I would rather bow before the stone,
Would lead my children to the mountain's brow,
And teach them all the old observances,
That ever frantic fanatic hath dream'd;
Would rear an obelisk, on whose high top,
Shivering in cold, and cheerless penitence,
I might at length demand the martyr's crown,
Than hear such sickening immorality,
And themes, that force on the abhorrent soul
Harsh feelings, that refuse to harmonize
With such tranquillity as Wisdom loves!

The close of the poem is perhaps a little inflated—but it is lyrical and hymnlike—and will, we think, justify all that we have said—and more too—of the genius of Mr Anster.

Along the silent walks of studious men
That fiend hath past—no more the winding wave
Recalls to memory those enchanting times,
When, on Diana's cheek the breeze of dawn
Breath'd rosy colouring, as with buskin'd foot
The graceful huntress past through pearly dew,
And, in the groves of Delos, rous'd the lark
To greet her brother's beam;—no more the bard
Pours songs to Venus, and deludes his heart
With the fond fiction!—Gods, whom Greece ador'd,
Farewell! farewell the everlasting page
Of Homer! Dreams of Sophocles, farewell!
Wise men proscribe your influence, yet be sure
That not in vain that influence hath been breath'd;
Renounce more soon, my friend, the lucid page
Of old Eudoxus, fling away the book
Where Newton's spirit lives—renounce more soon
The search of nature through her hidden walks
Than the bard's spiritual breathings;—they will yield
A calm sweet temper, that delights to please,
And can enjoy the pleasure it imparts!
—But if thy secret bosom hath rejoic'd
At its own grand conceptions, if the flow
Of music, heard at twilight-time, hath wak'd
Feelings, not much unlike its varying tones,
To thee I need not tell, what added strength
Will nerve the plume, that seeks with elder bards
Olympus high, and bathes in Castaly;
—Oh! for such wisdom would'st thou not renounce
The sophist's jarring sounds, and view in scorn
The dreams that France hath call'd philosophy?
Would'st thou not gaze in wonder and contempt,
Like the Peruvian, when, in Cusco's fane,
The white-rob'd priest flung down the offerings
Of flowers and fruitage, and, with bitter voice,
Call'd on the savage man to bend his knee
To sculptur'd stone, and in prostration fall
Before the graven work of human hands,
While through the open roof the mid-day sun
Shone visible a God, and with the blaze
Of brightness mock'd the taper's sickening ray!

Spirit of Heaven, undying Poetry,
Effluence divine! for by too high a name
I cannot call thee—ere the ocean roll'd
Round Earth, ere yet the dewy light serene
Stream'd from the silent fountains of the East,
To fill the urns of morning, thou didst breathe,
And, musing near the secret seat of God,
Wert thron'd o'er Angels! thou alone could'st look
On the eternal glory; till thy voice
Was heard amid the halls of heaven, no breath
Disturb'd the awful silence! Cherubim
Gaz'd on thy winning looks, and hung in trance
Of wonder, when thy lonely warblings came,
Sweet as all instruments, that after-art
Of angel or of man hath fashioned forth.
—Spirit of heaven, didst thou not company
The great Creator?—thou didst see the sun
Rise like a giant from the chambering wave,
And, when he sank behind the new-form'd hills,
Shrined in a purple cloud, wert thou not there,
Smiling in gladness from some shadowy knoll
Of larch, or graceful cedar, and at times
Viewing the stream that wound below in light,
And shew'd upon its breast the imag'd heaven,

And all those shades, which men in after-days
Liken to trees, and barks, and battlements,
And all seem'd good to thee;—wert thou not near,
When first the starting sod awoke to life,
And Man arose in grandeur?—Thou didst weep
His fall from Eden, and in saddest hour
Thou wert not absent:—from the peopled ark
Thy voice arose, the tribes of air and earth
Forgot their fears of the increasing wave,
When from thy throne, within the human heart,
Breath'd slow the evening-psalm, ere yet the Dove
Roam'd o'er the watery waste with weary wing!
Spirit of Heaven, thy first best song on earth
Was Gratitude! thy first best gift to man
The Charities;—Love, in whose full eye gleams
The April-tear—all dear Domestic Joys,
That sweetly smile in the secluded bowers
Of Innocence; thy presence hath illum'd
The temple; with the prophets thou hast walk'd,
Inspiring!—oh! how seldom hast thou found
A worthy residence! the world receives
Thy holiest emanations with cold heart;
The bosom, where, as in a sanctuary,
Thy altar shines, with its own grossness dims
The blaze, or, faint with the "excess of light,"
Thy votary sinks, and in a long repose
Would rest the wearied soul: how many a one
Insults thy presence, forcing thee to join
The haunts of riot and of revelry,
Yet, when the voice of Eloquence is dumb,
When Virtue shrinks from the appalling task
To rouse a sinking people to the sense
Of shame, then, Spirit deeply dost thou move
The soul! oh, breathe, as with thy Milton's voice,
And testify against these evil times:
Oh, paint to nations, sunk in sloth and sleep,
The virtues of their fathers—let thy song
Come like the language of a better world,
Like fancied tones, that sooth the musing bard
When passions slumber, and serenity
Breathes softly, as the gale on summer's eve:
Fling images of love, as fair as those
That, from the bosom of the deep, allure
The mariner, presenting to his eye
The hills his little feet were taught to climb,
The valley where he lived, the pillar'd smoke
That shines in the evening sun, from the low roof
Where dwell his children and deserted wife!

The next poem in the volume is an Elegy on the death of the Princess Charlotte, which gained the prize, we believe, at Trinity College, Dublin—and most deservedly—for it is a very elegant, eloquent, and pathetic composition. There are minds to whom that death is now like an almost forgotten dream; but to all such, poetry can convey but small and short delight, and human life itself no enviable happiness, no misery to be bewailed.—One quotation from this dirge will suffice to shew that Mr Anster strikes, with a powerful hand, the strings of sorrow.

Oh there is grief on earth!—o'er WINDSOR's halls
The wan moon sheds her melancholy beams;
But surely in her calm and lovely light
There is a tenderness that sorrow loves;
And he who gazes on her placid orb
May half forget his griefs! those solemn bells
Still with their regular and measured peals
Chime heavily!—I hear a distant hum,
Like the long murmur of the evening waves
Breaking upon the melancholy shore.
And see!—the pomp and pageantry of Death!
Banners are waving in the midnight wind;
And heavy plumes are nodding mournfully;
Down Gothic aisles they move; the chapel streams
With a strong glare of thick unnatural light;
And sad it is to gaze along those aisles,
And see the scutcheons held in trembling hands,
Telling, even now, of earthly vanities!—
And sad it is to see the dreary pall,
And that dull urn, and think upon the heart
Reposing there for ever!—by the glow
Of waving torches you may see the cheeks
Of beauty pale, and stained with streaming tears;
And in the eye of man that faultering light,
Which speaks the pang within, when tears are checked
By strong but painful effort! not a voice
Disturbs the solemn silence of the pile:
One feeling holds all bosoms—youth and age!—
Youth—in whose heart hope gazed exultingly
Upon the future, with a prophet's eye;
Age—sick of earth,—whose blood had ceased to throb
At man's delights, or man's calamities;
The same strong feeling holds all bosoms here!

But there is one—whom every eye regards,
Whose eye is fastened on that lonely bier;
He sees it not!—but LEOPOLD, to think
Upon the images, that swim through tears
Before thy troubled eye!—whate'er they are,
Still sacred be that noble spirit's grief!

For pangs are written on that furrowed brow;
And that wan cheek,—that dim and fixed eye
Speak agonies man shudders to conceive!
But hark!—a faint and feeble voice is heard!
The broken voice of age!—the herald tells
Her name who lies beneath, her princely birth!
But what is grandeur? in an hour like this,
All feel its nothingness!—a deeper voice
Gives utterance to those calm and solemn words,
That tell us of the Dead,—who sleep in peace!
Hush!—for it is the pillared organ's peel,
That sends into the soul its streams of sound,
It's deep unearthly music!—what is Man
That we should grieve for him? and what is Earth,
That we should mourn for its calamities?
How like an angel's voice the deep sounds roll,
And waken thoughts, that are not of the earth.
Hush! for the sinking murmurs roll away;
But, ere the spell hath died upon the ear,
You hear the human voice in mournful wail;
And now again the long rich melody
Fills the wide pile;—and, when its notes are hushed,
The heart throbs audibly, and holy tears,
That speak of heaven, are rushing to the eye!
The last sad rites are paid; and—earth to earth—
The Beautiful, the Noble is consigned!
CHARLOTTE of England! thou art laid in peace!—
Short was thy sojourn here, and, like the smile
Of heaven approving thy most blameless life,
The glow of happiness was shed o'er thee!
Peace dwelleth in the silence of the grave;
And the bright stars, that smile like souls at rest,
Oh, speak they not of peace? but there is grief
On earth; and they, who, from those misty aisles
Pour, like a wave, into the moonlight air,
Gaze for a moment on the holy stars,
And the moon moving through the clear blue sky,
And think with tears that all but earth is blest!

Zamri, a fragment of an Eastern Tale, seems to have been inspired by the poetry of Lord Byron—and in it, are very powerfully described all the feelings that tumultuate the heart of a father, pursuing over earth and sea the murderer of his son. But we cannot afford any quotations from it. The rest of the volume is made up of miscellaneous Poems—and translations from the German. The latter are executed with surprising fidelity and animation, and many of the former are exceedingly beautiful. The two following Sonnets, we quote as breathing much of that melancholy which seems inseparable from the youth of all poets; and with them, we take leave of Mr Anster, in the hope of meeting him ere long on a wider and a bolder flight.

SONNET.

AND must I perish thus?—a nameless tomb
Where few shall weep:—some days of writhing pain,
Ere yet I sink:—some hopes that still remain,
Though Reason mock at them:—is this my doom?—
Oft have I sate in silence—then the mind
Was busy, and its images serene
Seemed some dim outlines of the future, seen
In the deep distance, shadowy, undefined:
Then did I weep in very weariness
Of Earth, and wished, how longingly! to leave
This cheerless world, and, having ceased to grieve,
For ever dwell in realms of blessedness!
Heaven hears the prayer, and hastes the boon to give,
The wasting victim sighs and prays—to live!

SONNET.

IF I might choose, where my tired limbs shall lie
When my task here is done, the Oak's green crest
Shall rise above my grave—a little mound
Raised in some cheerful village-cemetery—
And I could wish, that, with unceasing sound,
A lonely mountain rill was murmuring by—
In music—through the long soft twilight hours;
And let the hand of her, whom I love best,
Plant round the bright green grave those fragrant flowers,
In whose deep bells the wild-bee loves to rest—
And should the Robin, from some neighbouring tree,
Pour that dear song of her's—oh, softly tread,
For sure, if aught of Earth can sooth the Dead,
He still must love that pensive melody!

EXTRACTS FROM MR WASTLE'S DIARY.

No II.

June 2d.—Don Juan, &c.—I HAVE just seen my friend Mr B——, who is fresh from London. He has seen the two new cantos of Don Juan, which he says have been sent back to Lord Byron, to be softened into something like a publishable shape. They contain, *inter alia*, he mentions an attack on Blackwood's Magazine, whereof I wish my good friend Ebony much gladness, for such abuse will,

"I verily believe promote his sale."

which is of course his Alpha and Omega. I should be curious, however, to see what it is that Lord Byron thinks himself entitled to take offence with in the Magazine. He has always been praised in it, it appears to me, above his merits; and as to the attacks on his Beppo and Don Juan, surely he has too much sense to care for such trifles as these. This age seems certainly well entitled on the whole, to the name Coleridge somewhere gives it—"the age of thin-skins;" but I never had suspected Lord Byron of being so much tinged with the epidemic failing. His lordship had better take care, however, for *give and take* is a fair motto now-a-days; and much as he has been abused on all hands in the general, how easy a thing would it be, to attack him in a thousand indefensible points, to which, whether from the stupidity or from the good nature of the world, not a single finger has yet been pointed. I hope, for my part, to see some precious fun, if he really give the signal for the commencement of a war in that quarter. We shall see what can be done. I am glad, at all events, to hear, that his lordship has rather been changing some of his political opinions; *Par excellence* I rejoice to hear, that he has been abusing his old Jackall Hobhouse, for his conjunction with the radicals. I scarcely can think the newspaper version of Lord Byron's song against Cam Hobhouse is a correct one, it is so very unequal—but the idea seems to be good, and so are some of the rhymes *hobbyo, lobbyo, mobbio, my boy Hobbyo!!* This must gall the new member for Westminster grievously.

The prophecy of Dante will, I have no doubt, be a fine thing—but I certainly am much more anxious for Cantos III. and IV. Frere had all the merit of inventing or reinventing that style, but his pure fun and pure wit would not do when Lord Byron brought personal, political, and critical satire into the field. Yet the Beasts have not had fair play—and I shall never be weary of reading the two first Whistlecrafts.

June 3d.—Mitchell's Aristophanes, London, Murray.—I took it for granted, (before I had read it) that this new volume of translations from Aristophanes, although bearing the name of the Rev. T. Mitchell, late of Sydney-Sussex college, Cambridge, was in reality the first fruits of Mr Frere's long devotion to that prince of wits and of poets. But Mr Mitchell is no *nome-de-guerre*. These admirable articles on ancient Athenian life and manners, in the last two Quarterly Reviews, form part of the preface—and I see the same pen at work again in the Number of the Review that has just come to hand. Is it wise in the author to allow the novelty of his ideas to be taken off before his work comes out? I think not—and yet how many thousands have by this time admired his genius in the Quarterly, that, had he followed the other plan, might never have heard of him till the day of Judgment. I think they are the best articles that have appeared in the Quarterly Review for a very long while. I never saw any man wield the whole armoury of erudition with so little appearance either of being chilled or loaded. Mr Mitchell is really a graceful scholar, and I hope he may enjoy health and strength to give us many publications equally interesting with that he has just published. If I were to be so bold as to give an opinion on the subject, I should say, however, that he has judged very ill in putting forth *the Acharnians* and *the Knights* at so

early a stage of his progress. Of all the plays of Aristophanes, they are perhaps, next to *the Birds*, the two most difficult to be understood by an unclassical reader—nay, *unclassical* is not the word,—it should be the unaristophanic reader—for it would be going too far to expect every fair scholar to be read in Aristophanes—and yet without having the original on one's fingers' end, nothing is more certain than that it is absolutely impossible you should follow these translations with any great interest or pleasure. Now, had he begun with the more general satire of *the Clouds*, *the Frogs*, but most of all the *Plutus*—his wit would certainly have been much more generally intelligible. As for the style of the translation, that must now be sufficiently familiar to every one, from the specimens that have appeared from time to time in the Quarterly Review. After all, however, it is not to be denied, that the specimens I have seen of Mr Frere's translations from Aristophanes, appear to be infinitely superior to Mr Mitchell's. Look to the passage from *the Frogs*, printed a year ago in Blackwood's Magazine, and you will agree with me. By the way, has not Mr Mitchell gone a little too far in taking hold of Mr Frere's own invention—I mean the style—the totally new style of versification he invented for the purpose of introducing Aristophanes to the English Reader? I think he has—but probably this would appear of small importance, could Mr Frere be prevailed on to assert his rights by publishing a volume of his own.

June 4th.—The old King's birthday—this will long be a sort of holiday with the people of Britain—with me it certainly will be so long as I live.

June *5th.*—I have lately been much delighted with a Sunday paper started some months ago—the GUARDIAN. It is by far the cleverest production of the weekly press that I am acquainted with in any part of the island—and if it be not encouraged by all lovers of their country, and patrons of her genius, the more is the shame and the pity. I know not who the authors of the principal paragraphs may be—nay, I can make no guess at them—and yet the style is no common one. This, after all, is the true way in which the demons of whiggery and radicality (they are now near of kin) ought to be taken by the horns. There is a kind of fearless resolution in the way wherein this Journal cuts up the rag-tag and bobtail of the faction—the Alderman Wood—Alderman Waithman—Hunt—Cobbet, &c., that I have never seen equalled since the days of Swift; and the account of the SEVEN DAYS—or supposed history of the Cato Street conspiracy, had it been successful, may, I think, be ranked with the best political *jeux-d'esprit* our literature has produced. It will be long, very long, ere the whigs will forget or forgive their treatment in that admirable squib; and yet, who can dream that they would have cared a farthing for it but for the consciousness of its TRUTH. That is the unhappy ingredient that lends all its bitter to the cup of satire—and I hope it will never be spared in the draughts administered by this potent hand. There is no use in half measures. These fellows, to be made utterly wretched, like poets, who would really soar, ought to "drink deep, or taste not." The hollow heartless audacity of their whole behaviour during the last nine months of rebellion—more or less open—deserves the deepest gashes that this new tomahawk can inflict—"lay on, Macduff." There is plenty of admirable poetry, both serious and comic, in the Guardian, and some of its epigrams will, I suspect, remind their victims of the evil days of the Antijacobin. I rejoice to find, that the Sunday tyranny of the *precioso* of Hampstead has at last been disturbed by such a rival as this. I dare say, many people who have a proper sense of Leigh Hunt's demerits, used to take in his vile Examiner merely because it was the only cleverish paper printed on a Sunday about town. I remember when I used to do so myself for the very same excellent reason, till I was utterly heart-sickened with some of his odious *melanges* of underbreeding and blasphemy. The fellow deserves, however, some credit for contriving to keep up his paper, bad as it is, so many years without apparently being much assisted by any body; and at all events, say what one will of the Great Cockney—it must be allowed that it is quite a refreshment to look into him after enduring even the briefest glance of any of his Imitators or Disciples.

June 6th.—I went to-day, for the first time, to Mr Scoular's atelier at the head of the mound. This is a very promising young statuary, and I am very glad to see that they are not neglecting him—for his art is but a stranger in Scotland. His *Judgment of Paris* is a very elegant composition, but it did not please me nearly so much as the single figure of the *Dying Patroclus*, which is one of the most graceful things I have seen for an age. He has just finished a very striking bust of Dr Gregory, our classical physician—he has preserved all the fire of his original, and that is no mean praise. He is now at work upon Sir Walter Scott, and I should think this too is likely to turn out a very admirable likeness. It will be a fine thing, for his reputation, if his work will bear comparison with that of Chantrey, which, I hear, is just about being completed in London. I have also seen Mr John Watson's pictures—and am rejoiced to find that he is making rapid progress. His latest portraits have infinitely more life in the design, and infinitely more richness of colour than those I saw a year ago—if he goes on at the same rate, he will soon have reason to fear comparison with few artists in England. But I have not seen his portrait of Major Girdwood, of the 10th Hussars, which every one tells me is his master-piece. My friend —— assures me it has attracted great notice at the exhibition this year, in spite of the neighbourhood of several of the grandest productions of Sir Thomas Laurence's pencil. Mr B—— is very proud of the figure the Scottish artists altogether make in this year's exhibition. He raves about some of Mr Raeburn's large portraits that are there—in particular, one of an old game-keeper at Lord Kintore's, which he says is the richest piece ever Mr Raeburn painted. Poor Allan's illness has prevented him, I suppose, from sending any thing this year—but he is now quite himself again, and will no doubt delight us all with his long projected *Murder of Archbishop Sharpe*, before twelvemonths are over. Williams continues to pour out the stores of his travels in innumerable glorious views of Athens, Thebes, &c. every one finer than its predecessors. By the way, what a very interesting book his travels make—one sees in every page the accomplished and most feeling artist, and the amiable kind-hearted man. It is a bold thing for a painter to take up the pen—but few justify the boldness like Mr Williams. The art of Scotland begins to be one of the greatest subjects of my pride—long may it be so.

June 8th.—Edinburgh Review, No. LXVI.—I have read two articles, in the New Number of the Edinburgh Review, one of them evidently written by Mr Jeffrey—I have a great respect for Mr Jeffrey's talents, and believe him to be on the whole by far the first man the whig party in Scotland have to boast of—but it is impossible, at this time of day, to shut one's eyes to the fact, that he has been more over-rated in his character of an English writer, than any man of our time. One of the worst omens for the permanence of his fame, may be found in this circumstance, that he wrote just as well and thought just as profoundly at five and twenty, as he does now at fifty. The most obvious and prevailing faults of his manner of thinking, are overweening arrogance, and continual contempt, for what he feels himself unable to understand—of his style, pertness, *snappishness*, (the word is a favourite of his own) and affectation. These faults were all regarded with much tolerance while he was young—but now, that he has begun to verge somewhat towards the yellow leaf, compassion is the most favourable feeling they ever excite in my mind. Coxcombry and incipient senility are now equally visible in every thing he says; and the combination is any thing but a happy one. He has lost much of the *verve* that first attracted the notice of the public, and he has replaced it by nothing that is likely to compensate for its absence. I take one great cause of the insipidity of his recent compositions, is to be found in the sore wounds his vanity has received from the blessed failure of all his political predictions—and the utter scorn with which his most elaborate enunciations of critical opinion have been practically sealed and set aside by the voice of the whole of the better part of his countrymen. The degradation of his favourite Napoleon on the one hand, and the exaltation of the fame of Mr Wordsworth on the other, may be regarded as the two "ill-favoured" images, that draw his curtain at dead

of night—insist, on assuring him, that his fate is fixed irrevocably—and point with remorseless fingers to the word written on the wall, NEGLECT. But, perhaps, Mr Jeffrey never had good taste enough to read the Pilgrim's Progress, so my allusion would be lost on him.

To deny that Mr Jeffrey is one of the cleverest of men, would be ridiculous. There is a perpetual glitter in the flow of his discourse; and his range of illustration is wide; but perhaps, all this may be accounted for by the comparative shallowness of the stream. He has not depth enough to get hold of any grand idea—and if he had, he has not enthusiasm enough to enjoy it as it ought to be enjoyed. Hence the rapidity of his mental transitions. His course is never delayed by any great obstacle, because he never dreams of overcoming such an obstacle, but glides away *citius dictu* into the easiest channel he can find. Hence it is, that he never satisfies the understanding which, whatever he may think, is by no means inconsistent with gratifying the fancy more than he ever gratified it. Hence too, his total want of command over the graver affections. In the structure of his own mind, he is perhaps more exactly *the reverse of a poet* than any clever man that ever lived, and hence the barrenness of his remarks upon all that can be conceived to hold any relation with the internal essence and core of poetical sensibility. He is evidently, in many respects, an amiable man, and he expresses very willingly and very prettily his sympathy with any amiable thoughts he is able to understand; but all the mysterious world of unprosaic loveliness is shut from his eyes, and he has never been fortunate enough to discover his own short-sightedness.

The affectation of gracefulness sits more absurdly on him than it ever did on any writer beyond the limits of the kingdom of Cockaigne. He is an acute, lively, shrewd, vivacious person—but he is sadly mistaken if he believes that elasticity is the *primum mobile* of the *gressus divinior*. He always put me in mind of the statue of the dancing faun, which was preferred, by a certain notable Parisian blue stocking, to all the Antinouses and Apollos in the world. His friskiness of manner would be enough to twist the noblest drapery into tawdriness. "*Semper incedit pumilio*" as the Arbiter Elegantiarum says of a certain stage-player of antiquity; and the northern Whigs might as truly say in the language of Juvenal,

"Nanum nos Atlanta vocamus." Sat. VIII.

There is nothing Mr J. is fonder of talking about than the manner of high life; he is always making allusions to what is "perfectly gentlemanlike," "perfectly easy," "thoroughly well-bred," &c. &c. &c — Now this is highly laughable in one whose whole doctrines, on every subject, are so deeply tinged with the plebeian spirit of levelling — who manifests, on every occasion, such a true *canaille* abhorrence for whatever is lofty in thought, in place, in action. I suspect it to be but a feverish effort of half-conscious poverty on the part of the chivalrous reviewer of Miss Baillie's De Montfort and Basil. "O! gran bonta de' cavalier' moderni!"— There was ten thousand times more vice in that one attack of his on a real lady of majestic genius, than in all that ever the Quarterly Reviewers said of that absurd, gaudy, vulgar, little sentimentalist miladi Morgan. Yet how much more frequently do we find *even Tories* abusing the ungallantry of the Quarterly than that of the Edinburgh. But then the Whigs, with all their faults, have at least this great merit that they know what it is to stick well together.

They have long been celebrated for sticking well together among themselves, but I consider the last Number of the Edinburgh Review as a manifesto of their intentions to stick well together with all—by whatever name *they* may be called—however much they may be accustomed to treat even the sacred name of Whig with contempt—that are willing to lend their strength to the great and noble struggle for destroying the present constitution of England. The truth is, that unless the blue-and-yellow has been adopted as the livery of the Hunts and Burdetts, the Edinburgh Reviewers ought to change the colour of their cover. Henceforth they seem ambitious to have their book known by the character, if not the name of *the Radical Review*. They have struck up an alliance with old Solomon Creevey, which may give him much pleasure, but cannot end in any great addition of honour to themselves.

Let us see by what fine links they have now bound themselves to the "great chain descending down and down," that begins with a few half crazed drivellers and libellers of higher estate, and ends in the fraternal embrace of the exhumator of Tom Paine's bones, and the hero of the red cap and the white feather of Manchester. The Edinburgh Reviewers cry up Mr John Cam Hobhouse as a noble English writer, and an accomplished advocate of the cause of liberty all over the world—they differ, indeed, from Mr John Cam Hobhouse in regard to a few matters of speculation—but he is grateful for what they give—and the Edinburgh Review is introduced, with his good word, into all the pamphlet clubs of Smithfield and Westminster; or if you prefer another channel of communication——

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There is nothing so low and base in the whole world of plebeian profligacy with which the great genius of the North can now deny his connection—and assuredly, unless he be a true ATLAS, the burden to which he has voluntarily submitted, his shoulders, will be found too much for him. Who is so stupid, as not to see what is meant by all this fine talk, about the "more copious infusion of democracy"—the "approaching final struggle all over the world"—"the advocates of hierarchy—and legitimacy, or tyranny, or by whatever name it may be called," &c. &c.? These words will be echoed with equal delight in every radical weaving shop, from Manchester to Paisley—and it was meant that they should be so. Is he who sits calmly on the hill-top and issues the signal for the work of death, less a rebel, and less a traitor, than the poor mechanical butcher that bares his arm and whets his knife for the actual onset? Is a man to be spared, nay, courted and flattered, only because he wields the pen of a pretty writer, and can half disguise his purpose beneath gaudy trappings of longwinded declamation? Is insinuation a less deadly weapon than assertion?—it is only a more safe and elegant one. When a certain Edinburgh Reviewer talked of the late Spanish revolution, as "sounding a note that would be heard from Cadiz to KIRKWALL," was he less sensibly, less tangibly, a stirrer up of sedition, than Sir Francis Burdett was, when he wrote his famous Leicestershire letter, about the soldiers that deserted James the second? The world has been long enough gulled with smooth phrases—the time, I trust, is not far distant, when "he that tears off the mistletoe, shall be held," as the Druid law ran, "an enemy to the sacred oak;" when the evil that is intended, if not produced, "*sæpe cadendo*," shall be met and arranged as it ought to be, *vi*.

This article on the civil list, is really an abominable mixture of hypocrisy and malice.

June 9th.—Mr Bridges called on me, and shewed me a letter from the Ettrick Shepherd, descriptive of his marriage. I am very sorry my friend Dr Morris had left Scotland before this interesting ceremony took place, as it unquestionably would have formed a much finer conclusion to his book, than any presbyterian sacrament that ever was celebrated in kirk or field. The marriage took place in Dumfriesshire, at the house of the bride's father, and there also the happy pair remained till next morning. The transition to Ettrick was performed on the morrow by the principal personages *in four gigs*. The first gig contained Mr and Mrs Hogg—the best man and best maid occupied the second gig—the third was filled by the two Messrs Bryden—and in the fourth sat the Shepherd's faithful black servant, in a new suit of the Hogg livery. They dined at the cottage of Altrive, and next day the solemn *kirking* took place at Yarrow kirk, the minister choosing for his text the following passage: "Blessed is the man whom thou honourest and causest to approach unto thee." Seriously I am rejoiced to hear of my worthy friend's excellent fortune—he has married, according to every account, a most amiable, prudent, and intelligent woman—and may he be as happy with her (his best friend could say nothing more strongly) as he deserves. I hope, however, his domestic felicity will form no obstacle in the way of his literary labours. His *Jacobite Songs* are collected with much judgment, and illustrated with much curious matter in the shape of notes; and with his

Tales I am quite delighted. They are infinitely superior to the Brownie of Bodsbeck in variety, in invention, in every thing that ought to constitute the praise of a novelist. When one thinks of Hogg, and of the silent but sure progress of his fame—or of Allan Cunningham, and of the hold he has taken of the heart of Scotland almost without being aware of it himself—one cannot help feeling some qualms concerning the late enormous puffing of the Northamptonshire peasant, John Clare. I have never seen Clare's book, but from all the extracts I have seen, and from all the private accounts I have heard, there can be no doubt Clare is a man of talents and a man of virtue; but as to poetical genius, in the higher and the only proper sense of that word, I fear it would be very difficult to shew that he deserves half the fuss that has been made. Smoothness of versification and simplicity of thought seem to be his chief merits; but alas! in these days these are not enough to command or to justify such a sounding of the trumpet. The Guardian takes by far the best view of this subject—Clare has exhibited powers that not only justify but demand attention and kindness—but his generous and enlightened patrons ought to pause ere they advise him to become any thing else than a peasant—for a respectable peasant is a much more comfortable man, and always will be so, than a mediocre poet. Let them pause and think of the fate of the far more highly-gifted Burns, and beware alike of the foolish zeal and the sinful neglect of *his* countrymen.—By the way, what a noise has been made about this new edition of Burns, by the minister of the united parishes of Broughton, Glenholm, and Kilbucko—the Reverend Hamilton Paul. It seems, there was some idea of bringing this unhappy edition before the last General Assembly; but nothing surely could be more ill-judged, than such a proceeding. No clergyman that has any sense of what befits his own office, will ever write a life of Burns—for, if he says what he ought to say, he will throw a damp upon his theme—and if he does not, he will infallibly injure himself. Everybody understands the character of Burns now-a-days—and nobody but a fool, will ever attempt, either to exaggerate or extenuate errors, which were in so great a measure the effects of unfortunate circumstance, and juxta-position, but which, at the same time, were irreconcileable with the possession of many qualities, for which Burns, as we may gather from his writings, would fain have obtained credit. Burns was a dissipated licentious man—capable of all good feelings, but just as capable of outraging them, when the temptation of wit, wine, or woman interfered. This is all that his friends or his foes can say of him—and surely, they are not the best friends of his memory, who are continually trying to make that a subject of debate and dispute, whereon the whole world has long since come to be of one way of thinking. The Reverend Hamilton Paul's book is a most absurd one—so are all books written by clergymen, that do not know or feel what is the nature of their clerical office. Drinking and many others of Burns's faults, are sure to find enough of defenders in the world, without the interference of parish-priests—and as to the blasphemy of many of Burns' allusions, it is really quite an insult to common sense to attempt their defence. This Mr Paul, however, is, I am told, something not to be despised in the shape of a wit himself—in particular, he is a reviver of Dean Swift's old walk of wit, the choice of texts. For example, when he left the town of Ayr, where he was understood to have been a great favourite with the fair sex, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage, "*and they all fell upon Paul's neck, and kissed him.*" Another time, when he was called on to preach before a regiment of sharp-shooters, who came to church in their bottle-green uniforms, he held forth from, "*and I beheld men like trees, walking.*" He has also published a little volume of jeux d'esprit, under the name of "*Paul's Epistle to the ladies,*" I hope he did not mean to the *Corinthians*, in the Aristophanic sense of that term.

"——ἵνα μοι Κορινθίας λαλήσει."

Plutus, Act. 3.

But the General Assembly ought to leave all these matters to the Christian Instructor, and Blackwood's Magazine. These are, in regard to all such matters, the best safeguards of the church.

I had forgot to mention, that Mr

Paul once made serious proposals to a young lady, whose christian name was Lydia. On this occasion our reverend friend took for his text, "And a certain woman, named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul." Acts xvi. 14. It is to be supposed, however, that he had been over-estimating his own progress in the suit; for I believe, and no doubt many a spinster would prick up her ears could she hear me say so, that to this hour the manse of Broughton boasts no mistress. There is plenty of trout-fishing, &c. in his neighbourhood—and I mean to advise Ebony to pitch his tent there this summer for a week or so. With Dr Scott and Captain Odoherty the minister would find himself quite at home—and every *overture* of bottle or cupboard would be acceptable to both.

* * * *

CHEVY CHACE, FITTE THE SECOND; IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

MR EDITOR,

As you have been so kind as to call my version of the first *fitte* of Chevy Chace by the flattering title of "beautiful," I think myself bound in courtesy to give you the second. The poetical, philological, and antiquarian world, will, I doubt not, rejoice at this my determination, and receive with due rapture the chivalrous though somewhat rudely equipped ballad of the exploits of the Percy and the Douglas, dressed up by me in the lordly language of imperial Rome. You see I am not afraid of praising myself or my productions. Great men, sir, despise such squeamishness. Does not Sir James Edward Smyth, in his attack on Cambridge, honestly avow, as his opinion, that the university is disgraced for ever—that the public interest and the cause of science are irreparably injured—by the rejection of the first botanist of Europe, (i. e. himself) from the chair of the botanical professor in our alma mater apud Cantabrigienses? Does not the Reverend Mr Maturin, in an account of his life, *written by himself*, in the New Monthly Magazine, (March 1819. p. 165—7) describe himself as a poet—some of whose writings "have scarce a parallel in English dramatic poetry"—an "unequalled novelist"—an "unusually" handsome fellow—the "gayest of the gay"—and "the most uxorious man breathing." Does not Mr Brougham puff himself in the Edinburgh Review? Does not Professor Leslie always tack "the celebrated" to his own name in that celebrated Journal? Is not the same done by Mr L. Hunt in the Examiner? By Mr Cobbett, the Atlas of England, in his Political Register? By Mr Morgan Odoherty in Blackwood's Magazine? By Mr Kean in the bills of old Drury? By Dr Solomon, and Mr T. Bish, and Mr Napier Macvey every where? And shall I, with these bright and venerable names before me, (to say nothing of the polished example of Day and Martin), be afraid to utter, in a letter of my own, a sentence of panegyric on my own *versiculi*?

Now, should any malignant critic—any malevolus vetus poeta—venture to say in opposition to my own favourable critique, that my Latin is not Virgilian or Ciceronian—that my verses have sometimes a hitch in their gait—I shall merely answer, that however ungracious they may seem to his fastidious eyes and ears, they would have been as musical and grammatical in the opinion of the shaveling Latinists of the date of this ballad, as they are now acceptable from their other excellencies to the true judges of poetry. If this answer will not satisfy my objector, I can only pity the opacity of his intellect. But you, O more sensible readers, will peruse my verses with favourable eyes—not tormenting yourselves about the minute dovetailings of syntax, or the metrical ictus, or any other such buffoonery—but reading the words just as you find them set down for you in the honest old English manner, laying your accents a la mode Anglaise without any regard for the dicta of Dawes or Bentley, and pronouncing the letters (both vowels and consonants) as if they were members of the Christian alphabet of the ever to be beloved language of merry England; doing this, you will do well: and so my hearty service to you, good people, and to you, sir, of whom I am the most obedient and very humble servant,

O. P.

CHEVY CHACE.

Second Fitte.

1.

* The English men had their bows bent,
Their hearts were good enow,
The (1) first of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spearmen they slew.

2.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
A captain good enough;
And that was seen verament,
For he wrought them woe and wouch.

3.

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a chief chieftain of pride;
With sure spears of mighty tree,
They came in on every side.

4.

Through our English archery
Gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they made to die,
Which gained them no pride.

5.

The English men let their bows be,
And pulled out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
Bright swords on helmets light.

6.

Through rich mail and myne-ye-ple(4)
Many stern they struck down straight;
Many a ficke that was full free
There under foot did light.

7.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like two captains of might and main;
They swept together, till they both swet,
With swords of fine Milain. (5)

8.

These worthy fickes for to fight,
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their helmets sprung,
As ever did hail or rain.

9.

"Hold thee, Percy," said the Douglas,
"And i'faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
Of James, our Scottish king:

10.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free—
I bid thee hear this thing;
For the manfullest man art thou,
That ever I conquered in field-fighting."

IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

Pars Secunda.

1.

Angli perstrenui animis
Tunc arcus intenderunt,
Et vicies septem homines
Primo jactu necaverunt.

2.

Attamen mansit Douglasus
In boni ducis morem;
Quod patuit cum perniciem
Effudit et dolorem.

3.

Trifariam struxit aciem,
Periti ducis arte;
Cum hastis ligni validi
Ruunt ex omni parte.

4.

Ediderunt stragem plurimam
Per ordines Anglorum:
Heroum vitas dempserunt (2)
Non amplius superborum. (3)

5.

Stringunt, omissis arcubus,
Angli gladios fulgentes:
Quos miserum fuit cernere
In cassibus descendentes.

6.

Armorum plicas splendidas
Mucro strictus penetravit:
Et multos quondam nobiles
Pes vilis conculcavit.

7.

Persæus mox et Douglasus
(Dux contra vires ducis)
Pugna concurrunt ensibus
Mediolani cusis.

8.

Hi comites fortissimi
Perstiterunt pugnando,
Donec cruor saliit cassibus,
Ut imber vel ut grando.

9.

"Si cedas," inquit Douglasus,
"Perducam te, Persæe,
Ubi ut comes viveres
Sub rege Scotiæ meæ:

10.

"Et (6) lytrum nullum peterem,
Nam vere potest dici,
Te virum esse optimum,
Quem prælio unquam vici."

---

* I have, as before, modernized the spelling of the old ballad, and in a few places the language.

(1) *i. e.* First Flight. Percy.

(2) Dr Carey (Prowdy, p. 199, &c.) Condemns this licence. I therefore give him leave to alter my systolated præterites into preterpluperfects, as he has done in all the passages which stand in the way of his rule. I have no doubt that he will discover some new picturesque mood and tense beauty in the change, quite unknown to the author.

(3) I hope I have hit the sense of my original.

(4) "Perhaps many plies or folds. Monyple is still used in this sense in the north, according to Mr Lambe." Bp. Percy. I have followed him.

(5) Swords made of Milan Steel. Percy.

(6) Græce. λύτρον Ennius uses it, or rather its plural, lytra, as the name of a play concerning the ransom of Hector's body. If this be not thought sufficient authority, the reader may substitute *prætium* in the text, with all my heart.

11.

"Nay, then," said the Lord Percy,
"I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of woman born,"

12.

With that there came an arrow hastily
Forth of a mighty one;
It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast-bone.

13.

Through liver and lungs both
The sharp arrow is gone;
That never after in his life days
He spake more words than (7) one.
"Fight ye my merry men while you may,
"For my life days are gone."

14.

The Percy leant upon his brand,
And saw the Douglas die;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, "Woe is me for thee."

15.

To have saved thy life I'd have parted with
My lands for years three;
For a better man of heart nor hand
Was not in all the north country.

16.

Of all that saw a Scottish knight,
Was named Sir Hugh Montgomery;
He saw the Douglas to death was dight;
He spanned a spear a trusty tree.

17.

He rode upon a courser
Through an hundred archery;
He never stinted nor never stopped
Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

18.

He set upon Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore,
With a sure spear of a trusty tree
Clean through the body he the Percy bore.

19.

At the other side that a man might see
A large cloth yard and mare.
Two better Captains were not in Christianty
Than that day slain were there.

20.

An archer of Northumberland,
Saw slain was the Lord Percy;
He bare a bent bow in his hand,
Was made of trusty tree.

21.

An arrow that a cloth-yard long,
To the hard steel haled he;
A dint that was both sad and sore
He set on Sir Hugh Montgomery.

11.

Dixit Persæus, "Iterum,
Quod antea dixi, edam;
Id est, quod nunquam homini,
Ex fæmina nato cedam."

12.

Ex forti arcu calamus
Tum rapide volavit,
Et inter verba Douglasum
In pectore vulneravit.

13.

In jecore et pulmonibus
Hæsit sagita cita;
Et postea verbum unicum
Hoc tantum dixit ita,
"Pugnate strenue, socii,
"Nam ego cedo vita."

14.

Persæus nitens gladio
Douglassi vidit mortem,
Et manu capta mortui
Ploravit ejus sortem

15.

"Tribus annis agros dederem
"Servare virum talem;
"Nam fortior nemo fuit per
"Regionem borealem."

16.

Hugo Montgomoræus hunc
Cæsum vulnere indigno
Vidit, et hastam arripit
Ex strenuo factam ligno.

17.

Et equitavit fortiter
Per sagittarios centum;
Donec ad Anglum comitem
Ab eo erat ventum.

18.

Persæum gravi vulnere
Dicto citius sauciavit,
Nam corpus hasta rigidâ
Penitus perforavit.

19.

Hasta ex læso corpore
Exivit ulnæ spatio;
Meliores cæsis ducibus
Non tenuit ulla natio.

20.

Sagittarius ex Northumbria
Vidit dominum necatum;
In manu arcum tenuit
Ex arbore fabricatum.

21.

Tres pedes longum calamum
Perduxit ad mucronem,
Et vulnere mortifero
Interimit Hugonem.

---

(7) From this it appears that Jerry-Benthamism is of an older date than the superficial commonly imagine. Fight-you-my-merry-men-while-you-may-for-my-life-days-are-gone; or, as the original has it, Fyghte-ye-my-merry-men-whylles-ye-may-for-my-lyff-days-ben-gan is as pretty a *single* word as any we can find in the lucid pages of this most Euphuistical radical, and most radical Euphuist, who commonly passes in our days for the inventor of the many-words-clubbing-to-make-one style. We have here a much older authority; so that Jerry must be set down as one of the *servum pecus* in that instance.

22.

The dint it was both sad and sore,
That he on Montgomery set;
The swan-feathers that his arrow bore
With his heart's-blood were wet.

23.

There was never a ficke one foot would fly,
But still in storm did stand,
Hewing on each other while they might drie
With many a baleful band.

24.

This battle began on Cheviot,
An hour before the noon,
And when even song-bell was rung,
The battle was not half done.

25.

They took on, on either hand,
By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboun.

26.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England
Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland
But even five and fifty.

27.

But all were slain, Cheviot within,
They had no strength to stand on high;
The child may rue that is unborn;
It was the more pity.

28.

There were slain with the Lord Percy
Sir John of Agerstone;
Sir Roger, the kind Hartley,
Sir William the bold Heron.

29.

Sir George the worthy Lovel,
A knight of great renown,
Sir Ralph, the rich Rokeby,
With dints were beaten down.

30.

For Withrington my heart is woe,
That ever he slain should be:
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt, and fought upon his knee.

31.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir David Liddel, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he.

32.

Sir Charles Murray in that place,
That never a foot would fly,
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord that was,
With the Douglas did he die,

22.

Pertriste fuit vulnus, quod
Hugo accipiebat:
Sagittæ alas cygneas
Cor sanguine tingebat.

23.

Nulli volebant fugere;
Sed strenue simul stantes (8)
Dimicabant quamdiu licuit,
Se mutuo laniantes.

24.

Cœperunt hora cernere
Antemeridiana;
Et prælium sævit vesperis
Cum sonuit campana.

25.

Etiam sub Lunæ radiis
Perstabant sic pugnare;
Donec sauciati plurimi
Non potuerunt stare.

26.

Quinquaginta tres rediere ex
Anglorum ter quingentis;
Quinquaginta quinque tantum ex
Bis millibus Scotæ gentis.

27.

Ceciderunt sane cæteri
In montibus Cheviatis:
Puer nondum natus fieret hoc;
Quod est dolendum satis.

28.

Occisi cum Perseo sunt (9)
Johannes Agerstonus,
Rogerus mitis Hartlius,
Gulielmus et Heronus;

29.

Et Georgius dignus Lovelus,
Bellator famæ veræ,
Rodolphus dives Rokebius
Confossi ceciderc.

30.

Pro Withringtono doleo
Quem fatum triste stravit;
Nam binis fractis cruribus
In genibus pugnavit.

31.

Montgomoræus cecidit
Cum Douglaso die eo;
Atque Liddelus, dignus vir
Nepos Montgomeræo. (10)

32.

Moræus, virtus bellica
Quem fugere non sivit;
Hugo Maxwellus dominus
Cum Douglaso obivit.

---

(8) An attempt at imitating the alliteration of the original.

(9) How beautifully Homeric! How like the catalogues of the slain in the lines of the Prince of poets! Particularly, how like the following:

Καὶ σὺν Πειρωΐῳ ἰδάμην Ἀγαστρόνες ἀμύμων,
Ἄρτλεΐος τ' ἀγαθὸς, Ἥρινος θ' ἱκτάονα δῖος;
Καὶ Λοβίλος κρατερὸς αἰχμητὴς, ἠδὲ Ῥοβαῖος
Ἄφνιος βιότοιο πίσυν χαλκοῦν τυκτῆσι.

The names in the Greek are not expressed so roughly as in the English, but there is a manifest resemblance between the passages.

(10) I confess I am not sure whether the author means that Sir David Liddel was nephew to Earl Douglas or Sir H. M. but as the latter is more syntactical, I have preferred it.

33.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel gray;
Many widows, with weeping tears,
Came to fetch their mates away.

34.

Tividale may carp of care!
Northumberland may make great moan!
For two such captains as slain were there,
Of the march party shall never be none.

35.

Word is come to Edinburgh,
To James the Scottish king,
That doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the march,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

36.

His hands did he weal and wring,
He said, "Alas! and woe is me!
Such another captain Scotland within,"
He said, "I'faith shall never be."

38.

Word is come to lovely London,
To the fourth Harry our king,
That Lord Percy, lieutenant of the marches,
He lay slain Cheviot within.

39.

"God have mercy on his soul," say king Harry,
"Good Lord if thy will it be!
I have a hundred captains in England,
As good as ever was he.
But, Percy, an I brook my life,
Thy death well quit shall be."

39.

As our noble king made his avow,
Like a noble prince of renown,
For the death of the Lord Percy,
He did the battle of Humbledown.

40.

Where six-and-thirty Scottish knights
On a day were beaten down;
Glendale glittered with their armour bright,
O'er castle, tower, and town.

41.

(This (12) was the hunting of the cheviot;
That tear began this spurn;
Old men, that knew the ground well enough,
Call it the battle of Otterburn.

42.

At Otterburn began this spurn
Upon a Monday;
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.)

33.

Feretra luce postera
Ex betula fecerunt;
Et lachrymantes viduæ
Maritos avexerunt.

34.

Tiviotæ vallis lugeat!
Northumbris sint dolores!
Nam nunquam erunt finibus
Principes meliores.

35.

Edinam regi Scotico
Mox nuncium est relatum,
Marchiarum prasidem Douglasum
Esse collibus necatum.

36.

Fædavit pugnis pectora,
Exclamans voce tristi,
Væ mihi! quis in Scotia
Est comparandus isti?

37.

Londinumque amabilem (11)
Henrico est relatum,
Persæum finium præsidem
Esse collibus necatum.

38.

Salus sit animæ, inquit Rex,
Si ita placeat deo!
Sunt pares fortitudine
Centum duces regno meo;
Sed tamen Scotos puniam
Pro nobili Persæo.

39.

Et Homilduni fortis rex
Patravit id quod dixit;
Ubi propter cæsum comitem
Cum hostibus conflixit.

40.

Ubi quater novem equites
Scoti simul periere;
Glendalæ turres castraque
Sparsis armis micuere.

41.

Et causam dedit prælii
Venatio Cheviata;
Pugna, loci gnaris senibus,
Otterburni est vocata.

42.

Otterburni die Lunæ sic
Incepit hic venatus;
Ibi Persæus cecidit,
Et Douglasus est stratus.

---

(11) Another Homerism, Αὐγειὰς ἐραστινὰς. *Iliad*, B. 532. 583. Ἀρήνην ἐραστινὴν. 591. Μαντινίην ἐραστινὴν. 607, and a thousand other places. The author had manifestly made Homer his study.

(12) Bp. Percy suspects these two verses 41, 42, to be spurious. So do I, as they stand at present; but I think we might make a good verse out of the two; thus:

This was the hunting of the Cheviot,
Upon a Monday:
There was the doughty Douglas slain,
The Percy never went away.

This will get off the confusion with regard to the battle of Otterburn, and the strange language of these verses. Percy's interpretation of "That tear began this spurn," is, "That tearing or pulling occasioned this spurn or kick." I have followed him, though I confess I am not satisfied with it.

34.

There never was a time on the march parties,
Since the Douglas and the Percy met,
But it was marvel an the red blood ran no
As the rain does on the street.

44.

Jesus Christ our (13) bales bete,
And to the bless us bring!
This was the hunting of the Cheviot;
God send us all good ending!

Explicetb Richard Sheale* temp. Henr. bj.

43.

Cum se in marchiis Douglasus
Persæo obviam daret,
Fuit mirum, si effusius
Cruor imbre non manaret.

44.

Miserere nostrum domine!
Et nos salute dona.
Venatio ista finiit sic;
Sit nobis finis bona!

Explicit O. P. temp. Geo. IV.

PERORATIO.

1.

Vale! I, carmen meum, i,
Pulcherrimam Edinam,
Et ibi pete illico
Blackwödi Magazinam.

2.

Invenias tum Christophorum
A Borea nominatum,
Cui tuum spero numerum
Rhythmicum fore gratum.

3.

Quid agam, si interroget,
Respondeas, "Nihil sane;
Est, bibit, garrit, dormitat,
Meridie, vespere, mane."

4.

Et addas, "Te, Christophore
(Ut liquido juravit)
In tribus, cum me mitteret,
Cantharis propinavit."

5.

Finiamus nunc. Lectoribus
(Si ulli sint lectores)
Arrideant, precor, veneres,
Et gratiæ, et amores.

---

(13) *i. e.* Better our bales, remedy our evils. Bp. Percy.

* The author of this ballad, as the reader may see by the expliceth, is RICHARD SHEALE, a gentleman not to be confounded, as honest old Tom Hearne has done, with a Richard Sheale who was living in 1588. Nor is he to be confounded with a Richard Sheil who is alive in 1820, writing tragedies and other jocose performances. I wave the objection arising from Chronology, as that is a science I despise, therein imitating Lady Morgan, the Edinburgh Reviewers, Major Cartwright, and various other eminent persons. For (to take one instance from the works of the first cited authority) might not Mr Richard Shiel of 1820 be as capable of writing a ballad in the days of Henry VI. as the wife of the Grand Condè of intriguing with a king who was dead before she was born? (See, if extant, Lady Morgan's France.) My objections to their identity are of a graver and more critical nature. 1*st*, Richard Shiel of Chevy Chace is an original writer, which nobody accuses Richard Shiel of Evadne of being. 2*dly*, Although in verse 33, Second Fitte, the ballad-monger, had an opportunity of bringing up the children with their mothers to serve as a clap-trap, he has not done so; an omission of which the tragedy-monger of Ballamira would never have been guilty. 3*dly*, The people in the poem of the rhymester are decent men, who talk plain language, whereas the people in the Apostate are stalking-talking rogues, who discourse in the most sarsenet phraseology. 4*thly*, and *lastly*, The ballad of the Percy and Douglas (teste Sir P. Sidney) moves the heart like the sound of a trumpet, whereas the tragedy of Adelaide puts one to sleep more effectually than a double dose of diacodium. Wherefore, I am of opinion, that Mr R. Shiel now extant is *not* the author of Chevy Chace. Q. E. D.

I have done with Chevy Chace; but as I am in a garrulous disposition, I wish to add a few words. Every true lover of English literature, must acknowledge the great benefit conferred on it by Bishop Percy, in publishing his Relics. That work has breathed a spirit of renovated youth over our poetry; and we may trace its influence in the strains of higher mood, uttered by the great poets of our own days. The Bishop was qualified for his task by exquisite poetical feeling, a large share of varied antiquarian knowledge, and general literary acquirements—united accomplishments, which he possessed in a greater

degree perhaps than any of his contemporaries. But since his time, and in a great measure in consequence of his work, and those which it called forth, so much more is known with respect to early English literature—I might say with respect to early English history—and the taste of the public is so much more inclined to such studies, that I think a general collection of our old English ballads, comprising of course those of Percy, Ritson, and others, which may merit preservation, is a great desideratum. Little skilled as I am in such subjects, I could point out deficiencies in the plan or the details of every work of the kind I have ever seen—deficiencies however, which I have not time to notice, nor perhaps would this be the proper place to do it, or I the proper person, after travestying the first of old ballads into Monkish Latin. I should require in the Editor high poetic taste, a deep and minute knowledge of the history and antiquities of the country, a profound acquaintance with the customs, the language, the heraldry, the genealogy of our ancestors, a critical judgment with respect to ancient poetry, and a perfect familiarity with all our poetic stores, ancient and modern—besides, what are not so common as may be imagined, undeviating honesty and fidelity. It may be asked, where could a man possessing such an union of high qualications be found for such a purpose. I could name one, although I am almost ashamed to do so. He, to whom I allude, has written so much, that the public could have no claim on him, if, (to borrow the elegant compliment of the old king to Dr Johnson,) he had not written so well, as to give us the same right to call on him to adorn our literature, as we have to expect a successful general to stand forth in defence of our land.

Yours, &c. &c.

O. P.

Dublin, May 31, 1820.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Discovery of a new Island off Cape Horn.—*Buenos Ayres, Jan.* 7.—A new island has been discovered off Cape Horn, in lat. 61 deg. long. 55 deg., by the ship William, on a voyage from Monte Video for Valparaiso. The same ship having been despatched by Capt. Sherriff, of the Andromache frigate, to survey the coast, had explored it for 200 miles. The captain went ashore, found it covered with snow, and uninhabited. Abundance of seals and whales were found in its neighbourhood. He has named the island *New Shetland.*

Expedition to the Frozen Ocean.—Advices from St Petersburgh, dated March 22, state that a new voyage of discovery will be undertaken this summer in the north. This expedition will sail from the mouth of the Lena for the Frozen Ocean, in order to examine the coast of Siberia, and the islands which were discovered to the north of it some years ago. As it is not yet ascertained whether these supposed islands may in reality be one main land or not, and as hitherto they have only been visited in winter, it will be interesting to know how far the ice will permit vessels to advance during summer, and to determine its extent.

Africa.—By the latest information, it seems that the expedition under the command of Major Gray, on whom the direction devolved after the death of Major Peddie, has returned to Galam, on the Senegal, after a most harassing journey through the country of the Foolado. Mr Docherd, the surgeon attached to the expedition, had, with a few individuals, however, proceeded onwards to Bammakoo, in Bambarra, from whence accounts have been received from him, dated twelve months since, expressing his hopes of procuring the necessary permission to proceed further. Markets, it seems, were held twice every week at Sandsanding and Yamina, where provisions were reasonable, and every sort of European merchandise in great demand, especially articles of finery for the dresses of the females, who are fond of showy colours. Among other things were Manchester prints in great abundance, which seemed to meet a ready sale, and which must have been conveyed by the caravan from Morocco across the Great Desert. Lieutenant Lyon, of the Royal Navy, who was the friend and fellow traveller of the late Mr Ritchie, is appointed to succeed that gentleman as British Vice Consul at Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, in Africa, for the purpose of facilitating and attempting discoveries. By the Magnet, which left Cape Coast on the 23d March, we learn, that Mr Dupuis had proceeded to Cormassie, to enter upon his functions as Consul at the Court of the King of Ashantee, and had arrived in safety and been well received.

Opinion in regard to British Metaphysicians, by the Germans.—At the last Leipsig fair, many new works on Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics made their appearance. A hasty glance of several of these, enabled us to understand the general opinion entertained in Germany of the metaphysicians in Great Britain. Reid, they say, did little; Dugald Stewart is not an original writer, but eminently distinguished by the beauty and grace of his style. Gregory, the physician, ingenious, but not original. Thomas Brown, a man of great promise as a bold and original thinker, and brings forcibly to recollection the period of the deep thinking Hume. Darwin a visionary, Paley an amiable but superficial writer. Playfair the mathematician, a writer of powerful metaphysical articles in the Edinburgh Review.

University Text-Books.—In Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, and Denmark, it is an invariable practice with the professors in the different Universities, to publish, for the use of their pupils, text-books of their courses of lectures. The universality of the practice, is a decisive proof of its utility. We have been always surprised to find this accommodation for students so little regarded in our Scotch Colleges; although, in the few cases where it has been adopted, the greatest benefit has resulted. All of us remember with delight, the pleasure and advantage we derived from the excellent Text-books of Dr Walker, Professor Frazer Tytler, Professor Dugald Stewart, and Professor Playfair; and many now pursuing their studies in the University of Edinburgh, anticipated, from the lately published admirable Text-book of Dr Brown, important assistance in the difficult and abstruse studies of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics. The want of Text-books is particularly felt in the classes of Logic, Medical Jurisprudence, Natural History, Practice of Medicine, Theory of Medicine, and Materia Medica.

Variation of the Magnetic Needle.—In a former volume of this Magazine, we mentioned that the excellent observations of Colonel Mark Beaufoy, made at Bushy-Heath, near Stanmore, in Middlesex, had shown that the magnetic variation to the westward of the true north had uniformly increased, on taking the means monthly, until the beginning of the last year, after which it had fluctuated, but giving a mean variation of 24° 37′ 0″ in the first three months of 1819. The observations since published by the Colonel in a contemporary Journal, seem to show that this was *the maximum variation*, occurring in February or March 1819: because he finds the monthly means, since the begin-

ning of April of that year, to have uniformly decreased. It further appears from the Colonel's statements, that the western variation had been on the increase through 162 years, or since 1657: it was only 77 years before this period that the first authentic observations on the variation can be found, or in 1580, when the needle at London varied to the east 11° 15′.

Jameson's Marine Thermometer.—From many experiments made of late years by scientific persons, there seems every reason to believe that the thermometer is an instrument of far greater importance to navigators than it has been generally supposed.

The late celebrated Dr Franklin was the first person who noticed the great difference between the temperature of the water on the North American coast, in and out of soundings, and suggested the use of a thermometer as an indicator of an approach to that dangerous shore, as it had been uniformly found that the nearer any vessel approximated the shore, the colder the temperature of the water became.

Afterwards Col. Jonathan Williams, of Philadelphia, endeavoured, with some success, to call the attention of seafaring men to the importance of the thermometer as a nautical instrument; and satisfactorily succeeded in showing, that no vessel on board of which a thermometer is, can possibly be cast away on the coasts of the United States, without at least a sufficient warning of the approach to danger, to allow of its being avoided, unless the ship should be so entirely disabled as to be totally unmanageable.

The statements of Dr Franklin and Colonel Williams applied only to the coasts of North America; and hence it came to be generally supposed that the increased heat of the sea, when out of soundings, was caused by the Gulf stream-current, which, issuing from the Gulf of Mexico, sweeps to the northward along the coasts of the United States: it has of late however been established, that the decreasing temperature of the water, as any vessel approaches the coasts of Spain, Portugal, and Barbary, is sufficient to give warning to any attentive navigator of his approach to these coasts; and it seems probable, from the experiments of Mr Davy, (brother to the celebrated Sir Humphrey,) that the thermometer will be found to point out, not only the proximity of land, but also that of extensive banks &c. in all places.

A person whose experience had shown him, that in quitting the American coasts there was an increase of twelve deg. of Fahrenheit's scale in the temperature of the sea in a few hours run from the mouth of the Delaware, found also on approaching the coast of Portugal, that the mercury in the tube of the thermometer sunk from 69 degrees, at which it stood in the open sea, to 60½ degrees, when his ship was about three or four miles from Cape St Vincent; and subsequently, that in beating through the Straits of Gibraltar with a contrary wind, the mercury in the thermometer rose and fell in proportion to the distance he was from the Spanish or African shores, ranging from 68 degrees, at which it stood in the middle of the Strait, to 61 degrees, which was the lowest to which it sunk on the African side; and on the Spanish shore it never fell lower than 64 degrees; which is easily accounted for, as the ship was never so near that shore, it being considered adviseable to keep at a distance from the shoals, &c. near Tariffa.

The person already mentioned, having discovered many objections to the mode of using the thermometer recommended by Colonel Williams, and having had several thermometers broken, applied to different mechanics in various places to construct a marine thermometer case for him, which would protect the instrument, and facilitate its use, but unsuccessfully, until he some time since applied to Messrs Gardner and Jameson, mathematical instrument makers in Glasgow. Mr Jameson, of that firm, invented and made a case, which not only prevents the thermometer enclosed in it from being injured, but admits and retains water from any depth which may be desired; so that the results obtained by the experiments made with it are exempted from any chance of being influenced by the solar rays in summer weather or warm latitudes, or by the chill of the air in winter or cold climates, as by an ingenious contrivance the bulb of the thermometer is kept immersed in a column of water admitted and retained by the case, from the greatest depth to which it has been sunk.

Mr Purdy, the hydrographer of London, has expressed his opinion of Mr Jameson's invention in very flattering terms, as have also many highly respectable scientific and nautical men.

Natural History.—Specimen from the Cape.—A living animal of the antelope species, called a Nhu, having the head of a cow, the mane of a horse, and the hind part resembling that of a mule, was brought to England in the *Barossa*, from the Cape of Good Hope. These animals are inhabitants of Southern Africa, but very rarely to be met with. The one now brought home belongs to Lord Charles Somerset.

Aurum Millium.—Mr N. Mill has discovered a new metal resembling gold, and possessing some of its best qualities, which he calls aurum millium. In colour, it resembles 60s. gold, and is nearly as heavy in specific gravity as jewellers' gold. It is malleable, and has the invaluable property of not easily tarnishing. It is very hard and sonorous, and requires care in the working. The price of it being from 4s. to 4s. 6d. an ounce, will not be an obstacle to its general use; and for beauty there is not any metal that exceeds it, and it is susceptible of an exquisite polish.

Description of Norway—The following account of the appearance of Norway, as distinguished from Sweden, is given by Bedemar:—Norway, he says, consists principally of a mountain-basin, surrounded by the remains of an elevated platform, the exterior border of which, jagged by deep cuts, and ascending to a great height, lies around the whole of the ridge of the principal range of mountains. The sea has penetrated to this border, through the abysses which have been opened; and the western storms, and an ill-judged industry, have circumscribed within the vallies the scanty woods which run through the basin itself. On the outside descend only mountain torrents, short in their course; the large streams belong to the centre of the land. * * * * They form many beautiful and high waterfalls, and many large lakes in their course. On the coasts only are a few towns to be found;—the rest of the country is covered with insulated dwellings; brown log-houses, surrounded by a few corn-fields and extensive meadows, small and independent possessions, suited to the independent and sturdy character of the people. In the vicinity of rivers, which are at times nearly invisible from the quantity of timber floating down them, numerous saw-mills are to be seen; and a few iron and copper works are to be met with in the spaces cleared from wood. Along the sea shore, habitations, solitary or in groupes, surrounded with implements for fishing, and curing fish, appear like so many nests in the green hollows among the rocks. Over all this, an atmosphere generally clear, delightful, and invigorating, is spread as far as the 69—70 of latitude, after which we meet with deep and impenetrable fogs, a sea like lead, and the melancholy silence of an uninterrupted wilderness.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

In the press, and shortly will be published, in one volume 4to, Posthumous Letters addressed to Francis Colman, and George Colman the Elder, with annotations and occasional remarks; by George Colman the Younger.

Nearly ready for publication, a General History of the House of Guelph, from the earliest period to the accession of George I.; compiled from authentic documents, by Dr Halliday, physician to the Duke of Clarence.

A Vocabulary of Religious Terms, explanatory of words usually employed to describe doctrines, rites, and other subjects.

In the press, M'Julian's Daughter, a poem, in five cantos, with elucidative notes; by Henry O'Neil Montgomery Ritchie, Esq.

Dr Marsh, Bishop of Peterborough, announces a fifth part of his Divinity Lectures.

Preparing for publication, by Mr John Luccock, Notes on Rio de Janeiro and the Southern Parts of Brazil, taken during a residence of ten years in various parts of the country.

A new volume of Poems, by Mr Keates, the author of Endymion.

An Elementary Treatise on Iron-making, with hints for its improvements; by Mr S. Rogers of Risca.

In the press, "Sacred Leisure," a collection of Poems; by the Rev. T. Hodgson, A.M.

The Angel of the World, a poem; by Mr Croly, the author of "Paris."

Methodism, a poem.

The Preparations for the Coronation of Charles II.; now first printed from a MS. in the hand-writing of Sir E. Walker, knight, then King at Arms; to be illustrated with engravings, in one volume royal 8vo.

Rosamond, in two volumes; a sequel to Early Lessons; by Miss Edgeworth.

Views of the Remains of Ancient Buildings in Rome and its Vicinity; by M. Du Bourg.

An Encyclopædia of Antiquities; being the first ever edited in England; by the Rev. T. D. Fosbrooke, M. A. author of British Monachism, &c. to appear in 20 4to numbers, at 5s. each.

Dr J. Gordon Smith, Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence in London, is preparing for the press a work on that subject, which is intended to serve the double purpose of a Text Book to his Lectures, and a Guide in the management of professional evidence in the public courts. It is expected to be ready early next season.

In a few days will be published, by Capt. James Gifford, R. N. price 1s. the Unitarian's Defence; being a Reply, in part, to the late Rev. D. Anderson's Sermon, which was preached before the Deanery of Gower, and was published at their request.

The Rev. T. Jebb has in the press a volume entitled Sacred Literature; comprising a Review of the Principles of Composition laid down in the Prelections and Isaiah of the late Robert Lowth, D.D. Lord Bishop of London; and an application of the principles so reviewed to the illustration of the New Testament, in a series of critical observations on the style and structure of that Sacred Volume.

A new edition of Mr H. Neele's Odes and other Poems, with considerable additions, is in the press, and will speedily be published.

EDINBURGH.

It is proposed to republish, by subscription, The Forms of the Church of Scotland, &c. &c. &c. published at Edinburgh in the year 1567, by Bishop Carsewell of Argyll, with an English Preface, Notes, and some account of the Bishop, &c.; by the Rev. James M'Gibbon, Inverary. This ancient and curious book, printed in the Gaelic language, at a period when there were but few books printed even in English, must be interesting to all the lovers of Celtic literature. To them the single circumstance of there being now only one copy of the work known to be extant, will, independent of many other reasons which might be stated, but which are reserved for the Editor's Preface, be a sufficient apology for proposing to reprint this very rare and earliest specimen of printed Gaelic, as the only means, both of preserving it from being utterly lost, and of preventing the *Gothic scepticism* of future times as to its having ever existed. The prefatory letters addressed by Bishop Carsewell to the Earl of Argyll, and to the Reader, &c. it is proposed to accompany with an English Translation, as they contain matter which may be deemed interesting to others as well as to those versed in the Celtic language, and prove, beyond all controversy, that the poems which relate to Fingal, his heroes, and their achievements, *were recited, and written, and universally known, and highly appreciated among the Highlanders, at least 200 years before Macpherson's name was heard of!*

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EDINBURGH.

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COMMERCIAL REPORT.—*June* 13, 1820.

Sugars. The demand for Muscovadoes continues limited, and prices rather on the decline, notwithstanding the small quantity that there is at market. The fresh supplies have as yet not been great, but as these may now be expected in considerable quantities, it perhaps occasions the present flatness in the Sugar market. The crops, in nearly all the Windward and Leeward Islands, are exceedingly short. In the whole, we have good reason to believe, that the deficiency will not be less than 40,000 hhds. This must surely have an effect upon the market. There is a considerable demand for fine goods for the home consumpt. Molasses may be stated to be on the decline. Should business generally revive in Britain, there certainly must be a considerable advance in the Sugar market. The vast quantities, however, raised in the foreign colonies, is supplying the European continental market, thereby leaving a greater quantity on our hands than formerly used to be. *Coffee.*—The market for Coffee has become lively, and considerable sales are making at the prices quoted. The demand from the Continent has increased, and tended to brighten the Coffee market. The great increase in the cultivation of this article in foreign colonies, is also supplying the European market abundantly, while the high prices, some time ago, has set the population, in many places, to look out for imitation Coffee, of which there are vast quantities now consumed. Considering all these things, we cannot see any chance of a great advance in this article. It will be sufficient if the market continues lively at present prices. *Cotton.*—The demand for Cotton was lately very brisk, and the sales very considerable, at an advance in price. The large arrivals, however, seem to have thrown a damp upon the market. About 30,000 bags have reached Liverpool in a few days. The stock on hand is still very large. Nor does there appear to be any immediate opening, such as would take away an extra quantity, either for home use or exportation. Cotton, however, is likely to maintain its price, and to be in demand. *Corn.*—The prices of Grain are all on the decline, and markets dull. Rice is also on the decline. The Rum market is very dull. Brandy is more inquired after, but the prices of Geneva are merely nominal. The other articles demand no further notice than our quotations.

In the manufacturing districts, trade in general may be stated as better. Work is more abundant, and sales can be made, though at no great advance. The demands for foreign markets are likely to be steady, and to increase; but, on the other hand, we fear the severe distress amongst the agricultural districts, will be severely felt in every branch of business this summer, and counterbalance any improvement which arises from demands from external markets. It will be sufficient, if the general trade of the country maintain itself to its present amount, till the pressure upon the agricultural districts are in some degree removed, when we may anticipate a regular trade, and adequate profits. The attention of the Legislature is drawn to all these subjects, and in the agitation of these questions, it will ultimately be found, that there is no other remedy but patience, prudence, and economy, and new markets for the industry, skill, and capital, of this country. There are many of these yet in the world, providing they are only sought out in an earnest and judicious manner. We confidently anticipate the discovery of such at an early period, and to an extent which will give full scope for the mercantile capital and credit of this country.

The peace of the country remains undisturbed; and since juries have shewn that they dare do their duty, and the laws have proven that they are not always to be violated with impunity, the votaries of sedition, and the emissaries of treason, have shrunk back from public gaze, and we hope the firmness, and determination of the sound part of this nation, will compel them to renounce their guilty schemes, and hide their heads for ever. It is this will give the greatest stability to trade, and security to property and industry.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 24th May 1820.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	24th.
Bank stock,	226 5½	226½ 6	226½	226 5½
3 per cent. reduced,	68¾ ⅝	69 ⅛	69 ⅛	68⅝ ⅜
3 per cent. consols	69½ ⅜	70 69⅝	69⅞ 70	69⅜ ⅛
3½ per cent. consols	74¼	77½ ⅜	77¾ ⅝	77¼ 7
4 per cent. consols,	86⅞ ⅜	86⅞ 7	87 ¼	86¼ 6
5 per cent. navy ann.	105¾ ¼	106 5⅞	106⅜ ⅝	105½ 4⅞
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	——	67½	——	——
India stock,	——	——	220	——
—— bonds,	20 21 pr.	22 23 pr.	21 22 pr.	21 20 pr.
Exchequer bills, 2½d.	3 5 pr.	3 5 pr.	2 4 pr.	3 5 pr.
Consols for acc.	69¾	70⅛	70	69⅜
American 3 per cents.	66½	66½	67	——
French 5 per cents.	73 fr. 50 cr.	74 fr. 35 cr.	74 fr. 10 cr.	——

Course of Exchange, June 9.—Amsterdam, 12 : 4. Antwerp, 12 : 7. Hamburgh, 37 : 0. Frankfort on the Maine, 155. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Bourdeaux, 26 : 0. Madrid, 34½. Cadiz, 34½. Lisbon, 50¼. Oporto, 50¾. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 44. Malta, 45. Naples, 38¾. Rio Janeiro, 55. Dublin, 8¼ per cent. Cork, 9.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½. New doubloons, £3 : 14. New dollars, 4s. 10½d. Silver, in bars, stand 5s. 0½d.

PRICES CURRENT.—*June* 3.—*London, June* 2, 1820.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Muse.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60 to 65	58 to 64	56 to 60	60 to 62
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76 86	64 80	61 71	64 72
Fine and very fine, . .	84 96	— —	78 84	76 84
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . .	108 112	— —	— —	92 101
Single ditto, . .	105 112	— —	100 105	— —
Small Lumps . .	94 98	— —	98 102	— —
Large ditto, . .	92 96	— —	90 98	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	47 60	— —	48 50	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30 31	30 30 6	30 —	26 —
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	98 110	— —	108 120	86 118
Mid. good, and fine mid.	112 122	— —	120 132	120 142
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	85 196	— —	92 110	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	102 12	— —	112 122	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	112 117	— —	124 133	— —
St Domingo,	95 105	— —	110 114	— —
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	7 8	8 —	8 9	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 3d 3s 6d	2s 10d 3s 0d	2s 9d 2s 10d	2s 6d 4s 0d
Brandy, . . .	4 0 4 6	— —	— —	2 11 4 0
Geneva, . . .	2 9d 3 0	— —	— —	2 2 2 4
Grain Whisky, . .	6 9 7 0	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	— —	— —	£35 65
Portugal Red, pipe.	38 54	— —	— —	50 54
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, . . .	60 70	— —	— —	35s 45s
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£7 0 —	5 10 5 15	6 0 6 5	£6 5 £6 10
Honduras, . .	8 0 —	5 15 6 0	6 10 7 0	6 5 6 15
Campeachy, . . .	8 0 —	6 10 7 0	7 0 7 10	— —
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	7 0 —	7 10 8 0	7 0 —	8 0 9 0
Cuba, . . .	9 0 11 0	9 10 10 0	8 10 9 0	10s 3d 10s 6d
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	7 6 8 6	9s 0d 10s 0d	10 0 10 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 7 1 11	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, . .	3 2 3 6	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 0 0 0	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	1 2 1 8	1 0 1 4	1s 1d 1s 2d
St Domingo, ditto . .	— —	1 4 3 0	1 3 1 9	— —
TAR, American, . brl.	20 —	— —	17 —	21 0 —
Archangel, . .	22 23	— —	— —	22 0 —
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	8 6 10 6
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	64 —	64 66	60 —	— —
Home Melted, . .	64 —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	50 52	— —	— —	£46 —
Petersburgh Clean, .	44 45	— —	45 —	41 10 —
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	— —	— —	— —	63s 65s
Dutch, ...	58 100	— —	— —	70 80
Irish, ...	45 52	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	75 80	— —	— —	£4 5 —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 10 —	— —	— —	— —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	34 35	— —	— —	— —
Montreal ditto, . .	41 46	38 40	38 —	43 —
Pot, . .	38 4	36 38	34 35	37 40
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	32 33	33 34	— —	£32 £95
Cod, . . .	34 (p. brl.)—	30 31	— —	28 —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	8 8½	9 9½	0 6½ 0 8	7d 9d
Middling, . . .	6¾ 7¼	7 8	0 4 0 6	— —
Inferior, . . .	6 6½	4 5	0 3½ 0 3¾	— —
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 0 1 1	0 11½ 1 1	1 0 1 0¾
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	2 2 2 4	2 0¾ 2 1	1 7 1 2
Good, . .	— —	2 0 2 1	1 6 1 9	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 9 1 11	1 6 1 9	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 3 1 5	1 1 1 5	1 2 1 5
West India, . .	— —	1 0 1 1	1 0 1 0½	0 11 1 1
Pernambuco, . .	— —	1 4½ 1 6	1 3¾ 1 4½	1 4 1 5
Maranham, . .	— —	1 4 1 5	1 2¾ 1 3¾	1 3 1 4

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 23d April and 23d May, 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abell, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer
Armitage, J. Shad Thames, carrier
Anderson, W. Bridgetown, Berry Pomeroy, Devon, brush-maker
Arnold, M. Flemish-street, St Catherine's, victualler
Baines, E. Leicester, tailor
Barrow, J. Mould Green, Kirkeaton, Yorkshire, clothier
Bartholomew, R. Basildon, Berks, farmer
Beck, J. Sweeting's-alley, Cornhill, watch-maker
Beckett, H. Birmingham, victualler
Benson, T. Sheffield Moor, Sheffield, grocer
Billinge, H. Liverpool, stationer
Brewer, S. New Brentford, Middlesex, grocer
Broughton, J. Linthwaite, Yorkshire, cloth merchant
Brumfit, T. Leeds, worsted-spinner
Carr, J. Wortley, Leeds; and D. R. Tetley, merchants
Chapman, W. Gravesend, provision-merchant
Chidley, R. Sparrow Corner, Minories, cheesemonger
Claridge, R. Oddington, Gloucestershire, farmer
Coldwell, T. S. Norwich, coach-master
Collins, J. E. Wood-street, Cheapside, cloth-factor
Coney, R. Strand, plumber
Cramp, S. Vine-street, Westminster, corn-dealer
Creasy, T. Chelmsford, draper
Danvers, T. & J. Cooper's-row, Tower-hill, merchant
Edwards, L. O. Minories, master-mariner
Featherstone, J. Lose-moor, St. Martin, Worcester, victualler
Fitzgerald, J. Vine-street, Narrow-wall, Lambeth, timber-merchant
Fletcher, W. Wolverhampton, ironmonger
Freeborn, R. H. Stratford-on-Avon, saddler
Fry, R. Leicester-square, linen-draper
Garbutt, T. Manchester, woollen-cord-manufacturer
Gardner, J. Birmingham, victualler
George, S. Narberth, Pembroke, linen-draper
Glynn, H. Liverpool, merchant
Gore, E. Nettlebed, Oxford, innkeeper
Gower, R. St Austell, Cornwall, linen-draper
Green, W. Liverpool, money-scrivener
Hadley, G. Greenwich, draper
Hardy, Joseph, and T. W. H. and J. H. Birmingham, merchants
Harris, C. Bradford, Wilts, tanner
Harvey, C. S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, brush-manufacturer
Hay, H. & T. A. Turner, Newcastle-street, Strand, printers
Hayles, C. & J. N. Portsmouth, grocers
Hobbs, J. Titchfield, Southampton, draper
Hollis, L. Birmingham, victualler
Holmes, R. & T. F. Cane, Northampton, grocers
Hutchins, F. Gloucester, cheese-factor
Jackson, S. Romsey, Southampton, bookseller
Jones, H. Holywell, Flintshire, draper
Jones, T. Shrewsbury, Salop, dealer
Kay, R. Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
Leeds, H. W. Wilderness-row, Goswell-street, jeweller
Leverett, J. East, Dereham, Norfolk, innkeeper
Lipscombe, W. Exeter, grocer
Lodge, H. R. Cloak-lane, factor
Longhurst, J. Egham Hythe, Surrey, carpenter
Lowe, J. Bowdon Edge, Derbyshire
Masius, W. Mincing-lane, broker
Milner, J. Cambridge
Minot, S. Philpot-lane, merchant
Monkhouse, M. Bedwelty, Monmouthshire, apothecary
Moore, T. Lullington, Derbyshire
Muchall, R. B. Birmingham, merchant
Murgatroyd, J. Idle, Yorkshire, grocer, and B. Murgatroyd, Bradford, grocer
Neville, R. Colchester, Essex
New, E. Bristol, banker
Newell, S. Horsham, Walton, Surrey, baker
Newton, H. Boss-alley, Horsleydown, victualler
Nowill, J. Cheapside, stationer
Oglethorpe, J. Liverpool, porter-merchant
Palin, T. Hanley, Staffordshire, butcher
Parkes, I. Oldbury, Salop, victualler
Parkinson, R. Liverpool, cabinet-maker
Parrish, T. Brettell-lane, Kingswinford, Staffordshire, glass-cutter
Phillips, G. Manchester, plumber
Power, T. Brewster-street, Somers Town, tailor
Price. T. Rodborough, Gloucestershire, civil-engineer
Pugh, G. Sheerness, Kent, linen-draper
Pugh, A. Lancaster, dealer
Pulleyn, W. Leadenhall-street, goldsmith
Roach, J. Russel-court, Drury-lane, bookseller
Rodman, R. Bristol, victualler
Searle, L. Weybridge, Surrey, baker
Silver, J. & J. S. and A. Boyson, Size-lane, merchants
Smith, S. Bruntcliffe Thorne, Yorkshire, clothier
Stephens, E. Aintree, Lancashire, sail-maker
Stevenson, W. Sheffield, Yorkshire, grocer
Stone, A. Manchester, merchant
Stonhill, W. Stewkley, Buckinghamshire, butcher
Studd, J. L. Kirby-street, Hatton-garden, merchant
Swindells, J. Romiley, Cheshire
Taylor, J. Leominster, Herefordshire, skinner
Varley, J. Great Titchfield-street, print-seller
Wall, W. Weedon Beck, Northamptonshire, smith
Ward, J. & J. Robinson, Mill Wall, Middlesex, millers
Warren, J. Stoke-under-Hamdon, Somersetshire
Watkins, T. Ross, Herefordshire, grocer
Webb, S. Prince's-square, St George's in the East, merchant
Welch, J. Ainsworth, Lancashire, cotton-cloth manufacturer
Whitehead, H. Calverley, Yorkshire, drysalter
Wild, J. Whittle, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner
Williams, J. Birmingham, japanner
Wood, W. Wimpole-street, wax and tallow-chandler
Wright, J. H. High Holborn, dealer in curiosities

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 31st May 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Adam Alexander, Falkirk, tanner
Amory, John, Denny, distiller
Brown, Robert, jun. Glasgow, merchant
Connell, James, Glasgow and Montreal, merchant
Craig, Andrew, Glasgow, shoe and leather merchant
Hood, J. & J. Glasgow, coopers and fish-curers
Isbister, Adam, Stromness, merchant
Mair, H. & Co. Glasgow, provision warehousemen
Morton, Thos. Portobello, merchant
Munro, John, Glasgow, brickmaster
Scott, Robert, & Co. Glasgow, merchants

DIVIDENDS.

Jameson, Chas. & Sons, Inverness, merchants—a dividend 1st June
M'Kerrell, William, Paisley, the late cotton-spinners—a dividend 20th June
Parker, Matthew, Dunfermline, late hardware merchant—a dividend 12th June
Thomson, Andrew, Glasgow, merchant—a dividend 26th May

EDINBURGH.—June 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....40s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 6d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.
2d,.....37s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 6d.	2d,.....19s. 6d.
3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 6d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 17 : 0 1-12th.

Tuesday, June 6.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	1s. 3d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 7d. to 0s. 9d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.	Tallow, per stone	9s. 0d. to 9s. 6d.
Lamb, per quarter	4s. 0d. to 5s. 0d.	Hides,	6s. 0d. to 7s. 0d.
Quartern Loaf	0s. 10d. to 0s. 11d.	Calf Skins, per lb.	0s. 7d. to 0s. 8d.

HADDINGTON.—JUNE 9.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....39s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 6d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 6d.
2d,.....37s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d,.....35s. 0d.	3d, ...21s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 16 : 9 : 2-12ths.

London, Corn Exchange, June 5.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red	60 to 65		White pease	42 to 44	
Fine ditto	66 to 68		Boilers	46 to 50	
Superfine ditto	70 to 74		Small Beans	43 to 45	
White	60 to 66		Tick	36 to 39	
Fine ditto	68 to 73		Foreign	35 to 37	
Superfine do.	76 to 80		Feed Oats	20 to 24	
Brank, new	32 to 38		Fine do.	25 to 26	
Rye	38 to 40		Poland do	23 to 26	
Fine do.	41 to 43		Fine do.	28 to 30	
Barley	28 to 32		Potato do.	26 to 28	
Fine do.	34 to 36		Fine do.	29 to 32	
Superfine	38 to 40		Flour, p. sack	60 to 65	
Malt,	50 to 60		Seconds	55 to 60	
Fine do.	65 to 70		North Country	55 to 60	
Hog Pease	39 to 42		Pollard, per qr.	20 to 28	
Maple	43 to 45		Bran	12 to 15	

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown,	12 to 15		Hempseed	48 to 56	
—White	14 to 15		Linseed crush.	56 to 63	
Tares	8 to 9		New for. Seed	70 to 76	
Turnip, White	17 to 20		Ribgrass	18 to 44	
—New	0 to 0		Clover, Red	42 to 74	
—Yellow	20 to 24		—White	50 to 106	
Caraway, new	60 to 65		Coriander	16 to 20	
Canary, new	84 to 88		Trefoil,	30 to 72	

New Rapeseed, £38 to £40.

Liverpool, June 6.

	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.			Pease, grey	36 0	to 40 0
Eng. new	10 4	to 11 0	—White	48 0	to 56 0
American	9 3	to 10 0	Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	47 0	to 48 0
Dantzic	10 0	to 10 9	Irish	44 0	to 47 0
Dutch Red	9 6	to 10 0	Ameri. p. 196 lb.		
Riga	8 6	to 9 6	Sweet, U S.	38 0	to 40 0
Archangel	8 6	to 9 6	Do. in bond	26 0	to 28 0
Canada	9 3	to 9 9	Sour do.	34 0	to 36 0
Scotch	10 0	to 10 6	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
Irish, new	9 9	to 9 10	English	33 0	to 35 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.			Scotch	29 0	to 32 0
Eng. grind.	5 3	to 5 9	Irish	26 0	to 32 0
—Malting	0 0	to 0 0	Bran, p. 24 lbs.	1 3	to 1 6
Scotch	4 10	to 5 4			
Irish	4 0	to 4 6	*Butter, Beef, &c.*		
Oats, per 45 lb.			Butter, per cwt.	s.	s.
Eng. pota.	3 6	to 3 9	Belfast	87 to	88
Irish do.	3 3	to 3 7	Newry	84 to	86
Scotch do.	3 8	to 3 9	Waterford	94 to	95
Rye, per qr.	38 0	to 40 0	Cork, pick. 2d	93 to	94
Malt per b.			3d dry	65 to	66
—Fine	9 6	to 10 0	Beef, p. tierce	110 to	120
—Middling	7 6	to 8 0	Tongu. p. firk.	75 to	80
Beans, pr qr.			Pork, p. brl.	70 to	80
English	46 0	to 50 0	Bacon, per cwt.		
Irish.	42 0	to 44 0	—Short middles	57 to	58
Rapeseed, p. l.	£36 to £38		Hams, dry	55 to	58

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 20th May, 1820.

Wheat, 70s. 2d.—Rye, 42s. 10d.—Barley, 36s. 11d.—Oats, 26s. 0d.—Beans, 44s. 5d.—Pease, 6s. 6d.
Oatmeal, 25s. 6d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th May 1820.

Wheat, 66s. 8d.—Rye, 38s. 6d.—Barley, 30s. 7d.—Oats, 24s. 2d.—Beans, 36s. 4d.—Pease, 34s. 7d.
Oatmeal, 19s. 5d.—Beer or Big, 26s. 9d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

DURING the first five days of May the weather continued much the same as it had been towards the end of April. The temperature rather declined, and the hygrometer indicated a very dry atmosphere. On the 6th it became showery, and the rest of the month was exceedingly wet, there being only seven dry days out of 26. The mean temperature is a degree lower than that of the corresponding month last year, and the quantity of rain is greater than any one month during the last nine years. The mean of the daily extremes coincides exactly with the mean temperature of 10 morning and evening. On the 10th, 16th, and 17th, there was a good deal of thunder, accompanied with heavy rain; but on none of these days did the temperature exceed 60. Altogether, the month furnishes another remarkable instance of the changeable nature of our climate, and a proof how little can be predicted with certainty respecting the state of the weather. It has been said, that long continued droughts generally begin in March or April, and at one time there was every appearance of the present being a dry season. It is now probable, however, that the quantity of rain will at least amount to the general average, as nearly one-fourth of that quantity has fallen in the course of the month of May. At present too, there is every reason to fear, that there will be a considerable reduction in the mean temperature of the Summer months, as compared with those of 1818 and 1819.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

May 1820.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	55.6
.....cold,	43.3
..... temperature, 10 A.M.	51.5
..... 10 P.M.	47.3
..... of daily extremes,	49.4
..... 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	49.4
..... 4 daily observations,	49.4
Whole range of thermometer,	379.5
Mean daily ditto,	12.3
..... temperature of spring water,	48.1
BAROMETER.	**Inches.**
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 55)	29.601
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 55)	29.584
..... both, (temp. of mer. 55)	29.592
Whole range of barometer,	4.850
Mean ditto, during the day,	.083
..... night,	.073
..... in 24 hours,	.156
HYGROMETER.	**Degrees.**
Rain in inches,	5.447
Evaporation in ditto,	2.040
Mean daily Evaporation,	.066
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	20.9
..... 10 P. M.	12.0
..... both,	16.4
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	41.4
..... 10 P.M.	41.0
..... both,	41.2
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	74.0
..... 10 P. M.	82.1
..... both,	78.0
.....Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	.190
..... 10 P.M.	.186
..... both,	.188

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Maximum, 22d day	66.0
Minimum, 2d	30.5
Lowest maximum, 2d	45.0
Highest minimum, 21st	50.0
Highest, 10 A.M. 23d	63.0
Lowest ditto, 2d,	43.5
Highest, 10 P.M. 22d,	57.5
Lowest ditto 2d,	37.5
Greatest range in 24 hours, 22d	18.0
Least ditto, 14th	5.5
BAROMETER.	**Inches.**
Highest, 10 A. M. 1st,	30.245
Lowest ditto, 31st,	29.020
Highest, 10 P. M. 1st,	30.220
Lowest ditto, 31st	28.980
Greatest range in 24 hours, 19th	.420
Least ditto, 15th	.010
HYGROMETER.	**Degrees.**
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 4th,	37.0
..... Lowest ditto, 29th,	1.0
..... Highest, 10 P.M. 22d,	28.0
..... Lowest ditto, 8th,	2.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M. 23d	53.0
..... Lowest ditto, 4th	18.0
..... Highest 10 P.M. 24th,	49.0
..... Lowest ditto, 1st,	22.0
.....Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M. 29th	98.0
..... Least ditto, 4th	41.0
..... Greatest, 10 P.M. 8th	97.0
..... Least ditto, 1st	49.0
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M. 23d	.269
..... Least ditto 4th	.083
..... Greatest, 10 P.M. 24th	.239
..... Least ditto, 1st	.096

Fair days 10; rainy days 21. Wind West of meridian, 8; East of meridian, 23.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
May 1	M.31	30.104	M.30	N.W.	Frost morn.
	E. 45	.160	E. 50		mild day.
2	M.34	29.955	M.50	E.	Dull foren.
	E. 44	.955	E. 45		rain aftern.
3	M.30½	.929	M.50	E.	Dull and
	E. 41	.868	E. 44		cold day.
4	M.31½	.780	M.48	E.	Fair, cold
	E. 42	.732	E. 48		afternoon.
5	M.32	.645	M.50	W.	Dull and
	E. 46	.698	E. 49		cold.
6	M.39½	.456	M.51	E.	Dull foren.
	E. 48	.288	E. 48		rain aftern.
7	M.39	.336	M.50	E.	Dull, with
	E. 46	.450	E. 46		showers.
8	M.37	.457	M.45	E.	Showery
	E. 41	.255	E. 46		day.
9	M.39	.232	M.51	S.W.	Dull, slight
	E. 49	.327	E. 54		showers.
10	M.39½	.337	M.54	S.W.	Dull, thund.
	E. 54	.256	E. 55		hail aftern.
11	M.41½	.304	M.57	S.W.	Rain foren.
	E. 53	.415	E. 57		fair aftern.
12	M.43	.547	M.59	W.	Dull with
	E. 55	.665	E. 58		Showers.
13	M.40½	.604	M.59	Cble.	Ditto.
	E. 52	.604	E. 55		
14	M.40½	.576	M.53	E.	Dull and
	E. 47	.501	E. 53		foggy.
15	M.40	.442	M.54	E.	Mild, rain,
	E. 44	.420	E. 52		thunder.
16	M.39	.424	M.56	E.	Dull fore.
	E. 53	.408	E. 57		thun. aftern.
May 17	M.39½	29.586	M.58	Cble.	Rain, with
	E. 53	.328	E. 56		thunder.
18	M.36½	.260	M.58	E.	Mild fore.
	E. 54	28.999	E. 51		rain after.
19	M.38	29.191	M.56	S.W	Fair day,
	E. 52	.289	E. 54		rain night.
20	M.46½	.535	M.55	W.	Fair.
	E. 50	.844	E. 56		
21	M.46½	.856	M.59	S.W.	Fair.
	E. 56	.789	E. 58		
22	M.48	.755	M.58	S.W.	Dull, but
	E. 54	.776	E. 56		fair.
23	M.48	.788	M.64	E.	Fair.
	E. 58	.653	E. 62		
24	M.41	.560	M.59	Cble.	Rain and
	E. 50	.432	E. 60		thunder.
25	M.44½	.328	M.59	Cble.	Mild fore.
	E. 53	.108	E. 55		rain after.
26	M.40½	.268	M.56	Cble.	Chble.
	E. 51	.294	E. 56		
27	M.43	.296	M.58	Cble.	Ditto.
	E. 54	.207	E. 54		
28	M.40	.152	M.59	Cble.	Dull and
	E. 57	28.998	E. 57		showery.
29	M.41	.915	M.54	E.	Ditto.
	E. 48	.827	E. 54		
30	M.40	.868	M.54	E.	Rain fore.
	E. 49	.920	E. 54		fair after.
31	M.41	.904	M.54	Cble.	Fair foren.
	E. 52	.855	E. 55		rain after.

Rain, 4.195 in.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

MILITARY.

Brev. Maj. Ross, from 91 F. to be Maj. Port. Serv. 25th Oct. 1814
Brevet Maj. Ross, to be Lieut. Col. by Brevet 4th Sept. 1817
Capt. Alms, Roy. Art. Major by Brevet 12th Aug. 1819
—— Addison, 80 F. Major by Brevet do.
—— M'Gregor, 63 F. Maj. by Brev. do.
R.H.G. T. Pigott, Cornet by purch. vice Long, ret. 20th April
Lieut. Fitzroy, Capt. by purch. vice Shaw, ret. 27 do.
Cornet Harrison, Lieut. by purch. do.
E. T. Drake, Cornet by purch. do.
Lieut. Boates, Capt. by purch. vice Taylor ret. 4th May
Cornet Lambert, Lieut. by purch. do.
T. W. Gordon, Cornet by purch. do.
5 Dr. G. Lieut. Byrom, Capt. by purch. vice Bradshaw, ret. 27th April
Cornet Gardiner, Lieut. by purch. do.
Sir W. Clark, Bt. Cornet by purch. do.
10 Dr C. J. Brandling, Cornet by purch. vice Lord Cecil, prom. 11 Dr. 20 do.
11 J. Kirke, Cornet by purch. vice Stewart, prom. 27 do.
12 Lieut. Micklethwaite, Adjut. vice Griffith, res. Adjut. only 20 do.
14 Lieut. Ward, Capt. by purch. vice Anderson, ret. do.
Cornet Sober, Lieut. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet, J. W. S. Smith, from R. M. Coll. Cornet by purch. do.
Lieut. Hon. C. Petre, Capt. by purch. vice Dowson, ret. 3d May
Cornet Gage, Lieut. by purch. 4 do.
T. D. B. Burroughs, Cornet by purch. do.
18 G. A. Stewart, Cornet by purch. 11 do.
21 Lieut. Kent, Capt. vice Lecky, dead 29th Sept. 1819
Reg. Serj. Maj. J. Dixon, Adj. and Cornet, vice Williams, 59 F. 13th Oct.
22 Cornet Parlby, Lieut. vice Rogers, dead 3 do.
C. J. Bergner, Cornet by purch. vice Berners, ret. 20th April 1820
8 F 2d Lieut. Drury, from Rifle Brig. Adj. and Lieut. vice Price, res. Adj. only do.
Lieut. Spratt, from 30 F. Lieut. vice Price, h. p. 19 F. 27th do.
15 Hon. G. A. Browne, Ensign by purch. vice Cooke, ret. do.
16 Capt. Broomfield, Major by purch. vice Thomas, ret. 20 do.
Lieut. Thurlow, Capt. by purch. do.
Ensign M'Manus, Lieut. by purch. do.
R. Colquhoun, Ensign by purch. do.
Lieut. Skinner, Adj. vice Thurlow, prom. do.
21 Lieut. Carr, Capt. vice Moray, dead 27 do.
2d Lieut. Lonsdale, 1st Lieut. do.
G. O. King, 2d Lieut. do.
26 Lieut. Johnstone, Capt. by purch. vice Farquharson, prom. 20 do.
Ensign Pratt, Lieut. by purch. do.
W. Sitwell, Ensign by purch. do.
30 Lieut. Davis, from h. p. 19 F. Lieut. vice Spratt, 8 F. 27 do.
36 Ensign Cocker, Lieut. by purch. vice Moody, prom. do.
G. Graham, Ensign by purch. do.
43 C. M. Hay, Ensign by purch. 20 do.
54 Assist. Surg. Hamilton, from 72 F. Surg. vice Redmond, dead 27th Jan.
57 Lieut. Price, Capt. vice Baxter. 3 Vet. Bn. 27th April
Ensign Bourchier to be Lieut. do.
B. Daveney, Ensign do.
58 Ensign Stewart, Lieut. vice Shea, dead 4th May
G. Stirling, Ensign do.
59 Lieut. Mayne, Capt. vice Mandeville, dead 2d Oct. 1819
Ensign Griffiths, Lieut do.
W. Douglas, Ensign do.
60 Ensign Sweeny, from h. p. 95 F. Ensign vice Weyranch, 1 Veteran Batn. 11th May 1820
67 Ensign M'Pherson, Lieut. vice Greene, dead 1st Sept. 1819
P. Brannan, Ensign do.
72 Hosp. Assist. R. Knox, M. D. Assist. Surg. vice Hamilton, prom. 54 F. 20th April 1820
84 M. Gen. Sir G. T. Walker, G.C.B. from Rifle Brig. Colonel, vice Gen. Bernard, dead 13th May
Ensign Wyse, Lieut. vice Statham, dead 27th April
Hon. F. Forbes, Ensign do.
Lieut. Worth, Adjut. vice Tucker, res. Adjut. only do.
90 Lieut. Munro, from 4 Vet. Bn. Lieut. vice Marsh, 5 Vet. Bn. 11th May
91 Lieut. Stewart, Capt. vice Ross, prom. 27th April
Ensign Paton, Lieut. do.
G. W. M. Lovett, Ensign do.
R. Br. M. Gen. Sir Edward Barnes, K.C.B. Colonel, vice Walker, 84 F. 13th May
Gent. Cadet Hon. J. Amherst, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. by purch. vice Drury, 8 F. 4th do.
2 W.I.R. Lieut. Ricketts, Capt. vice Appleton. 8 R. Vet. Bn. 20th April
Lieut. Laing, from h. p. Adjut. and Lieut. 11th May

Ordnance Department.

R. Art. Lieut. Gen. Willington, Col. Comm. vice Walker, dead 15th March 1820
Brev. Col. Harris, Colonel 21st April
Lieut. Col. Williamson, from h. p. Lieut. Col. do.
2d Capt. Oldham, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Rollo, h. p. 13th do.
—— Down, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice Newland, h. p. 20th do.
—— Belson, from h. p. 2d Capt. vice W. C. Smith, h. p. do.
1st Lieut. Chapman, from h. p. 2d Capt. 21st do.
—— Wright, from h. p. 2d Capt. 22d do.
2d Capt. Romer, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.
1st Lieut. Pickard, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Shaw, h. p. do.
2d Lieut. Goode, from h. p. 1st Lieut. 21st do.
1st Lieut. Greenwood, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
—— Morgan, from h. p. 1st Lieut. 22 do.
2d Lieut. Gostling, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
—— Knowles, from h. p. 2d Lieut. 21 do.
—— Poole, from h. p. 2d Lieut. 22d do.

Medical Department.

Assist. Surg. Dix, from h. p. Assist. Surg. 10th March 1820
—— Dempster, from h. p. Assist. Surg. do.
Hosp. Mate J. F. Pink, Assist. Surg. vice Ludlow, dead 27th April
Hosp. Assist. Orr, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Knox, 72 F. 20th do.

Barrack Department.

Capt. Leech, Barrack Master, Great Britain 14th Feb. 1820
Lieut. Benson, Barrack Master, Great Britain do.
—— Nicholl, Barrack Master, Great Britain do.

Chaplains Department.

Rev. W. C. Frith, from h. p. Chaplain to the Forces, vice Curtois, h. p.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt.-Col. Radclyffe, from 1 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay Cav. and full pay Inf. with Capt. Hoskyns, h. p. 97 F.
Capt. Groombridge, from 63 F. Bt. Major M'Gregor, h. p. 91 F.
——— Gregorie, from 13 Dr. Capt. Taylor, 22 Dr.
——— Latham, from 3 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Sutherland, h. p. Port. Serv.
——— Macdonald, from 12 F. rec. diff. Read, h. p.
——— Parr, from 45 F. with Capt. Moore, h. p. 4 F.
——— Bunworth, from 88 F. rec. diff. Goldie, h. p. 22 Dr.
——— Hunter, from 3 Dr. rec. diff. Greville, h. p. 25 Dr.
——— Fowke, from 14 Dr. rec. diff. Barrett, h. p. 23 Dr.
——— Johnson, from 23 F. rec. diff. Sir W. Crosbie, h. p. 7 Dr.
——— Baker, from 30 F. with Capt. Mann, h. p. 57 F.
——— Pinckney, from 68 F. with Capt. Parker, h. p. York Chass.
Lieut. Chambers, from 11 Dr. with Lieut. Boys, 21 Dr.
——— Griffith, from 12 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Logan, h. p. 79 F.
——— Ryan, from 13 Dr. with Lieut. Bebb, 22 Dr.
——— Williams, from 21 Dr. with Lieut. Hogan, 59 F.
——— Pieters from 1 F. with Lieut. Scott, h. p.
——— King, from 7 F. rec. diff. Davies, h. p.
——— Ricketts, from 62 F. rec. diff. Singleton, h. p. 44 F.
——— Hodson, from 4 Dr. G. with Lieut. Makepeace, 54 F.
——— M'Duffie, from 18 Dr. rec. diff. Walker, h. p. 40 F.
——— Gale, from 10 Dr. with Lieut. Lord Cecil, 11 Dr.
——— Bradford, from 86 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dolman, h. p. 40 F.
——— Sinclair, from 92 F. rec. diff. Giffard h. p. 95 F.
——— Butterworth, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Shewell, h. p. 35 F.
Cornet Jones, from 2 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Cornet Smith, h. p. 1 Dr. G.
Ensign Home, from 41 F. with Ensign Butt, h. p. 100 F.
——— Kennett, from 41 F. with Ensign Brown, h. p. 4 W. I. R.
——— Mansell, from 92 F. with Ensign Deans, h. p. 79 F.
Assist. Surg. Cleland, from 1 Dr. with Assist. Surg. M'Clintock, h. p. 32 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Thomas, 16 F.
Capt. Anderson, 14 Dr.
——— Taylor, R. Horse G.
——— Shawe, R. Horse G.
Lieut. Cradock, 43 F.
——— Bradshaw, 5 Dr. G.
Cornets Long, R. Horse G.
——— Berners, 22 Dr.
——— Akers, 18 Dr.
Ensign Cooke, 15 F.

Deaths.

General Bernard, 84 F. 8 May 1820
Major General Sir Haylett Framingham, Roy. Art. Cheltenham, 10 May 1820
Vicars
Colonel M'Bean, 19 F. Ceylon, 5 Nov. 1819
——— W. E. Wyatt, h. p. 23 F.
Lieut. Col. Worsley, 34 F. Captain of Yarmouth Castle, Newport, Isle of Wight, 13 May 1820
Major Blanckley, 13 Dr. Arcot, Madras 2 Nov. 1819
——— Molesworth, killed in action in the expedition to the Persian Gulph.
Capt. George Maclean, h. p. 97 F. at Tunbridge Wells, 28 April 1820
——— Leschen, h. p. 3 Line Ger. Leg. 19 Feb.
——— Lecky, 21 Dr.
——— Rafter, h. p. 60 F. whilst serving with the Insurgents in South America
——— Pardey, h. p. 56 F. Dublin April 1820
——— Scriven, R. Art. Dublin 16 do.
——— Bowers, 60 F.
——— Power, h. p. 9 F. 17 do.
——— Arch. Campbell, h. p. 56 F. 5 May
——— Barrett, h. p. 15 Huss. Jan.
Lieut. J. Duthy, 4 F. Tobago 8 March 1820
——— Beer, 4 F. Tobago 26 do.
——— T. P. Robinson, 4 F. Tobago 15 do.
——— Handcock, 13 Dr. Arcot, Madras 8 Nov. 1819
——— Bebb, 13 Dr. (late of 22 Dr.) Madras 24 do.
——— W. M'K Johnson, h. p. Cape Regt. and Town Major, Cape Town 27 Jan. 1820
——— Rutledge, h. p. 56 F. Razore, East Indies 29 Dec. 1818
——— Granger, 1 Vet. Bn. Chatham 11 Mar. 1820
——— Don. M'Donald, h. p. Bourbon Regt. whilst serving with the Insurgents in South America
Kempland, Qua. Mast. of Fermanagh Mil. 10 Dec. 1819
——— Westwater, 3 Gar. Bn. 23 April 1820
——— Hay, h. p. 3 Ceylon Reg. Ceylon 27 Dec. 1819
——— Shea, 58 F. Bahamas 3 Jan. 1820
——— Ruck, h. p. 4 W. I. R. Barbadoes, 31 Mar.
——— Orange, 46 F. on passage from India 1 April 1820
——— Stock, h. p. 8 F. 28 Oct. 1819
Ensign F. H. Clarke, 4 F. Tobago 23 Mar. 1820
——— Booth, h. p. Irish Fenc. 8 Sep. 1819
——— Fowles, 4 Vet. Bn. Isle of Arran 17 Ap. 1820
——— De Rottenburgh, 60 F. 29 Mar.
——— J. Hudson, h. p. 105 F. 14 do.
Assistant Surg. Dermott, 73 F. Trincomalee, 5 Oct. 1819
——— Simpson, 60 F. Annapolis, Nova Scotia 20 Mar. 1820
——— Lane, h. p. 75 F. 3 Jan.
Deputy Commis. Gen. Sam. Drewry, h. p. Brussels, 19th April 1820
Dep. Assist. Commiss. Gen. Marshall, Jamaica 18 Feb. 1820
——— Cooke, St Vincent 27 do.
Barrack Master Hinson, Bermuda 29 Jan. 1820
Chaplain M. Arnold, drowned at Stokes Bay off Gosport 18 May 1820
Rev. J. Grant, h. p. 97 F. 21 Jan. 1820

Promotions and Appointments too late to insert in their Respective Places.

5 Dr. Gds. Captain Stracey, from 25 F. to be Capt. vice Stewart, exch. 18 May 1820
2 Dr. ——— L. Mackenzie, from h. p. 92 F. Capt. vice Cathcart, exch. rec. diff. between Full-pay Troop, and Full-pay Company only do.
4 F. Serj. Maj. Kelly, Adj. and Ensign, vice Graham, res. Adj. only do.
25 Capt. Stewart, from 3 Dr. Gds. vice Capt. Stracey, exch. do.
60 Lieut. Muller, to be Capt. vice Bowers, dead do.
Ensign Bartlett, Lieut. do.
A. M. J. Durnford, Ensign do.
61 Qua. Mast. Clarke, from h. p. R. York Ra. Qua. Mast. vice Tyrrell, exch. do.
72 Ensign Rainsford, from h. p. 66 F. Ensign, vice Hurst, exch. do.
83 Surg. Tod, M. D. from h. p. 52 F. Surg. vice Punshon, exch. do.
2 W. I. R. Capt. Gell, from h. p. 95 F. Capt. vice M'Intyre, 2 Vet. Bn. do.

Medical Department.

Inspector Hume, from h. p. Inspector 27 April 1820

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 7, 1819. At Bombay, the Lady of the Hon. Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Colville, G.C.B. commander-in-chief there, a daughter.

April 10, 1820. At Musselburgh, Mrs William Cochran, a daughter.

15. At Paris, the Lady of Major-General John Murray, a daughter.

15. At Chatham, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Pasley, of the royal engineers, a daughter.

16. At Hamburgh, Mrs Alexander M'Laren, twin daughters.

18. At Teaninich, the Lady of Colonel Munro, a son.

19. At Ardmore, Islay, Mrs Macnicol, a daughter.

— At Rotterdam, Mrs Kay, a son.

20. At Hoefyser, near the Hague, the Lady of John Turin Ferrier, Esq. a son.

21. At Mormond House, Mrs Gordon of Cairnbulg, a son.

24. At Lisbon, Mrs James Graham, a daughter.

27. In Queen Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Ferrier of Belleside, a son.

— At Dumfries, the Lady of Alexander Harley, Esq. a daughter.

28. At Peebles, Mrs William Campbell, a daughter.

29. The Lady of Dr Fergusson, York Place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Bruntisland Castle, the Lady of Major-General Broughton of Rosend, a daughter.

— At Oldfield, Caithness, Mrs Henderson, younger of Sempster, a son.

— At Dundas Street, Edinburgh, Mrs C. B. Scott, a daughter.

30. Lady Elizabeth Campbell, a daughter.

May 1. At Bessell's Green, near Seven Oaks, Kent, the Lady of Sir Charles Dalrymple, a son.

— Mrs Renny, Castle-street, Edinburgh, a son.

2. At Dumfries, Mrs Taylor of Troqueer Holm, a daughter.

5. At West Anstruther, Mrs Conolly, a son.

— At Arndilly-house, the Lady of the Hon. William Fraser, a son and heir.

6. In Glocester-place, London, the Lady of John Forbes Mitchell, Esq. a son.

7. At Edinburgh, Mrs Fraser of Ford, jun. a daughter.

— At Milliken, the Lady of Sir William Milliken Napier, Bart. a son.

8. At Seaton-house, Aberdeenshire, Lady James Hay, a son.

— At Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, the Lady of Major Orr, a son.

9. At Liverpool, the Lady of Francis Maxwell, Esq. a daughter.

10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Craigie of Glendoul, twin sons.

18. At Edinburgh, the Lady of William Robertson, Esq. 75, Great King-street, a son.

19. At her father's house, near Edinburgh, the Lady of William Plomer, Esq. a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Joseph Macdowall, Rankeillor-street, a son.

— At Auchencruive, the Lady of Thomas Spencer Lindsay, Esq. of Holymount, a son.

20. At Edinburgh, Mrs M. N. Macdonald, a daughter.

21. At Alresford, the Lady of the Hon. Captain Robert Rodney, R. N. a son.

23. In St James's-square, London, the Lady of Sir W. Wynn, a son.

25. At Kilbagie, Mrs Stein, a daughter.

27. Mrs Turnbull, Dundas-street, Edinburgh, a son.

Lately, at London, the Viscountess Duncannon, a son.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 9, 1819. At Vellore, Lieut. Robert Young, Madras native infantry, to Mary, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Hazlewood, Hon. East India Company's service.

Nov. 3. At Bombay, James Norton, Esq. of the East India naval service, to the Hon. Eliza Bland Erskine, widow of the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Erskine.

13. At Calcutta, George Swinton, Esq. civil service, to Annie, eldest daughter of S. Swinton, Esq. senior member of the Board of Control of Customs, &c. Calcutta.

March 21, 1820. At Lanesborough, Lieutenant John Pennycuick, of the 78th Highlanders, to Sarah, third daughter of the Rev. James Farrell, vicar of Lanesborough, county of Longford.

April 14. At Inverness, Alexander Ross Suter, Esq. Sheriff-clerk of Ross-shire, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Captain John Forbes, of the 9th veterans; and on the same day, Captain John Barclay, of the 4th Bengal cavalry, to Helen, second daughter of Captain John Forbes.

20. At Edradynate, Patrick Small, younger of Dirnean, Esq. to Mary, daughter of James Stewart, late of Derculich, Esq.

— At Langharn, Carmarthenshire, Owen Evans Lewis, Esq. of Glanyrhyd, in that county, to Eliza, daughter of the late John Neale, Esq. Edinburgh.

— At Stockbridge, the Rev. James Robertson, minister, Clackmannan, to Janet, daughter of the late Rev. Matthew Murray, minister of North Berwick, East Lothian.

— At Clatto, Lieut.-Colonel Bethune of Blebo, to Miss Maria Low, fourth daughter of Robert Low, Esq. of Clatto.

24. At Edinburgh, Arthur Pollok, Esq. merchant, Grangemouth, to Miss Barbara, second daughter of David Thomson, Esq. W.S.

— At Doonholm, Ayrshire, William Macdonald, Esq. of Ballishore, to Miss Jane Blair, youngest daughter of the late Captain William Blair.

— At Jessfield, John Scotland, Esq. W. S. to Mary, daughter of the late Robert Burn, Esq.

25. At Aberlady, Charles Toshack, Esq. son of the Rev. Charles Toshack, South Shields, to Mary Hamilton, only daughter of Mr Francis Emslie, factor for the Earl of Wemyss and March.

— James M'Cook, Esq. W.S. to Anne, only daughter of the late Thomas Laing, Esq. and grand-daughter of the late Honourable George Home.

— Mr George Forsyth, builder, Newhaven, to Violet, daughter of Mr Candlish, grocer, Frederick-street.

26. At Stenton, Dr James Morison, physician, Dalkeith, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Forrest, Stenton.

— At the manse of Collessie, the Rev. William Herdman, minister of Rattray, to Miss Walker, daughter of the Rev. Andrew Walker, minister of Collessie.

— At the house of her brother-in-law, Liverpool, Archibald Maxwell, Esq. to Marion, second daughter of William Boyd, of March-hill, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Alexander Iranovitch, Sultan Katte Gherry Krim Gherry, to Anne, fourth daughter of James Nelson, Esq. of Mill Bank.

28. At Mr Forsyth's, farmer at Polton Mains, Mr John Young, grocer and poulterer, Edinburgh, to Isabella Forsyth, widow of Mr George Charles, Dalkeith.

May 2. At Edinburgh, Mr John Gall, coachmaker, to Miss Ann, third daughter of the late Mr William Kinnaird, chemist, Edinburgh.

10. At Dumfries, James Allan Dalzell, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's civil service, to Arentina, youngest daughter of the late John M'Murdo, Esq.

15. At London, Mr James M'Kay, of Edinburgh, surgeon, to Ann, daughter of Mr B. Hart, of Swansea, Glamorganshire.

— At Edinburgh, by the Rev. Thomas Gibson, Lochmaben, Alexander Manners, Esq. W. S. to Barbara, eldest daughter of Stewart Murray Fullarton, Esq. of Fullarton.

— At Glasgow, James King, Esq. of Kingsborough, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr Alexander Ferguson.

— At Leith, Mr Niel Dryburgh, to Agnes, second daughter of Richard Ged, Esq. Leith.

17. At Spott-house, Mr Wright, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Miss Barkas, of Spott-house.

19. At Torrington, in the county of Devon, Dr John Forbes, physician of Penzance, secretary to the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, to Eliza Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Burgh, Esq. of Calcutta, Bengal.

22. At Borrowstouness, Mr William Augustus

Hartley, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, to Lilias, eldest daughter of the late Andrew Tod, Esq.

DEATHS.

July 20, 1819. On board his Majesty's sloop Curlew, then lying in the Persian Gulph, Archibald Dalzel, Esq. assistant-surgeon of the Hon. East India Company's ship Ternatte.

Sept. 14. At Purnea, Bengal, Captain William Macpherson, of the 24th native infantry.

28. At Calcutta, Captain G. L. Browne, late in the H. C. R. service.

29. At Bombay, Hugh George Macklin, Esq. Advocate-general.

In October last, on his passage from Madras to the Cape, Captain Arrow, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

Oct. 14. At Madras, Mrs Macduff Cordiner, second daughter of the late Thomas Arbuthnot, Esq. of Kinmunday.

31. At Coringa, East Indies, Mr John Salter, aged 28.

Nov. 3. At Pondicherry, Mr John Paul Hugot, aged 25, eldest son of Mr Hugot, French Consul in Scotland.

7. Killed at Pisco, aged 28, Colonel James Nisbett Charles, late of the 11th regiment, and aid-de-camp to Sir Robert Wilson.

19. At Calcutta, Lieut. Peter Campbell, of the East India Company's service, third son of the late Alexander Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine.

25. At Calcutta, George, son of David Hill, Esq. civil secretary, Madras.

At Hydrabad, in December last, Arthur Connell, surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service, son of the late Rev. James Connell, minister of Sorn, Ayrshire.

Dec. 2. At Jaulnah, Lieut. John Lockhart, of the 2d Madras cavalry, eldest son of the deceased Major-Gen. William Lockhart.

3. At sea, Captain Samuel M'Cormick, of the 17th native infantry, Madras, eldest son of the late William M'Cormick, Esq. Edinburgh.

— Off Sangor Island, on his way from Cattuck to Calcutta, Robert Ker, Esq. late one of the judges of the Supreme Native Court at Calcutta, second son of the deceased William Ker, Esq. of Kerfield.

12. At Calcutta, Mr Edward Pond, in the Hon. East India Company's civil service.

25. At Mirzapore, after a few hours' illness, Lieut. Robert Robertson Bruce, 1st battalion 1st regiment Bengal native infantry.

Jan. 15, 1820. At Canton, Captain Robert Stair Dalrymple, son of the late Sir Hew Hamilton Dalrymple of North Berwick and Bargany, Bart.

Feb. 19. At Jamaica, William Mercer Scott, Esq. fourth son of the late Rev. James Scott, Auchterhouse.

March 7. At Kilclief, in the 66th year of his age, the Rev. Samuel Burdy, A.M. This gentleman is well known in the literary world as the biographer of Dr Skelton, and as the author of a History of Ireland. The former of these volumes has been thrice reprinted in London, and the latter is spoken of by the reviewers as a work of considerable merit. Mr Burdy was a man of great literary research. He was strongly attached to the established church, of which he was a zealous pastor. His manners were unassuming, and his heart devoid of guile. In the performance of his clerical duties, he was correct and exemplary; and in the various relations of life, his conduct evinced that he possessed the principles of an honest man, and the saving faith of a sound and orthodox christian.

20. At Norwich, in his 80th year, Mr Joseph Leonard Monsigney, by birth a Frenchman, and many years in the service of the unfortunate Louis XVI. holding the post of Private Secretary till the death of that Monarch.

— At Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia, Assistant-Surgeon C. A. Simpson, of the 60th light infantry.

April 2. Suddenly, at Lerwick, in the 84th year of his age, Thomas Bolt, Esq. of Cruister.

8. At Pau, in the south of France, the Right Hon. Thomas, Earl of Selkirk.

9. At Rairag, Lochalsh, Captain Patrick Grant, late of the 68th regiment.

13. At Airth Castle, Mrs Graham, widow of William Graham of Airth, Esq.

14. At Paris, Dame Helen Colt, relict of Sir David Rae of Eskgrove, Bart.

15. At Rome, Mr John Bell, of Edinburgh, surgeon.

— At Montrose, Miss Katherine Ogilvy, daughter of the late Sir William Ogilvy, Bart. of Barras.

16. At Bath, in his 88th year, Lieut.-Gen. Elliott, of the royal marines, a descendant of the family of Stobs Castle, Roxburghshire.

— At Meggerney Castle, John Menzies, son of Steuart Menzies, Esq. of Culdares.

— Major-General William Mudge, of the royal artillery, Lieutenant-governor of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, director of the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain, examiner at the Hon. East India Company's Military Seminary at Addiscombe, a commissioner of the Board of Longitude, a fellow of the Royal Antiquarian and Geological Societies, and a member of the Institute of Paris.

17. At Whitelaw, parish of Currie, Elizabeth Gibson, wife of Mr Davidson, farmer.

— At Monymusk-house, Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk, Bart.

18. At No 9, Graham-street, Edinburgh, Georgiana, aged 17, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Fraser, Libberton, Lanarkshire.

19. At James's Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Ainsley, daughter of the late Mr Henry Ainsley.

— In his 84th year, the Right Rev. Charles Arbuthnot, Lord Abbot of the Scots Monastery and College of St James's in Ratisbon. This venerable prelate was born in the parish of Longside, Aberdeenshire, from whence he was sent at an early age to the above seminary, of which, for considerably more than half a century, he was the brightest ornament and guardian. He was eminently distinguished for his classical knowledge, and accounted one of the best mathematicians in Germany, having repeatedly carried off the first prizes from the German universities, for solving mathematical problems. His uncommon sweetness of disposition, benevolence of heart, and elevation of soul, were strongly indicated by the manly openness of his fine countenance and the dignity of his appearance,—personal qualities which he retained unimpaired to the last. So high was this amiable man respected by the German princes, that when the diet of Ratisbon, at the instigation, or rather command of Bonaparte, had resolved to secularise the church lands of the empire, they made an express exception in favour of Abbot Arbuthnot, permitting him to enjoy the revenues of the establishment during his life. It may not be improper to add, that this monastery and college were founded about 1000 years ago, by one of those illustrious Scotchmen who had been attracted to the court of the Emperor Charlemagne, whose munificence to learned men has been so often extolled by historians.—"The Abbot's funeral," says our correspondent, "was solemnized with the greatest pomp, and attended by crowds of the German nobility, eager to pay this last mark of respect to the remains of a man so universally beloved and so deeply regretted."

20. At Edinburgh, Miss Isabella Stuart, daughter of the late John Stuart of Castleton, Esq. W.S.

21. At Edinburgh, Mr James Blair, merchant, Blair-street.

— At Edinburgh, aged 42, Mr George Stevens, jeweller, after a long illness.

— At her house, in Park-street, Mrs Ann Simpson, relict of Andrew Simpson, Esq. of Viewfield.

— At Workington Hall, Mrs Curwen, wife of J. C. Curwen, Esq. M. P. for the county of Cumberland, aged 55.

22. At his house, Gayfield-place, Edinburgh, Alexander Bonar, Esq. of Ratho, banker in Edinburgh.

— In George's-square, Edinburgh, Margaret, wife of Colonel Munro, and daughter of the late Reverend James Scott, Auchterhouse.

23. At Edinburgh, Anne Judith, infant daughter of W. C. Smith.

— At the manse of Cluny, the Rev. Alexander Mearns, minister of that parish.

— At Lopness, Orkney, Anne Strang, wife of William Strang, Esq.

—At his house on Blackheath, Peter Lawrie, Esq. of Ernespie, aged 58.

24. At Ballincrieff, near Haddington, Mr John Reid, farmer there.

25. At his house, No 21, James-street, Buckingham Gate, Patrick Colquhoun, Esq. LL.D. author of the Treatises on the Police of the Metropolis and the River Thames, and on the Wealth, Power, and Resources of the British Empire, aged 76.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John White, W.S.

— At Queensferry, Miss Mary Davidson, aged 86.

— At Solsgirth, James Tait, Esq. in his 85d year.

— At Jersey, Edward Morritt, Esq. late deputy paymaster-general to the forces in that island.

26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Isobel Gardner, wife of Richard Hotchkis, Esq. of Templehall, W. S.

24. At Edinburgh, Agnes, aged 13 months, youngest daughter; and on the 2d May, Margaret Taylor, aged eight years, eldest daughter; and on the 4th May, Susan, aged six years, second daughter of Mr Thomas Watson Shaw, Nelson Street.

28. At Tunbridge Wells, Captain George Allan Maclean, of the 97th regiment, fourth son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Maclean, Tower of London.

— In consequence of a fall from his horse, Sir John Trollope, Bart. D. C. L. of Casewick, near Stamford, Lincolnshire.

— At Sunbury, Colin Douglas of Mains, Esq.

— At Langley, Kent, her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Northumberland. She was third daughter of Peter Burrel of Beckenham, Esq. sister of Lord Gwydir, the Dowager Duchess of Hamilton (Marchioness of Exeter), and the Countess of Beverly. Married Hugh, the last Duke, in May 1779, by whom she had nine children, of whom four survive, viz. The present Duke of Northumberland, Algernon Lord Prudhoe, Lady Agnes, and Lady Emily, married to Lord James Murray, second son of the Duke of Atholl.

29. In the 60th year of his age, the Right Hon. William Vaughan, Earl of Lisburne. His Lordship dying unmarried, is succeeded in his title and estates by his half brother, the Honourable Colonel John Vaughan.

30. Mrs Eleanore Seymour Short, spouse of Duncan Stewart, Esq. Borrowstouness.

May 1. At Kirkaldy, John Ford, Esq.

— At Craigwood Cottage, Archibald Swinton Martin, second son of William Alexander Martin, Esq. W. S.

— At Edinburgh, James Shaw, youngest son of David Ramsay, Esq. W. S.

— At Glasgow, Miss Jean Campbell, daughter of the late Ronald Campbell, Esq. collector of the customs, Campbeltown.

— General Vigars, formerly of the life guards.

2. At Clova, John Harry, only son of Sir Harry Niven Lumsden of Auchindoir.

3. At Kirkaldy, John, only son of Mr Robert Russel, merchant there, aged five years and nine months.

— At Birdstone, James Morison, Esq. younger of Craigend.

4. At Edinburgh, Christian, infant daughter of John Tawse, Esq. advocate.

— At Hinckley, Leicestershire, Mary Ann, daughter of the late Sir Alexander Kinloch of Gilmerton, Bart.

5. At Fulneck, of an inflammation in his lungs, Master John Raitt, second son of the late John Raitt, Esq. of Carphin.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Taylor, wife of Mr Robert Paisley.

— At Edinburgh, Josephine, aged 15 months, daughter of Mr Thomas Hay, Clyde-street.

6. At Toward, Day Hort Macdowall, Esq. fourth son of the late James Macdowall, Esq. of Glasgow.

7. At Milnfield, Alexander M'Donnell, Esq. solicitor in Inverness.

— At his house here, Mr John Ross, writer in Edinburgh.

— At Graham-street, Edinburgh, Ann, aged 17, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Crighton of Skedsbush.

8. At his seat of Heton Lodge, near Leeds, Gen. George Barnard, colonel of his Majesty's 84th regiment.

— At Edinburgh, Robert, fifth son of the late Mr James Smith, merchant, Blair-street.

9. At Aberdeen, in the prime of life, Dr James Simpson.

— At Pennicuick, Mr John Niven, merchant, aged 78.

— At Linlithgow, Mrs Alexander Napier.

— At his house, Craigneston, John Ure, Esq. late merchant in Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Mair, in the 78th year of his age, and who, for nearly 40 years, was a clerk in the Friendly Insurance Office.

— At Covington Manse, the Rev. Bryce Little.

— Mr Archibald Park, collector of customs, Tobermory, Isle of Mull.

10. In Wimpole-street, London, Henry John, second son of the Hon. John Thornton Leslie Melville.

— At his house in George-square, Captain James Tod, late of the Hon. East India Company's naval service.

— At Cheltenham, in the 57th year of his age, Major-General Sir Haylett Framingham, Knight Commander of the Bath, and of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, colonel of the royal horse artillery, and commanding officer of the royal artillery in Ireland.

11. At his brother's house, Harefield-Park, Middlesex, Alexander Stewart, Esq. army agent, London, second son of Alexander Stewart, Esq. of Huntfield.

— At Rineton, the Rev. James Macdonald, Chaplain to the late 76th regiment of foot, son of the late James Macdonald, Esq. of Rineton.

12. At Auchtermairny, Fifeshire, Margaret Marianne Lundin, third daughter of the deceased Christopher Lundin, Esq. of Auchtermairny.

— At Brachead Manse, Mrs Somerville, widow of the late Samuel Sommerville of Aumpherlaw.

— At Inchgarth, near Forfar, Mrs Skinner, wife of the Rev. John Skinner.

13. Mr John Simpson, smith, Abbeyhill.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Sawers, bookseller.

— At Newport, Isle of Wight, Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Henry Worsley, senior Major of his Majesty's 34th regiment of infantry, Captain of Yarmouth Castle.

— At Hamburgh, Mrs May Cunningham, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Cunningham, Dirleton, and spouse of Alexander M'Laren, Esq. merchant, Hamburgh.

— George, the infant son of William Rennie, Esq. W.S.

— At Tobago-street, Miss Jean Hepburn.

— At Edinburgh, Deborah, second daughter of the late George Longmore, Esq. medical staff, Quebec.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Whyt, son of the late John Whyt, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica, and nephew of the late Bain Whyt, Esq. W.S.

15. At Airbless, Gavin Alston, Esq. W.S. aged 30.

— At Edinburgh, Mr W. Murray, late portermerchant, Cellars' Close, Edinburgh.

— At Merchiston-bank, near Edinburgh, Mr John Fletcher, aged 70.

16. Mr Alexander Stewart, farmer, Dunrobbin, Sutherlandshire.

17. At Dunkeld, Mrs Margaret M'Duff Cargill, wife of Mr John Leslie, writer there.

— At Sillwood Park, Sunninghill, Berkshire, Mary, the wife of George Simson, Esq. aged 48.

— At Lauriston, Miss Anne Erskine, eldest surviving daughter of the late John Erskine of Carnock, D.D. one of the ministers of Edinburgh.

19. At her house, Baxter's Place, Mrs Smith, widow of the late Mr Thomas Smith, merchant, Blair-street.

— At Livingston's Yards, after a few days' illness, Mr James Combe.

— At Dalkeith, Robert Thorburn, late tenant in Blinkbonie.

20. At Edinburgh, Margaret, second daughter of Mr Fairbairn, bookseller.

21. In Gower-street, Bedford-square, London, Alexander Hendras Sutherland, Esq. F.S.A.

23. At Pinkieburn, near Musselburgh, in the 78th year of his age, Alexander Lindsay, Esq. late physician in Dublin, and many years surgeon in the late Royal Irish Artillery.

— Margaret, infant daughter, of William Innes, W.S.

Lately, At Tobago, Lieut. Robinson, 4th foot, A.D.C. only son of Major-Gen. Sir F. P. Robinson, governor of that island.

At Port-Glasgow, Mr Hugh Richmond, one of the under clerks in the Custom-house of Port-Glasgow. His funeral was attended by a party of the volunteers. This young man's death is much regretted. He never recovered from the fatigue he underwent during the insurrection in Paisley, and from the bruises he received at Greenock, on the 8th of April.

At his house, in Sackville-street, London, aged upwards of 80 years, the celebrated Arthur Young, Esq. of Bradfield, near Bury, secretary to the Board of Agriculture.

At Paris, Count Volney, a member of the late Senate, a Peer of France, and member of the French Academy.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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[Oliver & Boyd, *Printers, Edinburgh.*]

The Testimonium,

A PRIZE POEM.

BY

JAMES SCOTT, Esquire,
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c.
&c. &c. &c. &c.
&c. &c. &c.
&c. &c.
&c.

Advertisement.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of Glasgow, having this year selected, as the subject of their Prize Poem, "Blackwood's Magazine,' the following composition, given in with the motto, "Palmam *qui meruit ferat*," was unanimously judged worthy of the Dargavel Medal. We are the more highly gratified by the compliments paid us in these beautiful verses, because they are now acknowledged as the production of our own excellent friend and valued correspondent, Dr Scott.

We have to return our best thanks for the honour the Society has done us, by permitting us to enrich our pages with this masterpiece of Western Genius.

C. N.

Ευφημειν χρη καξιστασθαι τοις ημετεροισι χορευσιν,
Ος τις απειρος τοιουδε λογων η γνωμης μη καθαρευει,
Η γενναιων εργων Μουσων μητ' ιδι πω, μητ' εχορευσε:
Μηδε Κρατινου ΤΟΥ ΤΑΤΡΟΦΑΓΟΥ γλωττης βαιαχι' ετιλισθη.
Η σταση εχθραν μη καταλυει, μηδ' ενπαλος εστι πολιτης
Αλλ' ανεγειρει, και ριπιζει, κερδων ιδιων επιθυμων.

ARISTOPHANES.

——————— EGO SANUS AB ILLIS,
PERNICIEM QUÆCUNQUE FERUNT: MEDIOCRIBUS ET QUEIS
IGNOSCAS, VITIIS TENEOR.—UBI QUID DATUR OTI,
ILLUDO CHARTIS. HOC EST MEDIOCRIBUS ILLIS
EX VITIIS UNUM: CUI SI CONCEDERE NOLIS,
MULTA POETARUM VENIAT MANUS, AUXILIO QUÆ
SIT MIHI; (NAM MULTO PLURES SUMUS.)

HORACE.

STAND UPON THY GUARD,
AND SEE IF ALL THE SKILL OF FENCING FRANCE,
OR THY ITALIAN PRACTICE, COWARDLY BRAVO,
CAN WARD THIS FLASH OF LIGHTNING FROM THINE EYES.

WILSON.

IT IS A SHAME FOR ANY MAN THAT DISLIKES WHIGGERY AND INFIDELITY NOT TO ASSIST US. DO GIVE US AN ARTICLE, DOCTOR.

MORRIS.

Testimonium.

I.

Our celebrated Jurist, long ago,
Coined twenty rhymes in praise of Mr Packwood;
But for a worthier name my verse shall flow,
And every sounding stanza end with Blackwood.

II.

Fierce brushy hairs on chins that bristled big,
Jem Packwood's razor shave off smooth and smack would;
But for each bristling hair, a bustling Whig
Sinks 'neath the keen victorious sweep of Blackwood.

III.

Long ruled a Tyrant Fiend the Northern sky,
Impious and cruel, whom no hand attack would;
Till pitying Heaven a stern Avenger, high
And bold, upreared in thee, illustrious Blackwood!

IV.

No cautious war thy hand would deign to wage,
At once thy *spunck* the fortress storm and sack would,
With sheer close thrust the tyrant to engage,
Alone might suit the energy of Blackwood.

V.

At first high-seated in his old pavilion,
Fain scorn the unwonted foe the fiendish quack would,
And pass for pride before the subject Million,
The fear that made him shun the wrath of Blackwood.

VI.

But soon, I knew, thou'dst strip the thin disguise;
I knew—not long so *crouse* the Tyrant crack would,
Exposed in batter'd plight to vassal eyes,
All bleeding from the vulture beak of Blackwood.

VII.

The coxcombries of their blaspheming cant,
Full soon I knew to earth he hew and hack would,
And on the ruins of the unrighteous plant
The godly trophies of the march of Blackwood.

VIII.

I knew thy thumps to quell the vauntings priggish,
Of pert and impious upstarts find the knack would,
And paleness mantle every visage whiggish,
At the bare echo of the name of Blackwood.

IX.

I knew the weight of thy o'ermastering digs,
Soon teach the pompous Swells to shout alack! would;
I knew they soon, (these infidels and whigs)
Not blue and yellow look, but blue and black would.

X.

I knew thou would'st run Leslie such a rig,
That he no more, like some fierce Don Cossack, would
Against the tongue of Moses shake his wig,
Cow'd into reverence by the rod of Blackwood.

XI.

I knew thou'dst find a whip for such a pig,
I knew full soon he stop his impious clack would,
And be constrained to dye his whitening wig,
By chemic tricks disguising dread of Blackwood.

XII.

I knew he—(grant for once he were a chemist
As great as Thomson, or as Gay Lussac) would
Ne'er make his ugly bristles look the trimmest—
I knew the world would smell his funck for Blackwood.

XIII.

The Galovegian Stot, (I mean Macculloch)
I knew your nose the monster's progress track would,
I knew you'd find a blinker for the Bullock,*
And for his cloven hoof a clog of black wood.

XIV.

I knew the captive brute, compelled to stand,
Foam in his fury like a cataract would,
Braying and bellowing, tearing up the sand,
And howling to the winds for sport to Blackwood;

XV.

Till, weary of the din, the Master's sign
The Baiters' wrath unwearied counteract would,†—
Leave the base Beast at freedom to recline
In his own bed of dirt, and growl at Blackwood.

XVI.

I knew your fist would be the end of Brougham,
I knew you'd pummel him, and may-be smack Wood,
Till both should yelp in terror for the doom
That waits the victims of victorious Blackwood.

XVII.

To shew how Harry, in his early days,
Gladly on all their Whiggery turn his back would,
And for Pitt's pudding give great Pitt his praise;—
Such glamour-might is thine—I thank thee, Blackwood!

XVIII.

How Pitt the Renegado scorned, and swore
That such Upholders ne'er *his* banner lack would—
How Addington the fine French letter tore—
The world had never known—without my Blackwood.

XIX.

Watch, jealous Guardian of old Scotia's weal!
How dance these lads (enfeebled were thy thwack) would!
Watch, hero! with thy righteous rod of steel—
Let nought decrease thy vigour, peerless Blackwood!

XX.

If any doubt my deep prophetic strain,
Right glad a pound I bet against a plack would,
That time will shew my words were not in vain,
When I foretold the widening sway of Blackwood.

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* Vide Frontispiece.

" † Such publications do not speak the sentiments of the people of Scotland, or the people of England. God forbid. If the energies of the country were once roused, the loyalty of the great mass of the people of the empire would soon crush and annihilate all the vile disturbers of the public peace and their publications. I cannot help pointing out to you, my lads, one newspaper, teeming with unconstitutional principles, industriously circulated throughout the nation, and highly calculated to mislead the people, and to excite them against the higher orders of society, and the legitimate government of the country: the paper I allude to is called the *Scotsman*; written, I know not, and I care not, by whom, but certainly not by a *thorough-bred* Scotsman, because I never have been able to detect in it one sentiment of genuine loyalty to the King, or any symptom of genuine respect for the blessings of our happy constitution. I do therefore, my lads, as your colonel, recommend this paper to your special contempt."—*Marquis of Lothian's Speech to the Edinburgh Militia.*

XXI.

The Edinburgh Review has now no sale—
Friend Constable's spare copies build a stack would,
While on, prevailing still and to prevail,
The certain circulation moves of Blackwood.

XXII.

Judicious people banish from their houses
Much sooner Æsop, Gay, or Telemaque would,
Than not enrich their children and their spouses,
With monthly stores of loyal wit from Blackwood.

XXIII.

Luxurious people rather want Champaigne,
Lafitte, Hocheimer, Grâve, Sauterne, Barsac would,
Than on the glorious twentieth gape in vain
For the rich treat of treats that streams from Blackwood.

XXIV.

The ancient Damsel in her elbow-chair
Less miss her tea and toast (or Cogniac) would,
Less ball and route would miss the younger fair,
Than the gay cordial of the page of Blackwood.

XXV.

The poorest Shepherd on the Yarrow-hill
Much rather want his mouthful of taback would—
Caddies themselves would sacrifice their gill,
Rather than hear there was no more of Blackwood.

XXVI.

Were the whole nation poll'd, I dare to say
The brightest mark in Britain's Almanack would
Be placed against the TWENTIETH—the glad day
That gives the longing world the page of Blackwood.

XXVII.

Nay, Ebony's great fame the channel crosses:
German Professors rather bivouack would,
Than want the monthly versions which the Vosses
And Müllners publish of the cream of Blackwood.

XXVIII.

Parisian Incroyables also read him—
The run at Galignani's table slack would
Could that superb Traiteur no longer feed 'em,
(I mean their minds)—with tid-bits *à la Blackwood*.

XXIX.

I might enumerate more names with ease:
The bearded Russ himself, and shorn Polack would
Rebel against their Autocrat's decrees,
If his tariffs should check the sale of Blackwood.

XXX.

I'm told he's now republish'd at New York,
And in Savannahs read, and swamp, and back-wood,
Even Indian tribes, that munch sans knife and fork,
Have taste enough to like the jokes in Blackwood.

XXXI.

There are some utter idiots, and I know it,
These most the merest balderdash attract would;
These Burns of Paisley prize above the Poet,
And Baldwin's JOHN above the JAMES of Blackwood.

XXXII.

There is no arguing with folks like these;
Even from a martyr's patience it subtract would,
To think within our gracious King's four seas
Men can exist blind to the worth of Blackwood.

XXXIII.

When wits revile him—'tis mere fudge—no less:
Even Jeffrey, were he fairly on the rack, would
Make a clean breast, I doubt not, and confess
He has in private a *penchant* for Blackwood.

XXXIV.

A man like him, (who doubts?) it hugely tickle
To hear the slang of his own low Whig pack would,
He knows that he himself has been a Pickle,
And must excuse the Random Shots of Blackwood.

XXXV.

I think of manhood if he had a particle
He instantly his nonsense all retract would,
And set about a clever leading article,
To be inserted (if approved) by Blackwood.

XXXVI.

Envy they say's a rotten tooth—that tooth
From Jeffrey's jaw, with joy, myself extract would,
Then like the Eagle he'd renew his youth,
Breathing the "Ellangowan air" of Blackwood.

XXXVII.

Yet if he did so, one cannot deny
That Leslie grunt like some Demoniac would,
That's probably the reason Frank's so shy
To quit the old Review and write for Blackwood.

XXXVIII.

Well—well—let things go on. Professor Leslie
Turn over and squabash the Zodiac would,
More easily than at Glasgow, Greenock, Paisley,
(Where I'm best known) unsphere the star of Blackwood.

XXXIX.

A man, at all malicious, it is clear,
Another tumble wish to sonsy Jack would,
Such as he had at Amsterdam last year,
When squinting at another star than Blackwood.

XL.

But when one takes his corpus into view,
That wish to something bad amount in fact would;
No—no—I wish John well, and well to do,
Amply the sneering world avenges Blackwood.

XLI.

And yet, one can't help thinking, when he fell,
How all the old frogs croak, and ducks quack-quack would;
I know no sound to equal't out of Hell,
That Dutch concerto round that butt of Blackwood.

XLII.

Methinks I see him in the act of tumbling,
With what a squash the fine green mud he whack would;
His grinning, and his gaping, and his grumbling—
A cut must furnish for a future Blackwood.

XLIII.

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XLIV.

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XLV.

To Fearman, though I think he trick'd us basely,
What answer better far than "Pontefract" would
I will point out for once—"OLD TALES OF LESLIE;"—
That "SERIES" I'll review myself in Blackwood.

XLVI.

And though *his* Jedediah is no genius,
Sagaciously he such a work redact would;
If he declined, Knowles, author of Virginius,
Perhaps would try, lured by the praise of Blackwood.

XLVII.

But vainly Fearman with John Ballantyne,
Essay another hazard of tic-tack would;
Impostors seldom in the upshot shine,
Witness your foes, O Ballantyne and Blackwood.

XLVIII.

'Twas said, some weeks ago, that Ballantyne
Hop off in some affection iliac would;
But, thanks to Dr Baillie's skill and mine,
John's now quite well—though not so stout as Blackwood.

XLIX.

Should John depart, how all "the genial Muses"
Lament that grievous blow, that hopeless wrack would!
Not often such a man our planet loses—
All edged with black would issue the next Blackwood!

L.

I could find rhymes for twenty stanzas more,
If I look o'er some book prosodiac would;
Our tongue is not so thankless nor so poor
As to give only fifty rhymes to Blackwood.

LI.

And as for subjects, I, from what has been,
Is, and shall be, with ease my song protract would,
Lashing the dolts, who've read the Magazine,
Yet joined the base Whig splutter against Blackwood.

LII.

True, though some fearful tricks I knew, I ne'er
The archives of remembrance old ransack would,
To drive some paltry creature to despair;—
We'd smile at ————'s feckless spleen, my Blackwood.

LIII.

Nor would I mention Hypocrite-Trepanners,
What Sandy *calls* his Head though that distract would;
No! I would ne'er offend against good manners;
But wish your foes were all as weak, my Blackwood.

LIV.

In short, however great might be my zeal,
Not willingly I come into contact would
With *bodies* that have not the sense to feel
Such gentle skelps as are bestowed by Blackwood.

LV.

Such "an idea I would reprobate,"
I never gibbet a small spruce gim-crack would;—
The "only literary Bailie's"* pate—
I would just touch it with your fan, Miss Blackwood!

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* "I am the only man of letters in the Council, and all Europe knows it."
IPSE DIXIT.

LVI.

Yet I would hang a symbol up before him,
That make him half a hypochondriack would—
An Ebon Switch to dangle *in terrorem*,
And make such geese not cackle about Blackwood.

LVII.

In future years, if men, not yet begot,
Sons of our sons, with equity exact, would
Assign their proper stations to James Scott,
And other famous bards that write in Blackwood.

LVIII.

All, I'm quite sure, that relish what is pleasant,
Applaud my prosody elegiac would;—
Especially what I'm about at present,
My testimonium—ye gods! to Blackwood.

LIX.

I do not mean that closely coincide
With all my sentiments they snick-for-snack would,
But my pure verse and skill they'd laud with pride,
And Bipliopoles unborn would envy Blackwood!

LX.

Each wish he had of Wits a band as strong,
Beneath his banner, in some snug barrack would;
And burn, new ages and new tribes among,
To fill once more the glorious shoes of Blackwood—

LXI.

Which are (*sub rosa*) any thing but slippers—
Few covet, of that post, a lengthened tack would;
Among Field Marshals look, or Greenland Skippers,
If you'd find nerves to match the nerves of Blackwood;

LXII.

Or 'mong the Lavenders and Vickerys look,
With Radicals that scorn the least compact would;
That Thistlewood's base gang so bravely took,
Just as THE BARBER'S must be seized by Blackwood.

LXIII.

But stop! though rhymes on rhymes would come like butter,
I fear you take me for a maniac would,
Should I go on—whereas no stuff I utter,
Sound Solid Sense inspired this hymn to Blackwood.

Postscript.

If any Whig dispute my word, right willing
I with that Sceptic gentleman contract would,
To furnish him a stanza, (price ONE SHILLING)
Each day for twenty years in praise of Blackwood.

Note by the Editor.

Approving much this novel style of song,
We've promis'd Doctor Scott "a mint o' siller,"
To make another, by next Month, as long,
Each stanza to conclude with "Bobby Miller."

As witness our hand at the pen,
July the Twentieth.

C. N.

BLACKWOOD'S

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THE TUNIS BARK AND THE DERVIS OF SMYRNA;

Being a New Tale for a Melo-Drama.

CHAPTER I.

The Tunis merchant arrives at Smyrna with his daughter.—Ismael endeavours to evade the prediction of the blind Coptish Beggar.

At the time when the events about to be narrated took place, an old merchant, from Tunis, had arrived at Smyrna, and had hired a house on the sea-shore to reside in, so long as he remained there, which was only for purposes of trade. He had come in a small vessel, which had been sorely beaten by the Mediterranean waves; and he had brought with him his daughter, for the purpose of restoring her health by a voyage, and because there was nobody in Tunis to whose charge he could commit her during his absence. But no sooner did this rugged old sailor anchor his bark at Smyrna, than he immured her in the house before-mentioned, which was not in any street, but which overlooked only the sands of the shore; and thus she was left solitary during many a long hour, while he was engaged in various transactions. When he came home in the evenings, he sometimes took her to walk on the shore, or into the town, wrapt in a veil, to purchase such trinkets as he thought would please her; and this was all the recreation she enjoyed. The young woman, being of a gentle and good-natured disposition, did not complain, but purchased a tame squirrel to dissipate her melancholy, and frequently cast her dark-brown eyes across the lonely shore, which was seldom crossed by any passenger. One day a young merchant of Smyrna, who was walking there, observed her at the window with a white handkerchief at her eyes, from whence he concluded that she was weeping; and, being moved with tenderness, he drew nearer, and saw that she was very handsome, although of a dark complexion. He therefore came to the foot of the rock upon which the house was built, and asked her what was the cause of her grief, and if he could do any thing to serve her; "for," said he, "now I perceive that you are the same individual whom I lately saw purchasing a necklace in Smyrna. The person who was with you desired you to put on the necklace to try whether it would fit, and therefore you threw off your veil, since which time I have never ceased to think of you, so that I have frequently been forced to come and walk beside the dashing waves to sooth my troubled thoughts. I used to be such an excellent arithmetician and computer, that I could almost have counted the sands as they were blown past me by the wind, but of late, in counting money, have frequently been put into confusion, and over-reached by persons of very inferior understanding." In expressing himself to this effect, the merchant, whose name was Ismael, said nothing more than truth. The young woman was not displeased to hear him; and, wiping away the tears which she had been shedding, she replied, "You speak very rashly and indiscreetly, and I am astonished that you should think so much of a stran-

ger from Tunis, for, although our people are by no means so dark complexioned as those of Morocco, yet, when compared with the Turkish women, we are like hyacinths beside tulips." To which Ismael answered, "I am not properly a Turk, but of Arabian extraction, and therefore esteem every thing the more for coming from near the sun. Long may your lovers wish for you at Tunis." To which she replied, "Alas, I greatly fear that I shall never see it again, and that was the cause of my shedding tears; for when we last quitted the place, and were going towards our ship, there was a frightful looking blind Coptish beggar sitting on the pier, and I chanced to tread upon his foot in going past, upon which he uttered an angry growl, and said, "Selima, take a long look of Tunis, for you will never see it again, unless you can find your way home from a ship sunken in the middle of the sea." My father did not hear the words, but they have rung in my ears ever since; and often when I sit looking at the sea, I anticipate that we shall be drowned in our voyage back. Whenever I see the clouds driving faster than usual, I remember the saying of the haggard and ominous looking man; but I have never mentioned the circumstance to my father, for I know that he would not pay the least regard to it, being bound to sail again when the time allowed him for remaining here is completed." To which Ismael replied, "This saying of the beggar's must have proceeded merely from anger; and it probably would never have recurred to your recollection, but for the lonely and cheerless life to which you are condemned. But if your mind is really anxious, I shall consult a venerable dervis, who dwells near Smyrna, and who is well able to judge of such matters, and to give advice concerning them. But, in the mean time, I wish I knew where to find the Tunis merchant, for, perhaps he may have some goods to dispose off. "If you are a merchant," replied Selima, "He has ivory and ostrich feathers, worthy of a sultana: He has also some morocco leather, and other articles, a little damaged by the sea water, which he keeps here, and is afraid he will have to carry back again. But now, go away, for I have spoken too long with you."

Being so commanded, Ismael withdrew, but returned about sunset, to take his station at a place from whence he could view the road which led to Selima's house. In due time, he saw the Tunis shipmaster walking home with a countenance expressive of chagrin, for the markets had been very dull that forenoon. Ismael came running after him, like a person out of breath, and cried, "Stop there! I beseech you, sir. Are you the person who has the Turkey leather and casks of almonds?—Pray, stand still and speak; for I hope you have still some left." The Tunis merchant came back a few steps with great cheerfulness. "Left!" said he, "why, the whole is left." "But where are they?" said Ismael, "perhaps in some warehouse in town? but I must see them to-night." "No," replied the Tunis captain; "they are in my house here, and we shall survey them presently; but as daylight is almost over, we shall go into the house and smoke together; for it is suitable that every bargain which takes place after market hours, should be transacted in an amicable manner."

So saying, he opened the door with a large key, and was followed by Ismael up stairs. And there, having examined the goods by lamp light, Ismael willingly allowed the native of Tunis to have the most favourable part in the sales which took place. When these were concluded, the captain (whose name was Muley Ransom,) led him into another apartment, and called to his daughter, "Now, Selima, we are going to smoke our pipes, for this stranger has dealt so civilly, that I have nothing further to say to him. Therefore bring your dulcimer, and let us hear some of your Barbary songs; for music, they say, dispels care." Accordingly Selima played upon the dulcimer; and when she had finished, she went away. Upon which, Ismael said to the sailor, "How happy you are in having such a daughter! Her beauty I need not commend, for that is obvious to every beholder; neither is it necessary to mention her skill in music. But the sweetness and gracefulness of her behaviour exceeds both of these, and therefore fortunate will be the man who obtains her." When he had said this, Muley Ransom looked at him attentively before he replied; for in the East a person, in obtaining

a wife, pays always a sum of money to her relations. He then said, "Selima had more suitors than one when she left Tunis; and the richest, said he, would be ready, on her return, to pay down five hundred sequins at her nuptials, which would then take place immediately. But if I were giving her to any man in this country, I would require a thousand, for leaving her at a distance." Ismael, when he heard this, became very thoughtful, for he knew the sum was much larger than he could command at that time. He therefore took leave of Muley Ransom, to go home and consider how he should be able to make up a thousand sequins before the expiry of the two months during which their vessel was to remain at Smyrna; because, if they once weighed anchor, all his hopes would be blasted, and his rival in Africa would secure the prize.

The rest of the evening Ismael spent in endeavours to borrow money, but when he confessed to his friends the purpose for which he wanted it, they all agreed in pronouncing the sum demanded by Muley Ransom to be exorbitant, and likewise condemned his passion as misplaced in a native of Tunis. They recommended to him to forget her as soon as possible; for they said he was only labouring under one of those temporary infatuations to which the minds of young men are subject. This language was not much fitted to soothe him after their refusal; therefore he went away full of anger, and once more returned to the sea-shore, that he might be able to breathe out his indignation far from any observer. There he found the waves now breaking with threatening clamours in the dark. Their noise brought to his remembrance the saying of the Coptish beggar, and he said to himself, "although their ship has come hither safe, who knows what may happen in their return. Therefore every thing must be done to prevent Selima from leaving me here to die of broken heart, which would certainly be the death that would befall me, both from disappointment, and from anxiety for her safety." After various other cogitations, he went home more confirmed in his passion by the difficulties which he had to encounter.

CHAP. II.

Ismael goes to consult the Dervis—the burning of the charmed leaf, which leads to fatal consequences.

Next day he resolved to visit and ask the advice of a famous dervis, who lived near Smyrna, in a retired grotto and garden at the foot of a mountain. As Ismael drew near the place, he found that the dervis had chosen a spot cool, tranquil, and remote from disturbance. The trees there seemed to display an uncomparably vivid green, and to spread forth their arms almost to paradise. The flowings of the wind made them shew the different surfaces of their innumerable leaves, with a gentle rustling. A small brook of water, clear as diamonds, came racing down the hill into his garden, and produced, along with the trees, and the sound of the dervis's voice in reading, such a sustained and harmonious murmur, that persons were often found fast asleep in the middle of a neighbouring road, where they had stopt their mules to listen for a short time; so that many people had to order their slaves to go round a different way, so infectious was the tranquillity of the place.

Ismael found the Anchorite sitting at the door of his grotto, and looking into the atmosphere with an air of the most perfect serenity and contentment. Ismael, having saluted him, and been recognized by him, said, "Oh, venerable man, how delicious is this retreat! What pleasure you must have in cultivating this spot of ground!" To which the dervis replied, "My favourite employment is that of listening to the noise of this water, whose bubbles are emblematical of the vanity of human life. As for cultivation, the fruit trees here are of spontaneous growth. But you, my son, appear to be labouring under some feverish agitation of mind." To which Ismael answered, "Yes, indeed; and not without good cause." But the dervis replied, "Get quit of your passions, and then you will never have any cause. But in the meantime let me know what is afflicting you."

The young merchant accordingly informed him of the circumstances in which he stood. The dervis observed

to him, " If you had come here to receive consolation after the loss of this beautiful foreigner, I could perhaps have helped to soothe your mind; but since your wish is to know how you shall be able to get possession of a certain sum, before the end of two months, you should rather have gone to consult a usurer. I have nothing in the world but that earthen jug for lifting water, and this leathern gown, which I have worn for fifty years; nor do I wish any thing more for my own use. I cannot point out any new way of multiplying gold; and therefore my advice is, to engage earnestly in your trade, until the ship is ready to sail. See what you can make—and, besides, I know that you have a small bark, with a considerable cargo, gone into the Black Sea, and who knows but it may bring you in seasonable returns. But, in the meantime, as young persons of fervid minds are apt to turn very unfit for judicious exertion, when under the influence of passion, I shall give you something to wear within your turban, which will effectually keep your understanding cool and clear so long as you retain it there." So the dervis took a leaf, and having written upon it in unknown characters, he placed it in the inside of Ismael's turban, saying, " it contains a charm which I composed after five year's meditation among the rocks of Mount Caucasus, where I had constructed emblematical figures of all passions in snow, which remain frozen to this day. But I charge you, that as soon as you have no farther use for it, you will take out the leaf and hold it to your heart, where it will immediately take fire, and be consumed; so that it may not fall into the hands of any person capable of reading the words, and making a bad use of them."

Ismael eagerly received and put on the turban, and was astonished at the instantaneous change which it produced on his feelings: " Continue to wear it," said the dervis, " and if your quick-sightedness in every transaction does not outstrip that of the ablest persons, may the sound of my voice, in reading the Koran, no longer soothe weary travellers, but be drowned by the croaking of ravens; may these trees be burnt to charcoal by scorching winds; may the brook no longer flow into my garden, but find another passage down the mountain; and may I myself be found drunk in the streets of Smyrna with forbidden wine."

Ismael replied, " Now, having received this valuable gift, I must go to make use of it, for time is precious." The dervis quietly resumed the place where he had been sitting before, and, opening his Koran, began to mingle his voice with the gentle gurgling of the water. As Ismael withdrew, the murmuring sound came after him, along with odours from sweet-scented shrubs, and produced such a gentle drowsiness, that he could scarcely get back to the road with his eyes open: but it happened that a branch of a tree took hold of his turban, and lifted it off, a circumstance which produced such a sudden change upon his feelings that he immediately recollected himself. He saw the birds falling asleep on fruit trees, with pieces of fruit in their bills; and, having replaced his turban, he came away as fast as possible, and returned to town.

After having there exerted much activity and judgment, he found, towards the end of two months, he had made such profits as would enable him to pay the thousand sequins. During all that time, according to the dervis's advice, he had refrained from going near that part of the shore where Selima's house was situated; but having one day gone into the shop of another merchant, he was desirous of seeing some goods which were kept in a lower room; and accordingly the merchant and he went down together, that they might unfold and inspect them. While doing so, they heard footsteps on the floor above, and the merchant, leaving Ismael alone, went up to see who was there. Soon after, Ismael heard the merchant engaged in conversation with some persons, and thought that he could recognize the voices of the Tunis captain and his daughter. This sound speedily called away the attention of Ismael from the merchandise that lay scattered before him. He snatched off his turban, and taking out the mysterious leaf, said, " Now, leaf, you have been of great service, but I shall not retain you any longer." He accordingly held it to his heart, where it took fire. He threw it down, and soon saw it reduced to tinder. A few red sparks now held the place of its former inscription: and Ismael ran up stairs, for he thought

he heard the voices receding. Upon reaching the shop he found it empty, and went into the street, where he saw Selima and the Tunis merchant at some distance: but Ismael only stood and gazed at them, and then returned home. In the East, the women are the persons employed in bringing about matrimonial engagements; and accordingly, Ismael, having collected three old maiden aunts, sent them, to state his case to Muley Kasem, who returned a favourable answer.

CHAP. III.

Ismael hears of a loss which he imputes to himself;—he is obliged to resort to the abode of a famous magician for assistance.

Next day Ismael felt the absence of the charmed leaf from his turban; but his heart was joyful, for, although there were only two days to elapse before the sailing of the ship, he thought there was no more cause to feel anxiety about that event. "Now," said he, "are the gloomy forebodings of the blind African brought to nothing; for, although Selima will never see Tunis again, if she remains here, yet she has certainly nothing to fear from shipwreck." With these thoughts passing through his mind, he walked to the shore, and there found a person who told him various news of what had recently happened in Smyrna, and, among other things, mentioned, that a certain merchant had been greatly afflicted by the loss of goods to the value of about two hundred sequins, a fire having taken place in his house by some accident which he could not understand, for that he never had carried a lamp or other flame into the place where these combustible goods were kept. When he mentioned the name of the merchant, Ismael found it was the same man with whom he had been the day before. The communicator of these bad tidings then went away, and left Ismael confounded, for he remembered of leaving unextinguished the embers of the dervis's leaf. After revolving the circumstances several times over in his mind, he was seized with bitter grief, and said, "I now feel certain that I have been the cause of this loss. But although the knowledge of the fact is confined to my own bosom, it cannot long remain there, for true love will not allow any deceit to harbour along with it, and justice must be rendered. Oh fatal neglect! —Cruel dervis! not to forewarn me! —it is now too late to regret my inconsiderate impatience that would not stop to extinguish the origin of this misfortune. Oh fatal gift! that for a while enabled me to act coolly, and to pursue a prosperous course, but which at last undid its former benefits, by scattering abroad the destructive fire which it caught from my heart. And now the wind already seems to blow fair westwards, that it may be ready to carry Muley Ransom back to Tunis; and after it does so, what consolation would I receive, though each of those drops which the green volumed ocean dashes forth at my feet, were to become a separate emerald. But love, which lives by truth, must be contented also to receive from truth a fatal severing stroke. And yet, after restoring to this merchant the value of what has been destroyed, I must still try once more what can be done."

When he went to make this generous offer, the merchant knew not what to think of it; for Ismael, in affirming that he was the cause of the fire, would not explain by what means it had been produced. Nevertheless the money was accepted, and Ismael, having returned home with a heavy heart, sent word to Muley Ransom that a sudden misfortune had deprived him of a large sum, and that he hoped Muley would wait at least for a few days, till his bark returned from the Euxine sea. The Tunis captain replied, that he was sorry for Ismael's misfortunes, but could not delay sailing—and that he disliked having concern with unfortunate persons, for ill luck was infectious; but that he would be glad to see him when he could pay down the thousand sequins.

The last expedient that Ismael could think of was to resort to a famous money lender, who was always to be found sitting in a small booth, at the corner of one of the streets. There the professional Hebrew, situated amidst deafening noise, and suffocated and begrimed with the dust of the street, was seen following his vocation with the exemplary fortitude of a

saint. When Ismael applied to him, he answered, that disastrous accounts had lately been heard of storms in the Euxine sea, and that a vessel there was little better than the ghost of a ship. When he had said so, he sneezed over his pen, and making a wry face, looked steadfastly away in another direction, so that it was evident that nothing farther was to be expected from him.

Ismael, being driven almost to despair by this refusal, came away, and bethought him of again visiting the dervis to ask his advice. On his way out of Smyrna, however, he observed, on his left hand, the abode of a famous magician, who was well known for his avarice, and for sometimes affording the assistance of his art to those who would pay for it. He had bought a barren and rocky piece of ground on the slope of a hill, which no other person had been able to cultivate, for it was hard stone. There, by some unknown means, he contrived to draw out of the ruthless bosom of the hill, a growth of huge umbrageous trees, as well as vines, which bore grapes of an unnatural magnitude, glowing with fiery juice. The wine made from them he sent down by six evil genii, in various disguises, who, wandering about near the road side, offered it for sale to the thirsty mussulmen that were passing along under the heat of a blazing sun, and whose parched lips could seldom resist the temptation. So that although many, in passing the dervis's grotto, were refreshed by passages from the Koran wafted towards them on the wind; it often afterwards happened, that, before they got into Smyrna, they were beset by the emissaries of the magician holding forth the forbidden beverage under some shady tree. In accomplishing mischief of this sort, the magician greatly rejoiced and triumphed, not only because it brought him money, but also, because it frequently undid the work of the worthy dervis, to whom he bore no good will. To the house of this magician, Ismael however could not refrain from going, for he feared the dervis's advice would only be cold and discouraging. The door was opened by an old slave, who led him up to the necromancer's apartment. On his way thither, Ismael looked out from a half opened lattice, and saw the six tall and strong genii, working upon the hill with that furious superfluity of energy which characterises all infernal exertion. They were delving the solid rock, and breaking it into pieces with their spades, with the same facility that other persons would have done common earth. The magician himself, seated under an oak, was seen regulating their labour by the strong tones of a large Pan's flute, to which he obliged them to keep time with their adamantine spades. The hill shuddered at every cadence, and the brawny shoulders of the stooping genii were bedewed with perspiration, while from this extraordinary soil were seen growing vines that wound their way up the trunks of elm trees, and sporting among the branches, held forth overgrown clusters, which, hanging in the music shaken air, shone translucent with every variety of purple, and seemed to wag their heads at the high pinnacled mosques of Smyrna. But Ismael was called away by the slave from this sight, (which it was not intended that he should have seen,) and was taken into a chamber, where the magician soon entered, bearing his Pan's flute under his arm; a circumstance which indicated that the labourers were probably enjoying a temporary respite from exertion. The magician, having smoothed his stern and impatient physiognomy, listened to Ismael's story, and replied, "If you want to have the departure of this vessel retarded till your own arrives, I shall, if you choose, strike this Muley Ransom with a fever and ague, which will only cost you ten piastres, and which will effectually stop his movements."—To which Ismael replied, "Oh pitiless proficient in an accursed art! your heart seems to be of a piece with this hill on which you reside. Forbear to utter such proposals, for never can I accede to them." To which the magician replied, "If you be so very scrupulous about means, you should not have come here; nevertheless, I shall not take amiss what has escaped from you, but shall propose something else. In the meantime, we must drink together, for if you refuse to do so, you shall have no assistance from me." So saying, he called for some of the produce of his vineyard, and presented it again and again to Ismael, with so many urgent solicitations, blandishing gestures, and jocular transpositions of the words of the Koran,

that Ismael, for the sake of conciliating his good will, consented to take a draught. The magician, being much pleased, then drank himself, and said, "I shall now propose another way, which is, for some of my servants to go into town, and having sought out the sailors who belong to Muley Ransom's vessel, bring them here, and keep them carousing in yonder arbour for as long as is necessary. Days will fly away without their lapse being noticed; and the power of this flute will make them ply their cups without knowing what they are about; for such is the rhythmical effect of its notes, that it prolongs any species of action which is once begun." Having uttered these words, the magician applied the compacted reeds again to his lips, and sounded a lively flourish, and Ismael was constrained again to violate the command of the Koran; but notwithstanding the fascination which controlled him, he replied to the magician's second proposal, "No, no, this must not be done. It is sufficient that you have led myself into the sin of drunkenness. I shall never be the cause of your working the same mischief with four others." To which the magician answered, "Then you must drink for four others. But come now, since you will neither permit me to touch Muley Ransom, nor his sailors, we must see what can be done to his ship. Here is a little box, which you must not look into, but which you may take some opportunity of leaving with the lid unfastened, in the hold of Muley Ransom's vessel, and, notwithstanding its smallness, such a succession of rats will issue from it, as will eat the bottom of the vessel into a sieve in one night, so that there will be no possibility of stretching a sail, till after a long time spent in making repairs." Ismael received the box, and said, "Alas! I must even be contented to employ this means, since the damage produced by it will be such as I can make a requital for; and I cannot expect you to vary your offers any farther." The magician then said, "My first proposal, if you had accepted it, would have cost you only ten piastres, my second would have cost twenty, and this last must cost you thirty." The money having been paid, the magician sounded another long and brilliant flourish, and not without causing Ismael to repeat his potations, till the walls of the room seemed gradually acquiring motion. Fortunately, at this juncture, a noise was heard from among the labourers on the hill, who, having laid down their spades, were beginning to rejoice in their temporary liberty. Whereupon the magician hastened away, and Ismael, having been let out by the old slave, endeavoured to find his way down the hill, but experienced much confusion of mind in choosing his path. After going but a short way, he came to a clear and tremulous fountain, where he stopped to drink, and then lay down upon the grass to reflect. He saw before him a fine prospect of Smyrna, with its toppling mosques, and behind them, the swelling sea heaving forward its many wrinkled tides. He heard the renewed measure of the Pan's flute, and felt a regular pulsation spread through the hill, as often as it was struck by the spades of the genii. At every succeeding stroke he nodded his head lower and lower over the verdant sod. He saw the trees also complying with the motion, and waving their boughs among the sailing clouds, whose progress made the ocean appear to turn round in an opposite direction, till the houses of Smyrna also joined in the dance, and Ismael, closing his eyes, and sinking gently down, was soon lost in a profound sleep.

CHAP. IV.

Ismael meets the dervis in Smyrna—their joint adventure—the Magician's perfidy—the final contest and result.

When Ismael awoke from his sleep, he felt as if it had been no short one; but was unable to guess how long it had lasted. In the meantime, however, as it appeared that the shades of night were coming on, he hastened into the town, and found that his bark had arrived, and was lying safe in the harbour, after prosperous traffic, which had brought in wealth far exceeding his expectations; but he learned, at the same time, to his utter astonishment, that Muley Ransom's ship was gone. That part of the sea where it had been anchored was now vacant. Dismayed, confounded, and despair-

ing, he ran through the streets in search of farther information. He was suddenly stopped by the dervis, who, standing before him with his flowing beard waving in the breeze, said, "How now, Ismael, wherefore this haste? and where have you been? for I this day left my cool grotto, and came into dusty Smyrna to inquire after your welfare, but found that you had been long absent from home." Ismael then gave him a rapid summary of what had happened, and concluded by asking him distractedly, "What is to be done? shall I take the swiftest vessel I can find, and pursue them? Ah, no! I fear that were useless, for they have been a day and night out of port. Once more I must go consult the magician, for I fear natural means in the present case would be of no effect." To which the dervis answered, "You have already found, that to go and consult such persons is a dangerous resource; but if I were to accompany you in disguise, it would prevent you from being brought into harm, and we might turn his art to some account." They accordingly went to Ismael's house, where the dervis, having cut off his beard, and shortened his hair, had his complexion stained with black, so that he seemed to be changed into a fine curly-headed negro, with a row of white teeth shining like pearls. His disguise was complete, and was rendered still more effectual by the darkness of night, which was now coming on. They passed with great rapidity through the town, and reached the abode of the magician, which Ismael once more entered with the dervis, who passed for his servant, and found the tyrant of the rocks still in his vineyard, and only in the act of bidding his genii desist from their work. Ismael having briefly explained the circumstances in which he stood, asked the magician to say what advice or assistance he could offer. To which the magician replied, "Pursue them without delay. For a sequin to me, for every league, you shall have the assistance of these six labourers as rowers, and I, who will accompany them, can engage that they will be found as expert at the oar as at the spade. Therefore let us hasten immediately to the port." Then turning to the genii, he said, "Follow us, and expect a smooth relaxation for your sinews, which, after contending with a soil somewhat obdurate, will now only be tasked to shear the tops from the fluitating and elastic waves." Without any farther conversation they hastened down to the shore, where they chose a good sailing boat; and the rowers having taken their seats, a few strokes were sufficient to make the harbour recede to a great distance. The magician regulated the movement of the oars by the sound of his Pan's flute, and the dervis, who never spoke a word, took charge of the helm. Ismael, seated with an anxious mind, at the prow, looked forward over the sea, endeavouring to estimate the progress of the boat, which pursued its way under a canopy of stars, and, when morning began to dawn, was advanced far southward in the Archipelago. As day-light increased, a sail became visible in the horizon. Ismael watched it as it rose; and when the ship itself appeared, he thought it resembled Muley Ransom's vessel; but could scarcely believe that they had already made up with it, and was impatient for a nearer view. The magician, privately reflecting upon his bargain, was desirous of adding some leagues more to the length of the chase, and, by some secret signs, intimated that wish to the rowers, who gradually assumed a languid look; and, hanging over their oars with an ironical semblance of lassitude, permitted the boat to lose part of its impetus. "Come," said the dervis, "now is the time to ply your strokes with vigour;" and then, turning to the magician, he added, "Wherefore these long drawn plaintive notes? Let us hear something that has emphasis and motion." To which the magician replied, "my breath is quite exhausted." Their course being thus slackened, they, after some time, began to lose sight of Muley Ransom's bark, till its highest sail disappeared again behind the intermediate ocean. Then the dervis asked to have the flute, and the magician, not supposing that the seeming negro would be able to sound it with any effect, gave it into his hands, but found that he had erred in his anticipations; for the rowers were soon forced to work as powerfully as before. The bark again rose into view, but now was seen flying under a great press of canvass, from a Venetian ship, which discharged several guns, and then seemed to desist from the chase,

and to pursue its course eastwards, but not without having hit Muley Ransom's vessel with some fatal shots, for its hull was seen sinking lower and lower in the water, and in a short time it went down. Of all the crew, only Muley Ransom, with his daughter, and a box containing his gold, contrived to float on a plank to a neighbouring ridge of rock, which rose a little above the tide. When the boat arrived there, Ismael and the dervis immediately sprung out, and the magician said, in an affected tone of commiseration, "Ah, make haste and help in the sufferers, that we may carry them to some place of safety. First, hand me in that box full of gold, and now help in the young lady." When both were placed in the boat, the magician changed his tone, and cried to the genii, "Now pull away, and leave those three traitors on the rock, for this merchant of Tunis is no better than a pirate; and I have perceived, all along, something in that negro's eyes which convinces me that he intends us mischief." To which the dervis replied, "The truth is, that you know me; but we must not part thus." So saying, he took hold of the magician's hand, and, exerting all his strength, pulled him out upon the rock. A long struggle ensued, during which both the dervis and magician called to their respective adherents to keep aloof, and let them determine the contest fairly; for they considered it as a sort of professional trial of power. Accordingly, Muley Ransom and Ismael went into the boat, and sat down to view the wrestlers, as they strove together, upon the rocky platform, with the foam dashing around them. At last the magician was overcome, and his conqueror, having bound his hands and feet, left him and his flute, and came into the boat, where he suddenly pulled forth a koran, and said to the genii, "Oh wonder-stricken servants of a subdued master—evil ministers evoked originally from the lower deep, apt for mischief, and little to be trusted in any thing; now, arise from your seats, and leave us, for your assistance is no longer required. We shall hoist a sail, and proceed by natural means to the nearest inhabited island of the Archipelago, till we consider what farther is to be done. Go, therefore, and assist him who lies yonder if you choose; for I fear nothing from you or him." The genii, accordingly, sprung out one by one. Muley Ransom and Ismael took each an oar, and the boat was soon far away from the rock, upon which, however, they could perceive, at a distance, the six genii assembled round their helpless master. They unloosed the knots, but forsook him, and disappeared before he could get hold of his instrument. The magician sat for a while deliberating, and sounded a few plaintive notes, which attracted a shark that was swimming past. He mounted on its back, and, playing a delightful melody, directed his course towards Egypt; for he could not bear the thought of returning to Smyrna.

THE WILE OF JUNO.

DEAR AND EXCELLENT MR NORTH, *Dublin, July 1st.*

ALTHOUGH I have no doubt your readers have a due sense of the merits of Pope's translation—the most elegant—and, of Cowper's, the most exact, in our language; and although many of them have, I doubt not, dipped into the rough but energetic stream of old Chapman with pleasure, yet I presume to hope, that the following attempt to exhibit a small fragment of the Iliad, in the rhythm of Spenser, may not be altogether unacceptable. I hope, at least, you will see that I have followed a prineiple somewhat different from that adopted by Mr Leigh Hunt in his classical translations. The King of the Cockneys knows no more of Greek, than Professor Johnny Leslie does of Hebrew. By the way, in looking over the last Number of Dr Watts' Bibliotheca Britannica, I have discovered, with amazement, that that celebrated personage was a poet in his youth. Why don't you review his "Phœnix Park," "Killarney," &c.? I have copies of both classical productions at your service. Why, finally, did you allow Dr Brewster to have the merit of pointing out Leslie's monstrous plagiarism of his theory of heat from an old volume of the Philosophical Transactions? For shame. * * * *

Your's affectionately, O. P.

THE WILE OF JUNO.

(Iliad 14; line 153—353.)

Queen Juno does an artful wile,
'Gainst Jupiter employ;
And hinders him, by aid of sleep,
From giving help to Troy.

1.

The golden-throned queen of heaven beheld
The arduous conflict from the Olympian height;
Well pleased she saw, upon th' ensanguined field,
King Neptune toiling in the glorious fight:
But Jove she viewed not with the like delight
On wat'ry Ida's loftiest peak reclined;
The goddess, filled with hatred at his sight,
Stood pondering long what method she could find,
With artful wile to cheat th' Almighty Thunderer's mind.

2.

Thus she resolves at length; to go to Ide,
Adorned with all the aiding powers of art;
There on the force of beauty she relied,
To win the Ægis-bearing monarch's heart;
Then from the fight to turn his eyes apart,
Bending his lids with sleep's oblivious load;
Pleased with the thought she hastens to depart,
And speeds her steps to gain her own abode,
Built by her favourite son, Vulcan the artist God.

3.

Then to her secret bower she bent her way,
None, save herself, its threshold ever passed;
Its doors she oped with her mysterious key,
Then entering, closed the splendid portal fast:
O'er her fair form ambrosial streams she cast,
And oil, soft, fragrant, grateful to the sense;
Its powerful perfume from the chamber past
Through the whole dome; the gales conveyed it thence,
O'er all the heavens and earth new fragrance to dispense.

4.

This labour done, she wreathes her heavenly hair,
On her immortal head in curls to twine;
Then round her casts the robe of beauty rare,
Which Pallas wrought with many a rich design;
Its folds above bright golden clasps confine,
A circling zone close binds it at the waist,
A zone round which a hundred tassels shine,
A splendid fringe; then in her ears she placed
Her sparkling rings of gold, with three fair brilliants graced.

5.

Next her fine form the mantle's folds surround,
New-woven, of splendour dazzling as the sun;
Her sandals last upon her feet she bound,
And then the pleasing cares of dress were done;
Straight from her bower to Venus has she gone,

Whom she addressed, withdrawing her apart;
" Say, daughter dear, shall my request be won?
" Or wilt thou scorn my suit, enraged at heart
" That I espouse the Greek, and thou the Trojan part?'

6.

Fair Venus gave the queen a mild reply,
" Be thy request, imperial Juno, made,
" Nor fear that Venus will the suit deny;
" If I can grant thy bidding is obey'd."
With artful wile the heavenly sovereign said:
" Grant that I may those powerful charms display,
" By which the sons of heaven and earth are swayed;
" For I to earth's far limits bend my way,
" Where Ocean, sire of Gods, and ancient Tethys sway.

7.

" Me to their realms my mother Rhea sent,
" Where I was bred beneath their fostering care;
" Where Saturn, under earth and ocean pent,
" Resigned to Jove the empire of the air.
" I haste to reconcile the ancient pair,
" Since angry quarrels have disturbed their peace;
" No more the genial couch of love they share,
" But if my voice should bid the contest cease,
" How would their former love, for such kind care, increase."

8.

" Could I refuse," the queen of smiles replied,
" The regal consort of the Almighty Sire?"
Then from her breast the cestus she untied,
In which was stored whate'er can love inspire;
In it was tender passion, warm desire,
Fond lovers' soft and amorous intercourse,
Th' endearing looks and accents that can fire
The soul with passionate love's resistless force,
'Gainst which the wisest find in wisdom no resource.

9.

Into Saturnia's hand she gave the zone,
And said, " Conceal this cestus in thy breast—
" Such is th' embroidered girdle's power, that none
" Can e'er refuse to grant thee thy request."
Gladly the queen received it, and expressed
Her heartfelt pleasure by a gracious smile;
Quick to her bosom she the girdle pressed:—
Fair Venus sought the Thunderer's lordly pile,
And Juno left the skies to seek the Lemnian isle.

10.

Above Pieria's realms the goddess speeds,
O'er fair Emathia, o'er the mountains steep
Of snowy Thrace, renowned for generous steeds;
Nor touched the earth. She then descends to sweep
From Atho's summit o'er the billowy deep;
Lemnos, where noble Thoas held command,
Quickly she gains, and meets the god of sleep;
Death's drowsy brother taking by the hand,
She urges thus her suit in accents soft and bland:—

11.

" Sleep, whose dominion gods and men obey,
" If to assist me thou did'st e'er incline,

" Assist me now. I grateful shall repay,
" If Jove's bright eyes to slumber thou consign,
" While in his fond embraces I recline.
" A golden throne Vulcan my son shall mould,
" In recompence for this, with art divine ;
" A throne and footstool of the purest gold,
" Which will thy shapely feet at the gay feast uphold."

12.

Sleep thus replied : " Saturnia, queen supreme,
" On any other should my influence fall
" Among th' immortals, even upon the stream
" Of ancient Ocean, parent of us all,
" But not on Jove, save when he deigns to call.
" At thy request I ventured once before
" In my soft bonds his senses to enthral,
" What time his conquering gallies from the shore
" Of subjugated Troy the great Alcides bore.

13.

" Around his soul my balmy influence cast
" Lulled into sleep th' all-seeing eyes of Jove ;
" While, roused by thee, the terrors of the blast
" Against his son in tempest fury strove,
" And into populous Cos his vessels drove
" Far from his friends—when Jove awaked again
" He hurled th' immortals through the halls above ;
" Me chief he sought, to 'whelm me in the main,
" Did not resistless Night his 'vengeful ire restrain.

14.

" To her, who spreads her unsubdued control
" O'er men and gods, I bent my hasty flight,
" Jove then forgave, though angry in his soul,
" For he revered the power of ancient Night.
" Then canst thou me forgetful thus invite,
" Rashly again the sovereign's wrath to dare ?"
" Let not such idle thoughts thy soul affright,"
Juno replied, " Has Jupiter such care
" For Ilium's haughty sons, as for his valorous heir.

15.

" Can *they* to him their lofty lineage trace?
" But come, I'll gift thee with a heavenly bride,
" Pasithea, the fair, the youthful Grace,
" The maid for whose bright charms thou long hast sighed."
She ceased, o'erjoyed the slumberous god replied,
" By Styx, inviolable river, swear ;
" Let one hand touch the ocean's level tide,
" Let fruitful earth the other hand upbear,
" That the dark gods below the solemn vow may hear.

16.

" That they may witness, from the depths of space,
" Where round old Saturn circled they remain,
" That thou wilt gift me with that heavenly Grace
" For whose bright charms I sigh so long in vain.
Fair Juno took the oath ; in solemn strain
By name invoking from the realms below
The subtartarean gods, the Titan train,
That they the sacred covenant might know,
Thus was the contract made, and ratified the vow.

17.

Then bent on speed, the Imbrian shore they leave,
And wrapt in darkness, for Mount Ida make;
Arrived at Lectos, springing from the wave,
Aloft in air their soaring course they take;
Beneath their feet the lofty forests shake,
As o'er their topmost boughs in haste they flew,
And where the branches formed a veil opaque,
Somnus remained, to shun the Thunderer's view,
Perched in a lofty fir, the tallest there that grew,

18.

Changed to a mountain bird, concealed from all,
Close nestling in the shadowing boughs he lies,
(The shrill-toned bird which men Cymindis call,
Calchis the immortals name it in the skies),
Meanwhile to Gargarus Saturnia hies,
And there she met the cloud-compelling Jove:
He saw! he loved! such beauties met his eyes,
That all his soul love's warmest transports move,
Not warmer did he feel when first he learned to love.

19.

Not even when first in her encircling arms,
In sweet, in stolen embraces, he reclined;
Seized with desire, enraptured with her charms,
He thus addressed the queen in accents kind:
"Why didst thou leave thy car and steeds behind,
"And thus on foot from far Olympus stray?"
Him Juno answered, with dissembling mind,
"To Earth's far limits I direct my way,
"Where Ocean, sire of Gods, and ancient Tethys sway.

20.

"In youth they reared me with parental care,
"And now to them I hasten as a friend;
"For filled with wrath, the couch no more they share,
"And much I wish the angry strife to end;
At Ida's foot my steeds and car attend,
Seated on which o'er land and sea I speed;
But ere on this long tour my course I bend,
I ask thy leave; for quarrel it might breed,
Did I, unknown to thee, to Ocean's streams proceed."

21.

Her answered thus the cloud compelling Jove:—
"That task, fair queen, another time perform;
But now devote the precious hours to love;
For ne'er did mortal on immortal form
My soul ere this with such fierce passion warm:
Not even Ixion's wife, from whose embrace
Pirithous came, had such a power to charm;—
Not even fair Danae, maid of matchless grace,
From whom brave Perseus sprung, noblest of human race!

22.

"Not so I loved the royal maid of Tyre,
From whom just Rhadamanth and Minos came;
Nor did Alcmena's charms such love inspire,
Who bore Alcides, chief of glorious name;
Not so did Semele my soul inflame,
Who Bacchus, joyous god to mortals, bore;
Not so I loved Queen Ceres, fair-haired dame;
Nor Leto—no, nor even thyself before,
As now with fond desire transported I adore."

23.

With artful words Queen Juno answered Jove,
" What dost thou thus, impatient king, propose?
Wouldst thou the sacred mysteries of love
On Ida's top to open view expose?
What would ensue if, ere from sleep we rose,
Some God should view me locked in thy embrace,
And to the Immortal Powers the tale disclose?
Ne'er to thy dome could I my steps retrace,
Arising from thy couch, confounded in disgrace.

24.

" But if to love thy wishes be disposed,
To thine own bower, by Vulcan built, repair;
His art the solid doors has firmly closed,
And there the genial bed of love we'll share."
" Nor God nor man," cried Jove," " (dismiss that care)
Shall view us here; for such a dusky cloud
Of gold shall darken the surrounding air,
Not even the sun shall pierce th' obscuring shroud,
Whose beams with brightest powers of splendour are endowed."

25.

He spoke, and round the queen his arms he flung.
Beneath them Earth her freshest herbage threw;
For their soft couch the hyacinth up sprung,
The saffron flower, the lotus bathed in dew;
Upraised on this they lay concealed from view;
A golden cloud enveloped them around,
Distilling dew-drops of resplendent hue;
The monarch's arms his lovely spouse surround,
On Gargarus' lofty top, in love and slumber drowned.

Thus Jupiter with Juno here,
Forgot the fight below,
While Ajax, helped by Neptune's might,
Does Hector overthrow.

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK.*

De waarheid die in duister lag,
Die komt met klaarheid aan den dag.

We are delighted to observe, that " the Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." has, at last fallen into the hands of Mr Murray, and been republished in one of the most beautiful octavos that ever issued from the fertile press of Albemarle Street. The work, indeed, is still going on at New York; but we trust some arrangement has been entered into, by virtue of

* A History of New York, from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch Dynasty. Containing, among many surprising and curious matters, the unutterable Ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the Disastrous Projects of William the Testy, and the Chivalric achievements of Peter the Headstrong, the three Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam; being the only Authentic History of the Times that ever have been Published. The Second Edition, with Alterations; by Diedrich Knickerbocker. New York, Inskeep and Bradford, 1812.

which, the succeeding numbers of this exquisite miscellany may be early given to the English public; who, we are sure, are, at least, as much inclined to receive them well as the American. Mr Washington Irving is one of our first favourites among the English writers of this age—and he is not a bit the less for having been born in America. He is not one of those Americans who practise, what may be called, a treason of the heart, in perpetual scoffs and sneers against the land of their forefathers. He well knows that his "thews and sinews" are not all, for which he is indebted to his English ancestry. All the noblest food of his heart and soul have been derived to him, he well knows, from the same fountain—and he is as grateful for his obligations as he is conscious of their magnitude. His writings all breathe the sentiment so beautifully expressed in one of Mr Coleridge's Sybilline Leaves.†

Though ages long have past
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam.
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
While these with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
And from rock to rock repeat
Round our coast.

While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;—
Yet still from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"WE ARE ONE."

The great superiority, over too many of his countrymen, evinced by Mr Irving on every occasion, when he speaks of the manners, the spirit, the faith of England, has, without doubt, done much to gain for him our affection. But had he never expressed one sentiment favourable to us or to our country, we should still have been compelled to confess that we regard him as by far the greatest genius that has arisen on the literary horizon of the new world. The Sketch Book has already proved, to our readers, that he possesses exquisite powers of pathos and description; but we recur, with pleasure, to this much earlier publication, of which, we suspect, but a few copies have ever crossed the Atlantic, to shew that we did right when we ascribed to him, in a former paper, the possession of a true old English vein of humour and satire—of keen and lively wit—and of great knowledge and discrimination of human nature.

The whole book is a *jeu-d'esprit*, and, perhaps, its only fault is, that no *jeu-d'esprit* ought to be quite so long as to fill two closely printed volumes. Under the mask of an historian of his native city, he has embodied, very successfully, the results of his own early observation in regard to the formation and constitution of several regular divisions of American society; and in this point of view his work will preserve its character of value, long after the lapse of time shall have blunted the edge of these personal allusions which, no doubt, contributed most powerfully to its popularity over the water. New York, our readers know, or ought to know, was originally a Dutch new settlement, by the style and title of New Amsterdam, and it was not till after it had witnessed the successive reigns of seven generations of brig-breeched deputies of their high mightinesses that the infant city was transferred to the dominion of England, in consequence of a pretty liberal grant by Charles II. to his brother the Duke of York, and the visit of a few English vessels sent to give some efficacy to this grant, *in partibus infidelium*. Diedrich Knickerbocker, the imaginary Dutch Herodotus of this city, of course, considers its occupation by the English forces as the termination of its political existence, and disdains to employ the same pen that had cele-

† These fine verses were not written by Mr Coleridge, but by an American gentleman, whose name he has concealed, though he calls him "a dear and valued friend." His name should *not* have been concealed. C. N.

brated the achievements of Peter the Headstrong, William the Testy, and the other governors of the legitimate Batavian breed, in recording any of the acts of their usurping successors, holding authority under the sign manual of Great Britain. To atone, however, for the hasty conclusion of his history, he makes its commencement as long and minute as could be desired—not beginning, as might be expected, with the first landing of a burgo-master on the shores of the Hudson, but plunging back into the utmost night of ages, and favouring us with a regular deducement of the Batavian line through all the varieties of place and fortune that are recorded between the creation of Adam, and the sailing of the good ship Goode Vrouw for the shore of Communipaw. The description of the imaginary historian himself has always appeared to us to be one of the best things in the whole book, so we shall begin with quoting it. We are not sure that it yields to the far-famed introduction of Chrysal. Our readers are to know that Mr Deidrich Knickerbocker composed his immortal work in the Independent Columbian Hotel, New York—and that having mysteriously disappeared from his lodgings, without saying any thing to the landlord, Mr Seth Handyside, the publican, thought of publishing his MSS. by way of having his score cleared. The program of Mr Handyside contains such a fine sketch of a veritable Dutch portrait, that we cannot help wishing it had been twice as full as it is.

"It was sometime, if I recollect right, in the early part of the fall of 1808, that a stranger applied for lodgings at the Independent Columbian Hotel in Mulberry-Street, of which I am landlord. He was a small, brisk looking old gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, a pair of olive velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat. He had a few grey hairs plaited and clubbed behind, and his beard seemed to be of some eight and forty hours growth. The only piece of finery which he bore about him, was a bright pair of square silver shoe buckles; and all his baggage was contained in a pair of saddle bags, which he carried under his arm. His whole appearance was something out of the common run; and my wife, who is a very shrewd body, at once set him down for some eminent country schoolmaster.

"As the Independent Columbian Hotel is a very small house, I was a little puzzled at first where to put him; but my wife, who seemed taken with his looks, would needs put him in her best chamber, which is genteelly set off with the profiles of the whole family, done in black, by those two great painters, Jarvis and Wood; and commands a very pleasant view of the new grounds on the Collect, together with the rear of the Poor-House and Bridewell, and the full front of the Hospital; so that it is the cheerfullest room in the whole house.

"During the whole time that he stayed with us, we found him a very worthy good sort of an old gentleman, though a little queer in his ways. He would keep in his room for days together, and if any of the children cried, or made a noise about his door, he would bounce out in a great passion, with his hands full of papers, and say something about 'deranging his ideas;' which made my wife believe sometimes that he was not altogether *compos*. Indeed there was more than one reason to make her think so, for his room was always covered with scraps of paper and old mouldy books, laying about at sixes and sevens, which he would never let any body touch; for he said he had laid them all away in their proper places, so that he might know where to find them; though for that matter, he was half his time worrying about the house in search of some book or writing which he had carefully put out of the way. I shall never forget what a pother he once made, because my wife cleaned out his room when his back was turned, and put every thing to rights; for he swore he would never be able to get his papers in order again in a twelvemonth. Upon this my wife ventured to ask him, what he did with so many books and papers? and he told her, that he was 'seeking for immortality;' which made her think more than ever, that the poor old gentleman's head was a little cracked.

"He was a very inquisitive body, and when not in his room was continually poking about town, hearing all the news, and prying into every thing that was going on; this was particularly the case about election time, when he did nothing but bustle about from poll to poll, attending all ward meetings and committee rooms; though I could never find that he took part with either side of the question. On the contrary, he would come home and rail at both parties with great wrath—and plainly proved one day, to the satisfaction of my wife and three old ladies who were drinking tea with her, that the two parties were like two rogues, each tugging at a skirt of the nation; and that in the end they would tear the very coat off its back, and expose its nakedness. Indeed he was an oracle among the neighbours, who would collect around him to hear him talk of an afternoon, as he smoaked his pipe on the bench before the door; and I really believe he would have brought over the whole neighbourhood to his own side of

the question, if they could ever have found out what it was.

"He was very much given to argue, or, as he called it, *philosophize*, about the most trifling matter, and to do him justice, I never knew any body that was a match for him, except it was a grave looking gentleman who called now and then to see him, and often posed him in an argument. But this is nothing surprising, as I have since found out this stranger is the city librarian; and, of course, must be a man of great learning; and I have my doubts, if he had not some hand in the following history.

"As our lodger had been a long time with us, and we had never received any pay, my wife began to be somewhat uneasy, and curious to find out who and what he was. She accordingly made bold to put the question to his friend, the librarian, who replied in his dry way, that he was one of the *Literati*; which she supposed to mean some new party in politics. I scorn to push a lodger for his pay, so I let day after day pass on without dunning the old gentleman for a farthing; but my wife, who always takes these matters on herself, and is, as I said, a shrewd kind of a woman, at last got out of patience, and hinted, that she thought it high time 'some people should have a sight of some people's money.' To which the old gentleman replied, in a mighty touchy manner, that she need not make herself uneasy, for that he had a treasure there, (pointing to his saddle-bags,) worth her whole house put together. This was the only answer we could ever get from him; and as my wife, by some of those odd ways in which women find out every thing, learnt that he was of very great connexions, being related to the Knickerbockers of Scaghtikoke, and cousin-german to the Congress-man of that name, she did not like to treat him uncivilly. What is more, she even offered, merely by way of making things easy, to let him live scot-free, if he would teach the children their letters; and to try her best and get the neighbours to send their children also; but the old gentleman took it in such dudgeon, and seemed so affronted at being taken for a schoolmaster, that she never dared speak on the subject again.

"About two months ago, he went out of a morning, with a bundle in his hand—and has never been heard of since. All kinds of inquiries were made after him, but in vain. I wrote to his relations at Scaghtikoke, but they sent for answer, that he had not been there since the year before last, when he had a great dispute with the Congress-man about politics, and left the place in a huff, and they had neither heard nor seen any thing of him from that time to this. I must own I felt very much worried about the poor old gentleman, for I thought something bad must have happened to him, that he should be missing so long, and never return to pay his bill. I therefore advertised him in the newspapers, and though my melancholy advertisement was published by several humane printers, yet I have never been able to learn any thing satisfactory about him.

"My wife now said it was high time to take care of ourselves, and see if he had left any thing behind in his room, that would pay us for his board and lodging. We found nothing, however, but some old books and musty writings, and his pair of saddle bags; which, being opened in the presence of the librarian, contained only a few articles of worn out clothes, and a large bundle of blotted paper. On looking over this, the librarian told us, he had no doubt it was the treasure which the old gentleman had spoke about; as it proved to be a most excellent and faithful HISTORY OF NEW-YORK, which he advised us by all means to publish; assuring us that it would be so eagerly bought up by a discerning public, that he had no doubt it would be enough to pay our arrears ten times over. Upon this we got a very learned schoolmaster, who teaches our children, to prepare it for the press, which he accordingly has done; and has, moreover, added to it a number of notes of his own; and an engraving of the city, as it was at the time Mr Knickerbocker writes about.

"This, therefore, is a true statement of my reasons for having this work printed, without waiting for the consent of the author; and I here declare, that if he ever returns, (though I much fear some unhappy accident has befallen him,) I stand ready to account with him like a true and honest man. Which is all at present—

From the public's humble servant,
SETH HANDYSIDE."

Passing over all the details of the first settlement, on the site of the beautiful city of New Amsterdam, we shall make bold to introduce our readers at once into the following graphic and, we doubt not, correct account of the mode of living practised among the inhabitants of this yet unsophisticated colony. Any body that looks upon a Dutchman on his own paternal shore, with his ten pairs of breeches, his big wig, his pipe, and his solid mass of cheek and chin, might primâ facie conclude, that of all human beings he must be the least liable to sudden changes of habit, costume, or customs. Under the burning sun of Java, the enormous Exotic swelters in the same old mass of flannel that had wrapped his infant limbs from the damp breezes of his native Zuyderzee. Beneath the romantic moonlight of The Cape, he sits unmoved—with the same charcoal pot smoking between his legs, and the

same true stalk of Gouda between his lips. Let us see how completely he transplanted the observances of Old Amsterdam to the sedgy swamps on which (in the midst of innumerable noble, dry, and airy, and unoccupied situations,) it was Mynheer's good will and pleasure to found the new.—Of course, the whole picture is meant to be a severe satire on the more fashionable manners of the present possessors of the city of New York.

"In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new year's days, the festival of St Nicholas, or some such great occasion.—It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oft times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

"The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place—the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

"As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn, or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family,—and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New-England witches—grisly ghosts—horses without heads—and hairbreadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

"In those happy days a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers shewed incontestible symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness, at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

"As this is the first introduction of those delectable orgies, which have since become so fashionable in this city, I am conscious my fair readers will be very curious to receive information on the subject. Sorry am I, that there will be but little in my description calculated to excite their admiration. I can neither delight them with accounts of suffocating crowds, nor brilliant drawing rooms, nor towering feathers, nor sparkling diamonds, nor immeasurable trains. I can detail no choice anecdotes of scandal, for in those primitive times the simple folk were either too stupid, or too good natured to pull each other's characters to pieces—nor can I furnish any whimsical anecdotes of brag—how one lady cheated, or another bounced into a passion; for as yet there was no junto of dulcet old dowagers, who met to win each other's money, and lose their own tempers at a card table.

"These fashionable parties were generally consigned to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own waggons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies

might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs; or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement.—Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy, substantial fare. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough nuts, or oly koeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

"The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot, from a huge copper tea kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

"At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yah Mynher*, or *yah ya Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles, with which the fire places were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously pourtrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

"The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy, as could afford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door: which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it."

The dress of these primitive worthies next engages the attention of the historian—and he proceeds to draw various portraits which will probably be envied by the author of the Mad Banker.

"Their hair untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatomed back from their foreheads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes, rivalling the many coloured robes of Iris—though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the number, which generally equalled that of the gentlemen's small clothes; and what is still more praise-worthy, they were all of their own manufacture—of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, they were not a little vain.

"These were the honest days, in which every woman staid at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets—aye, and that too of a goodly size, fashioned with patch-work into many curious devices, and ostentatiously worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed—and I remember there was a story current when I was a boy, that the lady of Wouter Van Twiller once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner—but we must not give too much faith to all these stories; the anecdotes of these remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.

"Besides these notable pockets, they

likewise wore scissars and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribbands, or among the more opulent and showy classes, by brass, and even silver chains—indubitable tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters. I cannot say much in vindication of the shortness of the petticoats; it doubtless was introduced for the purpose of giving the stockings a chance to be seen, which were generally of blue worsted with magnificent red clocks—or perhaps to display a well turned ankle, and a neat, though serviceable foot; set off by a high-heeled leathern shoe, with a large and splendid silver buckle. Thus we find, that the gentle sex in all ages, have shown the same disposition to infringe a little upon the laws of decorum, in order to betray a lurking beauty, or gratify an incontinent love of finery.

"From the sketch here given, it will be seen, that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure, from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ball room. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in porportion to the magnitude of its object—and a voluminous damsel, arrayed in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a low-dutch sonnetteer of the province, to be radiant as a sun-flower, and luxuriant as a full blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in those days, the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half-a-dozen. The reason of which I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller—this, however, is a question for physiologists to determine.

"But there was a secret charm in these petticoats, which no doubt entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings, was as absolutely an heiress as is a Kamtschatka damsel with a store of bear skins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of rein deer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures of dame nature, in water colours and needle work, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments; the manufacture and the property of the females—a piece of laudable ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages. Such were the beauteous belles of the ancient city of New Amsterdam, rivalling in primeval simplicity of manners, the renowned and courtly dames, so loftily sung by Dan Homer—who tells us that the princess Nausicaa washed the family linen, and the fair Penelope wove her own petticoats.

"The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles of the gay world in these ancient times, corresponded, in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True it is, their merits would make but a very inconsiderable impression upon the heart of a modern fair; they neither drove their curricles nor sported their tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not even dreamt of—neither did they distinguish themselves by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent rencontres with watchmen, for our forefathers were of too pacific a disposition to need those guardians of the night, every soul throughout the town being in full snore before nine o'clock. Neither did they establish their claims to gentility at the expense of their taylors—for as yet those offenders against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in New Amsterdam; every good housewife made the clothes of her husband and family, and even the goede vrouw of Van Twiller himself, thought it no disparagement to cut out her husband's linsey woolsey galligaskins.

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters who manifested the first dawnings of what is called fire and spirit. Who held all labour in contempt; skulked about docks and market places; loitered in the sunshine; squandered what little money they could procure at hustle cap and chuck farthing; swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbours' horses—in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been unfortunately cut short, by an affair of honour with a whipping post.

"Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days—his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing-room, was a linsey woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons.—Half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure—his shoes were decorated by enormous copper buckles—a low crowned broad brimmed hat overshadowed his burley visage, and his hair dangled down his back, in a prodigious queue of eel skin.

"Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth with pipe in mouth to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate heart—not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea, but one of true delft manufacture, and furnished with a charge of fragrant Cowpen tobacco. With this would he resolute-

ly set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honourable terms.

"Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper-washed coin. In that delightful period, a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace—the substantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted by ribald street walkers or vagabond boys—those unlucky urchins, who do so infest our streets, displaying under the roses of youth, the thorns and briars of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches and the damsel with petticoats of half a score indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear and without reproach—for what had that virtue to fear, which was defended by a shield of good linsey woolseys, equal at least to the seven bull hides of the invincible Ajax.

"Ah blissful, and never to be forgotten age! when every thing was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again—when Buttermilk channel was quite dry at low water—when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon, and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light, which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city!

Behold the form of one of the primitive rulers of this primitive race—the great Willhelmus Kieft, commonly called William the Testy, who ascended the Gubernatorial chair of New Amsterdam anno domini 1638.

"He was a brisk, waspish, little old gentleman, who had dried and withered away, partly through the natural process of years, and partly from being parched and burnt up by his fiery soul; which blazed like a vehement rush light in his bosom, constantly inciting him to most valourous broils, altercations and misadventures. I have heard it observed by a profound and philosophical judge of human nature, that if a woman waxes fat as she grows old, the tenure of her life is very precarious, but if haply she withers, she lives for ever—such likewise was the case with William the Testy, who grew tougher in proportion as he dried. He was some such a little Dutchman as we may now and then see, stumping briskly about the streets of our city, in a broad skirted coat, with buttons nearly as large as the shield of Ajax, an old fashioned cocked hat stuck on the back of his head, and a cane as high as his chin. His visage was broad, but his features sharp, his nose turned up with a most petulant curl; his cheeks, like the regions of Terra del Fuego, were scorched into a dusky red — doubtless in consequence of the neighbourhood of two fierce little grey eyes, through which his torrid soul beamed as fervently, as a tropical sun blazing through a pair of burning glasses. The corners of his mouth were curiously modelled into a kind of fret work, not a little resembling the wrinkled proboscis of an irritable pug dog—in a word, he was one of the most positive, restless, ugly, little men, that ever put himself in a passion about nothing.

"Such were the personal endowments of William the Testy, but it was the sterling riches of his mind that raised him to dignity and power. In his youth he had passed with great credit through a celebrated academy at the Hague, noted for producing finished scholars with a dispatch unequalled, except by certain of our American colleges, which seem to manufacture bachelors of arts, by some patent machine. Here he skirmished very smartly on the frontiers of several of the sciences, and made so gallant an inroad in the dead languages, as to bring off a captive host of Greek nouns and Latin verbs, together with divers pithy saws and apothegms, all which he constantly paraded in conversation and writing, with as much vain glory as would a triumphant general of yore display the spoils of the countries he had ravished."

Great as these accomplishments might be esteemed at New, or even at Old Amsterdam, they were, however, very far from producing nothing but good either to the governor or the governed. William the Testy is compared, by his historian, to a bad swimmer, who, floundering about on the surface, and with splashing head and tail, makes fifty times more noise and splutter than the experienced diver that plunges calmly to the bottom, and brings up whatever he sees worth the trouble. In an evil hour he set about the erection of debating societies, and had he carried over the whole of the Select Society of Edinburgh in the Goede Vrouw, he could not have conferred a more pestiferous present on his colony. The portrait may well furnish matter of reflection to wiser bodies than debating societies.

"But the worst of the matter was, that just about this time the mob, since called the sovereign people, like Balaam's ass, began to grow more enlightened than its rider, and exhibited a strange desire of governing itself. This was another effect of the 'universal acquirements' of William the Testy. In some of his pestilent researches among the rubbish of antiquity, he was struck

with admiration at the institution of public tables among the Lacedæmonians, where they discussed topics of a general and interesting nature—at the schools of the philosophers, where they engaged in profound disputes upon politics and morals—where grey beards were taught the rudiments of wisdom, and youths learned to become little men, before they were boys. 'There is nothing,' said the ingenious Kieft, shutting up the book, 'there is nothing more essential to the well management of a country, than education among the people; the basis of a good government, should be laid in the public mind.'—Now this was enough, but it was ever the wayward fate of William the Testy, that when he thought right, he was sure to go to work wrong. In the present instance, he could scarcely eat or sleep, until he had set on foot brawling debating societies, among the simple citizens of New Amsterdam. This was the one thing wanting to complete his confusion. The honest Dutch burghers, though in truth but little given to argument or wordy altercations, yet by dint of meeting often together, fuddling themselves with strong drink, beclouding their brains with tobacco smoke, and listening to the harangues of some half a dozen oracles, soon became exceedingly wise, and—as is always the case where the mob is politically enlightened—exceedingly discontented. They found out, with wonderful quickness of discernment, the fearful error in which they had indulged, in fancying themselves the happiest people in creation—and were fortunately convinced, that, all circumstances to the contrary notwithstanding, they were a very unhappy, deluded, and consequently, ruined people!

"In a short time the quidnuncs of New Amsterdam formed themselves into sage juntos of political croakers, who daily met together to groan over political affairs, and make themselves miserable; thronging to these unhappy assemblages with the same eagerness, that zealots have in all ages abandoned the milder and more peaceful paths of religion, to crowd to the howling convocations of fanaticism. We are naturally prone to discontent, and avaricious after imaginary causes of lamentation—like lubberly monks, we belabour our own shoulders, and seem to take a vast satisfaction in the music of our own groans. Nor is this said for the sake of paradox; daily experience shows the truth of these observations. It is next to a farce to offer consolation, or to think of elevating the spirits of a man groaning under ideal calamities; but nothing is more easy than to render him wretched, though on the pinnacle of felicity; as it is an Herculean task to hoist a man to the top of a steeple, though the merest child can topple him off thence.

"In the sage assemblages I have noticed, the philosophic reader will at once perceive the faint germs of those sapient convocations called popular meetings, prevalent at our day—Thither resorted all those idlers and 'squires of low degree,' who, like rags, hang loose upon the back of society, and are ready to be blown away by every wind of doctrine. Cobblers abandoned their stalls, and hastened thither to give lessons on political economy—blacksmiths left their handicraft and suffered their own fires to go out, while they blew the bellows and stirred up the fire of faction; and even taylors, though but the shreds and patches, the ninth parts of humanity, neglected their own measures, to attend to the measures of government—Nothing was wanting but half a dozen newspapers and patriotic editors, to have completed this public illumination, and to have thrown the whole province in an uproar!

"I should not forget to mention, that these popular meetings were always held at a noted tavern; for houses of that description have always been found the most congenial nurseries of politics; abounding with those genial streams which give strength and sustenance to faction—We are told that the ancient Germans had an admirable mode of treating any question of importance; they first deliberated upon it when drunk, and afterwards reconsidered it when sober. The shrewder mobs of America, who dislike having two minds upon a subject, both determine and act upon it drunk; by which means a world of cold and tedious speculations is dispensed with—and as it is universally allowed that when a man is drunk he sees *double*, it follows most conclusively that he sees twice as well as his sober neighbours."

We cannot, at present, venture upon any more extracts—and yet we have done nothing to give our readers a due notion of what Knickerbocker's book contains. We shall return to the volumes again, for we suppose we may consider them as in regard to almost all that read this Magazine, "as good as manuscript." Enough, however, has been quoted to shew of what sort of stuff Mr Irving's comic pencil is composed—and enough to make all our readers go along with us in a request which we have long meditated, viz. that this author would favour us with a series of novels, on the plan of those of Miss Edgeworth, or, if he likes that better, of the author of Waverley, illustrative of the present state of manners in the United States of America. When we think, for a moment, on the variety of elements whereof that society is every where composed—the picturesque mixtures of manners derived from German, Dutch, English, Scottish, Swedish, Gothic, and Celtic settlers, which

must be observable in almost every town of the republican territories—the immense interfusion of different ranks of society from all these quarters, and their endless varieties of action upon each other—the fermentation that must every where prevail among these yet unsettled and unarranged atoms—above all, on the singularities inseparable from the condition of the only half-young, half-old people in the world—simply as such—we cannot doubt that could a Smollet, a Fielding, or a Le Sage have seen America as she is, he would at once have abandoned every other field, and blessed himself on having obtained access to the true *terra fortunata* of the novelist. Happily for Mr Irving that *terra fortunata* is also to this hour a *terra incognita*; for in spite of the shoals of bad books of travels that have inundated us from time to time, no European reader has ever had the smallest opportunity of being introduced to any thing like one vivid portraiture of American life. Mr Irving has, as every good man must have, a strong affection for his country; and he is, therefore, fitted to draw her character *con amore* as well as *con gentilezza*. The largeness of his views, in regard to politics, will secure him from staining his pages with any repulsive air of bigotry—and the humane and liberal nature of his opinions in regard to subjects of a still higher order, will equally secure him from still more offensive errors.

To frame the plots of twenty novels can be no very heavy task to the person who wrote the passages we have quoted above—and to fill them up with characteristic details of incidents and manners, would be nothing but an amusement to him. He has sufficiently tried and shewn his strength in sketches—it is time that we should look for full and glowing pictures at his hands. Let him not be discouraged by the common-place cant about the impossibility of good novels being written by young men. Smollet wrote Roderick Random before he was five-and-twenty, and assuredly he had not seen half so much of the world as Mr Irving has done. We hope we are mistaken in this point—but it strikes us that he writes, of late, in a less merry mood than in the days of Knickerbocker and the Salmagundi. If the possession of intellectual power and resources ought to make any man happy, that man is Washington Irving; and people may talk as they please about the "inspiration of melancholy," but it is our firm belief that no man ever wrote any thing greatly worth the writing, unless under the influence of buoyant spirits. "A cheerful mind is what the muses love," says the author of *Ruth* and *Michael*, and *the Brothers*; and in the teeth of all asseverations to the contrary, we take leave to believe that my Lord Byron was never in higher glee than when composing the darkest soliloquies of his Childe Harold. The capacity of achieving immortality, when called into vivid consciousness by the very act of composition and passion of inspiration, must be enough, we should think, to make any man happy. Under such influences he may, for a time, we doubt not, be deaf even to the voice of self-reproach, and hardened against the memory of guilt. The amiable and accomplished Mr Irving has no evil thoughts or stinging recollections to fly from—but it is very possible that he may have been indulging in a cast of melancholy, capable of damping the wing even of *his* genius. *That*, like every other demon, must be wrestled with, in order to its being overcome. And if he will set boldly about *An American Tale, in three volumes duodecimo*, we think there is no rashness in promising him an easy, a speedy, and a glorious victory. Perhaps all this may look very like impertinence, but Mr Irving will excuse us, for it is, at least, well meant.

SPECIMENS OF MR WRANGHAM'S TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

[A friend in Yorkshire has been so kind as to send us, "*quite wet from the press*," he says—(and a very beautiful Provincial press it must be)—some specimens of a translation of the four first books of Horace's Odes, which have given us at least as much pleasure as any thing we have met with for a long while. Nothing but an extreme of modesty, which is at least as singular as it

is amiable, in a man of so great and so widely acknowledged genius, could have induced the Reverend Francis Wrangham to lay before his friends any *specimens* of his power to execute any task with which he may think proper to occupy himself. We speak of his *friends*—for only fifty copies are printed—and we are sure he must have enough of intelligent and admiring friends to receive these, and more than these. It is possible that we may appear to be acting an over officious part, by transferring some of the specimens to our own pages;—but if Mr Wrangham condescends to issue specimens, we cannot think we are guilty of any very unpardonable freedom in affording them more ample room and verge for the reception of that applause which we are sure they must elicit from every critic worthy of the name.

Had any scholar in Britain been called upon, ten years ago, to say which of all the authors of antiquity he considered most insusceptible of elegant and adequate translation, we are pretty sure he would have answered, either *Aristophanes*, or *Horace*, or *both*. It gives us much pleasure, and some little pride too, that the pages of this miscellany have been the honoured vehicles of specimens both of Aristophanic and Horatian versions, which must go far to alter an opinion so widely, and as it seemed, so justly adopted. In the month of January 1819, there appeared in this journal the first specimen of Mr Frere's translations from the Prince of Attic Comedy—a piece of composition which at once fixed the attention of every lover of learning, wit, and poetry, and excited or strengthened hopes which ere long, we trust, shall be abundantly gratified. Mr Frere will be the first to rejoice in seeing the author of our present specimens placed in honour by his side. To render the Odes of Horace does not indeed demand the same infinite variety of accomplishments and powers which must meet in any worthy translator of any one comedy of Aristophanes. It demands, however, an union of talents which the history of English translation has rarely exhibited in any department—that of the utmost purity and depth of perception and feeling, with the utmost terseness and elegance of diction. More sensible of the inherent difficulties of his undertaking than any other person is likely to be, Mr Wrangham has modestly inscribed his *brochure* with the motto, *In magnis voluisse sat est*, but we are sure he is the only scholar in England that would have selected such a motto for such a *brochure*.

We had almost forgot to take notice, that Mr Wrangham's frontispiece is adorned with an exquisite wooden-cut by Bewick—representing his own church and the vicarage of Henmanby. The scene appears so beautifully and classically congenial, that we hope his recent elevation (to the Archdeaconry of Cleveland) does not imply its desertion.]

HORACE. BOOK III.

ODE 3.

Firm is the genuine patriot's soul:
Him nor the mob's malign control,
Nor furious despot's frown combined
Stirs from the purpose of his mind.
Lightnings may flash; o'er Adria's wave
The South-wind's tyrant force may rave;
May rend, may sink th' o'erarching skies—
Fearless amidst the wreck, he dies.
With hearts so strung, to heaven's repose
Pollux and tost Alcides rose;
'Mid whom 'tis Cæsar's bliss to sip
The nectar'd bowl with ruby lip.
And thee thus gifted, Bacchus, too,
Chafed by the yoke thy tigers drew:
And, gifted thus, great Ilia's son
On Mars' steeds 'scaped Acheron.
Pleased; the high synod heard heaven's Dame
Pronounce, "Troy, Troy is wrapp'd in flame,
By judge corrupt foredoom'd its wall,
And foreign beauty's lure to fall:
To mine and to Minerva's levin
Its fraudful prince and people given,
Then, when in vain their bargain'd meed
The builder-Gods solicited.
Glitters no more in Phrygian vest
Adulterous Helen's lustful guest:
No more, upheld by Hector's hand,
The perjur'd towers of Priam stand.
Fed by our feuds, the war expires,
And with it die this bosom's fires!
My hated kin, whom Ilia bore,
For Mars' sake I hate no more.
Be his, to tread this star-paved plain;
His, the bright wine of Gods to drain;
And his, to live—I not gainsay—
Rank'd with our care-free'd hosts for aye.
So the broad ocean roll between
Their Rome and Troy's detested scene,
Reign they—where'er the exiles' lot—
In proudest state! I murmur not.
So the wild herds mock Priam's pride,
And in his tomb their litters hide

Secure—her Capitol may tower,
And Parthia crouch beneath its power.
And wide extend her name of dread,
Wide as the midland billows spread,
Which from fair Europe part the Moor—
Or where old Nile's rich torrents roar.
" Of gold in its dark cemetry,
So better hid—disdainful, she
Drags not the buried mischief forth,
With impious hand, from mother Earth.
Where'er the world's far limit stands,
Visit that bourn her conquering bands;
Rejoiced 'mid tropic fires to glow,
Or fight and freeze in polar snow.
Bind but the hero-race this law—
That them nor pride of triumph draw,
Nor fatal piety ensnare,
The shatter'd domes of Troy to rear.
Should Troy afresh her turrets raise,
Again the ill-starr'd pile should blaze;
The victor-hosts again I'd move,
Dread wife and sister I of Jove.
Should Phœbus self thrice build the wall
Of sturdiest brass, it thrice should fall,
My Argives' prey; and thrice, with deep
Long wail, her captive dames should weep."
But these are themes for lighter shell
Unfit: my Muse, bethink thee well;
Nor dare the strains of Gods rehearse,
Degraded by thy humble verse.

ODE 5.

Jove's power the thunder-peal proclaims:
Britain's and Parthia's hated names,
Inscribed 'mid Cæsar's victories,
Exalt the hero to the skies.
And has thy soldier, Crassus, wived
With barbarous consort, meanly lived?
Beneath a Median standard ranged
(O senate shamed! O manners changed!)
Mail'd in a foreign sire's array,
Has the stern Marsian's brow grown gray—
Vesta, race, robe, and rites forgot,
As if great Rome, dread Jove were not?
This, patriot Regulus foreknew;
And spurn'd, to home and honour true,
The terms whose chronicled disgrace
Would paralyse each rising race—
If they, who bore to live in chains,
Lived not unwept. " In Punic fanes
Rome's captive banner hung (he cried)
These eyes have witness'd; from a side
Gash'd by no wound the sword resign'd,
And Roman arms base fetters bind;
Carthage unbolted, and her field
(Erst our rich spoil) securely till'd.
Hope ye more brave a ransom'd race?
Ye couple damage with disgrace.
Alas! once tinctured for the boom,
Ne'er will the fleece its snow resume;
Nor valour, sullied by a stain,
Shake off its taint, and glow again.
If stag released will brave the fight,
Then count upon that soldier's might,
Who once has bow'd to treacherous foe:
Then trust he'll strike heroic blow,
Who once has felt the hostile cord,
And quiver'd at a Punic sword.
Of life's true guardian reckless, he
Sought in base peace security.
O mighty Carthage, rear'd to fame
On ruin of the Roman name!"
And thus, his wife's caress declined,
And round his knees his infants twined
Pushing away, in sternest mood
(His eyes unraised) the warrior stood:
Till he the wavering senate bent
With counsel beyond precedent,
And 'mid his weeping friends' dismay,
Illustrious exile! hied away.
Though well, alas! he knew what woes
Were meant him by his savage foes:
Through kin, through crowds before him cast,
With foot as firm the hero past,
As if composed each petty broil
Of humble friends, from civil toil
He turn'd to some Venafran dome,
Or sought Tarentum's distant home!

ODE 8.

This March-day incense, at the door
Fuming of me a bachelor;
These flowers, on living turf this fire—
Surprised, What mean they? you inquire,
Skill'd in the lore of Greece and Rome:
—Know, when the tree near seal'd my doom,
A snow-white goat to Bacchus I
Vow'd grateful, and carousal high.
And ever as that day the year
Brings round, from rosin'd cork I clear
The flask, in mellowing chimney placed
When Tullus last the fasces graced.
Mæcenas, to thy rescued friend
Toss off an hundred bumpers. Blend
With orient dawn the taper's ray:
Be noise, be quarrels far away!
Dismiss thy cares about the state:
The Dacian, Cotison is beat;
And Parthia, vex'd with civil arms,
No longer works thy Rome alarms.
Our ancient foes, the sons of Spain,
At length put on the tardy chain:
And Scythia's hordes prepare to yield,
With bow unstrung, the battle-field.
Left to itself the public weal,
Awhile from private interests steal:
Forsake the toils and cares of power;
And snatch, and use, the present hour.

ODE 9.

HORACE.

While Lydia, I to thee was dear,
And round that neck—so soft, so fair—
No arm more welcome dared to twine,
More blest than kingly lot was mine.

LYDIA.

While, still to me thy love confined,
Thy Chloe left me not behind,
Poor Lydia's glory then stood high;
More famed than Ilia's self was I.

HORACE.

Me now the charms of Chloe sway,
Skilled in sweet sounds of lyre and lay;
For whom stern Death I'd gladly brave,
To snatch the maiden from the grave.

LYDIA.

And me young Calais inspires
Whose bosom burns with mutual fires;

For whom stern Death I'd doubly brave,
To snatch the stripling from the grave.

HORACE.

What if the yoke, though sunder'd, we
As erst to wear again agree!
Should I shake off sweet Chloe's chain,
And take my Lydia home again!—

LYDIA.

Though fairer he than eve's bright star,
Than Adria's gulf thou stormier far,
And light as floating cork—yet I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

ODE 13.

Fount of Bandusia, glassy spring,
Worthy of hallow'd offering,
Of scatter'd flowers and sweetest wine!
A kid to-morrow shall be thine,
Whose budding horns threat love and war—
Falsely, alas! poor wantoner!
To-morrow with his heart's red tide
Thy stream, fair Fountain, shall be dyed.
Thee not the dog-star's fiery ray
Visits with unrelenting day:
Th' o'er-labour'd ox, the roving kine,
Glad in thy cool fresh shade recline.
Rank amid noblest streams shalt thou,
Whilst in my song the oak shall grow
Based on the rock, with sparkling flash
Whence down thy headlong waters dash.

ODE 15.

Wedded to needy Ibycus,
Cease, wanton Chloris, loosely thus—
Fitter for burial thou, than ball!
To bound, at each gay festival;
Descried 'mid blooming maids at play,
Like black cloud on the Milky Way.
That well may grace bright Pholoe,
Which ill beseems such crone as thee.
Fitlier thy daughter would become,
Like Bacchante roused by beat of drum,
To storm young gallants' doors, or fired
By Nothus, frisk as goat untired.
Thine age Luceria's fleeces suit
And distaff, more than lyre or lute,
Or flask drain'd dry, or round the brow
Entwined the rose's damask glow.

ODE 23.

If the New Moon thy hands but see
Rear'd heavenward, rustic Phidyle;
And incense, and fresh fruits appease,
And a fierce sow thy deities:
No blight thy fertile vines shall feel,
On thy corn-field no mildew steal;
Nor thy sweet charge the season fear,
When Autumn's orchards load the year.
The victim, which 'mid woodlands green
On snow-capp'd Algidus is seen,
Or crops in Alban meads its food,
May stain the pontiff's axe with blood—
Befits not thee to steep the ground
In gore of slaughter'd offerings: crown'd
With rosemary's and myrtle's pride,
Thy little gods are satisfied.
Press but from hand that's pure their shrine
A simple cake, the Powers Divine
Costlier oblation less will win,
When tender'd by a heart unclean.

ODE 25.

Whither, Bacchus, full of thee,
Am I rapt in ecstasy?
In what caves, what bowers among
Fluttering, shall be heard my song;
Lifting Cæsar, earth above,
To the stars and state of Jove?
Strange and wonderful, of yore
Undivulged the lay I pour.
Such the gaze thy priestess throws,
Roused from sleep, o'er Thracia's snows,
Hebrus and wild Rhodope
Trod by frantic foot. I see
Marvelling, as I onward rove,
Towering cliff and lonely grove.
Lord of Naiad, Bacchanal
Train uprooting ashes tall!
Tame, or low, or mortal I
Nought will sing. 'Tis sweet to try
Perils scorn'd, the God to trace,
Whose brow the vine's green tendrils grace.

ODE 26.

Of late a swain to maidens known,
In love's soft fields I won renown.
The age of that fond war gone by,
Upon yon wall my enginry
Shall hang, at sea-born Venus' side—
My lyre, my flambeaux flaring wide,
My battering bar, and bow, of yore
Levell'd against th' excluding door.
O Queen of happy Cyprus thou,
And Memphis free'd from chilling snow;
Once, Goddess, with thy lifted lash,
Once, lightly, haughty Chloe dash.

ODE 27.

The bitch or fox with young, or jay,
Ill-omen'd charterer! marks the way
To villains; or, athirst for blood,
The dun wolf from Lanuvium's wood:
Or serpent, where their journey leads,
Shoots arrow-like, and scares their steeds.
I with presaging skill endued,
Where friendship sways me for the good,
The raven hoarse with anxious vow
From the auspicious east will woo;
Before the crow his stagnant fen,
Herald of tempests, seeks again.
Be happy wheresoe'er thou art,
Galla, nor throw me from thine heart!
No boding pye thy voyage stays,
Thy course no warning crow delays.
—Yet see, how prone Orion heaves,
Tremendous, the vast world of waves!
Adria's grim bay too well I know,
Where breezes fair but fatal blow.
O in our foes—their wives, their race—
Wake the blind South-winds blast amaze!
For them the blackening ocean roar,
And strike with frantic surge the shore!
Thus her false bull Europa rode
Courageous, till amid the flood
Dire monsters met her shrinking view:
The wile detected paled her hue.
She who o'er flowery meads had roved,
To twine a wreath for those she loved,

In the dim night could nought descry,
Save tossing seas and starry sky.
Soon as her footstep press'd the shore,
Where, Crete, thy hundred cities tower;
"O sire's, O daughter's name defied!
O duty phrenzy-whelm'd!" she cried:
"Whence come I? Whither? Ill shall one
Poor death a maiden's crime atone.
Wake I, my foul offence to weep;
Or mocks my innocence asleep
Some dream, through ivory gate convey'd?
Deem I it happier to have stray'd
O'er all this length of seas, or roam
Cropping fresh flowers, ah me! at home?
Would to my rage by righteous Heaven
That bull, that guilty bull, were given!
How would I gash his beauteous neck!
His once-loved horns how strive to break!
Shameless my father's halls I've fled,
Yet shameless fear to join the dead!
Grant me, some listening God, to stray
Naked, where lions prowl for prey:
Ere furrow'd yet by meagre lines
Withers this bloom, this plumpness pines,
Or time has dared these charms to steal,
Make me the tiger's luscious meal.
I hear my absent father cry;
'Lost girl! why linger thus to die?
That ready zone with gripe of fate,
This ash, thy shame may expiate.
Haply yon crag invites thee more,
Round whose rough base the tempests roar:
Brave, then, the storm—if rather thou
Prefer not menial task and low;
Or poorly, sprung of kings, to shine
In some rude court, slave-concubine!'"
As thus she raved, with playful tongue
Came Venus, and (his bow unstrung)
Sly Cupid. Much the wily Dame
Rallied the mourner on her flame:
Then, "Cease to scold that hated bull;
Those horns," she cried, "again to pull
It shall be thine. Thy sobs give o'er:
Fits not Jove's consort tears to pour.
Learn thy great fortune well to bear:
Thy name shall grace an hemisphere."

ODE 29.

O thou of royal ancestry,
A cask of wine unpierced for thee
I keep, and wreaths of roses fair,
And essences to dew thy hair.
Hie then to Tibur's dripping shore,
Rich Æsulæ's green slope explore;
And those sweet hills, where reign'd and died
Telegonus the parricide.
Quit, quit thy cloying luxuries,
And turrets that invade the skies:
Nor longer Rome's gay scenes admire,
Her smoke and opulence and stir.
A charm in change the wealthy feel;
And oft the simple cottage-meal,
From tapestried halls and purple far,
Has smooth'd the furrow'd brow of care.
Bright Cepheus now his fire displays,
Now Procyon pours his raging blaze;
With madden'd beam the Lion burns,
And all the thirsty year returns.
And now his fainting herd the swain
Drives languidly o'er swelter'd plain,
To bosky bourn or cooling lake,
Though not a breeze it's silence wake.
Yet you still anxious guard the state,
Mæcenas, still anticipate
(Wakeful for all, your patriot cares)
What the discordant East prepares.
But Heaven, wise Heaven, from human sight
The future shrouds in thickest night;
And smiles, when self-tormentors feign
Of woes to come a horrid train.
The present hour spend frugally:
The rest in Tiber emblem'd see,
Now to the main calm gliding on;
Now tree uprooted, shatter'd stone,
And floating flocks and structures strong
Whirling in one wild sweep along;
With echo of the hills and woods,
When torrents vex the sleeping floods.
Lord of himself and blest is he,
Who when bright Phœbus seeks the sea,
Can truly boast; "I've lived to day.
Tempest to-morrow as he may
Dread Jove, or spread the skies with blue,
Even he may not the past undo;
O'er that, not Heaven itself has power:
'Tis gone—and I have had my hour.
Fortune, 'mid sternest ravage gay,
And bent her haughty game to play,
Quick her capricious honours shifts;
Now me aloft, now others lifts.
I praise her stay: but if her wing
She shake, her gifts away I fling,
Wrapp'd in my own integrity,
And blest with dowerless poverty.
When groans the mast, it is not mine,
Poor grovelling mendicant! to whine
With stipulating vow, and crave
Redemption from the greedy wave
For my rich cargoes. Some soft gale
May gently fill my little sail;
And safe, beneath the Twins, shall ride
My skiff across the billowy tide."

RECOLLECTIONS.

No VII.

Mark Macrabin, *the Cameronian.*

THE WITCH OF AE.

(Continued from last Number.)

"In a lonesome glen—in a haunted house—with a witch-woman in mine arms, was I thus left," said the Cameronian, continuing his narrative, "and sore and sadly was I troubled, for her fit continued long; her whole frame and aspect seemed changed, and I dreamed that death was approaching. She gave a convulsive shudder, and a low moan, and arose suddenly from my arms, and stood before me.—'Poor lad! poor lad!' said Janet Morison, 'so all the world have left me to my last moments but thee!—my faithful fremit lad.' While she uttered this, there was an unsettled light and motion in her eye, and a flushing and fading of colour in her face, which were fearful to look upon. She, however, walked about the apartment with her customary agility and erectness of attitude, but it was plain she was pondering on some deep and solemn thing. She went to an old oaken wardrobe, and from among ancient silks and robes, covered with fur and richest lace, she brought a sheathed broadsword, with a cross-letted hilt of pure gold; among the network, a raven was wrought in gold, and ravens also were chased on the blade. She laid it on the table. In the same place she found a roll of fine linen, which she unwound, and laid on the bed—and it was not without fear that I saw it was a shroud, perfect and complete, with a raven wrought in black silk on the bosom. She looked on the ancient weapon, and on the shroud in silence, and commenced again her walk about the apartment. Hours passed away in this melancholy silence, and I never remember any sound so dismal as that of the old woman's voice, when, lifting the sheathed sword from the table, she thus addressed me—not in her usual soothing manner, but in a tone lofty and commanding. 'Mark Macrabin, the mid-day sun is now shining—when he sets shall I set—lead me out, therefore, from aneath this wretched and miserable roof of straw and turf, into the beaming of the blessed sun, and the fragrance of the kindly air—I shall pass away with the cieling shining with the fires of heaven alone above my head—the gushing of that pure mountain stream before me, and under my feet the earth's green and delicious floor—so shall the spirit pass freely—for it's soothing to hear the song of birds, and the melody of many waters; lead me out, therefore, and let me fade and fa' looking on the lands so long the inheritance of the bold and manly Morisons.' Taking her hand, we walked out together, and stood on the green platform before the door of the cottage.

"All before her breathed of peace and happiness; the farmer maidens were returning from fold and hill-side, bearing stoups reeking with new milk, singing, as they descended into the vale, snatches of old ballads, and one girl in particular, lilted, with a clear and predominating voice, that famous old Dumfriesshire song, 'What ails the Kirk at me.' In the very bosom of the vale, the peasants were engaged in the labour of the harvest-field—the ripe grain sank as the sickles moved, and behind them came the old men, binding the corn into sheafs, and erecting them into regular shocks. Through the valley winded the clear stream of Ae, gleaming in the sun, while the children of the reapers were bathing in its waters, or running wild and clamorous on its grassy margin. The old woman seated herself on a bank of green turf, and looked on the scene before her with a steady and continued gaze. 'Clear and lovely stream,' said Janet Morison, 'thou art beauteous in thy summer purity—and noble in thy wintery and flooded strength. All things change that live or grow beside thee—from these breathing and smiling and joyous images of God running gladsome on thy banks, to the decaying tree that has sheltered beneath its green boughs the love-trystes of many generations. Thou art living

and running and unchanged! Through thee has the war-horse rushed in his strength, when the trumpet called on his rider—through thee has the sweet maiden waded in secret among the moonlight to meet with her first love—in thy stream has the deer stood gazing, ere he drank, on the shadow of his long branching horns; and in thee has the warrior washed the blood of a hard won battle from his brow. Oh that thou hadst never been reddened with other blood than that of enemies—the curse—lang looked for—slow coming and sure, had never come upon our house, and the name of the manly Morisons would have lived whilst thy waters ran.'

"As she ceased, she looked on the sheathed sword, which like a blade prepared for battle, lay over her knees, and clasped her pale and shrivelled hands in silent agony of spirit, till the blood fled from their extremities. The harvest-horns now began to sound on all sides of the vale, summoning the reapers from their tasks; and the youths and maidens, running to the river, laved their hands and their brows, and, gathering round a small knoll by the stream, with bare head and obedient hand, awaited a serious and lengthened blessing from the goodman of the boon-dinner. The shepherd, too, received, from the hands of some kilted menial, his goan and his cake, and, seating himself on the green hill-side, with his dogs at his feet, with ready knife and willing tooth proceeded to discuss his roasted mutton, keeping his eyes all the while fixed on the flock which grazed beneath him. This specimen of pastoral delight, in which the feeling and glory of a shepherd's life appealed to the eye, and became sensible to the touch, failed not to interest me deeply. I had dreamed it was true of plumb-tree pipes, and sweet maidens, and obedient flocks, but I had never speculated on the enjoyment of the kind of pastoral meat-offering which was now presented to the shepherd on his hill-side. I felt anxious to commence; and the easy way in which a bason of sweet curds, or any other of those shepherd dishes which provoke one's appetite in song, would have glided into my affections, made me wish for so easy a sey-piece. The appearance of an old man with a young woman, walking step by step at his side, interrupted my meditations. He was walking on the river side, and, turning at once from the current, he ascended the little promontory, on which we were seated, by a zig-zag footpath, which landed the old man and his companion in front of the cottage. He soon stood beside us, gathering his breath, and leaning over his staff, polished smooth as horn by long use.

"He seemed in no haste to speak, but unbonneted, and smoothed with his hand, a head full of silver hairs, showing a high and brent forehead and swarthy eyes, which retained their hue amidst the changes of time. Over a complete suit of clothes, of the colour called raven-black, the prudence of age had thrown a Lowland mantle, or shepherd's maud, which, fastened by a silver skewer on the left shoulder, hung down to the knee, in a simple style of antique drapery. His legs were covered with a species of leggins, called Sanquhar-hose—certainly the most comfortable covering that ever the kindness of woman invented for the use of man;—they were of a deep black rib, and, reaching far on the shoe, nearly covered a pair of massy silver buckles. In his hand he held his bonnet, which presented a breadth of margin capable of shading even the colossal shoulders of the wearer himself, and, replacing this covering on his silver hairs, he turned on Janet Morison an eye of recognition, and began to speak; but the rustic uncouthness of his manner accorded ill with the gentleness of a religious mission, or even with the kindness of his own nature.

'It's a very odd thing, woman,' —said the Cameronian elder, John Macmukle, with a prolonged low cough and a *draunt* of the tongue, —'that ye should be groping at death's door without sending to a devout neighbour to prepare yere path through the sinks o' sin, and the deep mires o' unrighteousness, an' hing the gospel lamp afore ye, the burning an' the shining lights o' the covenant.' As he spoke he placed his bonnet on the grass, seated himself above it, pulled out and unclasped a small black print bible, and, with a kind of mournful and sympathizing cough, dipped at once into the twelfth chapter of Revelations. This well meant and devotional overture seemed, perhaps, from the controversial commentary of the commencement, to jar with the train of Janet Morison's reflections;

she waved her hand in displeasure, and lowered her dark brows till they almost concealed her eyes. The Cameronian read on, 'John Macmukle,' said Janet Morison, 'thou art a douce man, and thou art a devout; but thy belief and my belief are sundered by a gulph.—Religion to thee is a tree stript by winter of its beauty, and the storm and the hail are busy with its branches.—Religion to me is a tree shooting out its bud and its blossom, and bringing forth its fruit to the dews of night and the morning sun, and filling the land with its fragrance, and the hungry with its fruit—I shall hear thee no longer.' The Cameronian read on, and read, too, with a saint-like resignation and fervour of face, and the old woman sat silent till he closed the book and said, 'let us pray,' throwing himself in the instant on his knees, and holding up his hands, and closing his eyes, uttering a preliminary sound, something between a cough and a groan. The habitual reverence which I entertained for devotion placed me on my knees beside him—the young woman knelt also, folding her white hands over her bosom, and bowing her head till her temple-locks touched the grass. Janet Morison alone sat, and, with a brow dark, and even stern, awaited the forth-coming prayer. She did not wait long. The commencement seemed of a controversial nature—a kind of battle-array of creeds and persuasions, with an enumeration of the various heresies and sects which deform and distract Christianity, mislead the divine stream, render it impure, and pour its healing waters on desart places. From these he made a sudden transition; and, in the desire of his heart for pressing all kinds of figures and allusions into the service of devotion, he seized on the metaphorical tree of religion made use of by Janet Morison, and thus he employed it: 'Thou art a tree lovely and stately, beloved by softer minds in thy summer pride and beauty, by sterner minds in thy winter desolation and nakedness. When thy green head danceth in the dewy air with all thy fullness of leaf and blossom, the meek and the timid love thee; but when thy beauty is given to the blast—when the hail-wind bows thee—when against thee the feller whetteth his axe, and the snow-cloud leaves on thee its shroudlike livery—then dost thou preach to man, lifting up thy voice like the voice of mighty waters—then.' 'This simile of thine, I tell thee, woman,' said the Cameronian, dropping his devotional, and assuming his usual tone, 'is a very odd one, and I shall follow it no farther, lest, peradventure'—a timely fit of gentle coughing came to his rescue and interposed, to save the humility of further admission; he felt evidently embarrassed by an intractable figure of speech, which threatened to lead him a devious way, and had already confounded shadow and substance like the mixed allegory of an unskilful artist. A smile came to the face of Janet Morison, which, like a passing light on the face of a statue, brightened, without moving, the surface.

"The old man, nothing abashed by the unlucky application of the borrowed simile, took his station on more tenable and more frequented ground—addressing himself to Providence, he felt less embarrassed, and spoke in a manner much more unreserved and familiar than if he had courted the attention of the meanest magistrate. 'It is very odd,' said he, 'that in spite of all the outpowerings of thy precious word—in spite of the outworkings of professors, who toil as if they had salvation by task-work, and the inworkings of the spirit, that toils like dominie Milligan's half-crown when we sleep—that self-devotion, will-worship, pride-worship, vanity-worship, and woman-worship, and the worship of dumb stones and carved wood, should still be rife in this kingdom of saints. That men and women, (wo be on the latter, for they mislead spiritual love sorely by their lovelocks and their languishings) who bear thy image, should make gods of bread, and gods of strong drink, gods of silver and gods of gold, and lock their blessed and precious souls amang the filthy mools and muck o' this world, in a kist the fiend keeps the key of. Crack the credit and trust o' him who thinks to win the white robes o' saints, with his Latin words and his Greeks; and, aboon all, cast his timmer gods into the lake—even the lake hotter than that of Sodom and Gomorrah.' The face of the old woman darkened down as the Cameronian proceeded, but the mountain elder, nothing daunted by the ominous contraction of Janet's brows, continued in the same uncompromising strain to

deal out wo and doom and condemnation on all who had mitres on their heads, and all who had mitres in their heads—on masses and beads—surplices—printed prayers—read sermons—black cloaks, even the cloak of Geneva—on crosses and signs, and pastoral crooks—and lastly on Christ's vicar, 'whom the reformation shook sair and sad', said John Macmukle, 'and cast them all into that foul pit and unfathomed void called Purgatory; and trouth e'en let them remain there—they may gang farther and fare warse. And now having cleared the earth o this rubbish, we have room to look about us, and a bonnie land we hae made out.'

"This happy riddance gave room for the natural and kindlier workings of the old man's heart, and he proceeded in a softer and more impressive tone to the immediate object of his mission, 'Where art thou found? not in the palace, alas! nor in the gilded tabernacle, wo's me! but with them who kneel on mountain and moor, and in the waste places! With whom art thou found? not leaguing with the proud ones of the earth, nor holding up the train of the spiced and perfumed madam,—the mair's the pity—but thou walkest with the ploughman on the field,—with the shepherd on the hill; and wherever there is a praying lad or lass by a thorn bush, there hast thou pitched thy pavilion and displayed thy banner. Thou followest not the clang of the trumpet, nor makest thy path where runneth the chariot wheel—but thou art found with the humbled and the broken spirit—with the heart which affliction has bowed down and trodden upon—on whom disasters have darkened as midnight, and destruction as a thunder cloud—to humble the hope and waste the glory of the noble and the far descended.' Janet Morison sank on her knees, and, with a sob and a sigh, laid her withered arm round the white neck of the Cameronian maiden, and bowed down her head till her brow touched the ground. 'Threescore and seven years hath thy servant lived in Glenae; and fourscore and fourteen years thy handmaid—useful hath she been in her day, and skilful in her generation—possessed of marvellous gifts and endowments—how she came by them, is mair than I can tell—that's between her and thee; but my flocks have prospered under her eye, and my grain has come ready and ripe to the thrashing floor; and now when she is needed as mickle as ever, thou art going to lay the capstane of doom on the ancient name of Morison, and take away our kind and cannie cummer—but I cannie want her, and I winna want her!' And, conscious of his irreverent conclusion, John Macmukle arose from his knees, and made no farther attempt to renew his intercession.

"The old woman continued to kneel, and seemed busy with internal prayer; she arose and seated herself beside us, and, taking the Cameronian maiden's hand, said, 'And how art thou, my ain sweet Mary Macmukle? thou comest but ance a year to my habitation, like the lily flower.' The damsel to whom this was addressed, merited the allusion to the fairest flower of the field, for she was one of the loveliest beings that ever claimed the homage of my youthful heart. I think I see her standing before me even now, in the very dress she wore, and with the same meek dark glance, and down-blushing cheek, with which she listened to me for some hours of the summer morn, among the green broom of Dalswinton. There are hours in a man's life well worth all its years, and these were some of them. The rustic dress of my maid of the moorlands by no means incommoded the agility of her motions—I mean she was not incumbered with her drapery—it was fashioned less for ornament than use. Her hair had something of a darker tinge than nut-brown, and the flapped flat straw cap that covered it from the sun, could neither conceal nor restrain its luxuriance. Her locks came flowing out in thick and shining rings, filling all the space between her bonnet and her white temples with their clusters, like the tendrils of the vine. A jacket of linsey-woolsey, of a dark silvery gray, closed over her bosom, and, rising like a fan from her shoulders, formed a back ground, and admitted the air to a glowing neck, round, and smooth, and long; while a petticoat of the same fabric reached more than mid-leg, showing white elegant ancles, and feet washen and perfumed among the gowan dew. In her left hand she held a basket stored with moorland delicacies, as an offering to the old woman, and her right hand found full

employment in shading the overflowing abundance of her curls from her large and lovely dark hazel eyes. When the old woman addressed her, Mary Macmukle rose and said, in a meek low tone of voice, 'I come owre seldom, Janet Morison, my auld frail mother, and a heavy milkness, keep me busy frae sunrise to sunset, and I daurnae trust myself in your lonesome glen i' the gloaming.'

"The moorland maiden made a full pause, conscious that she had set her foot on the debateable land. 'And what would harm my bonnie bairn in the gloaming near my poor haddin',' said Janet. 'I canna weel tell ye,' said the Cameronian lass, 'its no the tale o' its being haunted with the spirit o' the auld persecutor, Andrew Morison, who slew seven o' the saints in the moorlands o' Carmichael—owre gude a hand has a haud o' him—he'll trouble earth nae mair, nor can I say it's the name ye have yerself, Janet Morison, o' being a dour an' determined witch; a player o' pranks wi' the wits of men amang the moonshine, an' wi' the wits o' women too, else yere no sae ill as yere ca'd; but its owre well kend, that a form I should like waur to meet than the melancholy spirits o' the wicked dead, has lang haunted your habitation; and I am sure yere a meikle kindlier woman than yere said to be, if ye refrained from giving that wickedest piece of a' living flesh yere darkest and kittlest cast.'

"This was an evident allusion to the young huntsman who shot the ravens, and whose actions and appearance then seemed to excite no more than a corresponding agitation in the bosom of Janet to what she felt now. To say her looks darkened, says nothing—her face grew as black as her own shadow, and her brows were pulled over her eyes, so that the flash of intolerable hatred and revenge was nearly extinguished. In this moment of emotion she laughed, or rather neighed aloud, and raised and fluttered her arms as a vulture does its wings, when with a scream it fixes upon and rends its prey, 'My darkest and kittlest cast saidest thou maiden? Na! na! his doom's as fixed as that rock is to its base, certain as the course of that stream which hastens to the sea, and sure as the setting and shining of that blessed sun; fearful shall be the close of his few and evil days. Say, maiden, wouldest thou wish to see three short years before thee, and know the doom of that evil being, never to be named, then swathe this mantle of mine round thee like a shroud, turn thrice round, and look into that dark, and hollow, and haunted linn, and tell me what thou dost see. Hast thou courage to do what nane save a virgin dare, then take my mantle and do as I have bid thee.'—'Aye, that I shall, Janet Morison, said the dauntless maiden, and, taking the witch's mantle as she spoke, proceeded to swathe herself, observing, 'unless my father says such a seeking into the future lacks Scripture warrant?"—'Scripture warrant! I'll be thy warrant,' said the Cameronian, forgetting his habitual reverence to the Sacred Word, in his desire to pry into the destiny of man,—'Hooly, hooly,' said he, laying his hand on the mantle which now nearly shrouded his obedient daughter, 'Warrant! aye,—King Saul consulted the woman with the familiar spirit, and learned the evils that awaited his race, so thou mayest even do as the possest woman, Janet Morison, biddeth thee.'

"And, with this paternal permission, she shrouded herself, turned thrice round, the old woman bowing her head and muttering all the while, and then took one step, and gazed down the dark and profound linn, into which the river threw itself on its passage to the valley. In about a minute's space, the maiden began to shudder and shake, and then, uttering one fearful shriek, she leaped back into her father's arms, pale and agitated, casting from her the old woman's mantle, and exclaiming, 'Oh help him! help him! but there can be nae help frae sic doom as his.' 'Bless my bairn,' said John Macmukle, 'thou hast witnessed nae pleasant sight; oh, what didst thou see, Mary, what didst thou see?' 'She has seen something that gaurs me grane and laugh,' said Janet Morison, 'whilk o' the three fiends had the best rugg of him, maiden tell me that? Was it the fiend o' lucre, the fiend o' murder, or the fiend o' lust?' The maiden sat silent for a space, and then said,—'It was but a fiction o' the fiend's creation, and a christian would be unwise to credit it, and yet it may be a true tale after a', for, besides three fiends, I saw three other forms hovering near. One was bonny Madge o' Mireburn, the second was

young Barbara o' Birkenshaw, and the third, the loveliest and the last, was a maiden swathed in a black mantle, even her whose loss we lament, bonnie Jeanie Morison.' 'Maiden,' said the old woman, seating herself erect as she spoke, 'is not that a sweet vision? It's sweet to see the form of a first love, coming fast on a first tryste. It's sweet to hear the music and the din of dancers heels, at our own bridal with the man we love, and it's sweet to see our first-born smiling in our bosom, when the birth time pang is o'er, but maiden, there's something sweeter than all three,—Revenge,—revenge,—revenge.' And she laughed aloud, in the raptures of this foretaste of enjoyment.

"The powers of Janet Morison might well inspire awe in so young a maiden as Mary Macmukle, and it was evident, after this vision in the haunted linn, that the old woman was no longer regarded as an aged and feeble dame, borne down by infirmities and sorrow, but as one who could exercise command over regions where the flesh has no acknowledged rule. Full of this belief, the Cameronian maiden, willing, perhaps, to shorten her visit in a place so fearfully attended, presented her basket, and said, 'Janet Morison, here are sax cakes, buttered and brown, I kneaded them wi' my ain eight knuckles, and hardened them oure the red embers wi' a tenty hand. Here's some ewe milk cheese, milked wi' my ain hand, steeped wi' my ain hand, pressed and chiselled wi' my ain hand, and fatter or feller never kitchened an honest man's cake; besides, there are sundry other things gude for auld age, gude for the hiccup and the hoast, and insuring soundness o' sleep, sae gude day, and mickle gude may they do thee.' 'Soundness o' sleep,' said Janet Morison, 'the sternness of her look vanishing as she spoke, 'lang and sound shall be my sleep, my bonny maiden, and soon shall I go to my long hame aneath the brekan; sit down, therefore, maiden, and sing me a soothing sang, for the sun is fast sinking,—my race and his will be run together, and I wish to depart in peace of mind and tranquillity of spirit.'

"The Cameronian songstress seated herself on the sod—shook back a profusion of curls from her eyes, and said, 'Father, what song shall I sing.' 'Sing!' re-echoed John Macmukle, 'Sing her the sang o' sweet Sandie Peden—the sang o' rejoicing when he saw the first blood of saints shed for the cause in Scotland—and if thou hast it not wholly by heart, I sall help thee wie't.' 'Sing me no song of controversy,' eagerly interrupted Janet,—'let creeds sleep in peace,—nor sing me no new song either—the spirit of ancient song-making has left the land,—love inspires the lover with verse no longer,—the gift of heaven is become a trade,—and the sangs of old Scotland are filled with Greek names and goddesses—with conjured-up love and unfelt affections—with a birken-tree or a tasselled hawthorn,—what comes not from the heart my heart cannot endure.' 'I canna say yere far wrang anent the songs o' the latter days,' said John Macmukle, 'they lack the life and marrow o' halesome holy love, and when they're sung with the sweetest lips o' the country-side, ane's neither dafter or wiser when the lilt is concluded. What would you say to sound Sandie Rutherford's devout version of 'John, come kiss me now,' o'er the open profanity o' the auld sang he passed the flail o' the spirit, and oh! the chaff that he dadded out o' that foul sheaf o' abomination, leaving the sweet and savory smelling behind.' 'I tell thee,' said Janet Morison, 'I care not for the divinest labours of Alexander Rutherford's spiritual flail, though the Professor's 'Gospel Letters' are delightful to young maidens, as they talk greatly about courtship and kisses; I love them not, I would rather hearken to some old ballad of chivalrous bravery, even though it sung of the battle of Dryfesands, where the best of the Morisons' blood ran as rife as water—or the strife of Culloden Moor, where I lost two bold sons, and a brother I loved as dear as them both. Long, long has the house of the Morisons been sinking, but it's come to it's ruin at last, woes me! Maiden, I'll hear *thy* song.' The old woman seemed deeply affected, and anxiously sought refuge in the sweetness of the Cameronian maiden's voice, from the sorrow that overcame her. Mary Macmukle passed her white hand over her lips, like roses touched by lilies, waved back her curls that had began to intercept the liquid and sparkling benediction of her mild blue eye, which

had made me mentally lift up my voice with the preacher against the 'unloveliness of love-locks,' and sung a Cameronian song with the purest pathos of feeling.

CAMERONIAN SONG.

1.

Blood lies on the valley, blood lies on the mountain;
Blood lies in the green glen, and flows in the fountain;—
Has the red-deer been there as the shaft left the quiver?
No, that blood cries to heaven for ever and ever.

2.

Lo! him who has spilt it, I hearken him crying,
As a babe at the birth time, beneath the sword dying:—
Lo! him who decreed it, while nobles were kneeling,
His robe is a rag, and his palace a shealing.

3.

O ye proud one's of Scotland, dark woes are preparing,
God's hand o'er the necks of the mighty is baring;
The avenger in heaven has hung out a token,
For the spilt blood of saints, and for covenants broken.

4.

O mourn for the gray dame, and weep for the daughter,
The hooded crow's screaming to stoop on the slaughter;
In thy best blood the war-horse shall swim like a river,
And Sorrosyke-moor shall bring sorrow for ever.

5.

And yet, though I weep for the nobles' revilement,
The scoff of thy crowned one—the Church's defilement,
Oh a warmer tear comes when I think that thy glory
Shall set like yon sun, and be silent in story.

'Alas,' said Janet Morison, 'I love not the rhyme which sounds the lyke-wake dirge over hapless old Scotland. One old, brave, and noble name descends to dust and darkness, another rises from darkness to light—and so the world will be, and so the world has been—but the evil hour that shall swallow all up, accursed be it in the calendar—and cursed be the tongue that foretold it, and the villain minstrel who wrought it into rhyme—lending it poetic wings to fly abroad with, and sound Scotland's doomsnote in the ear of envious nations——maiden sing not that song again—it blunts the brave man's sword, and makes his manly sinews like the heart strings of a baby.' 'And I *shall* never sing it again then,' said Mary Macmukle—for though Scotland's nobles are mightier with the sword than the word, and her princes are great covenant breakers—it is not seemly that her name should perish among nations—Eh! help me, to think that some far away damosel should milk my bonnie curliedody on the hill-side—and far away foreign songs should be sung amang our bonnie broomy hollows—it's grievous to think on't—it can never be endured.' 'And what shall hinder't to be endured,' said her father, alarmed at the patriotism of his daughter—whose love of cow-milking and song-singing among the broomy braes was triumphing over all the creeds and prophecies of the Cameronians since the days of Alexander Peden—'What shall hinder't to be endured, my bairn—it maun be endured what canna be cured—has it not been said—not in anger but in sorrow—not sung in profane verse, but in sound Scripture prose—not said over the bruised grape and the foaming flagon—but o'er the shorn and torn members of God's chief saints, spread as a feast to the mountain crows by the swords of the un-

righteous—that the doom's day of Scotland was nigh—that the trumpet would be sounded against her, and the banner of the destroyer spread—till the eye could not see a reeking house, nor the ear hear a cock crow, from fertile Dumfries to the distant Merse!—'Aye, but father,' said the maiden, whose affection was not all on one side like an ill roasted egg—set saying against saying—rhyme against rhyme, and prophecy against prophecy—and I think auld Scotland shall clap its wings, and crow as crousely as the best o' them—what say ye to the battle o' Sorrowsyke moor—where a bairn, wha they say is already born, shall haud the bridles of three kings' horses, till Scotland be thrice lost and thrice won—the sorrow an' the grief o' Alexander Peden made him say strong things—and give pictures of desolation in grand figures—but he didnae think such disasters would happen as he terrified us wi'—I hae sma' doubt o' that—besides this is nae expounding o' mine, but the saying o' John Farley—a man who wishes weel to our souls and our bodies baith—else he would never be called the poor man's minister—an' a' the auld dames and young damosels on a hale hill side wadnae bless him and binge to him as they do.'

"In questioning the prophetic accuracy of Alexander Peden, the maiden had touched the controversial string of her father's mind, and he already stood a-gape and a-ghast—mustering up the fulness and abundance of testimony, traditional and written—prophecies fulfilled and fulfilling—with the death-bed horrors of bloody persecutors, and confessions of the torturers of the saints—never to speak of the midnight and visible testimony of Dalyell and Lagg, who come unbidden from their graves to weep and to howl over the martyrs grave-stones—All this and more than this was prepared for utterance, and the introductory sentence was even moulded between his lips—'A wo, and a wo, and a triple and a fourfold wo;' but the slow and stately solemnity with which such overpowering testimony required to be uttered, gave an opportunity to the more tractable tongue of Janet Morison, who said, in a tone of great affection, 'Maiden, thou hast spoke wisely and worthily, and that spirit cannot come from God that reveals the melancholy destiny of man—Alas, alas, o'er my name has a destiny and a curse hung—we have knelt east, and we have knelt west—we have humbled ourselves, and we have been humbled by the hand of man, and humbled by the hand of God—and we shall soon be humbled no more—for the curse of spilt blood and a broken heart has pursued us from generation to generation. Maiden, sing me another song, for the sweetness of thy voice is soothing to an old and a faded heart—and keeps away unholy shapes which begin to haunt mine eye—for the time of my departure is near.' With a voice of melting and melancholy sweetness, the Cameronian maiden sung the following ballad, composed by a poetical leader in the ranks of the Covenanters when they marched to the fatal battle of Killiecrankie—fatal to them, and fatal to John Grahame, their cruel and courageous persecutor.

MAY CAMERON.

1.

May Cameron, my loved one, my best and my fairest,
What long robe is this which thou, weeping, preparest?
White, white as the snow which the dark rain's defiling—
Such robes are not worn by the living and smiling.
The maiden sat mute—through her long and her slender
Pale fingers, the warm tears came dropping, and tender
She sighed, yet she spoke not, the robe white and limber
Shook, as the maid sobbed, like the leaf of September.

2.

May Cameron, my loved one, remember—remember—
Thy sighs in green July, thy vows in December;
The winter snow falls, and the winter wind's singing,
But I shall come back when the lily is springing—

There shall be men's shouts, and the bright eyes of women
Shall gladden our hall when the bridal-light's gleaming!
The maiden sat mute—her locks trembling and waving
On pale cheeks betokened the wo she was braving.

3.

May Cameron, my loved one, why dost thou sit weeping?
As the roe of the desart thy heart should be leaping;
The Lord's voice is heard over mountain and river,
Come whet your swords sharper, and fill every quiver.
The proud hearts of mid-day, all cold at the gloaming,
Shall lie like reaped corn 'mongst their war-horses foaming,
As harmless as babes—flocks asleep in their pasture!
The maiden sobbed loud and wept faster and faster.

4.

May Cameron, hearest thou not our war-horses prancing;
May Cameron, markest thou not our steel helmets glancing;
Stern Claverse is coming; now may my heart sever
From thee and from heaven for ever and ever,
If I live, and that chieftain escape from the slaughter,
May my name be a hissing, a curse, and a laughter!
And his bosom heaved proudly against his iron mailing;
But still the sweet maiden sat weeping and wailing.

5.

May Cameron, May Cameron, all silent and weeping,
I leave thee, and fly, for the grain lacketh reaping;
Nith and Annan are here; but the Tweed, wide and deeper,
Lets the Lord's sickle rust, and has not sent a reaper.
Is this thy bride-garment? Oh woman, vain woman!
Thinkest thou I shall turn me from this evil omen;
This shroud, or the desart's brown sod shall me cover.—
She shrieked, and her white arms she wound round her lover.

6.

Yestreen, sick of heart, and mine eyes dim with weeping,
I lay on my couch atween waking and sleeping,
And there came a light in, for the moon of December
Was down, and the glory-flood filled all my chamber;
And my father's voice came, saying, 'sleepest thou my daughter,
When thy loved one goes down as a lamb to the slaughter.'
I awoke, and I shaped my bride garment, and nearer
She grew to his breast, and clasped dearer and dearer.

7.

May Cameron, he says, and his darkened brow brightens,
Like heaven's deep hollow when it thunders and lightens,
This body's but dust, and the free soaring spirit,
Must deserve the bright home it is doomed to inherit;
Evil dreams I dread not, and dark omens abounding,
Leave my heart when the trumpet of Scotland is sounding,
Whither blythe as a bridegroom, or bloody and shrouded,
Like my father's, my fame shall be clear and unclouded.'

"The old stern Cameronian, John Macmukle, was deeply moved by his daughter's song; the gloom of his face waxed softer as the song proceeded, and the moisture on his long black eye-lashes, showed that Alexander Peden's dubious prophecies were utterly forgotten. The admiration of Janet Morison was still less equivocal, she sobbed audibly, drew her dark mantle over her head, and long after the song terminated, she unshrouded herself, and showed a face, down which tears had gushed in

abundance, 'Oh my bonnie bairn,' said Janet, laying her withered hand on the plump lily hand of the songstress—thy voice is too sweet—thy heart too kind and tender—to remain long a blessing to this green earth. There is a wisdom about thee, which learning doth not give; there is a beauty in thy face, which belongs not to this world; and there is a colour, a pale lily, polished with pure dew on thy temples, spreading to thy high brent forehead, which is the token of an early flight. The good and the noble-minded are cut in green youth, while the wretched and the base ripen full ere they fall. Oh that the lot of Janet Morison had been such a proud, such a saintly one as thine. She has lived long in the world after life was bitter. Death came to the new made bride, and the joyous heir; to the maiden in her teens, and the sedate dame, smiling among her children; to the gray-haired sage and the bairn on the nurse's knee. He called at high house and at low, stopped with men in the field, and with men at the feast, but to me he never came, though I have wished for his presence these forty years.'

"As she uttered this, there came a wild light into her eyes, and she continued, 'I am of an ancient faith, and long have I held it secret; but there are days when all things are divulged, and this shall be one of them.' From her bosom she took a small wooden crucifix, ornamented at the extremities with sockets of gold, and suspended by a massy chain of the same metal; and hanging this ancient and beautiful relic round the neck of the weeping maiden, she proceeded,—' This gift of a king hung on the neck of a line of heroes; it has been on Mount Carmel, and Mount Calvary, and in the bloody plain of Gaza, and the sack of Jerusalem. It has been worn with shirts of hair, and covered with ashes—and fast, and penance, and penitence—but nothing could atone, else the last of the name would not have hung it to day on thy neck; keep it for my sake, and keep it long, but that is not doomed to be'——The Cameronian elder heard with fear, over which his faith sought in vain to triumph, the early doom that awaited his youngest and loveliest daughter; but the fear for her person was overcome by fear for her soul, when he saw the 'cross' of the ancient house of Morison glittering on her bosom; the assurance, however, that it was pure gold, kept his wrath temperate, and he even inwardly rejoiced, that the virtue of his child had prevented the 'Romish bauble,' and 'the accursed thing of pure gold,' from remaining longer in the world as a stumbling block and an idol. Janet Morison perceived that her kindred's 'cross' had dropped into the vacant spot, or debateable land, on which faith and practice fight so many drawn battles; and she knew enough of mankind, to know that the Cameronian would not cast the costly relic into the fire, even were he assured that it had been worn round the neck of the scarlet lady of the seven hills herself. Nor am I prepared to say, that Mary Macmukle looked upon it with the devotional reverence due to such a venerable and holy emblem, or with the pathetic affection which the dying gift of the last of a famous line deserved, but rather with a mixture of both, overcome by a knowledge of its great value, and the rank she might assume in young men's eyes from having added to her paternal dower a massy chain and cross of pure gold. She bestowed one look on the shining relic, and in that glance she measured her increased importance with that of the proudest of the provincial ladies who frequented the broomy glen of Quarrelwood at the midsummer festival. But the natural kindness of her heart soon trampled over vanity—she concealed the gift in her bosom, and seating herself by the side of Janet Morison, remained silent, and, ready to burst into tears, she dared not to trust her speech, lest the anguish of her heart should stream through her eyes before words came to her tongue. Her father stood gathering together sundry choice scraps of religious consolation, quotations from the gravest of Cameronian divines, from the prophetic and poetical vigour of Peden, to the prolonged and barren quotations of Browne, and uniting the whole together with the strong and homely thread of his own reflections. All this he intended for the Catholic dame's particular use and instruction; but the visible and alarming change which now took place in her appearance, drove Peden and his prophecies away, and caused nature to assume her power over all the creeds and formalities with which men, looking to ex-

teriors more than internals, have deformed a divine doctrine. Janet Morison clasped her hands together—her face became pale, and assumed that waxen, and glistening, and unlife-like hue which follows always, but seldom precedes, dissolution. Her eyes, too, became unsettled and roving, and she passed her hands repeatedly over her eyes, to remove the everlasting darkness which was fast gathering over them. The Cameronian maiden, weeping and sobbing, supported her in her arms, while her father, falling on his knees, and holding his hands upwards over the old woman's head, poured out the following prayer in a tone exceedingly impressive and pathetic: 'O THOU, that lovest alone the upright heart and pure—that askest from human frailty no more virtue than frailty can render—that givest wild, and strong, and terrible passions to one, and meek and gentle affections to another—that regardest neither cross nor mitre, nor surplice, nor simple cloak, nor proud cathedral, nor humble kirk, nor sodded sheiling, look down and compassionate the sufferings of this old and erring woman, the last of an ancient line. Though her father slew my father, even as he knelt and held up his hands to thee—though her father wet his horses' fetlocks in the blood of my father's humble and pious name! Oh, for my sake, for the saints' sake, remember not this even now! The pride and the might of this house has got a fearful crushing—let that plead atonement; and thy servant cannot forget, that whenever a sword was wanted to strike for the independence of Scotland, the sword of the noble Morisons ever was foremost.'

"As he uttered this, with his eyes full of tears, and his old hands held out to heaven, Janet Morison threw on him a glance of indescribable emotion, and, lifting her father's sword from her knees, presented the hilt, which was of steel, curiously inwrought with massy gold, to the uplifted hand of the Cameronian, saying, in a voice feeble and indistinct as the sound of a dying echo, 'Take and keep the sword of my ancestors, and never wet it but in enemies' blood,—the blood which it has spilt of the gentle and the innocent has called down a great and visible judgment on the house of Morison, waes me!'—The old man felt too deeply the importance of the duty he was performing, to allow any worldly considerations, though they came in the persuasive shape and colour of pure gold, to interpose between him and Heaven,—though conscious that the famous sword of the house of Morison was proffered for his acceptance, he regarded it as little as he would have done a shepherd's rod; and the last of the Morisons, agonized as she was, seemed pleased that he considered her eternal welfare as paramount to the attractions of her lineage, and the famous sword, which had carved the helmed heads of so many Saracens into relics, during the second great crusade. She rested the hilt of the sword on his uplifted hand, but his fingers refused to close upon it, and he still continued to pour forth his prayer for her eternal acceptance and salvation. I interposed, and raised my hand, supporting the sword by the middle, lest it should drop from the dying woman's hand; but the Cameronian, who had closed his eyes lest the golden offering should mingle with his thoughts, half-opened them, and observing my auxiliary aid, contracted slowly his thumb and third and fourth fingers on the hilt of the sword, keeping still his remaining fingers extended to heaven, and preserving the same deep pathetic fervour of voice, without the least quaver or abatement. As he concluded his prayer, his extended fingers closed beside their companions, and he remained sole possessor of the ancient and valuable sword. He now beckoned the attention of his daughter, and said in a whisper, 'Hasten, my bonnie bairn, and bring some saft, and kindly, and accustomed hand, to the death-pang of this kind auld creature. God kens, the hand of her kindred has been red-wat in the heart's blude o' my name; but my heart says, let byganes be byganes. Hasten, and take this saft e'ened young stripling with you, to cheer your loneliness, for the road's eerie.' We started up as the old man desired; Janet Morison made an effort, stretched out her hands, as if feeling for something in the air, muttering all the while words which sounded like the close of a Romish benediction; the old man caught his daughter gently by the round white neck with one hand, and seizing me with the other, bowed us down till her hands felt our heads; but I could only feel the cold pressure of a hand, out

of which the warm current of life was fast retiring, and hear the murmur of a blessing from a tongue which agony was rendering mute.

"The Cameronian maiden and I immediately departed, to seek the assistance of the nearest neighbours, and particularly that of an old couple who dwelt in a wild and ruined place of Catholic worship, which had formerly served as a chapel to the noble name of Morison. We descended the steep and wooded bank, and crossed the Ae on a chain of stone steps, placed a moderate stride asunder, and which yet wore on their sides the marks of the mason's chisel—they had been taken from the ancient castle of Glenae, to supply the place of a beautiful Gothic arch, which tradition still describes to have been thrown across the deep ravine, by the magic might of Sir Michael Morison, in one short summer night. Vestiges of this bridge of "Gramerie" were still visible; and the necromancer, with a natural good taste creditable to skill of a less suspicious origin, had fashioned his beautiful labour out of the common and durable sandstone, which abounds in Dumfriesshire, more particularly at Loakerbrigghill, where all the witches and warlocks of Scotland still assemble on Halloweve to employ their skill in less beneficial works. As we emerged from the grove of scathed and mouldering trees, on the northern side, a very beautiful scene opened before me—the remains of ancient orchards and gardens skirted the edge of the waste moor—among the heather stood a circle of druidic stones, mocking, in their massive height and hardness, the labours of time and the toil of generations to remove or destroy them—afar to the south was one continued succession of cottages and cattle folds, and the opposite hill sides were white with flocks of sheep, or striped with that spurious kind of cultivation called "Rundale," in which every person of a district tills a ridge and sows it with what grain he chooses. As I gazed down this delightful valley, I was neither regardless of the errand I had undertaken, or insensible of the youth and beauty of the maiden whom I accompanied. But the shortness of the road, and the solemnity of our mission, together with that innocent bashfulness which belongs to the "teens," hindered me from pouring out my heart before this lovely Cameronian.

"I had not then learned that pleasant art which the grave Rutherford practised in his love-letters, and with which the pious author of "Religious Courtship" has charmed so many passionate maids, as well as morose aunts and mothers. I had not learned to veil the grossness of human affections, and the warm-hearted chivalry of early love, under the broad and snow-white mantle of devotion; and, unacquainted with this devout mode of winning hearts, my journey was unfruitful, and all I obtained was an occasional benediction of her eye, as I pressed her hand on pressing some of nature's fairest scenes on her attention. This pleasure, imperfect as it was, was soon to be interrupted. The sun was fast sinking, and on the deep valley, that still dewy quietness had already descended, which the lark forsakes the golden sky to partake of, and in which the bat begins to resume her fluttering and unmolested flight. We had reached a thicket of old hollow trees, into which our footpath suddenly dived, and were preparing to enter with a caution, of which Mary Macmukle set the example, when we heard something resembling the sounds of human tongues ascending out of the ground. The maiden smiled at my alarm, and laying her finger on her lip, and her hand on my arm, we walked together into the verdant opening, and the scene which opened before us was equally impressive and unexpected. We stood on the brink of an immense basin, hollowed out of the ground like a cauldron; in the bottom stood the ruins of an ancient Saxon chapel, an order more broad and massive than the Gothic, and all around, up to the lip of the hollow, a church-yard extended, covered with old grave-stones, among which, with a folly not peculiar to Dumfriesshire, the cattle found a sure refuge from the mid-day heat. A small fountain of pure water gushed out of a carved fount, and running into a ditch which enclosed the chapel, filled it about knee-deep in several places; but it was nearly choked up with the ruins, and trodden into a puddle by the continual plunging of cattle. Voices exceedingly rough and harsh ascended from the ruined chapel, and they

seemed busy in some bitter contention; while a thin black smoke arising from the broken altar, threw its bitter cloud against the clear sky, after having filled the extensive ruins as a mist fills a morning glen. We walked slowly down, and stood at one of the entrances—my Cameronian conductress evidently uncertain how to proceed. Through an arrow-hole we observed a kind of wretched shealin sloped against the rich Saxon carvings, the walls of which were built with loose stones without cement. The pilasters of the door were two tombstones placed upright, the Saxon inscriptions partly legible; and with their backs leaning against these, and seated on figures of belted knights carved out of sandstone, but which had been lopped and mutilated to suit the convenience of repose, sat two beings, which might have passed with holier men than me, for the evil spirits that haunt or guard the entrance to some wicked man's sepulchre.

"But the dress which they wore, and the human speech in which they indulged, precluded all speculation. Their covering was coarse and sordid, and their looks seemed long conversant with evil passions. 'I'se tell ye what Madge Mackitterick said, the figure on the right hand, I have seen the day whan I could have levelled my cocked carbine o'er the lordliest of a' these cedars—and frae that time to this, some seventy and seven years, we have lived in dool and in pine, while others lived fair and fat; the goods o' this warld are ill guided—an', had I my race to rin again, lass, I wadnae draw my dirk in the dark as I have done, at the whisper o' a Morison—I wad kittle the purse-proud carles under the fifth rib wi' the bit cauld steel for mysel', lass. An' now I have wrought their bloody warkes, and their deil's drudgery—and they're a' slipt awa to the better warl' themselves, and left me to grope my road in this region, wi' a hand which I reddened without recompense. And freeing his hands from an old maud, fixed with a wooden skewer round his shoulders, he clutched his matted gray hairs, and seemed tearing them from his temples in the bitterness of grief. 'Recompense!' half croaked and half shouted his grisly partner—'Recompense, indeed, Francis Mackitterick, hae we no had recompense?—What ca' ye the death o' the auld lord, devoured on his death-bed wi' vermin—ilka crime he had committed was turned into a worm, and ilka worm took a tug at his heart—disnae that look like recompense?—Then there came the field o' Culloden, whilk accomplished the prophecy o' that Cameronian ranter and rairer, Sandie Peden, that in anither generation a Morison wadnae be left to——but better than that, they wadnae had a wall to stand over against had they been living—Ca' ye no that recompense?—The uncle and the twa boys fought bravely, it is rumoured, and slew mony, and maimed mae, an' gat a great name—but they never lived to brag on't—sae down I write that as a recompense.—Aweel, there came next the lily white lady o' Glenae, bonnie Nannie Morison, who went blooming about, flourishing like a new-born lily, as if there were de'il a hand to pou't, and if she was nae plucked to her ain contentment, she may e'en rise frae the kirk-sod there, and tell her tale herself. Sae hoot man, Francie Mackitterick, dinna be cast down, we hae had *some* recompense, and we'll soon hae *mair*.—Aye, ye may grane out yere ain auld sture and dour laugh, kenned o'er all the countra side by the name of Frank Mac's laugh, whilk a shower o' blood aye follows—for auld Kimmer Morison's gasping her last gasp, and here comes twa seventeen year auld gowkes to tell us the tidings.'

"With this unlooked for announcement, we entered the abode of these miserable beings, and looked on them with surprise, not unmingled with fear. 'What stand ye there for, ye glowring gowk and ye gaping gomeral,' said Francis Mackitterick, canna ye speak—de'il hae me, gin I havena done a waur turn than thraw the tangs in yere teeth.' 'Aye, fifty warse turns, Francie, said the Cameronian maiden, with an undaunted look, 'else yere auld age wad have hope in't. I have come to bid you and Madge hasten to the hame of Janet Morison; she has but few minutes to live, if she is living now.' 'I tauld ye sae, ye doited carle,' said Madge, 'there's the last star o' a' the Morisons drapped out o' the firmament—when will ye grane and greet to me about *recompense* again,—but I am clavering here, hinnies, when I should be streeking the sapless shanks of the dour and donard body, and fuming the haddin and the ha' wi rue and

rosemary, and bonny holly hemlock. And I'se be bound, besides, if she has nae a drap o' the rarest Bourdeaux in her garderine, that shall cheep in my crapin, where spirit kind has nae cheeped since the bridal-day and burial night o' young Dick Doomsdale, o' Cutmecraig, who was stabbed by the bride's brither, just because he wanted to try the temper o' his new whinger, whilk they say is never sicker till it's tempered in some friend's blood;—it's right to haud up auld fashions—and that minds me to take this auld dud o' a Bible wi me—at mony a last streaking have I used it—and mony a rosy quean, that made mouths at the lucken brows o' Madge Mackettrick, an' held out her merry fingers at her for a witch an' an evil wisher, has come under the uncanny crook o' this little finger, decked out fou dainty in her lily-white linens, to be wedded with the bedrals spade to the clod o' the valley and the slime-worm.' And with an agility which the hope of burial drink, and burial bread excited, this vulgar hag slung an old greasy deer-skin wallet over her shoulder, and saying, 'come, Francie Mackitterick, ye slow sluggard, smell ye nae out the dainty burial roast.' Away she limped up the winding lane, among the church-yard stanes, followed by her partner, cursing the cramp, and infirmities of age,—leaving Mary Macmukle and me to follow through the fast-falling dew of twilight.

To be continued.

ON JEREMY COLLIER AND THE OPPONENTS OF THE DRAMA.

Mr North,

"The business of plays is to recommend virtue, and discountenance vice; to show the uncertainty of human greatness, the sudden turns of fate, and the unhappy conclusions of violence and injustice. 'Tis to expose the singularities of pride and fancy, to make folly and falsehood contemptible, and to bring every thing that is ill under infamy and neglect." So saith Jeremy Collier, the great scourge of the English Drama, the "Histriomastix" of his day, whose declamations have for the most part been echoed, with little variety of tone, by succeeding authors. He is, without doubt, a powerful writer, and had he not suffered his passions to get the better of his discretion, would have been a most potent adversary. In his violence, however, he has often drowned his logic, and not seldom his discrimination. His hatred of the stage seems to have been of the true rancorous puritanical sort. The following pithy summing up of objections, is no bad specimen of his coarse and exaggerated manner. "Their liberties in the following particulars are intolerable, viz. Their smuttiness of expression, their swearing, profaneness, and lewd application of Scripture, *their abuse of the clergy*, (as if the clergy, moderate souls, had never abused them), their making their top characters libertines, and giving them success in their debauchery." Such is the tone of the introduction to Collier's View of the English Stage, and the tenor of the work by no means falls short of the sample here given.

The liberties taken in the plays of King Charles the Second's time, and those during the two succeeding reigns, appear to be in accordance with the general standard of the morality of the age. As exhibitions of the vices and absurdities of the times, in all their deformity, they must have afforded no unprofitable lessons to the rising generation. As records of manners now obsolete or forgotten, they are invaluable. These are the two principal ends to be fulfilled by dramatic writing. The wit of those plays must always be pleasurable to an enlightened reader, although the dramatic characters are too antiquated for representation before a promiscuous assemblage. The non-representation upon the stage of the present day, of the plays which excited the indignation of Collier, is doubtless a proof of the increased morality of this era, but none of the immorality of the pieces themselves. As an exhibition of existing irregularities, these scenes fulfilled, in their day, the legitimate office of dramatic entertainments. As pictures of obsolete follies and depravities, their production to a modern audience would be inefficient rather than dangerous. The manners, however licentious, are too obsolete; and the gayety, however free, is too antiquated to excite the sympathies of the many; and to those who

have information and fancy enough, to carry them back to the society of the days of Buckingham, Etherige, Dryden, and Killegrew, their representation would be a classical and exalted recreation.

It is amusing enough to see into what absurdities of censure, and forgetfulness of the plan and scope of dramatic composition, the zeal of Collier has betrayed his acute and strong intellect. In the "Old Bachelor" of Congreve, who is a more modern and less licentious wit than those before alluded to, Vainlove asks Belmour, "could you be content to go to heaven?" to which the other answers, "not immediately, in my conscience not heartily," and this keen glance at the self-deception of those who, with human feelings and associations, affect a disregard of the innocent enjoyments of life, and a predilection for happiness, of which their present means of knowledge cannot furnish them with an idea, Collier cites amongst his examples of "horrid profaneness!" The sentiment, indeed, is just throughout; and Collier ought to have reflected, that Providence seems to have intended, by impressing upon the human mind an instinctive clinging to our present state of existence, to arm it against that impatience, which might tempt us to endeavour prematurely to escape from present suffering, to the possession of perfect though unknown felicity. Poor Congreve is again, and about as wisely attacked, for a well-known passage in his "Double Dealer." It would seem, from the quotation, that Jehu had not then been so common an appellation as it is now, for persons engaged in driving chariots. "Lady Froth is pleased to call Jehu a hackney coachman," (this is a "trifling mistake" of Jeremy's—she calls a hackney coachman Jehu, which is somewhat different); upon this Brisk replies, "If Jehu is a hackney coachman, I am answered,—you may put that into the marginal notes, though, to prevent criticisms—only mark it with a small asterisme, and say Jehu was formerly a hackney coachman." This, (quoth Collier) for a heavy piece of profaneness, is no doubt thought a lucky one, because it burlesques the text and comment all under one." One would like to inquire of Jeremy what comment he can possibly mean, which it would be profanity to burlesque.

One of the weakest parts of this singular book, is the contrast of the Grecian and Roman, with the English Stage, and the author's assertion of the exemplary purity of the two former.—Just as if every body else had forgotten, because he chooses to forget, the ribaldries of Aristophanes, the bath scene in the Eunuchus of Terence, and other examples that might be cited. His praise of the Classics is confined, however, to their drama. Having, with reluctance, admitted that Aristophanes sometimes offends, which he makes out to be quite an exception to the general tone of Athenian comedy, and only to have happened because the author was an *atheist!* he afterwards goes out of his way to *tomahawk* Dryden, for an allusion to Abraham in a dedication, and vents a modicum of his rage upon Juvenal and Persius, in the following extraordinary paragraph.

"If there be ten righteous lines in this vast preface, spare it for their sake, and also spare the next city, because it is but a little one." Here the poet stands for Abraham, and the patron for God Almighty; and where lies the wit of all this? in the decency of the comparison, does it not?—and for the next city he would have spared he is out in the allusion. 'Tis no Zoar, but much rather Sodom and Gomorrah. *Let them take care the fire and brimstone does not follow; and that those who are so bold with Abraham's petition, are not forced to that of Dives!* To beg protection for a lewd book, in Scripture phrase, is very extraordinary! 'Tis, in effect, to prostitute and send the Bible to the brothel! *I can hardly imagine why these tombs of antiquity were raked in and disturbed?* unless it were to conjure up departed vice, and revive the Pagan impurities; unless it were to raise the stench of the vault, and poyson the living with the dead!—*Oho! jam satis!*—"Hang him up, hang him up!" said the sage Johnson in ironical reply to the furious invectives against Pennant, to which the naturalists' attack on the glories of Alnwick Castle had excited the servile rage of Dr Percy—and what else can be said in such cases?'—Enough, however, of Jeremy Collier.

The accusation against dramatic

writers, which has been most insisted upon, and which certainly is the most plausible and apparently weighty, is that of putting faulty characters in an alluring light, and letting them escape nearly or altogether, without poetical justice on their demerits. The celebrated comedy of the School for Scandal has been much blamed on this score, and the character of Charles Surface described as being little better than an elegant and insidious apology for extravagance and dissipation. Under this count, too, are indicted and condemned, summarily and in the lump, Prince Hal, Young Fashion in the Relapse, (vid. Collier's View) Archer, Sir Harry Wildair, Don John, (in the Chances,) Sir Charles Easy, Captain Plume, Ranger, Young Dornton, and many other cavaleros—"all plumed like Estridges,"—

"As full of spirit as the month of May,
As gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,"

and "most unfit" to be set, without fair trial, in the stocks, or hauled to Bridewell by the "mechanic dirty hands" of some puritanical beadle of a critic, like old Jeremy Collier. We cannot give them up so. Or whence is to come the wit, so sovereign for our spleens,—like "spermaceti for an inward bruise;"—the pleasant extravagancies that so usefully startle and stir up our dozing, hum-drum, prudential saws and maxims;—the imprudent droll sallies which act upon our minds as a poke in the ribs does upon our bodies—half aggressive half insinuating—from the fingers of a mercurial intimate who will force us out in an evening to some gay place or other, in spite of drizzle and damp feet? What are we to substitute for all this? "What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug" will supply the place of these cordials, which, in the empirical but comfortable phrase of the old fashioned receipt-books, so successfully discuss the viscid particles that clog the nerves, sheathe the acrid humours, and qualify the cold vapours that deprave and impede the animal spirits?" We are as infatuated with the company of the rogues, as Sir John was with that of the graceless Hal. We "have drank medicines," and are we to see them finally handed over to the solicitor for the suppression of vice society, and,

"At his nod, go to quod."

Had we not better wait a season or two, and see if they don't reform, before we fairly deliver them over to the lictors and the forks? What! "kill Claudio?"—not for the world! One would really almost as soon set out, in good earnest, with Jack Cade, to hang all gentlemen.

Seriously, however, the charge is a grave one, and if not rebutted, it will be an awkward thing for the culprits. Let us see.

The admitted didactic method of the drama, is to read a lesson to mankind, by exhibiting their own vices and follies in the strongest light. The audience are, for the most part, to draw their own inferences. A dramatic character supplies us with a sort of artificial experience, and we profit by it in the same manner that we do from a retrospection of our own conduct. A comic drama is the history of common life, and imperial tragedy is exalted history put into action. We may as well falsify history as the drama. The charm and utility of both are equally destroyed. In the comic characters which have been adverted to, it will not be denied, that the dramatic method is strictly adhered to, it being true, in fact, that men whose conduct is tainted with errors of a similar kind, and to a similar extent, are, under similar circumstances, frequently for a considerable time, prosperous in themselves, and supported, upon the whole, by the favourable estimation of those around them. Nor if a timely reform occurs, do they seldom escape without severe punishment for their observations: grant that this truth is represented and taught by the stage. The character of Charles Surface is said to have been drawn, by the author, from himself. Read the character of Charles, and the memoirs of Sheridan, and the moral inferences from both will be precisely the same. Sheridan did not reform—Charles did. But in the play and in the history, the necessity of reformation is inculcated with equal force, and the value of the character, upon the whole, weighed in balances alike impartial.

It has been objected, that, in some plays, neither the timely reform nor the punishment is shewn to occur during the portion of time supposed to be occupied by the action of the

piece. This is true of very few plays; but were it true of three times the number, it is quite sufficient, for the exculpation of the stage, to shew, that there is no faulty character exhibited in any one play, without a similar or analogous one being exposed, and rendered obnoxious in some other play;—no light sentiment uttered which is not, in the proper place, gravely contradicted. The action of dramatic pieces will not always admit of every character being traced to its legitimate denouement; some are necessarily left unfinished at the close of the story; for with what probability could the destinies of the whole of a long list of dramatis personæ be fulfilled in every case, on a given day? Amongst others, the character of Ranger has been much and unreasonably blamed on this account. Now, Ranger is not the principal character, but a casual instrument in producing the events of the piece. No grave moral is attempted to be drawn from it. He is evidently introduced to aid the gay and cheerful tone which is intended to predominate, being painted as one of those careless beings, whom, though undeserving of deliberate approbation, we allow ourselves to dismiss, with goodnatured forgiveness, especially when they discover friendly intentions, and are untainted with deep depravity or malevolence. Dr Hoadley, the author of the suspicious husband, well knew, that in numberless other comedies, the inflictions which await both the unthinking and the deliberate rake, are amply made known.

Can any thing, for instance, be more instructively appalling than the last act of the Inconstant, where young Mirabel gets into the hands of bravoes, and is rescued by the woman whom he had insulted and neglected? In a lighter way, the reckless enterprises of the two friends in the Chances of Beaumont and Fletcher, bring them into the most dangerous and embarrassing scrapes; and, in the Monsieur Thomas of the same poets, the spoiled wild son, and still more delightfully humorous, old, scapegrace of a father, are buffetted and thumped about in such a way, that, "were't not for laughing, one might pity them." Of these two characters, it is to be observed, that the admixture of buffoonery completely precludes any danger of example.

The more disgusting parts of the rake, are given over to the most cutting ridicule in the "Citizen," in "The Clandestine Marriage," in the comic as well as the tragic part of "Venice Preserved," and much too broadly, in the "Liberham" of Dryden, and "The Humourists" of Shadwell. "The Maid's Tragedy" of Fletcher, is a harrowing display of the consequences of unbridled passion; nor will he who reads Webster's "Vittoria Corombona, or the White Devil" need any other warning against the designs of unprincipled fascination.

The other more attractive passions of human nature, however brightly they may corruscate through particular scenes, are, in the long run, developed in all their consequences. Extravagance, however generous, has its antidote in "Honeywood" in the "Good-natured Man," who, from his easy temper as to pecuniary matters, is at last brought to dress the bailiffs in his cast clothes, and pass them off, as well as he can, for friends. Who, that sees this play, does not sweat with vexation and pity, while the incorrigible tipstaff, "Flanigan," pertinaciously persists, at the very time he should not, in venting his vulgarities about the "Parlevow's," and their causing ale to be threepence-halfpenny a pot? Timon of Athens is a graver example. Profane swearing has perhaps been admitted too easily upon the stage. It is, however, necessary in some of its forms, to a perfect picture of the manners of the age—and it may be conceded as some palliation, that most of these ejaculations, however reprehensible, are strictly interjectional, and convey no definite idea, either profane or the contrary. Those which are more than mere interjections, are generally expressive of strong determination, or are used as auxiliary epithets of exaggeration. This vice, too, has been well exposed by the stage; as witness Acres and his ridiculous juratory system, and the awkward attempts of Colonel Epaulette, the English Frenchman in "Fontainbleau," to become an accomplished "goddamme." Avarice is most completely anatomised in Ben Jonson's "Volpone," in the "Sir Giles Overreach" of Massinger, and in Bartolus, in the "Spanish Curate" of Beaumont and Fletcher—not to mention

the more modern plays of "The Miser" and "The Busy Body." As for Foppery, it is hardly ever exhibited upon the stage but to be laughed at and mortified—nor has even female affectation been more mercifully dealt with. For boasting, or the itch of quarrelling, let the most egregious Hector or Thraso of them all, see Monsieur Parolles, Captain Bobadil, or the Little French Lawyer, without profit, if he can. Moore's "Gamester," is true hellebore to the madness of gambling; and drunkeness and gluttony have their medicine in Sir John Brute; Cacafogo, and Ricardo, in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Coxcomb;" in Lazarillo, in "the Woman Hater," of the same writers; in Justice Greedy, and Major Dumpling.

It is a most uncandid objection to wage, that one play may do mischief which another may never have an opportunity to repair. There is no end of this sort of cavilling. If the excellence of theatrical entertainments upon the whole be admitted, the unavoidable defects must be taken together with the merits. What human institution is perfect? A boy may, by possibility, in the course of being taught the classical languages, become acquainted with licentious ideas, the effect of which, the general moral tendency of his studies may fail to counteract,—but are we, therefore, to dismiss the classics from our schools and call them poisonous tombs of antiquity, with Jeremy Collier? In controversial literature, a student may imbibe doubts which he may never read long enough to acquire the means of solving,—but are we on this account to abjure all controversy? It must be remembered, that if the stage is to be efficient at all, it can only be so by remaining what it is, a picture of actual manners, which our feelings recognise and our experience confirms. Were we to paint things otherwise than they are;—were we to draw no characters but men without vice, and women without weakness; were we to punish frailty as frailty never was punished, and stigmatise folly as folly never was stigmatised, who would sit to see such representations? It is "the microcosm man" that interests us, and not "a faultless monster that the world ne'er saw;"—a picture of living manners, and not the inside of a penitentiary. Let it be recollected, also, that however good and bad may be *mingled* in the exhibition of dramatic character, they cannot easily there be *confounded* by the elaboration of sophistical argument. On the supposition, that an exaggerated picture of the deformity and misery of vice could be successfully drawn upon the stage, it is evident, that no one would, in the long run, reap any benefit from such misrepresentation. The perversion of truth never fails to lead to ill consequences sooner or later. A youth may be taught to believe that persons, whose characters are obscured, in some degree, with this or that venial weakness, or fashionable error, are therefore utterly detestable and thoroughly worthless. What is the consequence? His first contact with the world inevitably discovers to him the excessive exaggeration of his preceptors. In the revulsion of his feelings, he is ready to believe that which has deceived him so much to be itself totally hollow, and the preternatural tide of virtuous tendency suffers a corresponding ebb.

The unqualified warnings of the danger of theatrical entertainments, in which a certain class of Moralists have delighted to indulge, are a bad compliment to those whom they are intended to influence. One would suppose, either that the virtue of the rising generation was of a most infirm description, or that the drama was nothing but a poisonous decoction of laurel. That a gay comedy was more deadly than the Prussic Acid, and a freeish farce worse than a Cobra de Capella. It were as easy to believe in Prince Hall's supposition, of "the blessed sun himself" being nothing more than "a fair wench in flame coloured taffeta"—such exaggerations neutralize themselves; an ill-regulated mind can hardly be trusted anywhere with safety; but it is not assuming too much to say, that an evening may be passed at the theatre, with as little risk of dangerous excitement, as if spent at home, over a romantic poem, a fashionable novel, or at the pianoforte, with a volume of Thompson's collection, or a number of Moore's Melodies. In a playhouse, the mind is never suffered to dwell long upon anything—

"Beaux banish beaux; with swordknots, swordknots strive."

The acts are garnished with waltzes

which are listened to, and overtures which are not—a comic extravaganza is introduced in a sandwich of Bravura and Affettuoso—and we now join in the obstreperous delight of the gods at the "Boy with the carrotty Poll," and now aid a palefaced cornet, or a languishing Miss of quality, in applauding "The Soldier tired," or "The Bewildered Maid." By such scenes as these, no immediate deep impressions can be made; and it is an abuse of language to talk of the dangers of a theatre, unless the general and gradual effect of dramatic writing could be shewn to be bad, the contrary of which would seem to be evident.

The stage has in some points kept pace too closely, for its own interests, with the refinements and fluctuations of the morality of the time.

The theatrical taste of the last thirty years, or rather more, has undergone such changes as, assuming them for one era, would be apt to convict it of much inconsistency and caprice. With a passion for tragic characters of the most over-wrought and unnatural atrocity, we have weakened our comedy by a morbid fastidiousness, which is, perhaps, a leading cause of the present striking inferiority, or rather comparative extinction of this species of writing. The Good-natured Man had nearly been damned for being *low*. Not long after, the exquisite dramatic satire of The Beggar's Opera was made a subject of ridiculous alarm by those elegant critics the Bow-street officers; and is now only tolerated, in spite of all the encomiastic criticisms of a flash critic of our own day, Mr Hazlitt. Had the Suspicious Husband been produced a little later, it is a doubt whether it would have been suffered to keep possession of the stage. There can be no doubt at all, what, at the present day, (when, Heaven be praised, we are not threatened with any such calamities) would be the fate of comedies like Vanburgh's "Provoked Wife," or "Confederacy," Farquhar's "Constant Couple," Cibber's "Careless Husband," or even Steele's "Funeral". Yet what can be better than the dialogues of Heartfree and Constant, than Dick Amlet and his mother, than Sir Harry Wildair and Alderman Smuggler, than the affectionate calmness of Lady Easy and the jealousy of Lady Graveairs, or than the hypocrisy of the abandoned Lady Brumpton, or the genteel assurance of Campley, or the humours of Lable the undertaker, or the loves of Trim and Mademoiselle D'Epingle? This last, indeed, is the very mirror of valets. He has all the pert cleverness without the want of principle; and whether he is reviewing his recruits, or disposing them to intercept Lady Sharlot in the coffin, or leading Mademoiselle round the room, or singing Campley's Cheque, given as a song, in burlesque recitativo, trilling "hundred—hundred—hundred," because there are three hundred in contrasted modulations, and quavering "pounds" into more notes than he would receive of the banker—he is altogether delightful.

It is owing to the overdone fastidiousness of later times that we have never beheld on the stage that wonderful scene in Othello, in which he falls into a trance. Any man of any pretensions to feeling or taste, would give five guineas to see Mr Kean play this scene. None but he could do justice to it. Who else is capable of pourtraying that awful self-investment of Nature "in shadowy passion," whilst the unfortunate victim makes his very disorder an argument for the truth of his "horrible imaginings;" that palpable incursion of sudden madness, which the stamina of the "noble Moor" hardly repel. Yet, because this paroxysm is induced by a single coarse expression of the ruffian Iago, the scene is to be omitted, as if any mind could be impressed by it with sensations other than those of the profoundest terror and pity. The cant of delicacy has done ten times the injury to the drama that sheer downright fanaticism has ever done; and shallow refinement is ten times more hopelessly inaccessible than the prejudices of the narrowest bigotry.

This, it may be said, is all in favour of honest Jeremy Collier; even so be it. If the sentiment may "do him grace," he is perfectly welcome to the benefit of it. T. D.

THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES;

Or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.

No II.

THERE was a great tea-drinking held in the Kirkgate of Irvine, at the house of Miss Mally Glencairn, to which our intelligent correspondent, Mr M'Gruel, the surgeon of Kilwinning, was invited. At that assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion, among other delicacies of the season, several new-come-home Clyde Skippers, roaring from Greenock, and Port-Glasgow, were served up—but nothing contributed more to the entertainment of the evening, than a proposal, on the part of Miss Mally, that those present, who had received letters from the Pringles, should read them for the benefit of the company. This was no doubt a preconcerted scheme between her and Miss Isabella Tod, to hear what Mr Andrew Pringle had said to his friend Mr Snodgrass, and likewise what the doctor himself had indited to Mr Micklewham, some rumour having spread of the wonderful escapes and adventures of the family in their journey and voyage to London. For, as Mr M'Gruel, with that peculiar sagacity for which he is so eminently distinguished, justly remarked, "had there not been some prethought of this kind, it was not possible that both the helper and session clerk of Garnock could have been there together, in a party, where it was an understood thing that not only Whist and Catch Honours were to be played, but even obstreperous Birky itself, for the diversion of such of the company as were not used to gambling games." It was in consequence of what took place at this Irvine route, that Mr M'Gruel was led to think of collecting the letters; and those which were read that evening, in addition to what we have already published, constitute the burthen of our present article.

LETTER VIII.

Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Tod.

London.

MY DEAR BELL,—It was my heartfelt intention to keep a regular journal of all our proceedings, from the sad day on which I bade a long adieu to my native shades—and I persevered with a constancy becoming our dear and youthful friendship, in writing down every thing that I saw, either rare or beautiful, till the hour of our departure from Leith. In that faithful register of my feelings and reflections as a traveller, I described our embarkation at Greenock, on board the steam-boat,—our sailing past Port-Glasgow, an insignificant town, with a steeple;—the stupendous rock of Dumbarton Castle,—that Gibraltar of antiquity;—our landing at Glasgow,—my astonishment at the magnificence of that opulent metropolis of the muslin manufacturers. My brother's remark, that the punch bowls on the roofs of the infirmary, the museum, and the trade's hall, were emblematic of the universal estimation in which that celebrated mixture is held by all ranks and degrees—learned, commercial, and even medical, of the inhabitants;—our arrival at Edinburgh—my emotion on beholding the castle, and the visionary lake which may be nightly seen from the windows of Prince's Street, between the old and new town, reflecting the lights of the lofty city beyond—with a thousand other delightful and romantic circumstances, which render it no longer surprising that the Edinburgh folk should be, as they think themselves, the most accomplished people in the world. But alas, from the moment I placed my foot on board that cruel vessel, of which the very idea is anguish—all thoughts were swallowed up in suffering—swallowed, did I say? ah, my dear Bell, it was the odious reverse—but imagination alone can do justice to the subject. Not, however, to dwell on what is past, during the whole time of our passage from Leith, I was unable to think, far less to write—and, although there was a handsome young officer belonging to the celebrated Glasgow Hussars, also a passenger, I could not even listen to the elegant compliments which he seemed disposed to offer by way of consolation, when he had

got the better of his own sickness. Neither love nor valour can withstand the influence of that sea demon. The interruption thus occasioned to my observations, made me destroy my journal, and I have now to write to you only about London—only about London! What an expression for this human universe, as my brother calls it, as if my weak feminine pen were equal to the stupendous theme!

But before entering on the subject, let me first satisfy the anxiety of your faithful bosom with respect to my father's legacy. All the accounts, I am happy to tell you, are likely to be amicably settled, but the exact amount is not known as yet, only I can see, by my brother's manner, that it is not less than we expected, and my mother speaks about sending me to a boarding school to learn accomplishments; nothing, however, is to be done until something is actually in hand. But what does it all avail to me?—here am I, a solitary being in the midst of this wilderness of mankind, far from your sympathizing affection, with the dismal prospect before me of going a second time to school, and without the prospect of enjoying, with my own sweet companions, that light and bounding gayety we were wont to share in skipping from tomb to tomb in the breezy church-yard of Irvine, like butterflies in spring, flying from flower to flower, as a Wordsworth or a Wilson would express it.

We have got elegant lodgings at present in Norfolk-street, but my brother is trying, with all his address, to get us removed to a more fashionable part of the town, which, if the accounts were once settled, I think will take place—and he proposes to hire a carriage for a whole month; indeed, he has given hints about the saving that might be made by buying one of our own; but my mother shakes her head, and says, "Andrew dinna be carrit,"—from all which it is very plain, though they don't allow me to know their secrets, that the legacy is worth the coming for. But, to return to the lodgings, we have what is called a first and second floor, a drawing room, and three handsome bed-chambers. The drawing room is very elegant; and the carpet is the exact same pattern of the one in the dress-drawing-room of Eglintoun castle. Our landlady is indeed a lady, and I am surprised how she should think of letting lodgings, for she dresses better, and wears finer lace, than ever I saw in Irvine. But I am interrupted.—

I now resume my pen—we have just had a call from Mrs and Miss Argent, the wife and daughter of the Colonel's man of business. They seem great people, and came in their own chariot, with two grand footmen behind; but they are pleasant and easy, and the object of their visit was to invite us to a family dinner to-morrow, Sunday. I hope we may become better acquainted; but the two livery servants make such a difference in our degrees, that I fear this is a vain expectation. Miss Argent was, however, very frank, and told me that she was herself only just come to London for the first time since she was a child, having been for the last seven years at a school in the country. I shall, however, be better able to say more about her in my next letter. Do not, however, be afraid that she shall ever supplant you in my heart—no, my dear friend, companion of my days of innocence,—that can never be—but this call from such persons of fashion, looks as if the legacy had given us some consideration; so that I think my father and mother may as well let me know at once what my prospects are, that I might show you how disinterestedly and truly I am, my dear Bell, yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE."

When Miss Isabella Tod had read the letter, Mr M'Gruel says, there was a solemn pause for some time—all present knew something, more or less, of the fair writer; but a carriage, a carpet, like the best at Eglintoun, a Glasgow Hussar, and two footmen in livery, were phantoms of such high import, that no one could distinctly express the feelings with which the intelligence affected them. It was, however, unanimously agreed, that the doctor's legacy had every symptom of being equal to what it was at first expected to be, namely, twenty thousand pounds;—a sum which, by some occult or recondite moral influence of the Lottery, is the common maximum, in popular estimation, of any extraordinary and indefinite windfall of fortune. Miss Becky Glibbans, from the purest motives of

charity, devoutly wished that poor Rachel might be able to carry her full cup with a steady hand; and the Rev. Mr Snodgrass, that so commendable an expression might not lose its edifying effect, by any lighter talk, requested Mr Micklewham to read his letter from the doctor.

Letter IX.

The Rev. Z. Pringle, D. D. to Mr Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session Clerk of Garnock.

London.

Dear Sir,—I have written by the post that will take this to hand, a letter to Banker M********y, at Irvine, concerning some small matters of money that I may stand in need of his opinion anent; and as there is a prospect now of a settlement of the legacy business, I wish you to take a step over to the banker, and he will give you ten pounds, which you will administer to the poor, by putting a twenty shilling note in the plate on Sunday, as a public testimony from me of thankfulness for the hope that is before us; the other nine pounds you will quietly, and in your own canny way, divide after the following manner, letting none of the partakers thereof know from what other hand than the Lord's the help comes, for indeed from whom but his does any good befall us.

You will give to auld Mizy Eccles ten shillings. She's a careful creature, and it will go as far with her thrift as twenty will do with Effy Hopkirk; so you will give Effy twenty. Mrs Binacle, who lost her husband, the sailor, last winter, is, I am sure, with her two sickly bairns, very ill aff; I would therefore like if you will lend her a note, and ye may put half a crown in the hand of each of the poor weans for a playock, for she's a proud spirit, and will bear much before she complain. Thomas Dowy has been lang unable to do a turn of work, so you may give him a note too. I promised that donsy body, Willy Shachle, the betherel, that when I got my legacy, he should get a guinea, which would be more to him than if the Colonel had died at home, and he had had the howking of his grave; you may therefore, in the mean time, give Willy a crown, and be sure to warn him well no to get fou with it, for I'll be very angry if he does. But what in this matter will need all your skill, is the giving of the remaining five pounds to auld Miss Betty Peerie; being a gentlewoman both by blood and education, she's a very slimmer affair to handle in a doing of this kind. But I am persuaded she's in as great necessity as many that seem far poorer, especially since the muslin flowering has gone so down. Her bits of brats are sairly worn, though she keeps out an apparition of gentility. Now, for all this trouble, I will give you an account of what we have been doing since my last.

When we had gotten ourselves made up in order, we went, with Andrew Pringle, my son, to the counting-house, and had a satisfactory vista of the residue, but it will be some time before things can be settled—indeed, I fear, not for months to come—so that I have been thinking, if the parish was pleased with Mr Snodgrass, it might be my duty to my people to give up to him my stipend, and let him be appointed not only helper, but successor likewise. It would not be right of me to give the manse, both because he's a young and inexperienced man, and cannot, in the course of nature, have got into the way of visiting the sick-beds of the frail, which is the main part of a pastor's duty, and likewise because I wish to die, as I have lived, among my people. But when all's settled, I will know better what to do.

When we had got an inkling from Mr Argent of what the Colonel has left, and I do assure you, that money is not to be got, even in the way of legacy, without anxiety,—Mrs Pringle and I consulted together, and resolved that it was our first duty, as a token of our gratitude to the Giver of all Good to make our first outlay to the poor. So without saying a word either to Rachel, or to Andrew Pringle, my son, knowing that there was a daily worship in the church of England, we slipped out of the house by ourselves, and hiring a hackney conveyance, told the driver thereof to drive us to the high church of St Paul's. This was out of no respect to the pomp and pride of pre-

lacy, but to Him before whom both pope and presbyter are equal, as they are seen, through the merits of Christ Jesus. We had taken a golden guinea in our hand, but there was no broad at the door, and instead of a venerable elder lending sanctity to his office, by reason of his age, such as we see in the effectual institutions of our own national church—the door was kept by a young man, much more like a writer's whipper-snapper-clerk than one qualified to fill that station, which good king David would have preferred to dwelling in tents of sin. However, we were not come to spy the nakedness of the land, so we went up the outside stairs, and I asked at him for the plate; "Plate!" says he, "why its on the altar!" I should have known this—the custom of old being to lay the offerings on the altar, but I had forgot, such is the force you see of habit, that the Church of England is not so well reformed and purged as ours is from the abominations of the leaven of idolatry. We were then stepping forward, when he said to me as sharply as if I was going to take an advantage, "you must pay here;" "very well, wherever it is customary," said I, in a meek manner, and gave him the guinea. Mrs Pringle did the same. "I cannot give you change," cried he, with as little decorum as if we had been paying at a playhouse. "It makes no odds," said I, "keep it all." Whereupon he was so converted by the mammon of iniquity, that he could not be civil enough he thought—but conducted us in and shewed us the marble monuments, and the French colours that were taken in the war, till the time of worship—nothing could surpass his discretion.

At last the organ began to sound, and we went into the place of worship—but, O Mr Micklewham, yon is a thin kirk. There was not a hearer forby Mrs Pringle and me, saving and excepting the relics of popery that assisted at the service. What was said I must, however, in verity confess was not far from the point. But its still a comfort to see that prelatical usurpations are on the downfall; no wonder that there is no broad at the door to receive the collection for the poor, when no congregation entereth in. You may, therefore, tell Mr Craig, and it will gladden his heart to hear the tidings, that the great Babylonian madam is now, indeed, but a very little cutty.

On our return home to our lodgings, we found Andrew Pringle, my son, and Rachel, in great consternation about our absence. When we told them that we had been at worship, I saw they were both deeply affected, and I was pleased with my children, the more so, as you know I have had my doubts that Andrew Pringle's principles have not been strengthened by the reading of the Edinburgh Review. Nothing more passed at that time, for we were disturbed by a Captain Sabre that came up with us in the smack, calling to see how we were after our journey; and as he was a civil well-bred young man, which I marvel at, considering he's a hussar dragoon, we took a coach, and went to see the lions, as he said, but instead of taking us to the Tower of London, as I expected, he ordered the man to drive us round the town. In our way through the city he showed us the Temple Bar, where Lord Kilmarnock's head was placed after the rebellion, and pointed out the Bank of England and Royal Exchange. He said the steeple of the Exchange was taken down shortly ago—and that the late improvements at the bank were very grand. I remembered having read in the Edinburgh Advertiser, some years past, that there was a great deal said in Parliament about the state of the Exchange, and the condition of the bank, which I could never thoroughly understand. And, no doubt, the taking down of an old building, and the building up of a new one so near together, must, in such a crowded city as this, be not only a great detriment to business, but dangerous to the community at large.

After we had driven about for more than two hours, and neither seen lions nor any other curiosity, but only the outside of houses, we returned home, where we found a copperplate card left by Mr Argent, the Colonel's agent, with the name of his private dwelling-house. Both me and Mrs Pringle were confounded at the sight of this thing, and could not but think that it prognosticated no good; for we had seen the gentleman himself in the forenoon. Andrew Pringle, my son, could give no satisfactory reason for such an extraordinary manifestation of anxiety to see us, so that after

sitting in thorns at our dinner, I thought that we should see to the bottom of the business. Accordingly, a hackney was summoned to the door, and me and Andrew Pringle, my son, got into it, and told the man to drive to second in the street where Mr Argent lived, and which was the number of his house. The man got up, and away we went, but after he had driven an awful time, and stopping and inquiring at different places, he said there was no such house as Seconds in the street, whereupon Andrew Pringle, my son, asked him what he meant, and the man said, that he supposed it was one Second's Hotel, or Coffeehouse that we wanted. Now only think of the craftiness of the neer-da-weel, it was with some difficulty that I could get him to understand, that second was just as good as number two, for Andrew Pringle, my son, would not interfere, but lay back in the coach, and was like to split his sides at my confabulating with the hackney man. At long and length we got to the house, and were admitted to Mr Argent, who was sitting by himself in his library reading, with a plate of orangers, and two decanters with wine before him. I explained to him, as well as I could, my surprise and anxiety at seeing his card, at which he smiled, and said, it was merely a sort of practice that had come into fashion of late years, although we had been at his countinghouse in the morning, he considered it requisite that he should call on his return from the city. I made the best excuse I could for the mistake, and the servant, having placed glasses on the table, we were invited to take wine. But I was grieved to think that so respectable a man should have had the bottles before him by himself, the more especially as he said his wife and daughters had gone to a party, and that he did not much like such sort of things. But for all that we found him a wonderful conversible man, and Andrew Pringle, my son, having read all the new books put out at Edinburgh, could speak with him on any subject. In the course of conversation they touched on politick economy, and Andrew Pringle, my son, in speaking about cash in the Bank of England, told him what I had said concerning the alterations of the Royal Exchange Steeple, with which Mr Argent seemed greatly pleased, and jocosely proposed as a toast, "may the country never suffer more from the alterations in the Exchange, than the taking down of the steeple." But as Mrs Pringle is wanting to send a bit line under the same frank to her cousin Miss Mally Glencairn. I must draw to a conclusion, assuring you, that I am, dear sir, your sincere friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

The impression which this letter made on the auditors of Mr Micklewham was highly favourable to the doctor—all bore testimony to his benevolence and piety, and Mrs Glibbans expressed, in very loquacious terms, her satisfaction at the neglect to which prelacy was consigned. The only person who seemed to be affected by other than the most sedate feelings on the occason, was the Rev. Mr Snodgrass, who was observed to smile in a very unbecoming manner at some parts of the doctor's account of his reception at St Paul's. Indeed, it was apparently with the utmost difficulty that the young clergyman could restrain himself from giving liberty to his risible faculties. It is really surprising how differently the same thing affects different people. "The Doctor and Mrs Pringle giving a guinea at the door of St Paul's for the poor need not make folk laugh," said Mrs Glibbans, "for is it not written, that whosoever giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?" "True, my dear Madam," replied Mr Snodgrass, "but the Lord, to whom our friends in this case gave their money, is the Lord Bishop of London; all the collection made at the doors of St Paul's Cathedral is, I understand, a perquisite of the Bishop's." In this the Rev. gentleman was not very correctly informed, for, in the first place, it is not a collection, but an exaction; and, in the second place, it is only sanctioned by the Bishop, who allows the inferior clergy to share the gains among themselves. Mrs Glibbans, however, on hearing his explanation, exclaimed, "Gude be about us," and pushing back her chair with a bounce, streaking down her gown at the same time with both her hands, added, "no wonder that a judgment is upon the land, when we hear of money-changers in the temple." Miss Mally Glen-

cairn, to appease her gathering wrath and holy indignation, said, facetiously, "Na, na, Mrs Glibbans, ye forget, there was na changing of money there. The man took the whole guineas. But not to make a controversy on the subject, Mr Snodgrass will now let us hear what Andrew Pringle, 'my son,' has said to him:"—And the Reverend gentleman read the following letter with due circumspection, and in his best manner.

Letter X.

Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Reverend Charles Snodgrass.

My Dear Friend,—I have heard it alleged, as the observation of a great traveller, that the manners of the higher classes of society throughout Christendom are so much alike, that national peculiarities among them are scarcely perceptible. This is not correct; the differences between those of London and Edinburgh are to me very striking. It is not that they talk and perform the little etiquettes of social intercourse differently; for in these respects they are apparently as similar as it is possible for imitation to make them; but the difference to which I refer is an indescribable something which can only be compared to peculiarities of accent. They both speak the same language; perhaps in classical purity of phraseology the fashionable Scotchman is even superior to the Englishman, but there is a flatness of tone in his accent, a lack of what the musicians call expression, which gives a local and provincial effect to his conversation, however, in other respects, learned and intelligent. It is so with his manners; he conducts himself with equal ease, self-possession, and discernment, but the flavour of the metropolitan style is wanting.

I have been led to make these remarks by what I noticed in the guests whom I met on Friday at young Argent's. It was a small party, only five strangers, but they seemed to be all particular friends of our host, and yet none of them appeared to be on any terms of intimacy with each other. In Edinburgh, such a party would have been at first a little cold; each of the guests would there have paused to estimate the characters of the several strangers before committing himself with any topic of conversation. But here, the circumstance of being brought together by a mutual friend produced at once the purest gentlemanly confidence; each, as it were, took it for granted that the persons whom he had come among were men of education and good-breeding, and, without deeming it at all necessary that he should know something of their respective political and philosophical principles, before venturing to speak on such subjects, discussed frankly, and as things unconnected with party feelings, incidental occurrences which in Edinburgh would have been avoided as calculated to awaken animosities.

But the most remarkable feature of the company, small as it was, consisted of the difference in the condition and character of the guests. In Edinburgh the landlord, with the scrupulous care of a herald or genealogist, would, for a party, previously unacquainted with each other, have chosen his guests as nearly as possible from the same rank of life; the London host had paid no respect to any such consideration—all the strangers were as dissimilar in fortune, profession, connections, and politics, as any four men in the class of gentlemen could well be. I never spent a more delightful evening.

The ablest, the most eloquent, and the most elegant man present, without question, was the son of a saddler. No expence had been spared on his education. His father, proud of his talents, had intended him for a seat in parliament; but Mr T—— himself prefers the easy enjoyments of private life, and has kept himself aloof from politics and parties. Were I to form an estimate of his qualifications to excel in public speaking, by the clearness and beautiful propriety of his colloquial language, I should conclude that he was still destined to perform a distinguished part. But he is content with the liberty of a private station, as a spectator only, and, perhaps, in that he shows his wisdom; for undoubtedly such men are not cordially received among hereditary statesmen, unless they evince a certain suppleness of principle, such as we have seen in the conduct of more than one political adventurer.

The next in point of effect was young C—— G——. He evidently languished under the influence of in-

disposition, which, while it added to the natural gentleness of his manners, diminished the impression his accomplishments would otherwise have made —I was greatly struck with the modesty with which he offered his opinions, and could scarcely credit that he was the same individual whose eloquence in parliament is by many compared even to Mr Canning's, and whose firmness of principle is so universally acknowledged, that no one ever suspects him of being liable to change. You may have heard of his poem "On the restoration of learning in the east," the most magnificent prize essay that the English universities have produced for many years. The passage in which he describes the talents, the researches, and learning of Sir William Jones, is worthy of the imagination of Burke, and yet, with all this oriental splendour of fancy, he has the reputation of being a patient and methodical man of business. He looks, however, much more like a poet and a student, than an orator and a statesman; and were statesmen the sort of personages which the spirit of the age attempts to represent them, I, for one, should lament that a young man, possessed of so many amiable qualities, all so tinted with the bright lights of a fine enthusiasm, should ever have been removed from the moonlighted groves and peaceful cloisters of Magdalen college, to the lamp-smelling passages and factious debates of St Stephen's chapel. Mr G. certainly belongs to that high class of gifted men who, to the honour of the age, have redeemed the literary character from the charge of unfitness for the concerns of public business; and he has shown that talents for affairs of state, connected with literary predilections, are not limited to mere reviewers, as some of your old classfellows would have the world to believe. When I contrast the quiet unobtrusive developement of Mr G.'s character with that bustling and obstreperous elbowing into notice of some of those to whom the Edinburgh Review owes half its fame, and compare the pure and steady lustre of his elevation, to the rocket-like abberrations and perturbed blaze of their still uncertain course, I cannot but think that we have overrated, if not their ability, at least their wisdom in the management of public affairs.

The third of the party was a little Yorkshire baronet. He was formerly in Parliament, but left it, as he says, on account of its irregularities, and the bad hours it kept. He is a Whig, I understand, in politics, and indeed one might guess as much by looking at him; for I have always remarked, that your Whigs have something odd and particular about them. On making the same sort of remark to Argent, who, by the way, is a high ministerial man, he observed, the thing was not to be wondered at, considering that the Whigs are exceptions to the generality of mankind, which naturally accounts for their being always in the minority. Mr T——, the saddler's son, who overheard us, said, slyly, "that it might be so, but if it be true that the wise are few compared to the multitude of the foolish, things would be better managed by the minority than as they are at present."

The fourth guest was a stock broker, a shrewd compound, with all charity be it spoken, of knavery and humour. He is by profession an epicure, but I suspect his accomplishments in that capacity are not very well founded; I would almost say, judging by the evident traces of craft and dissimulation in his physiognomy, that they have been assumed as part of the means of getting into good company, to drive the more earnest trade of money-making. Argent evidently understood his true character, though he treated him with jocular familiarity. I thought it a fine example of the intellectual superiority of T——, that he seemed to view him with dislike and contempt. But I must not give you my reasons for so thinking, as you set no value on my own particular philosophy, besides, my paper tells me, that I have only room left to say, that it would be difficult in Edinburgh to bring such a party together; and yet they affect there to have also a metropolitan character. In saying this, I mean only with reference to manners, the methods of behaviour in each of the company were precisely similar—there was no eccentricity, but only that distinct and decided individuality which nature gives, and which no acquired habits can change,—each, however, was the representative of a class, and Edinburgh has no classes exactly of the same kind as those to which they belonged,—Yours truly,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

Just as Mr Snodgrass concluded the last sentence, Captain Jemmy —— T——n, one of the Clyde skippers, who had fallen asleep, gave such an extravagant snore, followed by a groan, that it set the whole company a laughing, and interrupted the critical strictures which would otherwise have been made on Mr Andrew Pringle's epistle. "D——n it," said Jemmy, "I thought myself in a fog, and could not tell whether the land a-head was Plada or the Lady Isle." Some of the company thought the observation not inapplicable to what they had been hearing.

Miss Isabella Todd then begged that Miss Mally, their hostess, would favour the company with Mrs Pringle's communication. To this request that considerate maiden ornament of the Kirkgate, deemed it necessary, by way of preface to the latter, to say, "Ye a' ken that Mrs Pringle's a managing woman, and ye maunna expect any metaphysical philosophy from her." In the meantime, having taken the letter from her pocket, and placed her spectacles on that functionary of the face, which was destined to wear spectacles, she began as follows:—

Letter XI.

Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

My dear Miss Mally,—We have been at the counting-house, and gotten a sort of a satisfaction: what the upshot may be, I canna take it upon myself to prognostricate, but when the war comes to the warst, I think that baith Rachel and Andrew will have a nest egg, and the doctor and me may sleep sound on their account, if the nation does na break, as the Argle-barglers in the House of Parliament have been threatening: for all the Cornal's fortune is sunk at present in the per cents. Howsomever, it's our notion, when the legacies are paid off, to lift the money out of the funds, and place it at good interest on hairetable securitie. But ye will hear after from us, before things come to that, for the delays, and the goings and the comings in this town of London, are past all expreshon.

As yet, we have been to see no fairlies, except going in a coach from one part of the toun to another; but the Doctor and me was at the he-kirk of Saint Paul's, for a purpose that I need not tell you, as it was a-doing with the right hand what the left should not know. I could na say that I had there great pleasure, for the preacher was very cauldrife, and read every word, and then there was such a beggary of popish prelacy, that it was compassionate to a Christian to see.

We are to dine at Mr Argent's, the Cornal's hadgint, on Sunday, and me and Rachel have been getting something for the okasion. Our landlady, Mrs Sharkly, has recommended us to ane of the most fashionable millinders in London, who keeps a grand shop in Cranburn Alla, and she has brought us arteecles to look at; but I was surprised they were not finer, for I thought them of a vera inferior qualaty, which she said was because they were not made for no costomer, but for the public.

The Argents seem as if they would be discreet people, which, to us who are here in the jaws of jeopardy, would be a great confort—for I am no overly satisfeet with many things. What would ye think of buying coals by the stimpert, for any thing that I know, and then setting up the poker afore the ribs, instead of blowing with the bellies to make the fire burn? I was of a pinion that the Englishers were naturally wasterful; but I can ashure you this is no the case at all—and I am beginning to think that the way of leeving from hand to mouth is great frugality, when ye consider that all is left in the logive hands of uncercumseezed servans.

But what gives me the most concern at this time, is one Captain Sabre of the Dragoon Hozars, who come up in the smak with us from Leith, and is looking more after our Rachel than I could wish, now, that she might set her cap to another sort of object. But he's of a respectit family, and the young lad himself is no to be despisid, howsomever, I never likit officir-men of any description, and yet the thing that makes me look down on the captain, is all owing to the cornal, who was an officer of the native poors of India, where the pay must indeed have been extrordinar, for who ever heard either of a cornal, or any offi-

cer whomsoever, making a hundred thousand pounds in our regiments, no that I say the cornal has left so meikle to us.

Tell Mrs Glibbans that I have not heard of no sound preacher as yet in London, the want of which, is no doubt the great cause of the crying sins of the place; what would she think to hear of newspapers selling by tout of horn on the Lord's day; and on the Sabbath night, the change houses are more throng than on the Saturday. I am told, but as yet I cannot say that I have seen the evil myself with my own eyes, that in the summer time there are tea-gardens where the tradesmen go to smoke their pipes of tobacco, and to entertain their wives and children, which can be nothing less then a bringing of them to an untimely end. But you will be surprised to hear, that no such thing as whusky is to be had in the public houses, where they drink only a dead sort of bear; and that a bottle of true jennyinn London porter is rarely to be seen in the whole town—all kinds of piple getting their portor in pewtir cans, and a ladie calls for in the morning to take away what has been youred over night. But what I most miss is the want of creem. The milk here is just skimm, and I doot not, likewise well-watered—as for the water, a drink of clear wholesame good water is not within the bounds of London; and truly, now may I say, that I have learnt what the blessing of a cup of cold water is.

Tell Miss Nanny Eydent, that the day of the burial is now settled, when we are going to Windsor Castle to see the prescesson—and that by the end of the wick, she may expect the fashons from me with all the particulars. Till then, I am, my dear Miss Mally, Your friend and wellwisher,

JANET PRINGLE.

Noto Beny.—Give my kind compliments to Mrs Glibbans, and let her know, that I will, after Sunday, give her an account of the state of the Gospel in London.

Miss Mally paused when she had read the letter, and it was unanimously agreed, that Mrs Pringle gave a more full account of London, than either father, son, or daughter. By this time the night was far advanced, and Mrs Glibbans was rising to go away, apprehensive, as she observed, that they were going to bring "the carts" into the room. Upon Miss Mally however, assuring her, that no such transgression was meditated, but that she intended to treat them with a bit nice Highland-mutton ham, and eggs, of her own laying, that worthy pillar of the Relief Kirk consented to remain.

It was past eleven o'clock when the party broke up; Mr M'Gruel, with Mr Snodgrass, and Mr Micklewham, walked home together, and as they were crossing the Red burn bridge, at the entrance of Eglintoun wood,—a place well noted from ancient times for preternatural appearances, Mr Micklewham declared, that he thought he heard something purring among the bushes; upon which Mr M'Gruel makes an observation, stating, that it could be nothing but the effect of Lord North's strong ale in his weak head, adding, by way of explanation, that the Lord North here spoken of, was Willy Grieve, celebrated in Irvine for the strength and flavour of his brewing, and that in addition to a plentiful supply of his best, Miss Mally had entertained them with tamarind punch, constituting, in the opinion of Mr M'Gruel, a natural cause adequate to produce all the preternatural purring that terrified the domine.

MARY'S MOUNT.

1.

Who, standing on this rural spot,
With groves above, and fields around,
Would, pausing, e'er indulge the thought,
That armies thronged the lower ground;
Or image neighing steed, or fear
That trump or drum salute his ear;
Or think this leafy screen enfolded,
A being of as tragic fate,
As lovely, and unfortunate,
As Nature ever moulded!

2.

Traced like a map, the landscape lies
In cultured beauty stretching wide;
There Pentland's green acclivities;
There Ocean, with its azure tide;
There Arthur's Seat; and, gleaming thro
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!
While, in the orient, Lammer's daughters,
A distant giant range are seen,
North Berwick Law, with cone of green,
And Bass amid the waters.

3.

Wrapt in the mantle of her wo,
Here agonized Mary stood,
And saw contending hosts below,
Opposing, meet in deadly feud;
With hilt to hilt, and hand to hand,
The children of one mother land
For battle come. The banners flaunted
Amid Carberry's beechen grove;
And kinsmen, braving kinsmen, strove
Undaunting, and undaunted.

4.

Silent the queen in sorrow stood,
When Bothwell, starting forward, said,
"The cause is mine—a nation's blood,
Go, tell yon chiefs, should not be shed;
Go, bid the bravest heart advance
In single fight, to measure lance
With me, who wait prepared to meet him!"—
"Fly!—Bothwell, fly!—it shall not be."—
She wept—she sobbed—on bended knee
Fair Mary did entreat him.

5.

"I go," he sighed—"the war is mine,
A Nero could not injure thee;—
My lot on earth is sealed, but thine
Shall long and bright and happy be!—
This last farewell—this struggle o'er,
We ne'er shall see each other more—
Now loose thy hold! poor broken-hearted—"
She faints—she falls.—Upon his roan
The bridle reins in haste are thrown.—
The pilgrim hath departed.

6.

Know ye the tenor of his fate?—
A fugitive among his own;
Disguised—deserted—desolate—
A weed on Niagara thrown;
A Cain among the sons of men;
A pirate on the ocean; then,
A Scandinavian captive fettered
To die amid the dungeon gloom:
If earthly chance, or heavenly doom
Is dark;—but so it mattered.

7.

Daughter of Scotland! beautiful,
Beyond what falls to human lot,
Thy breathing features rendered dull,
The visions of a poet's thought.
Thy voice was music on the deep,
When winds are hushed, and waves asleep,
In mould and mind by far excelling,
Or Cleopatra on the wave
Of Cydnus vanquishing the brave,
Or Troy's resplendent Helen!

8.

Thy very sun in clouds arose,
Delightful flower of Holyrood!
Thy span was tempest-fraught, thy woes
Should make thee pitied by the good.
Poor Mary! an untimely tomb
Was thine, with prison hours of gloom,
A crown, and rebel crowds beneath thee,
A lofty fate—a lowly fall!
Thou wert a woman, and let all
Thy faults be buried with thee! A.

Elegy

Composed on the Field of Pinkie.

Behold, already from the southern sky,
While rapidly the hue of day declines—
Down on a peaceful world, with golden eye,
O'er a white cloud the star of evening shines.

How silently the beams of crimson light,
Decaying, leave the oak's umbrageous pride.
How silently the mantle of the night,
Outspread, is deepening on yon mountain side.

Who e'er would think, whose peace-enraptur'd eye
Broods on the gloom of this o'erreaching wood,
That battle swept with rustling garments by,
And dying groans disturbed its solitude!

Yes! 'mid these fields the standard was unfurl'd,
And serried spears were glittering in the sun;
Loud neighed the war-steeds, and the west wind curl'd
Locks, that were bloody ere the fight was done!

And 'neath the very turf on which ye tread,
All bright with bloom, the bones uncoffin'd lie,
Of such as, bent upon heroic deed,
Were by opposing weapons doomed to die.

Yes! many a mother's pride, and father's joy,
Here, by disastrous fate, from earth was swept;
And, while they marvell'd what delayed their boy,
On each cold grave her dews pale Evening wept.

And from these vallies many a maiden fair
Look'd—languished for the youth belov'd in vain;
Till hope, long baffled, yielded to despair,
And welcome death relieved the heart from pain.

And yon small streamlet, limpid now and clear,
'Mid woven wild flowers winding on its way
Thro' waste and trodden paths, with slaughter drear,
Ran dark and bloody thro' the livelong day. *

Long centuries have circled round since then;
And they, who fell, or triumph'd on that day,
Alike are hid in death's unfathom'd den,
Melted from sight, and mouldered into clay!

Victors and vanquish'd—both are vanish'd now!
Like doom hath swept pursuers and pursued;
Above their bones hath pass'd the vernal plow,
Or cypress shades their church-yard solitude.

Yes! gallant spirits, that have proudly thought
To earn the meed of everlasting fame,
Have pass'd unhonour'd by the prize they sought,
Nor left behind one vestige in a name!

Oh! would that Man would kneel at Wisdom's shrine,
And Truth aside the shades of Error rend;
That Sin would list "the still small voice" divine,
And thoughtless hearts regard their latter end!

The sheep-bell's tinkle on the breezes borne,
With Music's dying strain, salutes the ear;
And, save the rustle of the ripening corn,
No other sounds can aw'd Attention hear.

What see'st thou now, resplendent Evening Star?
Nought but the quiet woods, and darkened stream;
The shadowy azure mountain-tops afar,
And clouds yet bright with day's departing beam.

Peaceful and silent, Pinkie's turrets peer
Above the summits of the twilight grove;
And History's tongue alone records that here
The war-cry sounded, and the mighty strove.

Here may the Moralist, at eventide,
Slow-pacing, thoughtful, o'er the quiet lawn,
Regret the weaknesses of human pride,
And sigh that men should be the foes of man!

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* Tradition reports, that the burn of Pinkie ran crimsoned with blood for three days after the battle; in the context the liberty has been taken of shortening the term.

TO MARGARET.

Let Fortune frown; let Sorrow reign;
Thou, ever smiling, meet'st my sight;
Thy bosom's sunshine can disdain
To yield its empire to the night.

Of change thy mind no shadow knows,
Thou art superior to its sway;
Mild as the dawn, when orient glows,
And tranquil as the eve of day.

Without thy smile to gild the scene,
And bid the shades of sorrow flee,
Life had a rayless vision been,
And earth a wilderness to me!—

What more than thee could passion seek?—
In vernal softness ever fair,
There is a lustre on thy cheek
To bless the eye that gazes there:

And thou hast that which charms no less,
A link 'tween heaven and earth below,
A heart that melts in tenderness,
At every tale and tone of wo!

I would to heaven thou could'st forget,
There e'er was such as me on earth,
I would to heaven we ne'er had met,
If only grief reward thy worth:

Oh! often, it hath pained my heart,
Desponding with its load of care,
To think in it thou bor'st a part,
And never changed, and still would'st bear:

Like some benign, supernal power,
To cheer my bosom by its beams,
For ever, on my lonely hour,
The lustre of thy spirit gleams;

For ever, in my evening walk
My footsteps undirected stray,
To where, in fondly whispered talk,
We oft have lived the eve away!

The eglantine perfumes the air,
The hawthorn blossoms on the spot;
I think of thee—who art not there;
I listen—but I hear thee not;

I pass my hand across my brow,
And muse on days that we have seen,
Contrasting the unhappy *now*,
With all the raptures that *have been!*

I turn me to the happy years,
When first our hearts together clung;
When ardent hope o'ermastered fears,
And love was warm, and life was young:

I turn me to the glowing scenes,
It was our happy lot to share;—
A lapse of darkness intervenes,
Triumphant o'er the joys that were:

But still, upon my mind, they rise
In autumn sweetness, rich and warm,
As when they first did bless mine eyes;
As when they first my heart did charm!

Oh! think upon the lovely nights—
For we have roamed on many such;
Oh! think upon our lost delights,
And do not deem a tear too much!

When, thro' the heavens, the cloudless moon,
Careering, cleaves the pathless sky,
Around thee gaze, and think how soon
The summer of the soul can fly!

How soon, before unwelcome truth,
The rapturous dreams of hope can fade;
How fast the visions of our youth,
Sink from the sunshine to the shade!

Is happiness the aim of man,
The end, and object of his care?
How doth he waste his little span,
On empty trifles, light as air!

His are the selfish aims of life;
For these he sacrifices rest;
His years are an eternal strife,
'Tween promised joy, and hope unblest.

Oh! could he list to Wisdom's tongue,
And give the reins to Nature's hands,
And let his heart be ever young,
To sink, or swell, as she commands:

Then, then a happier, nobler race
Would tread the weary walks of earth;
And Vice would shrink from Virtue's face,
And Wealth subservient be to Worth.

My time below has not been much;
But I have witnessed storm and shine,
And never tasted blessings such
As those my heart hath shared with thine.

And thou, in proud fidelity,
Hast stood my beacon through the night,
And shed, athwart the moonless sea,
Thy faithful and unfailing light:

And, when the waves of error drove
My bark upon the deep to roam,
Thou ever wert the sheltering cove
To bid the wanderer welcome home.

And since the charm will never break
Which bound, and binds my heart to thine,
If grief and joy our portion make,
Oh! be the sorrows only mine!

For thine a constancy hath been,
Which could the shafts of wo endure;
In doubt that ever stood serene,
In trial and temptation pure.

Tho' many a change, since first we met,
Hath, frowning, come to mar my lot,
Thou wert too noble to forget,
And too well loved to be forgot.

And, though no earthly recompense
To thy benignant heart be given,
Thou hast thy treasure far from hence,
And thy reward awaits in heaven!

1816. Δ*.

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* Δ's request shall be most gladly complied with, whenever he puts it in our power to do so. C. N.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No VI.

The Opening of King Yngurd.

KING Yngurd, the greatest and most affecting of all the works of Adolphus Mullner, is in form a regular tragedy of five acts; but such is its length, that, in scenic performance, it has generally been split into two parts. This is a thing which we suspect no English audience could ever be brought to tolerate; but a German theatre, instead of containing few except mere lovers of spectacle, effect, and declamation, (as ours too often do) is filled with persons who have bestowed deep and deliberate study on the philosophy of the drama,—who place, not only decent attention, but an enthusiastic earnestness, at the free service of any author of genius—and from whom, therefore, such a poet as Mullner can seldom demand, in vain, any measure of indulgence. What renders the indulgence demanded by King Yngurd still greater than might be expected, is this, that the first representation, that of the two opening acts, cannot be said to offer any action of interest, far less to conclude any one: it is merely the preparation for the real life and business of the drama.

We have found, on consideration, that it would be quite impossible for us to do any thing like justice to the whole of King Yngurd in one Magazine-paper; and have, therefore, to request the attention of our readers, for the present, to a sketch and a specimen of the Proœmium merely. Unless we be very greatly mistaken, the skilfulness of Mullner's exposition of the groundwork will sufficiently delight our more critical readers, while the lovers of poetry and passion will find enough of both here to make them amends for all they may miss. It is commonly said, that it is a bad thing to divide a subject in a periodical work; but there are exceptions to every rule.

King Yngurd, our readers must be told, is a mere imaginary king; for the poet says, in a sonnet prefixed to the play, that his object has been to embody, not the truth of any actual and determinate set of events, but "the truth that never *was* and yet *is* always," the truth of human character and passion. This hero is a King of Norway, ruling in right, not of blood, for he was born a peasant—but of marriage, for he had espoused the daughter of a preceding monarch; and of covenant—for, on the day of that marriage, he had been publicly associated in the government by his father-in-law, and recognised by the whole of the people as the rightful partaker and successor of their monarch's empire; and lastly and chiefly, in right of possession—for he has already, when the drama commences, ruled for many years, and nobly supported, by his heroic character, the whole dignity both of the crown and the nation.

There is a formidable claimant, however, for the sceptre, which has so long been placed in the hands of King Yngurd. Ottfried, the father-in-law of that sovereign, after Yngurd's marriage with his daughter, and the already mentioned solemn and voluntary assumption of the bridegroom into a share of the royal authority—had himself fallen in love with a princess of Denmark. He married her, and, dying within twelvemonths after, left her pregnant. Had she given birth to a daughter, the natural right of Yngurd's wife would have remained of course in full vigour; but she bare a son, and the appearance of the boy might well give Yngurd cause to fear for the durability of his own sovereignty. Yngurd, however, ruled for some time with undisputed sway, because such as thought he had no right to be king of Norway, were compelled to acknowledge that he was the natural guardian of the infant prince, and the natural protector of the kingdom during his minority.

Ere long, Braunhilda, the queen dowager, being afraid that Yngurd would never resign his crown to her son (Oscar), removed with him back to the court of her own father in Denmark, and there the boy grows up to be a man. Yngurd, in the mean time, continues to govern Norway wisely in peace, and to be the successful and glorious leader against her enemies in war. The custom of power has

full leisure to ripen within his breast into a settled passion, and nothing is farther from his thoughts than to divest himself of his sceptre, in order to place it in the hands of his wife's youthful brother, with whose opening character he has had no opportunities of rendering himself personally acquainted. He has no son himself indeed—but one daughter, Asla, whom he of course wishes to reign after him.

At length some symptoms of disaffection towards Yngurd's government, observed in certain districts of his realm, conspire with the natural inclinations of Alf, king of Denmark, in favour of his nephew; and he, with Queen Braunhilda, Prince Oscar, and a numerous train of counsellors and warriors, of a sudden makes his appearance off the coast of Norway. But the extracts which follow might perhaps have rendered all the explanation from us unnecessary.

One leading difficulty with which every dramatic author has to contend, is to explain the ground-work of his plot—the *preliminary* chain of events which must be known in order that the audience may sympathize with, and comprehend, the action of which the drama properly consists. This is sometimes effected by the introduction of long continued stories; than which, we well know, although we have already been partly trespassers in that sort ourselves, there is nothing under which both audience and actors are more impatient. Mullner, however, has opened his play in the most skilful as well as effective manner, by the following animated dialogue between two soldiers; which, for the sake of the more full explanation it affords, we insert entire. On account of the character and manners of the two sentinels, however, this dialogue, (as well as the conversation of the rude fishermen in act second) would, perhaps, have been better if translated into prose, rather than into any kind of verse.

ACT I.

Scene I.

(A hall in King Yngurd's castle. Tempest and lightning from without. Erichson asleep on a chair; his helmet lying near him on the table. Jarl stands opposite to him at a window, and looks out at the storm. The hall is dimly illuminated by a lamp hanging from the centre.

Jarl. (*Half turned to Erichson, whom he believes awake.*)

This is the devil's own weather—Heaven protect us!
I marvel that the roof-tree can support it—
I have been driven about the world, 'tis true,
Like leaves before the chill November's blast,
But such a mixture wild of warring seasons
Have never known till now. When we behold
The snow flakes whirling in their giddy dance,
And know not if they rise from earth below
Or fall from Heaven, we deem 'tis winter reigns:
But summer joins with these her lightnings fierce,
And hurls them at our iron-pointed towers.
'Tis with the weather even as with mankind—
Before it has resolv'd on good or evil,
As between fire and flood a war must rise,
And the proud ocean with the skies contend;—
Nay, one may die ere yet the conflict ends
Of cold and heat:—and, mark me, friend, the world
Itself will one day perish, while dame Nature
Doubts if 'tis time to swelter or to freeze.
(*Erichson is silent. Jarl draws nearer.*)
I think he sleeps.—Ho, comrade, wake I say.

Erich. (*starting up.*)

How now? Who dares to break the queen's repose?—
I have the watch.

Jarl. (*smiling.*) Bravo Sir Erichson!
Thou art a faithful liegeman. If thou hold'st
The watch, thou dream'st thereon.

Erich. What wouldst thou then?

Jarl. Only to while away an hour with talk.
I love not silence in the desolate hall,
When thus the tempest rages, and almost
The roof-tree breaks above us, and we hear
Dragons and witches down the chimney roar.

Erich. Believ'st thou in such guests?

Jarl. At times—And thou?

Erich. Nay—Heaven forbid! What mean'st thou?

Jarl. One must think
On fire where smoke arises—War, indeed,
Is like a chariot which the devil drives.
Who sits therein knows not if he shall bring
Destruction on his own or foreign fields.

Erich. Thou mak'st me anxious.—Are there news arrived?
Has the king met already with his foes?

Jarl. No: but the summer's heat with frost is blended—
It snows and lightens.

Erich. What may this betoken?

Jarl. Please Heaven 'tis nought.

Erich. It happens so at times.

Jarl. Was it not so in that unhappy year
When Ottfried died?
Erich. Aye, that indeed is true.
Jarl. Now, mark me, when a comet with his train
Sweeps through the chambers of the starry heaven,
I heed it not; yet to myself I say,
It must betoken something not yet ripe:
But when a north-light through the hemisphere
Mounts like a stream of mingling blood and fire,
Then, lo! methinks Heaven threatens us more nearly,
And if misfortune comes, it comes in haste.
Erich. Thou art not wise—The north-light brings cold weather,
And this is all.
Jarl. Yet in Franconia,
Where first my life to warfare was devoted,
The weather is the namesake of the times;
Suffering and tempest ever are allied:
This in bad times still comes to my remembrance.
Now, listen, through the castle how it moans,
So that one's hair might stand on end to hear it—
Can this, my friend, betoken good to Norway?
Erich. Pshaw! let the weather be the weather only,
It augurs nothing.
Jarl. Be it so. Yet I
Have from this conflict wild of SNOW, FROST, LIGHTNING,
Drawn to myself this wise interpretation.
King ALF of Denmark, that cold prudent man,
Who moves with caution, and securely conquers,
He is the FROST, that binds up lake and stream.
Then, if he comes, he sends the SNOW before him,
That soft and white, like swans'-down, gently falls,
And settles on the bosom of the land.
The SNOW is OSCAR, who, with influence bland,
Can, like a child's tear, glide into the heart,
In whom our monarch Yngurd only sees
(Or feigns to see) a bastard, while king Alf
Acknowledges in him the rightful heir
Of Norway, Ottfried's son, because he calls
King Ottfried's widow mother.
Then his mother,
Of Danish birth (unwillingly we name her)
Who for twelve months narrow'd the heart and house
Of good king Ottfried, and a barrier rais'd
Between a father's and a daughter's love,
Till nature's bonds at last were broke in sunder;
This mother of a strife that rages still
She is the STORM who brings the SNOW and FROST.
The LIGHTNING is King Yngurd, whose bright sword
Flashes like fire upon his enemies—
Erich. (*interrupting him with animation.*)
Now, *this* is true!—He is the flame from heaven!
To him who once has fought with Yngurd, fear
Henceforth must be unknown. *His* is the kingdom—
He is our master born, although not sprung
From race imperial.
Jarl. There misfortune lowers.
'Twere better were it otherwise—One ounce
Of royal blood, how much it will avail
Thou canst not reckon—tho', 'tis true, the cheek
Wherein it dwells not, is no whit less blooming!
Erich. (*warmly.*) How?—Dar'st thou doubt of our King Yngurd's right?
Fy, sir, this is not well. Held we not here
The watch together, with my sword should I
Thine error prove!
Jarl. And so should I, if thou
Had'st doubted in thy turn. But for this once,
Prove with the tongue. I long to hear thee speak.
The king's right hangs by slender threads.
Erich. He wears
And will defend the crown. Let this suffice!
Jarl. Who were his parents?—humble bauers, who dwelt
On the small island Lesso—not less near
To Denmark than to Norway. I was there,
And knew them well. The good old people trembled,
If one of princes spoke or princely wars;
Yet Yngurd, born and bred up to the plough,
With watchful ears drank every word!
(*He perceives that Erichson has again seated himself, and seems lost in thought.*)
Not so
Dost thou—no matter.—I shall talk
Right willingly.—Well, never even in dreams
Had these good people thought that in their son
A soldier lurk'd, that one day would assume
The crown of Norway. But that for a bauer
His talents fitted not—*this much* they knew;
And therefore, from their savings, they resolved
To send him on the mainland, to obtain
Some learning from the schools. He might have gone
Or south or north; but Fate, (the Devil only
Knows what are its designs,) all for itself
It sows, reaps, and devours, and man's free will
So boasted, is at last but blind obedience.
Well then, this Yngurd—ha! where was I now?
Thou interrupt me ever!
Erich. (*smiling.*) Hast thou heard
One word?

Jarl. Thou hear'st *me* not. This interrupts me.
No one speaks well, if he is thus unheeded.
Erich. Well, if it aids thee, I shall hear thy tale.
Jarl. (*still peevishly.*) Enough. If Yngurd had not sail'd to Norway,
He had not been the favourite of King Ottfried—
Nor won the crown. Now, tell me, can this give
Imperial right?—Sail thou where'er thou wilt,
Or south or north, thou art Sir Erichson.
Erich. And thou Sir Jarl. But yet methinks thou know'st
The hero Ottfried's formal testament,
That Yngurd as the kingdom's heir confirmed—
Jarl. Nay, this is null and void.—No parchment rights
In law prevail against a son.
Erich. But Yngurd
Is not our king by parchment rights alone,
He was the nation's choice. Even ere the death
Of Ottfried, to his son-in-law we swore
Homage and fealty.
Jarl. Nay, remember'st thou?
The *commons* were against him. They affirm'd
He was, by his low birth, unfit. Whate'er
His deeds in war, yet he was still a bauer,
And would mow down the people like a field
Of corn. Now tell me, has it not been so?
Erich. Thou mak'st me angry. Would'st thou blame the lion
Who shakes the gad-flies from his mane?—the boar,
By hounds attack'd, who with his teeth resists them?
'Twas for the hand of Irma, not the kingdom,
That Yngurd fought and conquer'd.
Jarl. Um! whoe'er
Has gain'd a princess, deems that Heaven ere long
Will grant the kingdom.
Erich. Well, if it were so,
Why should'st thou blame him? Norway's law denies
The reins of empire to a female hand.
But other laws dwell in a father's heart.—
Ubo the Dane (in virtue of an old
And legendary union of the crowns)
Looked from king Ottfried's grave to mount his throne—
This to prevent, did Ottfried give the kingdom
To that young champion who for Irma fought
At all the knightly tournaments, and call'd
Her name aloud amid the rage of battle.
So should the daughter in her father's house
Inhabit still.
Jarl. Thence, eighteen years ago,
Rose the first war.
Er. Heaven weighed the right. The scale
Of Norway then prevailed. The good swords join'd
Of Yngurd and of Ottfried, drove the troops
Of Ubo back into the heart of Denmark.
Jarl. Aye,—but forgetful of gray hairs, king Ottfried
By Ubo's youthful daughter was attracted.
Thus guilty nature did the peace confirm;
And Braunhild, who from hell escaped, to prove
On earth a model for all stepmother's,
Became (so Satan willed) the queen of Norway,
And Irma her step-daughter.
Er. The old hero
Fell in the snare, 'tis true. For this he suffered—
Grief broke his heart.
Jarl. Unhappily for Norway
(But by good chance for Yngurd) he departed
Ere his son's birth. Thence rose the second war—
All the dread horrors of a civil strife;
And of these evils what was then the cause?
The expected offspring of two wanton dames—
Er. (*Interrupting him.*) Thou slanderest Irma?—Jarl, I charge thee, silence!
Or with the pummel of my sword shall I
Seal up thy lips.
Jarl. Ho, ho! Must we forsooth,
Never thus while away a leisure hour,
By reasoning on the past? Now tell me truly,
Had it not then been fitter that each mother
First brought to light her offspring?
Er. This belonged
To queen Braunhilda. Had her child not prov'd
A son, she had no more to seek from Norway.
She trusted not the uncertain game of fortune,
But summon'd Yngurd's envious foes to arms,
The rights of her unborn son to defend.
Jarl. Well, whether born or not, it was her child.
Erich. Her child? Aye, this indeed was said in scorn,
Thro' half the land 'twas called the "fatherless."
Yet Yngurd fought but for his *interregnum*.
Even after victory he made concessions,
And offered compromise. Braunhilda fled,
Proclaiming that king Yngurd had exiled her
Then in her father's fraudful court she knew,
That to assist her purposes a son
Would not be wanting.—There, when scarcely landed,
Before the people, bearing in her arms
The infant Oscar, she appear'd; and Ubo
Must for his grandchild's rights resume the sword,—
Jarl. Yet not without entreaty he was won,
And long delay. Well, thence arose new war,
For the third time.

Erich. Heaven weigh'd the right. The scale
Of Oscar mounted.
Jarl. Nay, it rose and fell
For ten long years;—and still clear eyes behold
The balance wavering.—Now, I pray thee, comrade,
Tell me what has ensued since we have chosen
This bauer for Norway's king—War, war, and—
Erich. (*Warmly.*) Silence!—
Seeks Yngurd for this war?
Jarl. Why—truly—no!
He seeks not war, but victory.—To supply
The lack of kingly right, he woos renown;
For something by the people is required,
Whereon to found attachment.—Well, this bauer—
Erich. Silence! Have I not told thee thrice ere now,
I will not bear thy censures of the king,
He seeks not war; but he, perforce, must choose
If he will have it *near* him, or *remote*.
Yet this he may not tell to every soldier.
Jarl. When aught of good is known, wherefore conceal it?
Defend him! I shall hear thee willingly!
Ubo, thank Heaven, is dead. Braunhild in truth,
Is now, as heretofore, untameable;
But Alf, the frost, her brother, cannot love
That which is ever fiery. We, forsooth,
Had peace and rest till they were wearisome.—
Now, tell me, though king Alf, and Eastland's duke
Disputed, wherefore should *we* rise in arms?
Erich. Wherefore? When fire assails a neighbour's house,
Is it not time that we should rise to aid him,
And from ourselves ward off the approaching flame?
The crafty Dane squares measures with their object—
If this were but to conquer Arimbald,
Wherefore an army in whose caps alone
Were steel enough to roof each house in Eastland?
King Alf is uncle to the bastard Oscar,
And when he conquers Eastland, will compel
The duke to join with him in firm alliance,
And turn the war on Norway. * * *
Jarl. Lo! there thou speak'st even mine own thoughts. I said
Oscar the son of Ottfried—or, forsooth,
A bastard if thou wilt, has at this time
Past his fifteenth or sixteenth year, and all
Who know the boy, with kindness look on him,
And wonder.—Now, if Alf the FROST bring hither
The gentle SNOW, methinks he will not fail
To gain adherents.—A mild ruler now
Might prove the best for Norway. (This is known.)
Yngurd,—the LIGHTNING comes with violence forth
To stop his course—but what can Lightning do,
More than to dart with whizzing transient force,
And here and there a building cast in ruins?

* * * * * *

At this instant the hall is brilliantly illuminated by lightning; and there is heard a clap of the loudest thunder, which reverberates through the castle. The sentinels are alarmed. A trabant enters to inform them, that the lightning has fallen upon the royal chapel. Jarl goes out with the trabant. Erichson remains at his post. The queen and other inhabitants of the palace have been awakened. The former, dressed without ornaments, enters in great agitation to question the sentinel.

Irma. Where is the fire?—
Erich. If any where it burns,
'Tis in the chapel.
Irma. There thou art deceived.—
Brightly it flames on high where Asla sleeps,
And yet thou fliest not to her aid?
Erich. Just now
The messenger was here, who has informed us
That on the chapel all the lightning fell;
But yet even there we trust no fire remains.
Irma. The Lightning?—
How's this?—What meanest thou?
Erich. Heaven defend us!
Lady hast thou not heard the shock?—Almost
It rent the castle's rocky base asunder.
Irma. (*recollecting herself*) It seemed indeed the roaring of a storm
That broke my sleep. Was it a thunderstroke?
Erich. Violent and fearful, changing night to day;
The castle is awake, the princess comes.

SCENE III.

Asla, dressed like the queen, without ornaments, comes out of the gallery on the left. Irma. Erichson.

Asla. (*Throwing herself into her mother's arms*).
Oh mother—Heaven be praised—'Twas but a vision!
Irma. Asla, how's this?—thy looks at first were pale,
Now suddenly with deepest red are dyed,
As by the glow of northern lights pervaded?—
Asla. 'Tis but the currents of the heart set free,
That anxious terror held repressed.
Irma. Then all

Which I, half slumbering, deemed that I beheld,
Was true indeed?—Why did the sentinel
Not mark those threatening flames?
(*Erichson is about to speak, but desists, when Asla resumes*).
Asla. Why blam'st thou him,
Could he within my troubled veins command
Repose, as in the galleries of this castle?
From darkening clouds my brain in sleep defend,
Or that terrific dream?
Irma. A dream?—thou too?
Asla. A feverish strife—now pain, now pleasure ruled me;
I know not if in truth it were a dream,
Or supernatural vision?
Irma, 'Tis most strange!
My sufferings were like thine. Relate thy dream.
Asla. Not here;—it may not be! From a third ear
Thine Asla turns asham'd.
Irma, Retire, sir knight—
Erichson goes out. Asla has mean while come to the stage front. Irma stands opposite to her.
Now—daughter, to thy story.
Asla, (*After she has for a few moments recollected herself*).
Look not *now*
For the lost unreserve of happy childhood!
All this is past;—the pure light of my soul,
That won so oft thy praise, is with the sleep
Of this mysterious night for ever gone.—
What words so e'er I choose, believe not now,
That they contain pure truth as heretofore.
Whate'er I tell, and howsoe'er I strive,
There is far more concealed than I disclose.—
The crystal tide of thought erewhile so pure,
Has past the limits of the accustomed fount,
Wandering amid the flowers that spring around,
And rais'd by wanton breezes into waves,
Or mounting to salute the honied cups,
It sucks the dry dust from their thorny stems,
And dim and troubled from brief joy retires—
'Tis past! thou dar'st not trust thine Asla more,
Nor look into the depth of her changed heart.—
Irma. What wayward mood is this—my child be calm.
Asla. Thy child?—To me no more that name belongs—
I am no more a child, I am not thine—
(*Both hands pressed on her breast, and with a deeper tone*).
This like the seeds of death I feel within me!—
Even in one sultry night, the corn that lay
Dormant before, springs from its narrow sheathe,
And upward shoots to leaves and stalks and ears,
Then by the sickle it is mown across,
And gathered by the rake, and borne away,
So 'tis with me—thine Asla's peace is gone;
Childhood is past, and womanhood begun;
I live no more for thee!—Bid me farewell!—
Irma. Asla, pure guiltless being! In thy veins,
The feverish agitation that prevails
Confounds thee. But 'tis not thy heart that wanders—
'Tis but thy wayward fancy. Let me still
Call thee my child; but to the grown up virgin,
The riddle will more easily be clear'd;
Speak freely then.—I gladly see thee blush,
And if to thee I have a mother been,
Now more than ever wilt thou claim affection.—
Asla. If so thou lov'st me, feel'st thou in thine heart,
The power to lay that love aside for ever?
To love me less—nay, even perchance to hate me?
Irma. From thee such questions are indeed unwonted;
Full well thou knowest my heart unchangeable!
Asla. But, lo! that fearful power is come to me!
The sacred ties of filial love at last
I can renounce, even like a cumbrous dress,
That my free movement in the dance restrains;
I feel within me a strange influence rule,—
The foretaste of a pleasure yet unknown
Mine inward senses fearfully has rous'd;
And a third being lives within my heart,
For whom I could forsake and hate my parents,
Nay, horrible to tell, could on their heads
Heap curses, and, unmov'd, to death resign them!
Irma. Thy dream supplies of mine the interpretation—
Methought thou wert by fire assailed—and *there,*
The flame burns on thy cheeks, but fear it not;
It injures not one fibre of thy frame!
It's milder name is maidenly desire—
It is now time;—thou reckon'st sixteen years—
To me and Yngurd has thy heart adhered
With undivided love; but powerfully
Another Pole attracts thee now—thy heart
Confusedly feels itself yet undecided,
Mid-way sustained;—and deems its happiness,
All for a dream resigned. True—'tis a dream!—
Yet worth far more than life can give beyond;
So may it prosper thee, as once thy mother!
Through rugged pathways it may lead thee on—
Yet thou art kind;—fear not that in thine heart
It will destroy thy cherished filial love.

Asla. Alas! this was already done. Full well
I know that dreams may not unveil the future,
But what in sleep we feel, or love, or hate,
Has place within the heart; and, in the will,
Tho' slumbering, lurks, and must e'er long appear! (*After a pause.*)
A youthful knight all brilliant as the day,
Drew hither with his army from the East—
He past me by—my looks strain'd after him—
And then I pray'd, "Oh may he be victorious!"
Then came another army from the West—
All clad in steel—but gloomy as the night—
And o'er the level plain, file after file,
Collecting form'd, as if for bloody contest.
"Destroy them, Heaven!" I prayed—with eyes upturn'd
To the blue vault of day—"save the young knight!"
And looking fearfully on earth again,
I knew the steel clad warriors of king Yngurd—
I knew my father's plume, and helm, and shield!
Then rose the dust in clouds, and through the plain
The deadly strife began! Methought some power
Of darkness seized me with his iron hands,
And sought to rend my labouring breast in sunder—
Yet evermore a dreadful pleasure led
After the lovely youth my watchful sight.
Victoriously I saw his banners wave,
And my quick blood danc'd in a joyful current—
I saw the banners of king Yngurd fall,
The Normans fled—for them I felt no pity.
But suddenly the flight was checked—I heard
A curse from Yngurd's voice, and, like a lion,
Saw him turn round to follow the young knight,
And cold and pale my cheeks were left again.
The rocky cliff whence I beheld the fight,
Rose upward with me to the clouds. I felt
A giddy horror, but some influence new
Then drew me from that lonely height—and thence
Deeper and deeper still—half dragg'd half falling,
Downward I came—the battle strife was o'er—
The young knight lay upon the field of death
Lifeless and mangled—all alone. Then too
I saw king Yngurd thro' the forest fly—
His hair wild-floating in the storm—I shrieked,
And tore out mine, and beat my breast, and fell
On the cold frame of him who lay in death,
And curs'd the victor who now fled dismay'd
From his own bloody work. Full well I knew
He was my father—yet—

Irma. Oh cease! No strength
Of mortal mind can this endure. My hair
Is stiff with horror.

Asla. So methought I saw thee,
Like some terrific spectre of the tomb—
Entwined as if by hunters nets,—fast-held
By the long blood-stain'd locks of the departed;
I felt cold damps upon my brow, and strove
To come to thee in vain;—I saw thee beckon
With anxious looks, as in death's agony—
Then lightning gleam'd—I heard a fearful sound,
As when loud thunder mingles with the tempest,
And started up at last in wild affright—
But scarce could now believe myself awake,
If on thy features I beheld not painted,
The dark impression of this history.

We omit, for want of room, the rest of this scene, in which Irma endeavours to quiet her daughter's apprehensions; and takes the opportunity to disclose some of her own sources of melancholy; especially the painful recollection that she had lost the affections of her late father king Ottfried, for whom she had cherished the tenderest filial attachment. The dialogue is at length interrupted by the sudden entrance of Erichson—who comes to describe the effects of the lightning on the royal chapel; by which every inhabitant in the castle had been thrown into the greatest consternation. The royal grave has been torn open, and the remains of king Ottfried exposed to view;—an event which, in itself however repelling, is *described most poetically*.—The queen faints at the recital of this horrible and ominous event; and is soon afterwards recovered only to combat with new trials. Nös, Egrosund, Viorneland, and Durdal, Norwegian nobles, arrive unexpectedly at the castle, having been summoned by Yngurd to a counsel of war.—Their appearance creates much anxiety and discussion; during which, it appears that Yngurd has been defeated in his present expedition, and is now retreating homewards. Irma declares her conviction, that the king could not survive the loss of his renown. At this moment, a messenger from the army is announced; in which pretended character, the hero himself for the first time appears, disguised in a simple dark-coloured dress. The scene is highly effective. At first he is not recognised, but suddenly takes off his helmet.

Irma. (*Throwing herself into his arms.*) Yngurd—

Asla. (*Trembling.*) My father—

Irma. How is this—Oh heaven!

Thou com's't alone in this disguise—alone—
And thro' this fearful storm ?
Yngurd. Look on me now
But as the ambassador of great king Alf—
In his name now, I must address the nobles.
Egrosund. (*Struck by his words.*) May
Heaven defend our king !
Yn. Your King ? Hear now
The words of Denmark's ruler (sent through me,
Yngurd—the bauer of Lesso—whom king Ottfried
Unjustly did exalt) ' Your king is OSCAR !
Go—hurl the unworthy Bauer from Norway's throne,
And laugh at Irma's—laugh at Asla's tears !—
Vlor. My liege—methinks this jest is less than kind ;
We that surround thee now are faithful knights.
Yn. Faithful ? The storm breaks cables—how shall then
An oath resist the tempest of misfortune ?
The duke of Eastland spurns such feeble bonds—
You are but simple knights—and shall I trust you ?
The storm draws near those feeble ties to rend—
Alf has with Eastland's duke now made alliance ;
By land and sea their swords are turned against me—
My counsel is—Go forth and welcome them !
Nos. Great king, why seek'st thou with disgrace to load
Our stainless and ancestral shields?
Yn. Not so—
I blame you not—This boy is gentler far
Than Yngurd. Soothing as a vernal morn,
He rises on the Normans. The fierce star
Of night, with bloody train, has passed away;
Its course is now fulfilled. The warlike ardour
That I have shown, in truth, brings joy to none—
But peace and rest grant happiness to thousands—
MY REIGN IS O'ER !
(He pauses for a few moments—then as no one answers, he resumes.)
In Lesso, still for me
Remains a small paternal field—a cottage—
And a small hearth—no kingdom—Yet to me,
Dear as the memory of one's early loves !
There will I now retire. It may seem strange ;
Yet you shall see I go not unattended ;
King Ottfried's daughter—and his grandchild too—
You shall behold how they, with tranquil mind,
Prepare the food and couch of humble Yngurd—
With skilful arm the sickle ply, nor scorn
With tender hands to bind the sheaves, and wear
Wild harvest wreathes in place of golden crowns.

* * * * * *

In consequence of this artful harangue, as might be expected, the four nobles express the utmost grief and astonishment at the (pretended) despondency of Yngurd. He repeats to them the information that Alf has suddenly arrived in Norway, for the purpose of supporting the claims of Oscar. They swear allegiance, and declare, that every Norwegian ought to shed the last drop of his blood for Yngurd. On this, the hero, as if overcome by their persuasions, determines on prosecuting the defensive war, and retires to consult with his nobles. Asla, meanwhile, remains wholly absorbed in her own thoughts, and when questioned by Irma, replies only by a wild illusion to her dream. Her disordered mind retains clearly only one impression.

The young knight lay upon the field of death
Lifeless and mangled—all alone.*

Thus ends the first act.

The second act opens at sunrise on the sea shore, with an animated and *truly original* dialogue between two fishermen, which scarcely admits a translation (especially into verse) although they describe very poetically the effects of the violent tempest of the preceding night. In the second scene, a Danish soldier enters for the purpose of gaining their assistance in saving the crew of a vessel which appears at some distance in the greatest danger. The two fishermen agree to have recourse to their boat for the purpose ; and in the course of the conversation, before setting out, the Danish soldier affords some further information respecting the defeat and flight of Yngurd, in consequence of which the Eastlanders (allies of Alf) had remained masters of the coast. The blowing of horns, as a signal of alarm, is repeatedly heard from the vessel, and after a highly effective scene, the two fishermen disappear among the rocks.

In the third scene, king Alf appears, attended by his train of guards,

* The words " all alone" have been inserted instead of those of the original, which might have been rendered " *far from his broken shield.*"

his chancellor, &c. He inquires after the ship in distress, and is alarmed by hearing, that it bears the royal flag. The conversation with his chancellor is interrupted by the entrance of an Eastlander, who gives a detailed account of the bloody combat from which Yngurd had fled, but not until the Duke of Eastland had been mortally wounded, and dead bodies were left, "numerous as the sands of the sea," on the field of battle. The soldiers, meanwhile, are watching from a rock the stranded vessel, which proves indeed to be the flag ship—and from which they behold Braunhilda and Oscar at length safely rescued. In the next scene, Braunhilda thus describes her feelings; after which occurs a dialogue strongly illustrating the character of Oscar, in which there is a considerable resemblance to that of Wilfrid in "Rokeby."

Br. How blended are the present and the past!
What *is* and *was* I scarce can separate!
The howling waves—the ship's wild agitation
Vibrate with me still, and all my thoughts
Confuse. Yet now I tread on the firm shore;
I see the rocks around me, rough indeed,
(And yet to me less hard than you, oh Normans!)
And kneeling thus, will I salute the land!
(*She throws herself on her knees at the foot of the neighbouring precipice.*)

Alf. Stepping up to Oscar, who, with an expression of melancholy, stands in the foreground.

Nephew! Recall thy courage! To the people
And to our troops, lift up a countenance
Cheerful and clear, as from a mirthful tale!
Os. Uncle, it may not be. These northern shores
With soft and secret bands have drawn me on.
As children dream on a fond mother's breast,
Even from mine earliest years, I dream'd of Norway—
But oh how different have I found it now!
With whirling brain I tread the long'd-for shore,
Nor from my heart can drive this apprehension,
That I to Norway am no welcome guest.
Alf. 'Tis but the after feeling of just terror,—
For thou hast seen the yawning gates of death.
Os. Nay, I have known far more, and worse than this,—
I have seen life mount up so high in price,
And sink so low in worth, that I did call
On DEATH, in his cold arms to grant me refuge.
I have seen torn asunder all the bonds
Of social order—and compassion die
In the yet living heart. I have known men
Transform'd to savage beasts, all for the sake
Of one poor beam of wood; and sons deny,
Even to their dying parents, the last aid
Of a half-sinking boat or floundering raft—
Henceforth to me there is no health, where breathes
The poisonous atmosphere of men around me;—
Nay, even to bear the hated name of man
I am asham'd.
Alf. What thou hast seen, indeed,
Is for all kings a lesson suitable.
Guard from distress the nation,—or it proves
A foundering vessel on a raging sea,
Where there is but *one* mighty terror,—DEATH!
But guard the fortunes of thy people well—
And from invasion's envious rage, in turn,
They will defend their king.
Knaut. (*By degrees drawing nearer.*)
Aye, this indeed,
I call right eloquence,—and full of wisdom.
Alf. Friend, who art thou?
Knaut. Great Sire, a fisherman,
Who (with his comrade) from the sea has rescued
These royal guests.
Alf. Name thy reward.
Knaut. (*His eyes directed firmly to Oscar.*) Give then, great king, whate'er it pleases thee,
To my good kinsman Droll. We shall divide
The boon betwixt us.
Alf. (*Pointing to Droll.*) Let me know forthwith
This fellow satisfied.
(*Gyldenbrog whispers one of the train, who retires with Droll.*)
Knaut. (*In the same attitude.*) But grant to me
A greater boon,—to kiss the hand of Ottfried.
Alf. His name is Oscar.
Knaut. (*Animated.*) But his looks are Ottfried's!
Think'st thou that Knaut has never seen king Ottfried?
True—'tis now fifty years since he was crown'd
At Auslo;—I was there—and he then looked
Even as this youth does now, only his mien
Was different then,—more cheerful,—and the crown
Of Norway on his head. Whene'er I saw
The prize that we had sav'd from the wild sea,
"Droll," then said I, "May the great devil choak
My throat with boiling pitch, if here indeed
Is not the boyish face of our old king!"
But cousin Droll has never known king Ottfried.
Only as chance directed, it was he
Who seized the youth's right hand and led him to

And from our humble vessel—but, in sooth,
That honour would I gladly——
Os. (*Embracing him.*) Now, receive
The kiss of thanks on thy bronz'd cheek.
Knaut. Oh, heavens!—
(*To Alf.*) Great sir, he has the self-same kindness too,
The heart of our King Ottfried. May the devil
Devour me, hide and hair, if this youth be
A bastard!
Braunhilda. The first witness, friend, art thou,
In Norway, for the honour of his mother.
O! that the nation—that all Europe now
Could hear! and vulgar calumny, shamered,
Retire before this unsought evidence
By vulgar lips pronounc'd!
Norman and Dane!
Ye love me not—I know it. Ye have nam'd
My burning thirst for Yngurd's blood Ambition,
An insane woman's rage!—And thou, thyself,
King Alf, art cold as ice to all my sufferings,
But now, in solemn hour, I call on thee
To listen to my story.

(*An expression of interest and attention in the bye-standers.*)

When King Ubo,
By Ottfried's wisdom and by Yngurd's valour
Was conquer'd, there arose in Ottfried's heart,
Despite of age, a lurking flame; and Ubo
Gave me to him a victim. This thou know'st.
All Denmark saw how much it troubled me;
Yet thou hast never known the worst—I LOV'D!
And when I sail'd from the dear shores of home,
He whom I lov'd—the faithful one—when slow
The ship at last had faded from his view,
Struck his own sword into his changeless heart,
And sought a better world!
Alf. Unhappy sister!
This was conceal'd. Count EGLOFF—
Braun. Name him not;
He is departed. Nay, what more befell him,
But that which his own guilty conduct earn'd?
A subject must not love a royal maid—
Must not awake within her breast that nature,
Which, as a queen, she must renounce for ever!
With strong firm heart affliction to resist,
The kindness of All-seeing Heaven endow'd me.
Never has love again my soul rejoic'd;
And with a tranquil mind have I beheld
Queen Irma's fortune; though she tore from me,
Of my dread sacrifice, the bright reward;
Me, and mine offspring, and her father's bed,
Slander'd in words and deeds. From pole to pole
Spreads forth the vigorous blossom of a lie,
And nothing now is left that can restore
Braunhilda's honour—till this writing here
Of Nature's hand, (*pointing to Oscar.*)
"King Ottfried's son," traced out
So legibly, is plac'd on Ottfried's throne.
Os. Oh, mother! must I vex thee with the truth,
That deeply moves my breast. In Oscar dwells
No soul for empire fashioned. His weak heart
Knows but to suffer and to love. 'Tis true,
Uncle, thou hast instructed me with care
In arts of warfare—taught me the rough game
Of arms, and led me on to share with thee
The pleasures of the chace—o'er wood and wold
The flying deer or wild-boar to pursue.
All this, because it pleas'd thee, I have done.
Yet deeply have thy courtiers' flattering words
Wounded my spirit. Must I be a warrior?
Then lighter is my shield, and sword, and lance,
Than others' are. My horse, by other hands,
Is tamed and train'd. I hunt—I play the soldier—
Yet blushing feel, that like a child I play
The hero's part, but with no powers of manhood.
Alf. Wait, nephew, till the course of years shall join
Vigour with skill.
Os. Oh, think not this will be!
The life of mine own soul, that *inward life*,
Consumes my frame. All in your active world
Is outward strife. Your wishes evermore
Are for external gain. But all *my* strength
Turns inward on myself. Only with bards
Am I an hero. In a kingdom still
Of floating images and sounds harmonious,
Struggles my soul for greatness and for beauty,
And all my *deeds* are but wild songs and tears.
Trust the deep feeling that my bosom rules.
From the seed sown too late, the weakly plant
Bears fruit within this earthly kingdom never!
When in gay colouring all its powers are spent,
Or when in beauty they are glowing still,
The head sinks down, perchance, by its own weakness,
Or by some rude hand, or chill breeze destroyed.
Therefore I pray you lay those thoughts aside.
Am I a king to rule the sons of Norway,
Whom Yngurd's lion strength can scarce control?
Wouldst thou the giant kill, and place a child
In his enormous armour? On the mountain
Hew down the cedar, that amid the storm

Scarce bowed its head, and plant a lily there?
Thou, mother, hatest Yngurd—
Braun. Even as hell!
Os. I love him not. Yet, on my soul, the image
Of his heroic fame is ever great—
Great as the ruddy shield of the broad sun
Gleaming amid the purple mist of heaven!
So have my visions equalled him with Odin:
Let me but see him once!
Braun. See whom? King Yngurd?
Boy, art thou wild?
Os. Aye. Let me go to him.
Let it be mine to win his heart to peace—
Prepare an embassy, and let me go.
Br. Unhappy boy! this would ensure thy death;
From Yngurd's castle wouldst thou ne'er return!
Os. Yet am I thither led, as by the song
Of swans, departing for a milder clime,
That moves the wanderer's heart to long for home!
Here whispers still to me an inward voice,
The plant must bloom or fall—and thither thus
I am attracted. Ausla's reverend walls
I have not seen—I know them but by name;
Yet to my sight they rise in awful pomp.
There, in the chambers where my sister dwells,
I am at home; and where her daughter, now
A woman grown, smiles kindly to salute me,
Oft in my dreams have I been there, and happy,
Happy as if in heaven!—And in the vault
That holds my father's ashes I have been:
But still there is one chamber, low and narrow,
Whose influence weighs upon my heart—and this
Projecting to the west, hangs over rocks,
Sharp precipices rising from the sea—
Oft have I giddily look'd down from thence,
And in my dream fell headlong, and awoke
In terror—Yet even thither I am drawn
As by the swan-like music. Therefore now
I pray thee let me take to Ausla's fortress
A peaceful embassy.

The dialogue is here interrupted by a soldier, who announces the sudden and most unexpected approach of the forces of king Yngurd. Soon after, another highly effective scene occurs, on another abrupt appearance of the hero, who chooses to act the part of his own ambassador. He is armed, however, but without the insignia of his rank, and is accompanied only by one servant.

Yn. Norway salutes king Alf, and Denmark's powers.
Alf. Through whom?
Br. (*Looking on him, and trembling violently.*)
Ha! Yngurd!
All. Yngurd?
Br. (*Turning away.*) All ye powers
Of stern resolve assist me! Yield not now,
Oh nature! at this trial.
Alf. Can this be?
Is it indeed thyself? and dost thou scorn us?——
Yngurd alone, and in the Danish camp!—
Yn. The humble bauer trusts in a prince's honour,
Comes boldly up to front his foes, in hopes
Himself to reconcile an angry neighbour.
You seek a toy to please your sister's son,
In whom youth still with infancy contends.
If this is all, your wish shall be obtained—
The crown is Oscar's—but on one condition.
Alf. Yngurd! Is't possible?
Gyl. My lord, I trust
You will comply. Now for the stipulation—
If it involves indemnity in Eastland,
Gothland, or Finland, or on Rugen's isle,
If it be feasible, nor inconsistent
With Denmark's honour—
Yn. (*ironically.*) Bravo, Sir Chancellor,
Thou art the man. 'Tis feasible to thee,
If so to any one.
Gyl. I pray thee tell me.
In. Prove to king Ingurd that he never wore
The crown of Norway!
Gyl. (*staring at him.*) How?
In. Is this too much?
Well, I shall be content with less. Give then
The lie to time—make null all histories—
Make all who live upon this earth believe
That Ingurd's mighty deeds (from pole to pole
Renown'd) were but a fable and a dream,
An idle tale for children—*Then*, by Heaven,
The crown indeed is Oscar's.
Ye are stunn'd,
Or look on me as if you heard me not.
Full well I know my words to you are dark.
Grovelling in dust from birth ye have remained;
But I was not so happy. To the mountains,
The giddy heights of life, by fate and Heaven
Have I been called; and now, the steps whereon
I have sustain'd myself are torn away—
To gain a world I never could descend!
Alf. Say, rather, that thou *wilt* not. Thy proud spirit
Will for the sake of justice not resign
The reins of power.
Os. Uncle! he cannot yield them!
Oscar alone his language can interpret.
High powers from high dominion cannot part!—
He *must be* king—as when the lofty mood
Of inspiration from the body frees
My wandering soul—I must indulge in song
And fairy visions. Mine must be the kingdom
Of music and enchanted imagery!
Mine must it be, so far as the strong wings
Of wild imagination bear me on!

Freely the modifying changeful power
Of mind o'er all material things must rule,
Nor the least momentary check endure.
THUS, TOO, THE HERO! Loss may not suffice,
Than to be king, with influence all supreme!
Yn. Who has instructed thee, young lady-face,
(Yet strangely bearing features of an hero)
Who has thus taught thee, what exalted souls
Cannot sustain? Alf, he indeed speaks truly,
Were all the world at stake, as I have lived
A king, so must I die! And yet is peace
Not hopeless, for Queen Irma has no son.
Br. (*Aside,*) Ha!
Yn. As in Ottfried's life the crown was mine,
So be it Oscar's. I will share with him
The imperial duty, and support its toils!
And lastingly to bind us to the Danes,
Be it the hand of Asla that with Alf
Shall reconcile me!
Alf. If report says true,
Thou offer'st much—Already, by the looks
Of Gyldenbrog, he draws the marriage contract!
But here Braunhilda must decide, for whom
My sword was drawn.
Gy. Illustrious queen, methinks
Those terms are good.
Br. So seems it unto thee,
But what shall Oscar's dormant rights secure,
If still while Irma's lips drink Yngurd's kisses,
She bears a son?
To Ingurd, but without looking up at him.
But one condition more
Might ratify the bond.
Yn. (*Anxious.*) Let it be told.
Br. RENOUNCE QUEEN IRMA!
Yn. (*Aside and trembling.*) Ha! what fearful light
Breaks from the deep abyss of hell?
Gy. I trust,
Sire, thou wilt not refuse?
Yn. Curse on the slave
Who dar'd to hold this possible. Enough!
All now is past—Alf, in this world no more,
Though fire and flood were join'd in friendly union,
Can peace exist again between thy house
And Norway's king. Since thou wilt have it so,
Let us to arms. But mark me, sire, the cause
Which thou defend'st is false enough to infect,
Even like a pestilence, valour itself,
With coward fears; and bear in thy remembrance,
That when with Ottfried on a far campaign,
'Twas prophesied, that fortune should pursue
King Yngurd like a shadow, nor forsake him,
Till his last foe lay stretched in death before him!
So be it prov'd, if then the Druids lied,
Or if King Alf shall be that enemy.
(Exit.—A short pause.
Alf. Demon or god! with word and look he stuns
The senses like a storm. Almost, Braunhilda,
I could believe his words.
Br. (*Loudly and vehemently.*) To arms!—Away!
Sound trumpets for the battle!
Warlike music is now heard behind the scenes, and thus ends the second act.

The copiousness of these extracts renders it needless for us to say any thing more in order to put our readers in full possession of the situations in which the principal characters stand at the commencement of the true action of the drama of King Yngurd. The at once commanding and calculating, crafty and courageous character of Yngurd himself has already been opened to our view; and in it, we more than suspect, it had been the design of Mullner to embody some of his own conceptions concerning the character of Napoleon. The gentle Irma remains in all that follows as pure a being as she appears in these opening scenes. The young, tender, and dreaming enthusiasm of the Princess Asla, being brought into contact with the melancholy and romantic interests which hang around the visionary genius of Oscar, may be expected to display itself in language and action well worthy of the conception of Mullner. But the reader may perhaps have been shrewd enough to foresee, that the true and main interest of the piece is to depend upon the collisions destined to ensue between the skill, the resolution, the practical keenness, of the bold and unscrupulous Yngurd on the one hand—and the soft ideal romance of the unfortunate Prince Oscar's character on the other. After all, what we have said and extracted only enables the reader to guess that the poet of Yngurd might have said of himself in the opening words of the Nibelungen-lied.

"I sing of wine and wassaillings, if ye will lend your ears,
Of bold men's bloody combattings, and gentle ladies' tears."

BROUGHAM AND CHALMERS.

On National Education.

THE subjects of Education in general, and of the wisdom of extending as far as is possible the blessings of education, have engaged, within the last ten years, the thoughts and the pens of the deepest thinkers, and the best writers of England. The greatest display of metaphysical acumen and profound reflection, applied to the grounds on which every state ought to care for and enlarge the knowledge of its subjects, may, without question, be found in 'THE FRIEND,' and some of the other philosophical writings of MR COLERIDGE. That author, more than any living man, must look, and may trust to posterity for just appreciation of his intellectual labours. The very richness of his genius—the lavish luxury of illustration and imagination with which he adorns all his demonstrations of practical truth, may be sufficient to account for the distrust wherewith he is not seldom regarded by men accustomed to the dry and barren affectations of less learned and less profound—but more cunning, and much more self-complacent reasoners. Let him not think, however, or suspect for a moment, that what he has done has been disregarded. While his name passes for a very symbol of visionary and phantasticun productiveness among the unthinking multitudes, who fix their faith—literary—moral—and political, upon the sleeves of those "viperous journalists," (so himself has well described them) "who deal out profaneness, hate, fury, and sedition throughout the land;" even those very journalists themselves are in secret confessing to themselves their own inferiority, and retailing in fragments to others, in order to bolster up their own declining reputations, the fragments and fractures of the product of his intellect. In spite of all the perversity of human vanity and viciousness, it is thus that the bounty of Providence is vindicated from total contempt; and, ages hence, Englishmen, when they pronounce the name of Coleridge, will couple with that name the lines of Wordsworth:

"Great men have lived among us,—heads that planned,
And tongues that uttered wisdom. Better none——
* * * * * *
Even *so* doth Heaven protect us."

We have no leisure to enter at present upon any thing like a review of Mr Coleridge's Friend and Lay Sermons—but such of our readers as are not acquainted with these great works, cannot be the worse for being told thus briefly, that in *them* may be found the most complete, original, and beautiful exposition of all those principles and reasonings on which Mr Brougham has founded his late luminous and admirable appeal to the wisdom of the British Legislature concerning the necessity of education—its incapacity to do evil—its essential obligation and inalienable privilege to do good. We do not say this with any intention to derogate from any part of Mr Brougham's splendid merits in regard to the whole of this subject. On the contrary, we consider the use he has made of Mr Coleridge's philosophy as one of the finest traits in his management of it. Enough, and more than enough, remains entirely his own, to secure for him, now and hereafter, the admiration and the gratitude of every genuine Englishman. The labours to which his energetic mind has voluntarily and freely submitted—the immense variety of materials he has collected, and the clear and beautiful harmony of the results he has deduced for these materials—these are things which can never be forgotten by the most careless—or over-praised by the most enthusiastic lover of his country. It is enough to make one sick of the very name of party-spirit, when we recollect the innumerable paltrinesses of purpose and means to which that spirit has reduced such a mind as Mr Brougham's. Is it possible that he who is capable of views so great and noble, should always continue to render himself the tool or the guide, in certain less dignified walks of statesmanship, of feelings so impure—and designs so un-

worthy? 'Is there no Balm in Gilead?' We hope better things both for Mr Brougham and for England.

What we admire most of all in the new bill brought into Parliament by Mr Brougham, is a circumstance that we doubt not will detract greatly from its merits in the eyes of many of Mr Brougham's customary admirers; and this is the practical acknowledgment it contains of the necessity for connecting the national means of general edution with the established means of religious instruction. Even in the eyes of Mr Brougham, the great problem has at last been satisfactorily solved, and he seems inclined to agree with our own great Christian philosopher, Dr Chalmers, in regarding the religion of the Bible as the 'sole specific for all the distempers of society.' What a triumph of truth is here! What a leap from the cold blindness of the old Edinburgh Review, to this frank and proud confession of the practical statesman! What an example of the teaching of the times! Most cordially do we hope and trust, that the unanimous support of the gentry and clergy of England will be given to the main principle and purpose, if not to all the minuter details, of the proposed enactment. The days are gone by, when any British statesman could listen to the degrading doctrine, that 'it is possible to have an over-enlightened population.' Look at the history of any nation in the world. Look, above all, at our own national history. Where are to be found, in the annals of man, eras of GOOD separate from eras of LIGHT? Does not the whole strain of our own political improvement keep harmonious pace with the increase of knowledge—true knowledge—among the people of our island? Were not the people more enlightened in the days of Elizabeth and her heroic counsellors, than they had been in the days of Henry VII. or Henry VIII.? Was it not at that very time that the blessed light of the Reformation had begun at length to tell effectually upon the stirred up darkness of a fast dissolving night of ignorance? Were not the people of England much farther advanced in true knowledge at the period of King William's revolution than they had ever been before? Had the motion of the general mind been retrogressive—or, say rather, had the true people of England ever before been possessed of so much true wisdom and true knowledge, as when they rose up, heart and hand, to embody in action the knowledge and the wisdom of the greatest statesman ever England produced—and to check, with the sole adequate energies of a *mighty* and an *enlightened empire*, the mad and vicious career of revolutionary France, and her widening darkness, misnamed illumination?

But the argument is no less conclusive when applied to *place* than to *time*; and so applied, it will furnish the best answer to an objection which it is easy to foresee in certain quarters. The present time, it will be said, is acknowledged to be that in which Britain has attained the highest pitch of illumination—how then comes it, that it is the time also in which the well-being of the state has been most endangered by a mad spirit of encroachment among the lower orders of the people? Now, it is true, that the well-being of the state has been attacked and endangered—but is it not also true, that it has been defended and preserved? The question comes to be, who have been the enemies to whose assaults we owed our danger? who the champions to whose zeal we are indebted for our preservation? Which of these classes of men are the most enlightened—the most educated? In other words, has the security of the state been attacked by men of education, and in districts where education prevails—or has not the spirit of these men, and of these places, been her only safeguard—comparatively ignorant men being the agents, and comparative ignorant places the scenes, of tumult and disaffection.

To these questions, whether we refer them to England or to Scotland, the answer will not be difficult. The enemies of our peace in both countries, have been found among the most ignorant inhabitants of both; and the scenes of tumult in both, have been precisely the most ignorant districts of both. In both kingdoms, the public tranquillity has been assaulted, only by a set of poor, ignorant, and deluded creatures; although, it is true, that these have all along been headed by a few chiefs, who cannot plead so much ignorance in excuse of their own greater offences, men, who, "inspiring venom, and forging illusions as they list," have been able, in the words of Milton,

" ——— Thence to raise,
At last, distempered, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires."

But to these men the question has no necessary reference. Whereas the defence of the established order of things, and the ancient constitution and faith of the land, has enlisted on its side the whole mass of our better taught population. *Where* was the tranquillity of England assaulted? In the manufacturing districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, by far the most ignorant districts between the Tweed and the Land's end. *Where* was the tranquillity of Scotland assaulted? In the manufacturing towns of Lanarkshire, and Renfrewshire, and Ayrshire, the very places in all Scotland where it may be demonstrated that the means of education are most inadequate to the extent of the population—the only places where the wise and salutary provisions of the laws of Scotland, for the education of the people of Scotland, have been rendered entirely nugatory, in consequence of a sudden and unforeseen accumulation of inhabitants, taking away every thing but the name of *parishes;* and, in effect, depriving these places of all that is most valuable in the provisions of the national legislature, both for their general and their spiritual instruction?

Nothing could be more degrading to the character of human intellect, than the converse of the proposition—and, *therefore*, nothing could be more false. The people of England ought to be educated, and must be educated. They are already, take the face of the island all over, by far the most educated people in the world; and hitherto they have always been the most virtuous and orderly people in the world also, simply by reason of the light that is and has been amongst them. In the present state of the world, however, it is quite evident, that a great and systematic attempt has been made, and is in making, to persuade men that the virtue and order of British citizenship are things inconsistent with the possession of moral and political light; and it is with this attempt, that the guardians of the state are most imperiously called upon to grapple and contend. The defect, in the existing means of education, is very considerable; but Mr Brougham's researches have shown most clearly, that the defect has been much, very much over-rated. Remove the defect, amplify the means; this is right and proper; but it is no less right and proper to take care that the defect be prudently removed, and the means judiciously amplified. In a word, the enlargement of the means of general education must be rendered co-extensive with an enlargement in the means of religious education. The communication of light must not be permitted to be rendered, even for a moment, an instrument in the aid of evil. The eye of legislative wisdom must not be blinded by any mists of popular jealousy. Satisfied that they are doing well, the framers of our laws must be satisfied, also, that they are doing wisely; and, knowing that "false teachers are abroad among the people," it is their business and their duty, to take care that the teachers appointed by the state, and supported by the public, are men incapable of taking sinful advantages of their situation. Such is the view which Mr Brougham and his committee have taken of the subject; and they have decided, that the parochial schoolmasters of England shall be, like those of Scotland, placed under the control of the established ministers of religion.*

It is possible that some of the dissenters may object to this arrangement, as intolerant on the part of the established church; and we shall even concede, that if the bill made it necessary that the peculiar doctrines of the national Church should be taught in any words of human invention, there might be good ground for the objection. But, in truth, although the bill provides that the parish schoolmaster shall be a member of the established church, it by no means provides, that he

* We, although good presbyterians, shall not, we hope, be suspected of entertaining any prejudice against the majestic fabric of the sister church; but it cannot be denied, that if any such ecclesiastical courts as we have, existed in England, the ecclesiastical control over the instructors of youth, could have been rendered at once more complete in itself, and more agreeable to the schoolmasters, than it is likely to be under the enactments of this bill. An appeal, however, may no doubt be made to lie from the immediate visitor of the parish school, to the higher ecclesiastical authorities of the district, and then the schoolmaster will have no reason to be ashamed of submitting to the decision of the same tribunal which takes cognisance of his immediate superior as well as of himself.

shall instruct his pupils in the formularies of the church. On the contrary, *The Bible* is the only religious book which is ever to be permitted to enter the doors of the school-house, and no religious formulas are to be recited by the children, except the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. Even to this, it is possible, there may be some objections, but these must be from a class, whose wishes ought not, we humbly think, to be treated with any very great worship by the legislature of any Christian country. These must be found among the *dissenters*, indeed—not among the dissenters from the Church of England only, a body that has furnished so many "bright and shining lights" to the church catholic of Christ—but among the dissenters from the church catholic herself—aliens, in name, or in all but name, from the common faith of civilized Europe and Christendom. These are they that call every Christian principle by the name of intolerance, being themselves of all sects the most blindly and fiercely intolerant. To these, or rather to those that have been shaken by their arguments, we would point out as a subject of deep and serious reflection, the following passage from the writings of one of the most mild and tolerant of all philosophers, Mr Coleridge.

"Here I fully coincide with Frederic H. Jacobi, that the only true spirit of Tolerance consists in our conscientious toleration of each other's intolerance. Whatever pretends to be more than this, is either the unthinking cant of fashion, or the soul-palsying narcotic of moral and religious indifference. All of us without exception, in the same mode though not in the same degree, are necessarily subjected to the risk of mistaking positive opinions for certainty and clear insight. From this yoke we cannot free ourselves, but by ceasing to be men; and this too not in order to transcend but to sink below our human nature. For if in one point of view it be the mulct of our fall, and of the corruption of our will; it is equally true, that contemplated from another point, it is the price and consequence of our progressiveness. To him who is compelled to pace to and fro within the high walls and in the narrow court-yard of a prison, all objects may appear clear and distinct. It is the traveller journeying onward, full of heart and hope, with an ever-varying horizon, on the boundless plain, that is liable to mistake clouds for mountains, and the mirage of drouth for an expanse of refreshing waters.

"But notwithstanding this deep conviction of our general fallibility, and the most vivid recollection of my own, I dare avow with the German philosopher, that as far as opinions, and not motives; principles, and not men, are concerned; I neither am *tolerant*, nor wish to be regarded as such. According to my judgment, it is mere ostentation, or a poor trick that hypocrisy plays with the cards of nonsense, when a man makes protestation of being perfectly tolerant in respect of all principles, opinions and persuasions, those alone excepted which render the holders intolerant. For he either means to say by this, that he is utterly indifferent towards all truth, and finds nothing so insufferable as the persuasion of there being any such mighty value or importance attached to the possession of the Truth as should give a marked preference to any one conviction above any other; or else he means nothing, and amuses himself with articulating the pulses of the air instead of inhaling it in the more healthful and profitable exercise of yawning. That which doth not *withstand*, hath *itself* no standing place. To *fill* a station is to exclude or repel others,—and this is not the less definition of moral, than of material, *solidity*. We *live* by continued acts of defence, that involve a sort of offensive warfare. But a man's principles, on which he grounds his Hope and his Faith, are the life of his life. We live by Faith, says the philosophic Apostle; and faith without principles is but a flattering phrase for wilful positiveness, or fanatical bodily sensation. Well, and of good right therefore, do we maintain with more zeal, than we should defend body or estate, a deep and inward conviction, which is as the moon to us; and like the moon with all its massy shadows and deceptive gleams, it yet lights us on our way, poor travellers as we are, and benighted pilgrims. With all its spots and changes and temporary eclipses, with all its vain halos and bedimming vapours, it yet reflects the light that *is* to rise on us, which even now is *rising*, though intercepted from our immediate view by the mountains that enclose and frown over the vale of our mortal life.

"This again is the mystery and the dignity of our human nature, that we cannot give up our reason, without giving up at the same time our individual personality. For that must appear to each man to be *his* reason which produces in him the highest sense of certainty; and yet it is *not* reason, except as far as it is of universal validity, and obligatory on all mankind. There is a one heart for the whole mighty mass of Humanity, and every pulse in each particular vessel strives to beat in concert with it. He who asserts that truth is if no importance except in the signification of sincerity, confounds sense with madness, and the word of God with a dream. If the power of reasoning be the Gift of the Supreme Reason, that we be sedulous, yea, and *militant* in

the endeavour to reason aright, is his implied Command. But what is of permanent and essential interest to one man must needs be so to all, in proportion to the means and opportunities of each. Wo to him by whom these are neglected, and double wo to him by whom they are withheld; for he robs at once himself and his neighbour. That man's Soul is not dear to himself, to whom the Souls of his Brethren are not dear. As far as they can be influenced by him, they are parts and properties of his own soul, their faith his faith, their errors his burthen, their righteousness and bliss his righteousness and his reward—and of their Guilt and Misery his own will be the echo. As much as I love my fellow-men, so much and no more will I be *intolerant* of their Heresies and Unbelief—and I will honour and hold forth the right hand of fellowship to every individual who is equally intolerant of that which he conceives such in me.—We will both exclaim—I know not, what antidotes among the complex views, impulses and circumstances, that form your moral Being, God's gracious Providence may have vouchsafed to you against the serpent fang of this Error—but it is a viper, and its poison deadly, although through higher influences some men may take the reptile to their bosom, and remain unstung.

"In one of these viperous Journals, which deal out Profaneness, Hate, Fury, and Sedition throughout the Land, I read the following paragraph. 'The Brahman believes that every man will be saved in his own persuasion, and that all religions are equally pleasing to the God of all. The Christian confines salvation to the Believer in his own Vedahs and Shasters. Which is the more humane and philosophic creed of the two?' Let question answer question. Self-complacent Scoffer! Whom meanst thou by GOD? The God of *Truth?* and can He be pleased with falsehood and the debasement or utter suspension of the Reason which he gave to man that he might receive from him the sacrifice of Truth! Or the God of love and mercy! And can He be pleased with the blood of thousands poured out under the wheels of Jaggernaut, or with the shrieks of children offered up as fire offerings to Baal or to Moloch? Or dost thou mean the God of holiness and infinite purity? and can He be pleased with abominations unutterable and more than brutal defilements? and equally pleased too as with that religion, which commands us that we have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness but to reprove them? With that religion, which strikes the fear of the Most High so deeply, and the sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin so inwardly, that the Believer anxiously inquires: 'Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?'—and which makes answer to him.—'He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to walk justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.' But I check myself. It is at once folly and profanation of Truth, to reason with the man who can place before his eyes a minister of the Gospel directing the eye of the widow from the corse of her husband upward to his and her Redeemer, (the God of the living and not of the dead) and then the remorseless Brahmin goading on the disconsolate victim to the flames of her husband's funeral pile, abandoned by, and abandoning the helpless pledges of their love—and yet dare ask, which is the more humane and philosophic creed of the two? No! No! when *such* opinions are in question I neither am, or will be, or wish to be regarded as, *tolerant.*

So much, for the present, concerning the plan for establishing parochial schools in England, under the superintendence of the Church of England. There is a subject nearer home, and therefore more immediately interesting to us, on which we would fain be permitted to add a very few words of our own, and a short extract from the writings of one of our own Scottish philanthropists. We have already hinted, and it is indeed universally known, that the sudden rise in the population of many of our manufacturing towns in Scotland, has been attended with effects most deeply injurious to the inhabitants of these places, in all that regards their intellectual, moral, religious, and political being. Of these the most plain and obvious are, *first*, their deprivation of those common means of education, which the old established existence of parish schools has furnished for centuries to the lower orders, throughout all the other districts of Scotland; and, *secondly*, their deprivation not only of the means of attending on the public ordinances of religion, but even of every incentive to the desire of attending on these ordinances.

Now, we are quite sensible, that there is something excessively disgusting in the cry about *the neglect of religion*, which on many occasions of political alarm, is lifted up by men who have never been in the habit of shewing any great care about the practice of religion themselves. That cry was never heard more distinctly, nor more offensively, than it has been for the last six months in Scotland. But it is time that the higher orders amongst us, should open their eyes to the ridicule, which they cannot fail to draw upon themselves, by having recourse to such thin and transparent

devices as these. It is time they should see and know, that if it be true there is implanted in all men's minds a natural reverence for religion, it is no less true, that it is planted by the side of a strong natural feeling of contempt, for all false pretences of godliness whatever—and of a most indignant scorn for all that would turn the pretence of religion, into an instrument for the accomplishment of any purposes of their own. Now, it is possible, that many men may be little disposed to religious feeling themselves, and yet very sincerely and deeply convinced, not only that religion is the sole adequate guardian of public order, and of civil security; but that, without religion, no reflective man can be comfortable in his mind while here, or calm in the prospect of exchanging this life for another. This is very possible, but it will not do. The poor will not have religion preached to them by their irreligious superiors. "Si vis me flere flendum tibi ipsi est—" If you would have me go to church, and reverence my spiritual guide, you must go thither likewise, and you also must shew him reverence. This is the law of human nature, and they that would take advantage of any other principle of our nature, to promote either our own, or their own good, must not neglect it.

The sense, however, of the importance of religion to the well-being of all society, which all persons of superior station have found themselves compelled to express in these trying moments—may be made use of as the best of all arguments to the minds of these men, for setting about, seriously and calmly, now that the moment of trial and alarm is over, a more effectual and authoritative expression of the same belief. If in the day of trouble, they themselves were glad to call upon the aid of the Christian Faith, and to reproach themselves for having in some sort neglected the support which that Faith lends to the well-being of civil society—surely, unless they be of opinion that no day of similar trouble ever can return, they are bound, even on grounds of human prudence alone, to bestir themselves for the extension of the blessings which the knowledge and feeling of that faith bestows. But we should be very sorry indeed, and very much ashamed, did we suppose that we ought to rest with this.—It becomes these men to act in this matter, not on the grounds of human prudence alone—but on far higher and far better grounds. It becomes them to lay to their hearts the serious question—whether they themselves have not been in their way partakers in the same spirit of neglect, the existence of which they deplore in others. It becomes them to amend their own conduct—not at one moment—nor *for* one moment—but seriously—deliberately, and sacredly. They plead no plea of ignorance—they have none such to plead. Their errors have arisen from other sources, it may be, than those of others, and they have not led to any similar immediate effects in themselves;—but they ought to ask of themselves—with no light voice of self-examination—whether their errors have not been in part productive of the very errors they have been condemning—whether had they—had the class to which they belong—set the example they ought to have set, it is either probable or possible, that their inferiors would have acted as they have done. It is to such men that Dr Chalmers seems to have chiefly addressed himself, in the last of his quarterly publications, "on the Christian and Civic Economy of large towns"—and it is to such, that we hope the issue will shew he has not addressed himself in vain.

His observations being written and published in Glasgow, may, of course, be understood as applying more immediately to the inhabitants and the necessities of that great and populous city, and its neighbourhood. It appears, however, that the particular defects he points out in the state of education, and the means of religious instruction at Glasgow, are far from being confined to that place alone—or even to the manufacturing towns in the same district. The evil seems to be experienced more or less all over Scotland, wherever there is *a town*. Town parishes contain prodigiously more inhabitants than country ones—and therefore, the establishment of one school for each parish, which may answer tolerably well in a country place, must be totally ineffectual and useless in a town. What shall we say, for example, to *one parish* in Dr

Chalmers' immediate vicinity, which contains not much less than thirty thousand inhabitants?

It is to bring up the supply of general education and religious instruction to the demand which exists, or ought to exist for both in these overgrown parishes, that Dr Chalmers has for some years been chiefly devoting the energies of his masterly and inventive mind. The examination into which he has gone, concerning the means and capacities of magistracies and other corporations, having satisfied him, that from them no adequate cure from the existing evil can be hoped for or expected—he has boldly thrown himself upon the unbounded resources of individual philanthropy. As it is every man's interest, and as it must be every good man's most earnest desire, to extend the blessings of Christian instruction, he calls upon all to contribute to the erection of a structure—which, if all or many contribute, may easily be reared—but which must ever defy the utmost efforts of the single-handed munificence either of any corporation, or of any state. For example, he calculates, that not less than £100,000 are necessary in order to build and endow as many schools as are wanted in Glasgow and its immense suburbs alone. To procure this sum, or any thing like this sum, from the government of the country, or even from any public funds of the place itself, is evidently impossible. "But," says he, applying his own favourite method of argument in such subjects, (and it is the only just one),

> One society, that should propose to raise a hundred thousand pounds for a project so gigantic, may well be denounced as visionary; but not so the society that should propose to raise one or two thousand pounds for its own assumed proportion of it. There is many an individual, who has both philanthropy enough, and influence enough, within the circle of his own acquaintanceship, for moving forward a sufficiency of power towards such an achievement. All that he needs, is the guidance of his philanthropy at the first, to this enterprise. When once fairly embarked, there are many securities against his ever abandoning it till it is fully accomplished. For, from the very first moment, will he feel a charm in his undertaking, that he never felt in any of those wide and bewildering generalities of benevolence, which have hitherto engrossed him. To appropriate his little vicinity—to lay it down in the length and the breadth of it—to measure it off as the manageable field within which he can render an entire and lasting benefit to all its families—to know and be known amongst them, and thus have his liberality sweetened by the charm of acquaintanceship with those who are the objects of it—instead of dropping, as heretofore of his abundance, into an ocean where it was instantly absorbed and became invisible, to pour a deep, and a sensible, and an abiding infusion into his own separate and selected portion of that impracticable mass which has hitherto withstood all the efforts of philanthropy—instead of grasping in vain at the whole territory, to make upon it his own little settlement, and thus to narrow, at least, the unbroken field, which he could not overtake—to beautify one humble spot, and there raise an enduring monument, by which an example is lifted up, and a voice is sent forth to all the spaces which are yet unentered on—this is benevolence, reaping a reward at the very outset of its labours, and such a reward, too, as will not only ensure the accomplishment of its own task, but, as must, from the ease, and the certainty, and the distinct and definite good which are attendant upon its doings, serve both to allure and to guarantee a whole host of imitations.

Dr Chalmers proceeds to press home his argument in many different shapes, and with all the accustomed energy of his eloquence. To his words we can add nothing; we therefore content ourselves with referring our readers to the publication itself, and with the following extract, which will shew better than any commendation of ours could do, of what materials that publication is composed.

> Yet it were well, that the rich did step forward and signalise themselves in this matter. Amid all the turbulence and discontent which prevail in society, do we believe, that there is no rancour so fiery or so inveterate in the heart of the labouring classes, but that a convincing demonstration of good will, on the part of those who are raised in circumstances above them, could not charm it most effectually away. It is a question of nicety, how should this demonstration be rendered? Not, we think, by any public or palpable offering to the cause of indigence, for this we have long conceived should be left, and left altogether to the sympathies of private intercourse; it being, we believe, a point of uniform experience, that the more visible the apparatus is for the relief of poverty, the more is it fitted to defeat its own object, and to scatter all the jealousies attendant upon an imaginary right among those who might else have been sweetened into gratitude by the visitations of a secret and spontaneous kindness. Not so, however, with an offering rendered to the cause of education, let it be as public or as palpable as it may. The urgency of

competition for such an object, is at all times to be hailed rather than resisted; and on this career of benevolence, therefore, may the affluent go indefinitely onward, till the want be fully and permanently provided for. We know no exhibition that would serve more to tranquillise our country, than one which might convince the poorer classes, that there is a real desire, on the part of their superiors in wealth, to do for them any thing, and every thing, which they believe to be for their good. It is the expression of an interest in them, which does so much to soothe and to pacify the discontents of men; and all that is wanted, is, that the expression shall be of such a sort, as not to injure, but to benefit those for whom it is intended. To regulate the direction of our philanthropy, with this view, all that needs to be ascertained is, an object, by the furtherance of which, the families of the poor are benefited most substantially; and, at the same time, for the expenses of which, one is not in danger of contributing too splendidly. We know no object which serves better to satisfy these conditions, than a district school, which, by the very confinement of its operation within certain selected limits, will come specifically home with something of the impression of a kindness done individually to each of the householders. It were possible, in this way, for one person, at the head of an associated band, to propitiate towards himself, and, through him, towards that order in society with which he stands connected, several thousands of a yet neglected population. He could walk abroad over some suburb waste, and chalk out for himself the limits of his adventure; and, amid the gaze and inquiry of the natives, could cause the public edifice gradually to arise in exhibition before them; and though they might be led to view it at first as a caprice, they would not be long of feeling that it was at least a caprice of kindness towards them—some well-meaning Quixotism, perhaps, which, whether judicious or not, was pregnant at least with the demonstration of good will, and would call forth from them, by a law of our sentient nature, which they could not help, an honest emotion of good will back again; and, instead of the envy and derision which so often assail our rich when charioted in splendour along the more remote and outlandish streets of the city, would it be found, that the equipage of this generous though somewhat eccentric visitor, had always a comely and complaisant homage rendered to it. By such a movement as this, might an individual throughout a district, and a few individuals throughout the city at large, reclaim the whole of our present generation to a kindliness for the upper classes that is now unfelt; and this too, not by the ministration of those beggarly elements, which serve to degrade and to impoverish the more, but by the ministration of such a moral influence among the young, as would serve to exalt humble life, and prepare for a better economy than our present the habits of the rising generation.

"We know not, indeed, what could serve more effectually to amalgamate the two great classes of society together, than their concurrence in an object which so nearly concerns the families of all. We know not how a wealthy individual could work a more effectual good, or earn a purer and more lasting gratitude, from the people of his own selected district, than by his splendid donative in the cause of education. Whatever exceptions may be alleged against the other schemes of benevolence, this, at least, is a charity whose touch does not vilify its objects; nor will it, like the aliment of ordinary pauperism, serve to mar the habit and character of our population. Here, then, is a walk on which philanthropy may give the rein to her most aspiring wishes for the good of the world; and while a single district of the land is without the scope of an efficient system for the schooling of its families, is there room for every lover of his species to put forth a liberality that can neither injure nor degrade them.

"Every enlightened friend of the poor ought to rejoice in such an opportunity, amid the coarse invectives which assail him, when led by his honest convictions to resist the parade and the publicity of so many attempts as are made in our day in behalf of indigence. It may sometimes happen, that selfishness, in making her escape from the applications of an injudicious charity, will be glad to shelter herself under some of those maxims of a sounder economy, which are evidently gaining in credit and currency amongst us. And hence the ready imputation of selfishness upon all, who decline from the support of associations which they hold to be questionable. And thus is it somewhat amusing to observe, how the yearly subscriber of one guinea to some favourite scheme of philanthropy, thereby purchases to himself the right of stigmatizing every cold-blooded speculator who refuses his concurrence; while the latter is altogether helpless, and most awkwardly so, under a charge so very disgraceful. In avowing, as he does, the principle, that all the public relief which is ministered to poverty, swells and aggravates the amount of it in the land, and that it is only by efforts of unseen kindness, that any thing effectual can be done for its mitigation—he cannot lay bare the arithmetic of private benevolence, and more especially of his own—he cannot drag it forth to that ground of visibility, on which he believes that the whole of its charm and efficacy would be dissipated—he cannot confront the untold liberalities which pass in secret conveyance to the abodes of indigence, with the doings and the docqueted reports of committeeship—he cannot anticipate the disclosures of that eventful day, when he who

seeth in secret shall reward openly, however much he may be assured, that the droppings of individual sympathy, as far outweigh in value the streams of charitable distribution, which have been constructed by the labour and the artifice of associated men, as does the rain from heaven, which feeds the mighty rivers of our world, outweigh, in amount, the water which flows through all the aqueducts of human workmanship that exist in it. From all this he is precluded by the very condition in which the materials of the question are situated; and silent endurance is the only way in which he can meet the zealots of public charity, while they push and prosecute the triumph of their widely blazoned achievement—even though convinced all the while, that, by their obtrusive hand, they have superseded a far more productive benevolence than they ever can replace: that they have held forth a show of magnitude and effort which they can in no way realise; and with a style of operation, mighty in promise, but utterly insignificant in the result, have deadened all those responsibilities and private regards, which, if suffered, without being diverted aside, to go forth on their respective vicinities, would yield a more plentiful, as well as a more precious tribute, to the cause of suffering humanity than ever can be raised by loud and open proclamation.

The disciples of the Malthusian philanthropy, who keep back when they think that publicity is hurtful, should come forth on every occasion when publicity is harmless. That is the time of their vindication; and then it is in their power to meet, on the same arena, with those Lilliputians in charity, who think that they do all, when, in fact, they have done nothing but mischief. We hear much of the liberality of our age. But it appears to us to be nearly as minute in respect of amount, as much of it is misplaced in respect of direction; nor can we discover, save among the devoted missionaries of Serampore and a few others, any very sensible approximations to the great standard of Christian charity, set forth in the gospel for our imitation. The Saviour was rich, and for our sakes he became poor; and ere the world he died for, shall be reclaimed to the knowledge of himself, many must be his followers, who regard their wealth, not as a possession but as a stewardship. We anticipate, in time, a much higher rate of liberality than obtains at present in the Christian world; nor do we know a cause more fitted to draw it onwards, than one which may be supported visibly, without attracting a single individual to pauperism, and which, when completed, permanently and substantially, will widen, and that for ever, the moral distance of our people, from a state so corrupt and degrading. Ere the apparatus shall be raised, which is able, not faintly to skim, but thoroughly to saturate the families of our poor with education, there will be room for large sums and large sacrifices; nor do we know on whom the burden of this cause can sit so gracefully and so well, as on those who have speculated away their feelings of attachment from all societies for the relief of indigence—and who are now bound to demonstrate, that this is not because their judgment has extinguished their sensibilities; but because they only want an object set before them which may satisfy their understanding, that, without doing mischief, they may largely render of their means to the promotion of it.

With this we conclude for the present. When two such men as Dr Chalmers and Mr Brougham coincide in opinion on any subject of domestic economy, the coincidence cannot but afford a strong ground for believing, that they are both in the right. The high Christian purity of the one, and the clear practical habits of business of the other, may furnish a sufficient pledge, that what they agree in supporting and preparing is neither defective in principle on the one hand, nor unattainable in practice on the other. England already owes much to Mr Brougham—and Scotland owes no less to Dr Chalmers—for his labours, although he has no opportunity of bringing them before the public in the same authoritative shape, have certainly been neither less disinterested nor less extensive.

CALEDONIAN CANAL.

Some of our readers are not a little surprised at the clamour lately revived in the House of Commons about the Caledonian Canal, and to our northern friends especially, the appellation of a "*Scotch job*" is particularly obnoxious, as applicable to this work, both on account of its being one of the most magnificent and splendid of our national structures, and also from its having been undertaken for the general good and commercial enterprise of the United Kingdom. Our correspondent states, that he conceives it to be at least extremely indelicate in any Member of Parliament, especially if he has been of long standing, to come forward and state to the country, that the several Parliaments of which he has been a Member, and even perhaps a Minister, have expended the sum of £800,000 upon a work, which, by his

own shewing, ought only to have amounted to about £200,000, without once alluding to the extension of the original design, or the change of times since the estimates of the work were made, almost twenty years ago.

However sanguine the immediate abettors of this great national undertaking may have been in the outset of this business, they were not singular in this respect; and if any one will take the trouble of going back to the debates of the House of Commons, and inquire into the feelings of the country at the time when the question of the Caledonian Canal was first agitated, he will find, that on all hands it proceeded from the noblest motives which can actuate the human mind. With what degree of propriety in political economy, we shall not venture to inquire; but at that period, every means were exerted to discourage emigration, by providing for the surplus population of the kingdom at large, and of the Highlands of Scotland in particular, where the more beneficial system of converting these districts into large *stock farms*, had unavoidably numerous families destitute. Emigration, as then conducted by designing persons, was not only ruinous to the emigrant, but the permission of it, under existing circumstances, would have been a stain upon the British name. With a view to put a stop to this traffic in human misery, and to ameliorate the condition of the native Highlander, the Legislature, with that degree of humanity which so eminently distinguishes the measures of the British Parliament, sought employment for the effective labour of the poorer classes, not of a temporary nature, but such as was calculated to be productive of benefit to the present and future circumstances of the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and mariner, as the only safe and effectual means of relief; and after much consideration and advice, from all quarters of the United Kingdom, the Caledonian Canal was ultimately adopted as the measure best suited to these purposes.

Our correspondent declares himself to be a very incompetent judge in matters of political economy; and though he has neither interest, directly nor indirectly, with that great national work, nor with those who are connected with its operation, yet it has fallen to his lot to see more of it than perhaps any other individual who stands so perfectly unconnected with it, as neither to inhabit the country where it lies, nor almost to be known to those professionally interested in the work; but from the opportunities which he has had of observing its beneficial effects upon a widely extended district of country, he is induced to state what is known to him on this interesting subject, being the result of his experience for the last twenty years.

Prior to the period of the commencement of the Caledonian Canal, the inhabitants of the Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland, were in a state which may be described as maintaining a degree of apathy even beyond what has been too often ascribed to them. Having no incitement to labour, they were unaccustomed and unacquainted with it, and they consequently spent their days in the most supine indolence; without any stimulant to the habits of industry; if they looked to the past, it conveyed little that could satisfy a rational and intelligent mind; and there was no motive in the future to arouse them from a state of sloth. But let any one now traverse these mountainous and insulated districts to the northward of that chain of lakes forming the track of this Canal, and let him patiently investigate the present state of the inhabitants, and from observation and experience compare them with the past, and he will be astonished at the change which has been produced even within the last ten or twelve years upon the intelligence and manners of the inhabitants, and at the way in which they can now apply their minds and their hands to work. If he is to form a just estimate of this change, he must not look for the comparison in the present state of any part of the United Kingdom with which we are acquainted. The former state of the northern parts of Scotland is absolutely banished from Britain, and a spirit of emulation is now infused throughout the whole. To compare with the past, we must therefore now seek for it in the wilds of the Russian empire.

We are aware that we may be told by those who, from motives of disappointment and chagrin, took an early part against the Caledonian Canal, that the improvement of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland is not *at all* to be placed to the account of that work, nor to the useful operations of

the commissioners for roads and bridges; they say, forsooth, that it is to be traced to the general effects of education, and to the progress of civilization. We readily admit, that those have had their share in effecting the great change alluded to, but no one will be hardy enough to affirm, that the expenditure of a very large proportion of £800,000 in *day-labour*, has not effected the most powerful changes on this country, and on the customs and manners of its people. The writer of this article has had opportunities of remarking the increase of capital among the poorer classes of those districts—and the direct tendency which this has had of increasing the resources of the country. By the savings from their earnings at the Caledonian Canal, which they have ultimately applied to the purchase of boats and fishing-tackle, and of numerous small trading vessels, and to the establishment of handicraftsmen in various rural branches of business. The discontented and the ignorant, however, do not even hesitate, in support of their objections to this work, to state, that it has been chiefly executed by Englishmen, and Welshmen, and Irishmen; and that the money has not only been carried forth of Scotland, but even from Europe to America. In the first place, we happen to be of opinion, that any source of employment or increase of capital, to the inhabitants of one part of the united kingdom, must, in its ultimate operation, benefit the whole—it must also be considered, in candour, how such a work of art could be undertaken or performed by any set of untutored individuals;—and, in the second place, we make for answer to such a position, that, in our humble opinion, it was none of the least of the benefits of this work that it collected artizans of every description from England and Ireland, who taught the people of the Highlands of Scotland how to handle the spade, the mattock, and all the implements of the artificer, thereby producing much more permanent and lasting effects upon the manners of the people of these districts than all the theories of the most enlightened age.

Even if we admit, that with part of this money hundreds of the natives have been enabled to emigrate to our American settlements with comfort and advantage to themselves, though this may not be wha was originally sought after or intended, yet we even venture to claim this also as one of the advantages attending the execution of this work, in which we are borne out by the present practice of the country; for, in point of fact, large sums are now actually paid from the treasury to encourage emigration to certain of our colonial establishments. Now, how much better is it for the individuals and for the country, that these people should acquire the means of following their inclinations with the savings of their own industry.

With regard to the utility of the Caledonian Canal, in a nautical and commercial point of view, it is certainly too late, and comes with a bad grace from those legislatively concerned in this undertaking, to complain publicly of their own doings. There may indeed be no *immediate use* for a canal of a large capacity in this situation, but those acquainted with the history of the Canal, long since executed, between the friths of Forth and Clyde, technically termed the "Great Canal," may recollect that its dimensions were at first considered to be by much too large, and that it also was treated as a work ruinous to the adventurers; and that the large sums advanced for its completion by the government were to be lost for ever. But let us attend to the fact and experience of this example: The Forth and Clyde Canal is found to be by much too small in practice; but, nevertheless, as it is, the money advanced by government has long since been repaid. It was, therefore, in our humble opinion, the soundest policy for the legislature, in the original formation of this great national work, to do it, in the first instance, upon a scale that would admit of the largest class of merchant vessels, and even of the smaller of his Majesty's ships of war; or, in other words, to avoid the fatal error of the proprietors of the Forth and Clyde Canal. Even if none of these last should ever enter the Caledonian Canal, trading vessels of all classes will pass along it with the more ease and facility. There are few, if any, of the ditch or small canals in Britain of a capacity sufficiently eligible for the size of the boats assigned for them. The horses are consequently seen dragging with the utmost difficulty, while the boats are continually touching and rubbing along the banks and bottom of these Canals. In the Caledonian Canal, on the contrary, much facility will be

given, and much *animal or steam power* will be saved, in trackage upon this great work. Although, therefore, the extended size of the Locks and excavations of this work has greatly enhanced its expense, yet, in an extended national point of view, and from the inexhaustible supply of water, we conceive its large dimensions to be of the greatest importance to the public.

Those who complain of this undertaking as inefficient, do not perhaps take the proper view of its position. It may be that the trade which is now established between such ports as Liverpool and the Baltic, may not, for a length of time, be made to pass through this navigation, as every new establishment of this description must necessarily come slowly into operation. It is true, that all is at present shut to us, and especially to those who take a narrow view of the subject; but were we to enter upon the efficiency of this work at large, we do not despair of satisfactorily pointing out many sources of trade which this navigation is eminently calculated to open and extend. Without appearing too sanguine, we may notice, that it is extremely probable that an entirely new branch of trade will be opened between London and the other eastern ports of Great Britain, with Londonderry, Belfast, and the other western and northern ports of Ireland; a trade which, we venture to say, will bring the mutual interests of the United Kingdom into a much more immediate union than could in any other manner have been effected. A voyage from London to Belfast, by the Caledonian Canal, is just about the same distance as by the Land's End, while the safety of the voyage, at all times, but especially in time of war, is greatly in favour of the northern passage. Considering, therefore, the zeal which has ever been shewn by the legislature for the advancement and improvement of the Irish territory—the drainage of its *bogs*, and all its interests—we have no hesitation in stating it as our opinion, that the Caledonian Canal is a most important link in the chain of national prosperity.

With regard to the professional individual who designed and has so ably conducted this work, we cannot speak from personal knowledge; but, judging *prima facie* from his works, we consider him to be one of the most eminent engineers that this country has ever produced: and whether we regard his professional skill in the perfect manner in which the locks and masonry of this work have been executed, or the unostentatious and simple manner in which it has been conducted, we think he stands high in any comparison with our continental neighbours; and we are quite sure that, in regard to his estimates, few of his brethren at home can be applied to with preference for accuracy in this respect. In concluding, we observe, that both the man and his works are an honour to the age in which he lives; and we think him ill requited by the *sneers* of any class of men, for the boldness of mind with which he uniformly grasps the most difficult and hazardous undertakings of his profession. It is hoped, however, that the period is not distant, when more favourable impressions will be entertained of the Caledonian Canal, and when the just and merited praise of the public will be amply bestowed upon the Commissioners for their unwearied labours, and their Engineer, and, finally, upon all who have had the merit and honour of being in any manner identified with this great national undertaking.

SONNET.

KEEP thou thy native white Simplicity;
Who would that seldom setting smile displace?
Who would not love the blushes of that face,
Which speak so well thy feelings pure and free?
Thus ever look—and, as thou look'st, so be;
Preserve thy nature's sweet unconscious grace,
Still bloom, as now, within this true embrace,
Dearer than all the pride of art to me.—
—Within its gay parterre, yon splendid Rose
May dazzle the sophisticated eye;
But where the modest Honey-suckle blows,
The early Bee is ever seen to fly—
He finds its simple leaves a sweet enclose,
Which art oft spoils—but never can supply.

T. D.

JOHN AND JOAN, A NEW POEM.

To Christopher North, *Esquire.*

HONOURED AND LEARNED SIR,

I may opine, from the tenor of sundry weighty articles in your invaluable Miscellany, entitled Blackwood's Edinborough Magazine, that I shall be fortified by your support in mine estimation of a work of seductive and popular Poesy, the which hath been lately published; (it is needless to say that I mean the celebrated Don Juan, (or John) of that most noble and illustrious genious, the Right Honourable, my Lord Byron;) forasmuch as it containeth, not covertly wrapt up, but palpably embodied and consubstantiated, divers insinuations against matters of minor belief, both as to morality and decorum, of all persons who have been blessed with a regular and well grounded education. In pursuance hereof, have I bethought myself, moreover, to attempt a work unto the best of my poor endeavours, the which, peradventure, may serve (in lack of a better,) as a sort of antidote or counter-charm, for this giddy generation, to the dangerous maxims set forth in that famous and much perused poem; always provided, that it is far from mine intention to put myself for a moment on the same parallel with its right noble and honourable author.

Howbeit, learned Sir, I now venture to send you a select fragment, or rather portion thereof, the which I have concocted and elaborated to the uttermost of my poetical capabilities; and the which redoundeth to the credit of a sex and state too lightly held and treated of by the (otherwise) right noble and honourable poet.

Nor do I dubitate, learned Sir, that, sans further peroration or introduction, your approved critical judgment, in such like matters, will not fail duly to appreciate its *serious* and (I may say) *didactic* tendency, notwithstanding, it be composed in a metre, or stanza, the which hath been, of late, too much appropriated unto unprofitable jocularities and facetiousness. Craving licence, I endite myself, honoured and learned Sir, &c. &c. &c.

Josiah Shufflebotham.

July 12th, A. D. 1820.
Gowkshall Northumberland.

JOHN AND JOAN, CANTO II.

1.

Loud laugh'd the Soldier; when the Reeve, who now
In sullen silent guise had sitten long,
With doubtful eye, bent head and moody brow,
The whiles the glee and laughter waxed strong,
As if it gaul'd him sorely, seeing how
Thus ladies gent were treated with such wrong,
With accents rather low, and somewhat hoarse,
Began, in gentle phrases, his discourse.

2.

Ah! Sirs, quoth he, were I to tell a tale
For every lying legend ye have told,
Invented, at a gentle sex to rail,
By those whose heads are hot and hearts are cold,
Believe, my store of praise would never fail,
Tho' I should parable till I were old;
But this that I am going to relate
Shall serve for many, sith it is so great.

3.

Of woman's love, which is so hard to woo,
When woo'd, how strong, full many proofs there be,
And how immutable and fearless too—
"My love, thro' all the world I'll follow thee,"

So Juliet says—— ; the bird that cries " cuckoo,"
His small mate followeth thus from tree to tree,
From bough to bough—nay e'en from spray to spray,—
Still restless, thro' the merry hours of May.

4.

And while our Love hath nurture, to endure
And burn, like radiant beacon, seen afar,
Thro' untried seas a streaming Cynosure,
At once our Matin and our Vesper star,
No marvel it abideth strong and sure,
Amid the turmoils of this worldly war,
A constant pilot, and a guiding light,
Thro' storms by day, and rocks and shoals by night.

5.

But when, to feed the fire, it once is seen
That fit material doth not much abound,
Or that no fuel, save or damp or green,
Or else cross-grain'd or knotty, can be found,
And the flame waxeth rather thin and mean,
And yieldeth an uneasy, crackling sound,
Flickers, looks blue,—looks red—or waves about,
Now very smoky, and now nearly out;

6.

Then, mid the storms of ill-contrasted temper,
Where neither hath a tittle of submission,
This *semper idem*, that *eadem semper*,
For ever crossing, always in attrition,
('Twould puzzle metaphysic Kant, or Kempfer,
To bring about a moment's coalition,)
Then, that such souls as these should still love on,
That is a miracle for Love alone!

7.

It springeth like that low and unseen Rose
That on the mountain summit dares to grow,
Where Autumn hardly thaws the ling'ring snows,
And storms unheard, and unknown whirlwinds blow;
There, where the weary, journeying clouds repose,
And the moon climbs, with long ascent and slow,
And fays and lesser spirits play at even,
Like harmless lightning in a summer's heaven.

8.

'Tis like the Petrel that the sailor eyes
With dread,—o'er treach'rous seas condemn'd to roam,—
That still is met beneath the stormiest skies,
And on the desert waters hath its home;
Above the curling billow still it flies,
And sleeps well cradled in the fleecy foam,
Lull'd by the discord of the whistling squall,
And rock'd to rest on hills that rise and fall.

9.

And this is none of your glib paradoxes,
That only serve the wags for mystifying,
As conj'rors do with double-bottom'd boxes—
Behold a couple for each other dying,
(Unless the author of the hist'ry mocks us)
Who all their lives in quarrel had been frying.
Their matrimonial pudding was of *Butter*,
With scarce a plumb to sweeten it;—no matter.—

10.

Oh! miracle! (—a greater can there be —?)
To see how Love can shed his holiest balm,
Within a circle none dares walk but he —;
Where all are sick, fresh and without a qualm;
So underneath the depths of the wild sea,
Ev'n in the loudest storms,—*there* is a calm,
But truce to hopes—my story must be sped,
John met with Joan, lov'd, woo'd, and they were wed.

11.

One small objection, either they o'erpassed,
Or else despised, when it was brought in view;
He was an *alkali*, and she an *acid*,
And this, when 'twas too late, they found too true,
The longer still the more, they *effervesced*,
As more confirmed, by time, their tempers grew,—
A sort of fizzing, sputtering communion,
Sir Humphrey Davy calls "*a chemic union.*"

12.

Like that small, wooden pair that stand, so sly,
To tell us what the weather is about,
Where Gammer comes and curtsies, when 'tis dry,
And Gaffer, when it rains, doth make his lout,
So sometimes they might have a clearish sky,
But 'twas when he was in, and she was out;—
As for the couple that arrange the weather,
God knows, *they* never are at home together.

13.

So, long, this loving, most unhappy pair
Liv'd, like a brace of angry adders fang'd,
So piteous of each others' woes they were,
One could have borne to see the other hang'd,
(Altho' that sight were worse than death to bear)
Each for the others' sake!——as they harangued,
One day, upon the sorrows of their yoke,
John, in a happy hour, resolv'd and spoke.

14.

"Sweet Joan, thou know'st that I would die for thee,
"And well I know that thou for me would'st die."
And here he *twinkled*, pitiful to see;—
Joan gave a sort of "*heigh!*"—'twas scarce a sigh,
"But wast thou gone, what maid would look on me,
"With grief an' labour worn, and crabb'd and dry,
"But thou, dear Joan, when faithful John hath died,
"May'st have a chance again to be a bride."

15.

"And, so my loving Joan, my dear—dear, Cony,
"Since there is nothing but a choice of ill,
"Since I cannot afford thee alimony,
"And would be loath by quarrelling to kill,
"(Thou know'st my love, my heart was never stoney)
"Oh! come and see me die—for die I will—
"Die for the love of thee, my darling, die,—
"Yes;—quickly in the horsepond will I lie."

16.

"Let not the bitter drops, my gentle Joan,
"Bedim the lustre of thy cheek and eye,
"For since the springtime of our life is flown,
"And winter comes, and summer passeth bye,

" Beneath the waters, peaceful and alone,
" E'en like the torpid swallow, will I lie,
" The cutting show'r unfelt—the storm unheard,
" And men shall say that John—hath *disappear'd*."

17.

" They ask—where goeth he that disappears?
" But who can tell where he hath migrated?
" Hold but thy tongue, my Joan, and dry thy tears,—
" For trust me, Sweet, most vainly they are shed;
" How can they reach a heart that's proof to fears,
" In Love's strong fortress, shut and sheltered?
" What boots that haildrops down the chimney come,
" Hiss on the hearth, or patter round the room?—

18.

In short, John's flights of eloquence refined,
Joan's answ'ring eloquence—by nature taught her,
I could not copy, were I in the mind;
Nor can I tell you if her helpmate caught her,
Less contradictiously, than wont, inclined,—
Suffices it to say, they reach'd the water,
Together—tho' not arm in arm, I think,—
But there they were, and stood upon the brink.

19.

John hover'd on the brink, in silent mood,
And look'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and look'd again,
And gaz'd with wistful visage on the flood,
While, doubtfully, as pitying his pain,
Joan, with her apron at her eyelid, stood;
At last, he seem'd to come into the vein,
And turn'd, as if to take a final kiss,
Before he plunged into the brown abyss.

20.

But still a kind of look—not that of fear,
Nor hope—play'd round his mouth, and cheek, and chin;
His eye chang'd not; and, softly in her ear,
He whisper'd Joan—" Ah, me! self-murder's sin—
Could'st thou not take a little frisk, my dear,
As if in play, and gently push me in;
Nay, take a longer run—further, my life—
There now—now stoutly push me, dearest wife."

21.

O Couple! e'en in death affectionate,
Not Arria and her Pœtus are before ye!
Joan, fearful of the welfare of her mate,
Resolving that his soul should be in glory,
And rest, at least, when in another state,
In love and strong affection (saith the story),
Drew back from him, some portion, not a little,
Obeying her dear husband to a tittle;

22.

Then ran, with Amazonian resolution:
But whether John had only half consented,
Or fear was really in his constitution,
Or in the very nick he had repented;
Or whether Fate herself was in confusion,
Or Fortune took a whim, or Chance relented—
How 'twas, I cannot tell you, for my life,
But John a sort of—dodg'd;—in splash'd his wife.

23.

With open mouth, and saucer staring eyes,
John for a second stood like any stone,
Then lifted up his hands, in wild surprise—
"For love of me didst thou go in, dear Joan,
Or did'st thou slip thy foot?—what signifies?
There are *no slips;* and since 'tis done, 'tis done;
Folks only can remark, since thou art gone,
'Tis Joan hath *disappear'd,* instead of John."

24.

"If there be any scandal, John shall bear it—
Bear it he must, so even let it fall."
Then (after some half hour), that all might hear it,
"I've lost my Joan—help!" John began to bawl;
And in a trice, his cause of grief to share it,
Came trooping young and old, and great and small;
They dragg'd the piece of water, it is said,
And so Joan was not lost, but she was—dead.

25.

She died—nor did her John long time survive,
Tho' folks have wonder'd what should John destroy;
Some said that with his grief he could not strive,
Whilst others whisper'd that he died of joy;
Some say the juice which, when she was alive,
They took to soothe their woes, was *his* annoy;
But both are gone—nor is a stone supplied,
To teach how this good couple liv'd and died.

NOTES.

Stanza 6.—"Kempfer," one of the German Illustrissimi, now forgotten—a great philosopher.

Stanza 8.—"The Petrel," properly the "Stormy Petrel," vide the work of that excellent graver, and not to be surpassed, mine old and worthy friend, Mr Thomas Bewick, on Water Birds.

Stanza 12.—"Small wooden pair." There is a sort of old fashioned barometer, common in my younger days, consisting of a house with a male and female figure, who come out, in alternation, as it is wet or dry.

Stanza 16.—"E'en like the torpid swallow." Naturalists have conceited, that the swallow lieth in a dormant state, at the bottom of deep waters, during winter.

Stanza 23.—"There are no slips;" an expression of children at play, who cry "no slips," when a false shoot at marbles, or toss at pitch-penny, occurreth.

Stanza 25.—"Some say the juice." This might of a surety something aid the other causes, inasmuch as he would have a duplicate portion after Joan's decease; a matter which I have not hesitated to set forth, by marking the emphatical words with italic characters.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Importation into France of the Cachemire-wool Goat.—M. Amadeus Joubert quitted Paris in April 1818, and proceeded first by Odessa, Tangarock, and Astracan, to the camp of General Jermoloff in Caucasus, gaining information on the way, relative to the object of his journey, from the Bucharians, the Kirghiz, and the Armenians, who frequent Astracan. He was there told, that there existed amongst the numerous hordes of Kirghiz (a nomade tribe residing in Bucharia, on the banks of the Oural lake) a species of goat of a dazzling white, bearing every year a remarkable fleece about the month of June. The specimens of it which he there collected, convinced him of the identity of this wool with that which is imported into France, through Russia. This discovery was the more important to him, as it promised to save him the long and difficult journey which he would otherwise have had to encounter, in penetrating to Thibet, through Persia and Cachemire. In this he was not deceived; for he actually collected scattered samples of this fine wool, at some hundreds of wersts from the Wolga, amongst the *steppes* that separate Astracan from Oremburg, which satisfied him that he needed not to penetrate further. He had, besides, observed, that in the language of the country, they gave the name of Thibet-goat to the animal which furnished this fine fleece. He therefore bought of the Kirghiz in this district, from the hordes called Cara-Agadgi and Kaisacks, twelve hundred and eighty-nine of these animals, and directed his course homewards with them, by Tsaritzin, where he brought them across the Wolga. After making all the deductions from this number, occasioned by losses on the road, by the shipment of them at Kaffa, and the passage home, there now exist in France four hundred of this stock of Cachemire-wool goats.

During a short stay which M. Joubert made at Constantinople, in his passage homewards with his goats, he held a conversation, through the second interpreter to the French embassy, with an Armenian named Khodja-Youssuf, who was sent eighteen years ago by a house in Constantinople into Cachemire, to procure shawls made after patterns which he carried with him. This Armenian had resided a long time in Cachemire, Lahore, and Pichawer, and in learning the language of these countries, he obtained much positive information as to the manufacture of these valued articles. He stated to M. Joubert, that the animal which yields this beautiful material is neither a camel nor a sheep, as some have reported, but is a goat, resembling the common goat in appearance, having straight horns, and a white or clear brown coat. A coarse hair covers the fine downy wool, which last is the only material from which the shawls are wove.

Khodja-Youssuf had seen at Cachemire, twenty or thirty of these goats, which were kept there for curiosity. The women and children pick out the fine wool from the coarse hair, and other heterogeneous matter; which is afterwards carded by young girls with their fingers on India muslin, to lengthen the fibre, and clean it from dirt and foulness; and in this state it is delivered to the dyers and spinners. The loom that is used is horizontal, and very simple; the weaver sits on the bench, a child is placed below him with his eyes on the pattern, and gives him notice, after every throw of the shuttle, of the colours wanted, and the bobbins to be next employed. The finest shawls cost from 5 to 600 rupees (12 to 1500 francs.) The most beautiful wool comes from the provinces of Lassa and Ladack in Thibet; and also a good deal of it is imported into Thibet and Cachemire, from Casgar and Bucharia, all of which go to form the fine shawls, of which there is such a great demand throughout Asia. The fine wool is brought into Cachemire, in bales, mixed with coarse hair.

Meteoric Stone presented to the India Company's Museum.—The following is an authentic account of a meteoric stone which was lately brought from India by Lieut. Colonel Pennington, and presented to the Hon. East India Company, who have deposited it in their museum.

Extract of a letter from Capt. G. Bird, 1st Assistant in the Political Dept. to Major Gen. Sir D. Ochterlony, Bart. K.G.C.B. to Major Pennington.

Lodiana, 5th April 1815.—My dear Major, I lost no time, after my receipt of your letter to take the measures for obtaining the information you desire relative to the meteorolite, which lately fell near the village of Dooralla. Accounts of this extraordinary phenomenon had spread over the whole of the Seik country; and for more than a month before your letter reached me, the account of its fall, connected with a great number of wonders, had been reported to me, and that the people from all the neighbouring villages had assembled at Dooralla to pay their devotions to it, but, now, after a very full inquiry, I feel quite satisfied that you may rest confident in the accuracy of the following statement. On the 18th Feb. last about noon, some people who were at work in a field about half a mile distant from the village of Dooralla, were suddenly alarmed by the explosion of what they conceived to be a large cannon, "the report being louder than that of any other gun they had ever heard," which report was succeeded by a rushing noise, like that of a cannon ball in its greatest force. When looking towards the quarter whence the noise proceeded, they perceived a large black body in the

air, apparently moving directly towards them, but passing with inconceivable velocity, buried itself in the earth, at the distance of about sixty paces from the spot where they stood. As soon as they could recover from the terror with which this terrific vision had appalled them, they ran towards the village, where they found the people no less terrified than themselves, though not having seen the stone, imagined that a marauding party was approaching, and as but too frequently happens, would sack their village. When the Brahmins of the village were told what had really happened, they determined to proceed, and were followed by all the people to the spot where the stone fell, having with them instruments for digging it out. On their arrival at the place, they found the surface broken and the fresh earth and sand thrown about to a considerable distance, and at the depth of rather more than five feet, in a soil of mingled sand and loam, they found the stone which they cannot doubt was what actually fell, being altogether unlike any thing known in that part of the country. The Brahmins taking immediate charge of the stone, conveyed it to the village, where they commenced a Poosa, and covering it with wreaths of flowers, set on foot a subscription for the purpose of erecting a small temple over it, not doubting from the respect paid to it by the Hindoos, to turn it to a profitable account. As I said before, it fell on the 18th of Feb. about midday, in a field near the village of Dooralla, which lies about lat. 308.23′. 76°. 4′. long. within the territory belonging to the Pattialah Rajah, sixteen or seventeen miles from Umballah and eighty from Lodiana. The day was very clear and serene, and as usual at that season of the year, not a cloud was to be seen; nor was there in the temperature of the air, any thing to engage their attention; the thermometer, of course, may be stated at about 68° in the shade. The report was heard in all the circumjacent towns and villages, to the distance of 20 coss, or 25 miles, from Dooralla. The Pattaliah Rajah's Vakeel, being in attendance here, when your letter reached me, I desired him to express my wish to the Rajah, to have this stone; and as it appears that he had been led to consider it rather as a messenger of ill omen, he gave immediate orders for its conveyance to Lodiana, but with positive injunctions, that it should not approach Pattialah, his place of residence. It arrived here yesterday, escorted by a party of Brahmins and some Seik Horse. It weighs rather more than 25 pounds, and is covered with a pellicle, thinner than a wafer, of a black sulphureous crust, though it emits no smell of sulphur, that I can discover; but, having been wreathed with flowers while in possession of the Brahmins, the odour originally emitted, may by these be concealed. It is an ill shapen triangle, and from one of the corners a piece has been broken off, either in its fall, or by the instruments when taking it out of the ground. This fracture discloses a view of the interior, in which iron pyrites and nickel are distinctly visible. Since its arrival all the Brahmins in the neighbourhood have assembled at my tents, to pay their adoration to it; and no Hindoo ventures to approach, but with closed hands in apparent devotion, so awful a matter is it in their eyes. I shall avail myself of the first escort that leaves Lodiana, to forward it to you.—*Original Communication.*

Barlow's Magnetical Discoveries.—Certain Magnetical discoveries are now in course of trial, for which we are indebted to Mr Barlow, one of the Mathematical Professors in the Royal Military Academy, viz. that in every ball or mass of iron, if a plane be conceived to pass from north to south inclining, in these latitudes, at an angle of 19½° (or the compliment of the dip), and a compass be pointed any where in this plane, it will not be affected by the iron, but point due north and south the same as if no iron were in its vicinity. This plane, Mr B. has every reason to suppose, will change its position with the dip, or latitude, so as to become parallel to the horizon at the pole, and perpendicular to it at the equator; and it is this fact which Captain Bartholomew is charged to determine, as far as it can be done, in the parts he is about to visit, while Lieut. Parry is supposed to be making corresponding observations in Baffin's Bay. Mr Barlow has also discovered *that the magnetic quality of iron resides wholly in the surface*, so that an iron shell, weighing only 3 lb. 4 oz. will act as powerfully on the needle as a solid ball of the same dimension weighing upwards of 300 lbs.—and by a judicious application and combination of these two facts, he has projected an extremely easy method of counteracting the local attraction of vessels.

Germany. Comets, pellucid Bodies.—M. Encke, Assistant Director of the Observatory at Gotha, has lately accomplished an exact representation of the track of the comet which appeared in the years 1786, 1795, 1805, and 1819. It is by means of an ellipsis of an uncommon form, if not absolutely unique, that the orbit of this body (rather to be reckoned among *planets* than *comets*) has been traced. That this body was not self-luminous, is now pretty well ascertained: that the tail, or radiance emanating from this comet, and from all comets, was a lucid vapour, through which rays of light passed without interception, admits of no question; and if confidence may be placed in an accidental observation of the face of the sun, at the time when, by calculation, this comet should have been passing over it, the body also of this meteor was diaphanous;—otherwise it was so very small as to escape the notice of

the observer, who was, indeed, most intent on examining the spots then visible on the surface of the sun.

Atmospheric Phenomena.—The most striking difference in the results of the atmospheric phenomena, for the last two years, is in the number of meteors (some of them of a large size): of 121, no less than 95 appeared in the evenings of July, August, and September, the three hottest months in the last year. It may therefore be inferred, that they are generated by heat in an atmosphere highly charged with electric matter.

New Projection of the Sphere.—In this projection, which has been drawn by Capt. J. Vetch, the globe is supposed to be inscribed in a cylinder, the axes of the globe and cylinder being at right angles to each other, and their surfaces, therefore, coinciding at a meridian. The eye is supposed to remain at rest in the centre of the globe, and each point in the earth's surface is transferred to that of the cylinder by a right line passing from the earth's centre through that point. The cylinder being then unrolled, a view of the earth is obtained on a plane surface.

Earthquakes.—Intelligence from the Ionian Islands announces, that on the 21st February last, a terrible shock of an earthquake had devastated the island of Saint Maura. The church, several public buildings, and almost all the houses, were demolished, and the roads destroyed. At Corfu, also, we understand, considerable volcanic phenomena have been observed, and a small island has since emerged from the sea off Santa Maura, which is attributed to the late subterraneous commotion. His Majesty's sloop Aid has been despatched to survey it, and to christen it *Lauderdale's Rock*.

Greece.—M. Koumas, first professor in the Great College at Smyrna, and distinguished by his learning among the Greeks, has just published, at Vienna, the two last volumes of his "Course of Philosophy." The whole work is a methodical abstract of all the best compositions of the German philosophers. Its object is to instruct the Greeks in modern philosophy, and its circulation is likely to be very considerable.

Brazil.—The corvette Le Bayardiere, and the brig Le Favori, sailed from a port of France, on the 14th of Feb. 1819, under the orders of M. Roussin, captain, on a voyage of discovery or survey, along the coasts of Brazil. They arrived at the island of St Catherine, the first mark of their operations, on the 9th of May, and from that point they began to coast along all the shores, islands, rocks, sand-banks, and every dangerous passage as far as to St Salvador, where they anchored on the 16th of August. They have hereby collected all the materials requisite for the construction of a new set of charts. On their entrance, June 6, into Rio Janeiro, M. Roussin was received with much distinction and cordiality by the Court. His Portuguese Majesty expressed to him, in public, that he should, with pleasure, encourage an expedition, the object of which was interesting to every nation; and added, that he should give orders that the vessels of M. Roussin should be entertained in all the ports of his dominions, with suitable marks of benevolence to a mission so useful in its tendency. Every where he has found these orders executed. M. Roussin was expected to spend about six weeks at St Salvador, to refit his ships, to refresh and recruit the crews, &c. till the sun had passed the zenith, when the observations would assume a greater degree of precision, and he should be enabled to draw up charts of 400 leagues of lands and coasts that he had visited. By the end of October, he calculated on pursuing his route to the North, to complete his survey of the coasts of Brazil.

Discoveries in Africa.—By accounts received from the interior of this hitherto inaccessible country, it appears that the expedition under the command of Major Gray, on whom the direction devolved after the death of Major Peddie, has returned to a colony on the river Senegal, after a most harassing journey through the country of the Foolado. Mr Docherd, the surgeon attached to the expedition, had, with a few individuals, however, proceeded onwards to Bammakoo, in Bambarra, where, our readers may recollect, the unfortunate Park finally embarked on the Niger. At this place, as well as at Sansanding and Yamina, provisions were in abundance, and every sort of European merchandize in great demand: the native merchants passing from Morocco across the Great Desert being the only channel for a supply of these articles.

Steam Navigation.—A new ship intended to ply as a regular packet between New York and New Orleans, has recently been built, called the Robert Fulton. She is said to be, in every respect, one of the finest steam-vessels ever constructed. She is upwards of 750 tons, of a very great length, rigged with lug sails; has three kelsons, (the centre one large enough for a ship of the line), together with bilgeways, and the whole secured and bolted in a very superior manner; her frame timber and plank are of live oak, locust cedar, and Southern pine, copper bolted and coppered.

She will afford accommodation for more than 200 persons, and is fitted up with high and airy state rooms, thoroughly ventilated by means of sky-lights the whole length of the cabin, which is very extensive. Her after-cabin is neatly arranged for the accommodation of ladies, and separated by means of folding-doors, in the modern style. She has also a range of births fore and aft, together with a commodious fore-cabin. And, what adds to the greatest comfort and security of all, her engine and other machinery are completely insulated, and uncon-

nected as it were with the other part of the ship. In the centre, lengthwise, is a kind of well-hole or square trunk, made both fire and water-proof; no possible accident, therefore, by the bursting of the boiler, can reach either of the cabins. This trunk or well-hole being enclosed by very thick plank, caulked and leaded, may be inundated with water at pleasure, without any inconvenience to the passengers.

The furnace is also completely surrounded by the continuation of the boiler, so that no part of the fire can ever come in contact with wood. There is a space of about nine or ten inches filled in with materials, non-conductors of heat, which answer the double purpose of excluding the heat from the cabin, and at the same time deadening the disagreeable noise of the engine. She is also provided with a leather hose, similar to those used by our fire-engine companies in this city, which will enable the hot or cold water to be conveyed to any part of the ship, and furnishing at the same time the great conveniency to the passengers of a warm or cold bath at pleasure. Her engine was constructed by Mr Allaire, and is supposed to be the most powerful and most exact piece of workmanship ever turned out in America; and her boiler is said to be the largest ever known to have been made in that or any other country.

Arakatscha.—Europe owes infinite gratitude to the memory of Sir Francis Drake, who first introduced from America the potato. It has been lately stated, that there grows in *Santa Fe de Bagota*, a root even more nourishing and as prolific as this plant. It is called Arakatscha, and resembles the Spanish chesnut in taste and firmness. It is indigenous to the Cordilleros, a climate as temperate as that of Europe, and might be cultivated here with the same facility as the potato.

Switzerland Plantain Root, a Febrifuge.—Dr Perrin has lately read to the Society of Natural Sciences, of which he is a member, observations he has made on the febrifugal virtues of the roots of the plantain (*plantago major, minor et latifolia*, Linn.) He is of opinion it may be employed with advantage in intermittents. The question may easily be brought to the test of experiment, as the plant is common in all parts; and the leaves are known to every school-boy as a vulnerary.

Phosphoric Acid.—Mr Barry, who has lately obtained a patent for his mode of evaporating vegetable extracts in a vacuum, has observed, during a comparison of the preparations made in this way, and those commonly prepared, that phosphoric acid, in a soluble state, is to be found in all the extracts. On further extending the investigation, it was ascertained that this acid, besides that portion that exists, as phosphate of lime, is contained in a vast variety of vegetables; and he has also remarked, that all these vegetables which are cultivated seem to contain phosphoric acid in great abundance.

Antidote for Vegetable Poisons.—The invaluable properties of the plant fewillea cordifolia which have been brought to light by a continental chemist, claim particular notice. Mr Drapiez has ascertained, by numerous experiments, that the fruit of the fewillea cordifolia is a powerful antidote against vegetable poisons. This opinion has been long maintained by naturalists, but we are not aware that it was ever before verified by experiments made on purpose in any part of Europe. M. Drapiez poisoned dogs with the rhus toxicodendron, hemlock, and nux vomica. All those that were left to the effects of the poison, died; but those to whom the fruit of the fewillea cordifolia was administered, recoverved completely, after a short illness. To see whether this antidote would act in the same way, when applied externally to wounds into which vegetable poisons had been introduced, he took two arrows which had been dipped in the juice of manchenille, and slightly wounded with them two young cats. To the one of these he applied a poultice, composed of the fruit of the fewillea cordifolia, while the other was left without any application. The former suffered no other inconvenience, except from the wound, which speedily healed; while the other, in a short time, fell into convulsions and died.

It would appear from these experiments, that the opinion entertained of the virtues of this fruit in the countries where it is produced is well founded. It would deserve, in consequence, to be introduced into our pharmacopœias as an important medicine; but it is necessary to know, that it loses its virtues if kept longer than two years after it has been gathered.

New Patent for a Portable Gas Lamp.—The principle of this invention for making a gas lamp portable, consists in condensing the inflammable gas by forcing it into a strong vessel by means of a pump, which vessel forms the body or reservoir of the lamp, and when it is desired to light the lamp, permitting the gas to issue in a sufficiently moderate manner to supply its burner or burners, by means of a valve or a stop-cock of a particular construction. The reservoir or body of the lamp may be made of any substance that is sufficiently strong and close in its texture to contain the condensed gas. This body or reservoir of the lamp may be made of almost any form that may be wished, provided the strength to resist the expansive force of the gas be increased, to compensate for any loss of strength arising from unequal resistance. The patentees, however, recommend that this body or reservoir should be made in the form of a sphere, or a cylinder with hemispherical ends, as these are the strongest forms.

When it is desired to have the lamp of

gold or silver, or any expensive material, it may be best to have a copper cylinder or sphere put into the more expensive case.

The body or reservoir of the lamp may either form part of the lamp exhibited to view, or it may be concealed under a table desk, &c. put into a statue, or the pedestal of a statue, or even put into a different room or closet from that where it is wished the light should be exhibited; and then uniting it with the burner or burners. It will also be a most useful appendage to carriages, mail, or stage-coaches, &c. as the reservoir may be placed under the seat, so that the road may be illuminated in the darkest night at a trifling expense. It will also be a most useful lamp on board of ships.

Coffee.—Substitutes for this useful berry have grown so much into use on the Continent, that the importation of that article into Europe is reduced from seventy millions of pounds annually to below thirty millions.

Rare Collection of Books on the Early History of America.—One of the greatest Bibliographical curiosities which for a long time has claimed public attention, is the Catalogue of Rare Books connected with the Discovery and History of America, lately printed at Paris, by Mr Warden. The Books are on sale at Paris, but the Catalogue is in possession of the Editor, and may be had of the French booksellers in London.

Duplex Typograph.—An ingenious mechanical invention has lately been completed, called a Duplex Typograph, which enables the blind to receive and communicate ideas by means of letters. The inventor is Mr J. Purkis, brother of a well known musical character, who, by the aid of a skilful oculist, obtained the blessings of sight, at the age of thirty, after having been blind from the time of his birth. On the same subject it is just to add, that Dr Edmund Fry has printed a sheet, on which the letters are raised on the paper, and capable of being felt and read by the fingers' ends.

The Assassins.—A history of *the Assassins*, drawn from oriental sources, has appeared lately at Stuttgard. From this work we learn, that the Assassins, a confederate people or society, which, in the time of the Crusades, for two centuries, acted an important part in Asiatic history, were, originally, a branch of the Ismaelites. The author, M. de Hammer, illustrates many of the events of the middle ages, and shews, at the same time, the advantageous use that might be made of oriental literature, if its cultivation were more generally attended to.

The Assassins were a secret society, originally organized at Cairo, wherein the adepts took an oath to obey implicitly, a chief that was even unknown to them. Their horrible dogmas inculcated murder, and one of their fundamental positions was the principle that all human authority, including kings, magistrates, and priests, was superfluous and pernicious. The author draws a parallel between these assassins and the society of Jesuits, who, though deprived of their former influence, persevere to maintain their order. The princes of the east were frequently so imprudent as to make common cause with Hassan Sabah, chief of the order, a headstrong adventurer, who soon after became a terror to all princes and governments, polluting thrones, tribunals, and altars, with blood.

To the materials collected from Arabian, Persian, and Turkish manuscripts, M. de H. adds what Sylvestre de Sacy and others have written before him on the same subject. His work is divided into seven books. The first treats of Mahomet, as the founder of Islamism, and only dwells on such principal points as have not been noticed by Voltaire, Gibbon, and Muller. It contains a synopsis of the doctrines of Mahomet. The second book narrates the foundation of the order of Assassins, in the year 1004 of the Christian æra, and under the government of the first grand master, Hassan Sabah. One of his deys, Hassan Ben Sabah Homairi, a competitor for the throne, became, towards the end of the eleventh century, the founder of a new sect. He seized on the strong castle of Alamut, between Dilem and Irak, and made it the seat of his power. The third book is an account of the reigns of Kia Busurgomid, and of his son Mahomet, and the wars which they had to maintain. The fourth book contains the reigns of Hassan II. and of Mahomet II. both of whom upheld the doctrine of the impunity of crimes. Their history is interspersed with curious details relative to the literature of some contemporary oriental and western authors. Also, documents hitherto unnoticed, of the Templars, who, at that period, appear to have been actuated with the spirit of Ismaelites. A charge is laid to Richard, King of England, that he resorted to the assistance of the Assassins, to effect the destruction of the Margrave Conrad de Montferrat. The fifth book contains the reigns of three Assassin princes, the former of whom, Dschelaleddin, had his sovereignty acknowledged by the Caliph of Bagdad. His son committed a parricide, but perpetrated no crime, according to the established principles of the Assassins. This book has also the reign of Rocknedddin Charschah, the last grand master of their order, with an account of his wars with the Mogul Hulagu, and the taking of Alamut and the rest of their castles, in 1256. The extermination of this horde of Ismaelites forms the subject of the sixth book. It contains also the description of the taking and plundering of Bagdad, by the Moguls, in 1258, with the punishment of the Caliph. In short, it details the defeat of the Assassins in Syria, by Bibras, the sultan of Egypt, and the gradual extirpation of the doctrine of the Ismaelites. The au-

thor concludes, by a summary retrospect of the remains of this sect, which yet exist in Persia and Syria, though unable to realise their horrible system of politics.

Norway and Sweden.—In the "Annals of Literature," published at Vienna, by M. Gerold, is a notice relative to the Norwegian, Swedish, and Iceland language and literature. The Norwegians both speak and write the same language as the Danes; but in both countries the people have retained words of the ancient Scandinavian language, more or less. These words are not in use in the politer classes, which, in both kingdoms, speak the Danish language, just as it is written. Since the Reformation, the Norwegians have not been without their men of letters. The first great Danish *literateur*, Baron Holberg, the dramatic poet, was a native of Bergen, in Norway, and the names of Pram and Steffens are advantageously known as living authors. To these may be added, that of Heilberg, who has resided in Paris the last 20 years, and has been styled, the Aristophanes of the North.

The Swedish language, in its construction and inflections, bears affinity to the ancient Scandinavian, though it has adopted many foreign words. The pronunciation is somewhat like that of the German, while that of the Danes more strongly resembles the Iceland language. The merits of Linnæus, Celsius, and other learned Swedes, is well known. Kellgren now holds the first rank among the poets. Lidner is in great esteem for his lyrical productions, and Bellman for his anacreontics. The metrical translation of Horace and Virgil, by the Baron Adlarbeth, is considered as a master-piece.

The Iceland tongue is the true Scandinavian, and forms the principal basis of the Danish and Swedish languages. The inhabitants speak it in a degree of purity, both in conversation, and in their public acts. In Denmark and Sweden, a few Runic inscriptions are the only monuments remaining of the ancient primitive language, but in Norway, certain ancient codes of law are yet extant, written in the pure Icelandic language, before it underwent any changes. The grammar of this language is not at all complicated; simplicity and precision mark the syntax; the rules are easily known and observed, the slightest solecism will detect a stranger. The *Sagas*, which recount the historical facts of Iceland, are the favourite reading of the inhabitants. They have now a distinguished author in that kind of literature, M. Espolia, whose sagas have brought down the Icelandic history to our own times. Its poetry has, in all times, been held in great esteem.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

PREPARING for publication, a new edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, of the Rev. T. H. Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in four volumes octavo.

The Outlaw of Taurus, a poem, with Translations from Sophocles; by the author of the Widow of Nain.

The Mona Melodies; being a Collection of Ancient and Original Airs of the Isle of Man.

Immortality, a poem; to which is added, the Pastor.

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The Legend of St Loy, in four cantos; by Mr J. A. Heraud, author of Tottenham, a poem.

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An Account of a three months residence in the Mountainous Country east of Rome; by Maria Graham: with engravings of the Banditti and Peasantry.

Ariconensia; or, Archæological Sketches of Ross and its Vicinity; by the Rev. T. Fosbrooke.

A Map of the Thames from London to Margate, printed from English stone.

Julia Alpinula, the Captive of Stambol, and other Poems; by T. H. Wiffen.

Letters from Mrs Delany, widow of Dr Patrick Delany, to Mrs Frances Hamilton, from 1779 to 1788, comprising many unpublished and interesting Anecdotes of their late Majesties and the Royal Family; now first printed from the original MSS.

A Memoir of the Life of Major Topham, written by himself; containing many sin-

gular Anecdotes of the circle in which he formerly moved.

A Comic Poem on the Coronation Claims; by J. Bisset, Esq.

Travels in Europe during the Pontificate of Leo X.; edited by Mr Mills, author of the History of the Crusades.

A History of Intolerance; by Thomas Clarke.

The Constitution, Order, and Discipline of a New Testament Church; by John Chamberlain, Missionary in India.

Historic Notices in reference to Fotheringay; by the Rev. H. K. Bonney.

Shortly will be published, The Brothers, a monody; and other Poems; by C. A. Elton, Esq.

The One Pound Note, a tale of Mid-Lothian; by Francis Lathom.

Popular Observations on Regimen and Diet; by John Tweed, surgeon.

Medical and Surgical Remarks on Wens, by T. W. W. English, surgeon.

Shortly will appear, Letters written during a Tour through the Duchies of Normandy and Bretagne; by Mrs Charles Stodhard; illustrated with Views, Costumes, &c.

A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. W. Snowden, perpetual curate of Horbury.

Outlines of Midwifery; by Dr Conquest.

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We regret we cannot state any material improvement in the general trade of this country. The little improvement in some foreign markets is more than counterbalanced by the distressed state of the internal trade of the country; which distress is not the work of a day, nor to be removed in a day. Time only can alleviate this distress, and remove its causes. Neither the efforts of Government nor individuals can. The labours of the legislature may disclose our distress and its causes, but we fear they can do little to remedy or remove it. It is in vain to look to old markets where we formerly enjoyed the monopoly, but where it is now the business, the inclination, and the duty, of both government and the people to attend to their own interests and their own wants. From new markets alone we can hope for effectual relief. These may yet be found; but the best of these will not long remain in our power.

Severe as is the pressure upon all our colonial concerns, it will become severer, unless some speedy remedy is devised to check the danger which assails them. The cultivation of the colonies of other nations will, if carried on with the rapidity which it at present is, ruin ours. We must stop the slave trade or our colonies are undone. The measures we have long pursued and are yet pursuing, will never accomplish this object. These only

aggravate the evil and augment its strength. This trade is greatly increased—increasing—it is trebled in extent—and quadrupled in the misery which flows from it. Of its enormous extent the following document is an awful proof. In the House of Commons, it appears, £54,000 nearly was paid for captured negroes, at the rate of £40 a head, for last year only. All the navy of England—all the navies of Europe—will never check it while Africa wishes to carry it on; and while the colonies of our rivals benefit so much by it, as the increased cultivation of Cotton in the United States affords such a striking proof. These governments may enact what laws they please—the violation of these will be winked at. While Africa continues to sell slaves, other nations will buy them. Africa must be taught to abandon that trade, or it never will be abandoned; and till this is done, our colonial prosperity cannot be calculated upon—nay, their ruin is not far distant.

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PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	7 8	8¼ 8½	8 8½	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 3d 3s 6d	2s 10d 3s 0d	2s 8d 3s 1d	2s 8d 4s 3d
Brandy, . . .	4 0 4 6	— —	— —	3 3 4 0
Geneva, . . .	2 2 3 0	— —	— —	2 2 2 4
Grain Whisky, . .	7 3 7 6	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	— —	— —	£35 65
Portugal Red, pipe.	35 46	— —	— —	46 —
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, . . .	60 70	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£7 0 £0 0	5 10 5 15	6 0 6 5	6 5 6 10
Honduras, . .	8 —	5 15 6 0	6 10 7 0	6 5 6 15
Campeachy, . . .	8 —	6 10 7 0	7 0 7 10	— —
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	7 —	7 10 8 0	7 0 — 0	8 0 9 0
Cuba, . .	9 11	9 10 10 0	8 5 8 15	1s 3d 1s 6d
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	7 6 8 6	8 6 9 6	10 0 10 6d
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 7 1 11	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, . .	3 2 3 6	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 0 —	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	1 2 1 8	1 0 1 4	— —
St Domingo, ditto .	— —	1 4 3 0	1 3 1 9	— —
TAR, American, . brl.	20 —	— —	17 —	21 0 —
Archangel, . .	22 23	— —	— —	22 0 —
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	8 6 10 6
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	60 —	59 60	63 —	— —
Home Melted, . .	63 —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	50 52	— —	— —	£46 0 —
Petersburgh Clean, . .	44 45	— —	45 —	41 10 —
FLAX,				
Riga Thics. & Druj. Rak.	— —	— —	— —	63 65
Dutch, . . .	58 100	— —	— —	65 75
Irish, . . .	48 54	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	75 80	— —	— —	3 15 —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 10 —	— —	— —	— —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	34 35	— —	— —	36s —
Montreal ditto, . .	41 46	37 38	38 —	43 —
Pot, . .	38 44	35 36	30 33	37 40
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	35 —	33 34	— —	£35 —
Cod, . . .	34 (p. brl.)—	30 31	— —	29 —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	8 8½	9 9½	0 6½ 0 8	8d 9d
Middling, . .	6½ 7½	7 8	0 4 0 6	— —
Inferior, . .	6 6½	4 5	0 3½ 3¾	— —
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 0 1 1	0 11½ 1 1	1 0 1 0½
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	2 2 2 4	2 1 2 4	1 7 2 0
Good, . .	— —	2 0 2 1	1 6 1 9	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 9 1 11	1 6 1 9	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 3 1 5	1 1 1 5	1 2 1 5
West India, . .	— —	1 0 1 1	0 11 1 1	0 11 1 1
Pernambuco, . .	— —	1 1½ 1 6	1 3½ 1 4½	1 4 1 5
Maranham, . .	— —	1 4 1 5	1 2½ 1 3½	1 3 1 4

Course of Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12 : 5 C. F. Ditto at sight, 12 : 2 Rotterdam, 12 : 6. Antwerp, 12 : 8. Hamburgh, 37 : 3. Altona, 37 : 4. Paris, 25 : 80, 3 days sight. Bourdeaux, 26 : 10. Frankfort on the Maine, 155½. Vienna, 10 : 9, Ef. Fl. Madrid, 34½. Dublin, 8 per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. New Doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½. New dollars, £0 : 4 : 10½. Silver in bars, stand. £0 : 5 : 0.

Weekly price of Stocks, from 2d to 27th June 1820.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.	27th.
Bank stock,	224½ 3¾	shut.	219½ 20	——	——
3 per cent. reduced,	69 8⅝	69⅛ 8¾	68⅝ ½	68¾ ½	68⅝ ¾
3 per cent. consols,	69⅜ ½	shut.	shut.	shut.	shut.
3½ per cent. consols,	77⅛	77 ⅛	76⅝ ¾	76¾ 7	77
4 per cent. consols,	85⅞ 6½	86⅜ ½	86⅝ ¼	86⅜ 6	86⅛ 5⅜
5 per cent. navy ann.	104½ ¾	shut.	shut.	shut.	shut.
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	——	——	67¼	——	——
India stock,	220	shut.	shut.	shut.	shut.
—— bonds,	12 14 pr.	11 13 pr.	10 7 pr.	11 14 pr.	16 18 pr.
Exchequer bills,	2 4 pr.	1 dis. 1 pr.	2 4 dis.	1 2 dis.	par. 1 dis.
Consols for acc.	70¼	70⅞ 70	70⅛ 70	70⅛ 69⅝	69⅞ 70⅛
American 3 per cents.	67	67	66¾	66¾	——
French 5 per cents.	——	——	——	——	——

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced between the 23d of May and 23d of June 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abell, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer
Ackroyd, M. Leeds, earthenware-manufacturer
Ainley, R. Doncaster, silk-mercer
Ainsworth, T. & R. Bolton; J. Thornley, Warrington; and P. Cort, Turton, whitsters
Batters, J. Southampton, grocer
Blazdell, C. St Martin's-lane, Charing-cross, locksmith
Brunn, S. late of Charing-cross, sword-cutler
Butts, T. C. Nag's-head-court, perfumer
Barter, H. Bishop's Waltham, grocer
Bell, J. R. & W. Wilkinson, Old Broad-street, merchants
Bradley, J. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer
Bragg, J. Whitehaven, thread-manufacturer
Bulpin, R. late of Bridgewater, draper
Boydell, J. late of Bethnal-green, coal-merchant
Bright, R. late of Nassau-place, Commercial-road, haberdasher
Caig, P. Liverpool, tailor
Carr, J. late of Wortley, Leeds, & D. R. Tetley, Armley, Leeds, merchants
Coney, R. Strand, plumber
Cramp, S. Vine-street, Westminster, corn-dealer
Chaplin, D. Haverhill, Suffolk, maltster
Clarke, J. Wakefield, Yorkshire, bookseller
Clunie, W. St Martin's-lane
Dawson, J. Meltham, Yorkshire, clothier
Douphrate, J. Brackley, Northamptonshire, tailor
Dowsland, H. jun., & T. R. Davidson, Old Broad-street, ship and insurance-brokers
Dufour, W. F. A. Berners-street, Oxford-street, jeweller
Edwards, C. Gough-square, furrier
Edwards, R. & J., Cradley, Worcestershire, ironmongers
Ellett, J. Crispin-street, Spitalfields, coach-spring-maker
Fallows, W. jun. Hatfield, maltster
Fitzgerald, J. Vine-street, Lambeth, timber-merchant
Frost, G. Wigan, Lancashire, shopkeeper
George, S. Narberth, Pembrokeshire, linen-draper
Green, W. Liverpool, money-scrivener
Green, E. Leeds, earthenware-manufacturer
Gill, T. late of Little Tower-street, hydrometer-maker
Gibbins, T. jun. late of the Flat, Westbury-upon-Severn, master-mariner
Gledston, G. South Blyth, Northumberland, butcher
Hall, H. Nelson Terrace, Kingsland, broker
Hammond, C. Durham, draper
Hancock, J. St James's street, Piccadilly, coach-maker
Hopperton, E. Liverpool, upholsterer
Hargreaves, S. Liverpool, woollen-draper
Harris, C. Bradford, Wiltshire, tanner
Hayles, C. & J. N., Portsmouth, grocers
Hackett, R. Newport, Isle of Wight, spirit-merchant
Hays, P. Little Thames-street, biscuit-baker
Henshaw, F. E. Derby, currier
Hatfield, W. sen. Huntingdon, ironmonger
Huggett, T. now or late of Bermondsey-street, Surrey, grocer
Honyman, J. Church-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer
Hughes, B. Bristol, victualler
Illingworth, R. Waterloo-place, Pall Mall
Jarman, T. Bristol, wine-merchant
Jones, H. Holywell, Flintshire, draper
Johnson, N. Birmingham, bed and mattress-manufacturer
Kay, R. Bury, Lancashire, cotton-spinner
Lindop, R. W. Badhall, Staffordshire
Lott, W. late of Llandilo, Caermarthenshire, druggist
Lowes, G. Commercial-buildings, Mincing-lane, wine-merchant
Lipscombe, W. Exeter, grocer
Longhurst, J. late of Egham-Hythe, Surrey, carpenter

Linney, J. Chester, grocer
Lushington, W. jun. late of Mark-lane, merchant
Macnair, J. jun. & J. Atkinson, Cornhill, merchants
Mattinson, J. now or late of Huddersfield, merchant
Marlton, J. late of Stroud, Gloucestershire, engineer
Marfleet, T. Broad-street, Ratcliff, oilman
Maitland, A. & J. Adderley, Brentford, ironmongers
Mason, G. Chard, Somersetshire, clothier
Miles, W. Oxford-street, linen-draper
Morris, T. jun., late of Wing, Rutlandshire, baker
Newell, S. Horsham, Surrey, baker
Newton, M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, cooper
Nathan, M. & A. Abrams of Old-street, tallow-chandlers
Parrish, T. Brettell-lane, Kingswinford, glass-cutter
Phillips, G. Manchester, plumber
Peters, J. Rathbone-place, Oxford-street, jeweller
Pretty, T. Tipton, Staffordshire, iron-manufacturer
Prentice, A. & T. Shelley, Manchester, muslin-manufacturers
Rae, A. & W. Earle, jun. East London Theatre
Robertson, A. Grosvenor-place, builder
Richardson, W. Wrotham, Kent, inn-keeper
Sadler, S. Birmingham, pump-maker
Stock, G. Bristol, cabinet-maker
Sylvester, W. New Woodstock, mercer and draper
Seward, A. New Sarum, draper
Skilbeck, J. Leeds, linen-draper
Smith, J. Coln, Gloucestershire, tallow-chandler
Slater, J. Manchester, innkeeper
Snowdon, B. Harrow-on-the-Hill, grocer
Smith, G. Leicester-square, tailor
Sutcliffe, J. Halifax, grocer
Searle, L. Weybridge, baker
Stonhill, W. Stewkley, Buckinghamshire, butcher
Studd, J. L. Kirby-street, Hatton Garden, merchant
Trudgett, Bury St Edmunds, miller
Wade, J. late of Keynsham, Somersetshire, and J. Wade, late of Leeds, Yorkshire, woolstaplers
West, W. Bredenbury, Herefordshire
Wilby, I. Ossett, Yorkshire, merchant
Wilkinson, W. Old Broad-street, ship-broker
Watkins, T. late of Ross, Herefordshire, grocer
Wild, J. Whittle, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner
Williams, J. Birmingham, japanner
Woolverton, E. Norwich, cabinet-maker
Whitehead, J. Denshaw, Yorkshire, clothier
Wood, G. Gloucester, marble-mason
Welsford, F. W. Size-lane, merchant
Willey, T. Strand, boot-maker,
Young, G. New Sarum, Wiltshire, grocer

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 30th June 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Adie, R. & J. Macqueen, woollen-manufacturers at Dalkirie, near Crieff, residing in Crieff
Archibald, A. baker and builder, Glasgow
Ballingall, A. & T. merchants and writers, Glasgow
Carmichael, John, road-contractor and merchant at Little Tullythumb, near Perth
Duncan, Robert, shoemaker and spirit-dealer, Glasgow
Ferguson, J. & Co. drysalters and merchants, Glasgow
Fleming, John, merchant, Cupar-Fife
Geddes, and D. Page & Co. merchants, Edinburgh
Hamilton, J. wright and builder, Lanark, and W. Hamilton, wright and builder there
Harper, G. mercantile agent, Edinburgh
Haswell, Robert, merchant, Glasgow
Jeffray, Jas. or J. Jeffray & Co. merchants, Edinburgh
Johnstone, W. & Co. merchants and soda-manufacturers, Glasgow
M'Ruer, J. & Sons, wrights and timber-merchants, Glasgow
Malcolm & D. Keith, merchant-tailors, Greenock
Macnab, J. merchant, Summerhall, Sciennes, Edinburgh
Porteous, D. brewer in Crieff, and carrying on business as a distiller there under the firm of John Porteous
Rodger, James, cloth-merchant, Greenock
Roxburgh, A. & J. carpet-manufacturers, Kilmarnock
Sclanders, A. baker and grain-merchant, Glasgow
Scott, Hugh, haberdasher and cloth-merchant, Greenock.
Toshach, J. wright and cabinet-maker, Calton, Glasgow

DIVIDENDS.

Anderson & Macdowall, booksellers, Edinburgh; by the trustee, 14th July
Blair, William, late printer and publisher in Edinburgh; a dividend of 1s. on 11th July, by Mr John Spence, accountant there
Dick, John, bookseller, Edinburgh, a dividend of 1s. on 31st July, by Alex. Macredie, bookseller there
Forrester, Anderson, & Jarvie, hardware-merchants, Glasgow; by D. Cuthbertson, accountant there, 3d July
Foyer, J. of Cuilt, parish of Strathblane, one of the partners of Aitken, Macindoe, & Co. calico-printers and merchants, Glasgow; by W. Brock, merchant, Glasgow, 4th July
Graham, A. & Co. merchants, Glasgow, and carrying on business in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, under the firm of Graham, M'Nicol, & Co.; by D. Smith, merchant, Greenock, 17th July.
Kay, A. & Son, wrights and cabinet-makers, Glasgow; by Hector Grant, accountant there, 26th July
M'Allaster & Duncan, merchants, Glasgow; by W. Rose, merchant there, 14th July
M'Donald & M'Phail, merchants, Glasgow; by H. Paul, accountant there, 6th July
Newbigging, A. & Co. merchants, Glasgow; by W. Brock, merchant there, 11th July.
Paul, Daniel, merchant, Greenock; a dividend of 3s. 9d. on 20th July, by Mr Archibald Black, at his counting-house there.
Ross, Thomas, merchant, Montrose; a dividend on and after 15th July
Saunders & Mellis, merchants, Aberdeen; a dividend of 1s. 6d. on 27th July, by A. Cheyne, merchant there
Souter & Walker, wood-merchants and boat-builders, Dundee; by John Symers, banker there, 13th July
Steele, John, carver and gilder, and dealer in prints, in Edinburgh; a dividend of 3s. 3d. on 28th July, by James Malcolm, writer there
The Gorbals Spinning Company; by the trustees, 5th July
Scott & Balmanno, merchants, Glasgow; by John M'Gavin, accountant there, 14th July

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EDINBURGH.—July 5.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....39s. 0d.	1st,.....28s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.
2d,.....37s. 0d.	2d,.....26s. 6d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.
3d,.....34s. 0d.	3d,.....24s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 6d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 17 : 2 6-12ths per boll.

Tuesday, July 4.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 16d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone,	18s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.
Quartern Loaf	0s. 10d. to 0s. 11d.	Tallow, per stone	8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.

HADDINGTON.—JULY 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....38s. 6d.	1st,.....29s. 0d.	1st,.....23s. 6d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.
2d,.....36s. 6d.	2d,.....26s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.
3d,.....35s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 16 : 10 2-12ths.

London, Corn Exchange, July 3.

	s. s.		s. s.
Wheat, Red	58 to 63	Hog Pease	41 to 44
Fine ditto	64 to 66	Maple	44 to 46
Superfine ditto	68 to 72	White pease	42 to 44
White	58 to 64	Boilers	46 to 50
Fine ditto	66 to 72	New do.	— to —
Superfine do.	75 to 78	Small Beans	43 to 44
Old do.	— to —	Old do.	— to —
Foreign	— to —	Tick do.	36 to 39
Brank, new	32 to 38	Old do.	— to —
Rye	38 to 40	Foreign	36 to 38
Fine do.	40 to 41	Feed Oats	20 to 24
Barley	28 to 32	Fine do.	25 to 26
Fine do.	34 to 36	Poland do	23 to 26
Superfine	37 to 39	Fine do.	27 to 28
Malt	50 to 60	Potato do.	25 to 27
Fine do.	65 to 68	Fine do.	23 to 30

Seeds, &c.

	s. s.		s. s.
Must. Brown,	12 to 15	Hempseed	48 to 56
—White	14 to 15	Linseed crush.	56 to 63
Tares	8 to 9	New for. Seed	70 to 76
Turnip, White	17 to 20	Ribgrass	18 to 44
—New	0 to 0	Clover, Red	42 to 74
—Yellow	20 to 24	— White	50 to 106
Caraway, new	60 to 65	Coriander	16 to 20
Canary, new	84 to 88	Trefoil,	30 to 72

New Rapeseed, £38 to £40.

Liverpool, July 4.

	s. d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.		Pease, grey	36 0 to 40 0
Eng. new	10 3 to 10 9	—White	48 0 to 56 0
American	9 0 to 9 9	Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	17 0 to 18 0
Dantzic	10 0 to 10 3	Irish	44 0 to 46 0
Dutch Red	9 3 to 9 9	Ameri. p. 196 lb.	
Riga	8 6 to 9 3	Sweet, U.S.	36 0 to 38 0
Archangel	8 6 to 9 3	Do. in bond	26 0 to 28 0
Canada	9 0 to 9 6	Sour do.	34 0 to 36 0
Scotch	9 9 to 10 3	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	
Irish	9 4 to 9 6	English	33 0 to 35 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.		Scotch	29 0 to 32 0
Eng. grind.	5 3 to 5 6	Irish	26 0 to 32 0
—Malting	0 0 to 0 0	Bran, p. 24 lbs.	1 2 to 1 4
Scotch	4 10 to 5 4	*Butter, Beef, &c.*	
Irish	4 2 to 4 8	Butter, per cwt.	s. s.
Oats, per 45 lb.		Belfast	94 to 95
Eng. pota.	3 6 to 3 10	Newry	93 to 94
Irish do.	3 3 to 3 7	Waterford	91 to 92
Scotch do.	3 8 to 3 10	Cork, pick. 2d, 93 to 94	
Rye, per qr.	40 0 to 42 0	3d dry	78 to 80
Malt per b.		Beef, p. tierce	110 to 120
—Fine	9 6 to 10 0	Tongu. p. firk.	75 to 80
—Middling	7 6 to 8 0	Pork, p. brl.	70 to 80
Beans, pr qr.		Bacon, per cwt.	
English	47 0 to 50 0	—Short middles	57 to 58
Irish	43 0 to 45 0	Hams, dry	55 to 58
Rapeseed, p. l.	£36 to £38		

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 24th June 1820.

Wheat, 69s. 8d.—Rye, 43s. 1d.—Barley, 35s. 0d.—Oats, 25s. 9d.—Beans, 45s. 1d.—Pease, 46s. 4d. Oatmeal, 26s. 4d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th June 1820.

Wheat, 67s. 0d.—Rye, 37s. 4d.—Barley, 30s. 7d.—Oats, 24s. 5d.—Beans, 35s. 0d.—Pease, 34s. 7d. Oatmeal, 19s. 10d.—Beer or Big, 27s. 2d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE first fifteen days of June were wet and coldish, the Thermometer seldom rising to 60. After the 16th there was scarcely any rain, and the temperature improved. On the 23d the Thermometer rose to 67, on the 24th to 71, on the 25th to 77, and on the 27th to 78½. A thick fog from the east, during the night of the 27th, produced a sudden depression of temperature, which still continues. On the 28th the Thermometer did not rise above 62, and the highest on the 30th was only 60. The average temperature of the whole month exceeds that of 1819 by half a degree; the Hygrometer is also half a degree higher, and the quantity of rain nearly an inch less. There is a similar coincidence between the two seasons, in the temperature of spring water and the mean daily range of the Barometer. It is worthy of remark, however, that notwithstanding the similarity in the general averages of the two seasons, the maximum temperature of June this year exceeds the maximum of June last year, by *ten degrees and a half*, being only one degree below the maximum of June 1818, while the mean of the greatest daily heat is fully a degree lower than that of June 1819. We notice this fact, simply as illustrative of the rapid changes to which our climate is liable; and as a farther proof of this we may also state, that the maximum temperature of the 20th of June was only 58, while that of the 27th was 78½, or *twenty degrees and a half* higher.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

June 1820.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	61.5
.....cold,	47.6
.....temperature, 10 A.M.	57.1
....., 10 P.M.	52.3
.....of daily extremes,	54.6
.....10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	54.7
..... 4 daily observations,	54.6
Whole range of thermometer,	417.0
Mean daily ditto,	13.9
..... temperature of spring water,	51.9

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 59.)	29.795
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 59.)	29.815
..... both, (temp. of mer. 59.)	29.803
Whole range of barometer,	5.485
Mean ditto, during the day,	.098
..... night,	.084
..... in 24 hours,	.182

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	1.745
Evaporation in ditto,	2.370
Mean daily Evaporation,	.079
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	28.7
..... 10 P. M.	14.2
..... both	21.4
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	45.2
..... 10 P.M.	46.3
..... both,	45.7
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	69.1
..... 10 P. M.	82.4
..... both,	75.8
.....Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	.216
..... 10 P.M.	.220
..... both,	.218

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Maximum, 27th day	78.5
Minimum, 9th,	40.0
Lowest maximum, 10th,	54.0
Highest minimum, 25th,	60.0
Highest, 10 A.M. 26th,	75.5
Lowest ditto, 10th,	51.5
Highest, 10 P.M. 25th,	68.0
Lowest ditto 11th,	45.5
Greatest range in 24 hours, 27th,	24.5
Least ditto, 3d,	9.5

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Highest, 10 A. M. 26th,	30.300
Lowest ditto, 1st,	29.045
Highest, 10 P. M. 27th,	30.330
Lowest ditto, 1st,	29.160
Greatest range in 24 hours, 11th,	.625
Least ditto, 12th,	.029

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 18th,	47.0
..... Lowest ditto, 11th,	6.0
..... Highest, 10 P.M. 7th,	30.0
..... Lowest ditto, 5th,	7.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M. 26th,	64.0
..... Lowest ditto, 10th,	35.0
..... Highest 10 P.M. 25th,	64.0
..... Lowest ditto, 7th,	33.0
.....Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M. 11th,	93.0
..... Least ditto, 7th,	55.0
..... Greatest, 10 P.M. 5th,	90.0
..... Least ditto, 7th,	59.0
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M. 26th,	.379
..... Least ditto 10th,	.150
..... Greatest, 10 P.M. 25th,	.375
..... Least ditto, 7th,	.141

Fair days, 18; rainy days, 12. Wind west of meridian, 22; east of meridian, 8.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Baром.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Baром.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
June 1	M.38	28.916	M.55	S.W.	Heavy rain.	June 16	M.38½	29.728	M.57	Cble.	Fair,but dull
	E. 53	.961	E. 52				E. 53	.702	E. 59		
2	M.38½	29.205	M.58	Cble.	Rain morn. fair day.	17	M.40½	.657	M.60	Cble.	Dull morn. sunshine day
	E. 54	.277	E. 54				E. 53	.657	E. 59		
3	M.38	.359	M.53	N.W.	Fair day, rain night.	18	M.39	.719	M.59	E.	Fair fore. rain after.
	E. 50	.340	E. 54				E. 53	.284	E. 58		
4	M.39	.554	M.52	W.	Fair.	19	M.39	.296	M.60	E.	Dull fore. rain after.
	E. 49	.562	E. 53				E. 55	.180	E. 59		
5	M.38	.684	M.56	W.	Dull foren. rain aftern.	20	M.42	.542	M.58	E.	Warm fore. rain after.
	E. 50	.633	E. 55				E. 56	.608	E. 58		
6	M.39	.910	M.55	Cble.	Heavy rain. mor. fair day	21	M.43½	.685	M.59	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
	E. 50	.805	E. 56				E. 56	.712	E. 60		
7	M.42	.652	M.59	W.	Fair,but dull	22	M.43½	.688	M.59	Cble.	Dull, day, rain even.
	E. 53	.660	E. 56				E. 60	.602	E. 61		
8	M.38½	.708	M.57	W.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	23	M.50	.771	M.62	W.	Dull dy.with showers rain
	E. 53	.603	E. 55				E. 65	.852	E. 65		
9	M.38	.427	M.55	Cble.	Showery day	24	M.49	.952	M.69	W.	Hot, clear, sunshine.
	E. 51	.491	E. 51				E. 65	.940	E. 69		
10	M.42	.445	M.53	Cble.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	25	M.53	30.117	M.70	W.	Ditto.
	E. 48	.220	E. 50				E. 70	.132	E. 76		
11	M.37	28.998	M.52	E.	Rain morn. fair day.	26	M.66½	.204	M.78	W.	Ditto.
	E. 50	.482	E. 52				E. 74	.176	E. 76		
12	M.37	.726	M.57	E.	Mild, with sunshine.	27	M.55	.180	M.77	E.	Ditto.
	E. 53	.788	E. 56				E. 71	.151	E. 70		
13	M.40	.652	M.55	Cble.	Dull day, with showers	28	M.48	.126	M.69	E.	Foggy fore. sunshine aft.
	E. 49	.795	E. 55				E. 58	.101	E. 67		
14	M.38	.772	M.57	Cble.	Mild morn. rain day.	29	M.47	29.927	M.64	E.	Ditto.
	E. 54	.582	E. 55				E. 54	.860	E. 61		
15	M.38	.712	M.54	Cble.	Fair,but dull	30	M.42	.880	M.59	E.	Fair, with sunshine.
	E. 49	.680	E. 55				E. 52	.936	E. 57		

Average of Rain, 3.400 in.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL.

Lord Glenorchy, only son of the Earl of Breadalbane, has been returned Member of Parliament for Oakhampton, in room of A. Saville, Esq. who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Magistrates and Town Council of Queensferry have unanimously presented the Rev. Thomas Dimma, A.M. to the church of that parish, vacant by the death of the Rev. John Henderson.

On Thursday, the 6th of July, the Associate Congregation of Tranent gave a unanimous call to Mr John Macgilchrist to be their pastor.

III. MILITARY.

Captain Bates, R. Art. to be Major in the Army 12th Aug. 1819
—— Kettlewell, R. Art. to be Major in the Army do.
—— Fitz Gerald, 12 F. to be Major in the Army do.
4 Dr. Lieut. Pratt, Capt. by purch. vice Holmes, ret. 25th May 1820
Cornet Wilmot, Lieut. by purch. do.
G. Robbins, Cor. by purch. do.
13 Dr. Lt.-Col. Sir J. Browne, fm. 21 Dr. Lieut. Col. 9th May
15 Bt. Lieut.-Col. Thackwell, Lt.-Col. vice Dalrymple, dead 15th June
Capt. Whiteford, Major do.
Lieut. Stewart, Captain do.
W. F. Chetwynd, Cornet by purch. do.
19 Capt. Moultrie, Major by purch. vice Geils, ret. 25th May
Lieut. Ruddach, Capt. by purch. do.
Cornet Jolliffe, Lieut. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet G. Duncombe, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Cornet by purch. do.
21 Lieut. Wood, Capt. by purch. vice Hare, ret. 8th June
Cornet Forward, Lieut. by purch. do.
Gr. Gds. Ens. & Lt. Hon. W. S. Lascelles, fm. h. p. Ens. & Lieut. by purch. vice Bruce do.
Cold. Gs. Hon. W. T. Graves, Ens. & Lieut. vice Fitz Clarence, Cape Corps do.
4 F. Serj. Maj. Kelly, Adj. and Ens. vice Graham, res. Adj. only 18th May
Ens. Jackson, Lieut. vice Duthy, dead 24th May
Lieut. Cotton, fm. h. p. R. Art. Lieut. vice Robinson, dead 25th May
—— Chetwoode, Ensign, vice Clarke, dead 24th May
R. N. Shea, Ensign, vice Jackson 25th May
16 Ensign M'Manus, Lieut. vice Drummond, dead 16th April
—— Connor, Lieut. by purch. vice MacManus, canc. 20th April
—— Luxmore, Ens. by purch. vice M'Manus, 1st June
19 Lt. Wildley, fm. h. p. 13 Dr. Paym. vice Nicholls, dead 15th June
27 Ensign Nelson, Lieut. vice Fortesque, 3 Vet. Bn. 25th May
C. F. Neynoe, Ensign do.
34 Bt. Maj. Faunt, Major, vice Worseley, dead do.
Lieut. Ellis, Captain do.
Ensign Lax, Lieut. do.
—— Burrows, fm. h. p. York Chass. Ensign do.
37 Lieut. Fox, fm. h. p. 99 F. Qua. Mast. vice Blake, canc. 15th June
38 —— Vassal, Ensign, vice Markham, Cape Corps 1st June
41 Surg. Cowen. fm. 10. Vet. Bn. Surg. vice Waring, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn. 8th June
46 Ensign Sutherland, fm. 76 F. Lieut. vice Orange, dead 15th June
55 Lieut. Mackay, Adj. vice Nicholson, res. Adj. only 8th June
60 —— Muller, Capt. vice Bowers, dead 18th May
Ensign Bartlett, Lieut. do.
A. M. J. Durnford, Ensign do.
Lt. Bruce, fm. 1 F. Gds. Capt. by purch. vice De Reynaud, ret. 25th May
Assist. Surg. Smith, fm. h. p. Assist. Surg. vice Simpson, dead do.
60 Ensign Shaw, fm. h. p. 57 F. Ensign, vice Durnford, 2 Vet. Bn. 15th June
68 Gent. Cadet P. Maitland, fm. R. Mill. Coll. Ensign do.
75 R. Drewe, Ensign, vice Roskrow, dead, 1st do.
74 Lieut. Mannin, Capt. by purch. vice Cargill, ret. do.
Ensign Taylor, Lieut. by purch. do.
T. Gordon, Ensign, by purch. do.
76 W. B. Bowen, Ensign, vice Sutherland, 46 F. 15th do.
82 Ensign Delancey, Lieut. by purch. vice Harman, ret. 8th do.
E. M. Wigley, Ensign do.
83 Ensign O'Brien, Lieut. vice M'Bean, 2 Ceylon R. do.
R. F. Lisle, Ensign do.
93 Lieut. Macdonald, Capt. by purch. vice Cooke, ret. do.
Ensign Wilson, Lieut. by purch. do.
H. H. Rose, Ensign, by purch. do.
2 W. I R. Capt. Gell, fm. h. p. 95 F. Capt. vice M'Intyre, 2 Vet. Bn. 18th May
1 Cey. R. Qua. Mast. Kennedy, 2d Lieut. vice Gray, pro. 25th Dec. 1819
Lt. Fox. fm. Ceylon Pioneer Lascars, Qua. Mast. vice Kennedy do.

Cape Corps.

Cavalry. Capt. Somerset, fm. Infantry, Captain 25th Oct. 1819
Lieut. Hon. J. Massey, fm. h. p. 20 Dr. Lieut. 25th May 1820
C. T. Bird, Cornet do.
Infant. Lieut. Stuart, fm. 72 F. Captain 25th Oct. 1819
—— Aitchison, fm. h. p. R. Art. Captain do.
—— Fitz Clarence, fm. 2 F. G. Capt. do.
—— Stockenstrom, do. vice Somerset do.
—— Armstrong, fm. Afr. Corps. Lieut. vice Fleeson, h. p. Afr. Corps do.
Ensign Knight, Lieut. do.
—— Hon. G. T. Kepple, fm. 22 F. Lt. do.
—— Markham, fm. 38 F. Lieut. vice Stockenstrom do.
Gent. Cadet H. D. Warden, fm. R. Mil. Col. Ensign do.
—— M. Richmond, fm. R. Mil. Col. Ensign do.
J. Fleischer, Ensign 22d Oct. 1819
G. Humphreys, Qua. Mast. 25th May 1820
Kirkcudbright Militia. D. Maxwell, jun. Col. vice Fullarton, res. 25th April

Ordnance Department.

R. Art. Bt. Col. Sir G. A. Wood, Col. 11th May
Bt. Lt. Col. A. Macdonald, Lieut. Col. do.
Major Caddy. fm. h. p. Maj. do.
1st Lieut. Wood, 2d Capt. do.
—— Wilson, fm. h. p. 1st Lieut. do.
2d Lieut. Mee, 1st Lieut. do.
R. Art. —— O'Brien, fm. h. p. 2d Lieut. do.
1st Lieut. Molesworth, fm. h. p. 1st Lieut. 12th May
2d Lieut. Desbrisay, fm. h. p. 2d Lt. do.
—— Mudge, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.

Royal Engineers.

Gent. Cadet T. A. Larcom, 2d Lieut. 1st June

Garrison.

M. Gen. Griffiths. Capt. Yarmouth, Castle Isle of Wight, vice Worseley, dead 25th May

Medical Department.

Inspector Hume, from h. p. Inspector of Hospitals 27th April

Exchanges.

Brevet Lt. Col. Cathcart, from 2 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay Troop and full pay Comp. with Capt. Mackenzie, h. p. 92 F.
Capt. Stracey, from 3 Dr. G. with Capt. Stewart, 25 F.
—— Llewellyn, from 12 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Fitz-Gerald, h. p. 83 F.
—— Hobbs, from 92 F. with Capt. Mitchell, h. p. 25 F.
—— Sidaway, from R. Wagg. Train, with Capt. Jackson, h. p.
—— Amiel, from 27 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Bogue, h. p. 94 F.

Capt. Dick, from 1 Ceylon Regt. with Capt. Anderson, h. p. 7 F.
—— Wharton, from Sub Insp. Mil. Ionian Isl. with Capt. Carrol, h. p. 43 F.
—— Sir C. Payne, fm. 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Blakiston, h. p. 25 Dr.
—— Nickson, Gren. Guards, with Capt. Bruce, 60 F.
Lieut. Mairis, from 78 F. with Lieut. Taylor, h. p. 56 F.
—— Scholey, from 7 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Moises. h. p. 9 F.
—— Lang. from 19 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Methold, h. p. 23 F.
—— Law, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Tritton, h. p. 21 Dr.
—— Mure, from Gren. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Loftus, h. p.
—— Christian from 19 F. rec. diff. with Captain Chambers, 34 F.
—— Orange, from 89 F. with Lieut. Freer, Rifle Brig.
Cornet Enery, from 2 Dr G. with Ensign Stewart, 72 F.
2d Lieut. Kennedy, from 1 Ceylon Regt. with 2d Lieut. Mylius, h. p. Bourbon Regt.
Ensign Hurst, from 72 F. with Ensign Rainsford, h. p. 66 F.
—— Shaw, from 8 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Pickwick, h. p. York Ra.
—— Harrison, from 86 F. with Ensign Murphy, h. p. 40 F.
—— Tait, from 46 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Drew, h. p. 78 F.
—— Fraser, from Cape Inf. with Lieut. Lavoine, h. p. 60 F.
Paymaster Hart, fm. 32 F. with Paymaster Eagar, h. p. York Rang.
Qua. Mast. Tyrrell, from 61 F. with Qua. Mast. Clarke, h. p. York Rang.
Surgeon Punshon, from 83 F. with Surgeon Tod, h. p. 52 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel Fullarton, Kircudbright Militia
Major Geils, 19 Dr.
—— De Reynaud, 60 F.
—— Cooke, 93 F.
Captain Holmes, 4 Dr.
—— Cargill, 74 F.
—— Hare, 21 Dr.
Lieut. Harman, 82 F.

Appointment Cancelled.

Quarter-Master Blake, 37 F.

Deaths.

Lieut. Col. Dalrymple, 15th Hussars 15th June 1820
—— Mole, h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Scarborough
Major A. M'Lauchlan, R. Mar. June
Barnes, h. p. Newfoundl. Fenc. Douglas, Isle of Man 23d March
Captain Bowers, 1 Bn. 60 F. Quebec 1st April
—— Fullarton, h. p. 1 F. Edinburgh 21st June
—— F. P. Drummond, h. p. 98 F. 4th do.
—— Boyton, h. p. West India Rang. off Cork 21st April
—— Hall, ret. 4 Vet. Bn. Stavely Chesterfield 8th do.
Lieut. Jordan, 11 Dr. Dinapore, Bengal 7th Nov. 1819
—— Drummond, 16 F.
—— Smith, 46 F. Madras 21st Jan. 1820
—— Baynham 67 F. Bombay 5th Dec. 1819
—— Bolton, 68 F. Amherstburgh, Upper Canada 21st Feb. 1820
—— M'Adam, h. p. 98 F.
W. Campbell, h. p. 38 F. 5th Feb.
—— Jack, h. p. 60 F. as Fort Adj. at St Vincent's 30th March
—— Addison, h. p. 101 F. Thirsk, North Britain 27th May
—— Wambey, Ret. Invalids 20th April
—— O'Hea, late Irish Invalids, Cork May
—— Hunter, 67 F. Bombay
Ensign Dunlop, 38 F. 19th May 1820
—— Janns, 67 F. Bombay 30th Nov. 1819
—— Roskrow, 75 F.
Qua. Mast. Randall, 2 Vet. Bn.
Assist. Sur. Hamilton, 48 F. Hobart's Town, Van Dieman's Land 18th Jan. 1820

Medical Department.

Staff. Surg. Thomson, h. p. Calais 17th April
Hosp. Assist. Farquhar, Africa

IV. NAVAL.

Promotions.

Names.	Names.	Names.
Captains.	John Balfour Maxwell	Charles Parker
Henry Forbes	B. W. Walker	*Royal Marines.*
Wm. Walpole	Wm. Sherwood	*Captain.*
Commanders.	Frederick Abraham Smith	Gilbert Laugdon
Robert Tait	Robert Gregory Welch	*1st Lieut.*
George Cornish Gambier	Henry Ashfield	William Calamy
Edward Augustus Frankland	William Mills	*2d Lieut.*
Thomas George Wills	Godfrey Lampleigh Wolley	Frederick Woodmeston
Joddrell Leigh	Wm. Honyman Henderson	*Surgeons.*
Lieutenants.	William Worfold	James Patton
George Howe Freemantle	William Maxwell	John Tarn
George Fred. Hotham	Chas. Bentham	Joseph M'Lean
Henry Dundas	Augustus George Barrette	*Assist. Surgeon.*
Thomas Gregg	John Billingsley	Arthur Savage

Appointments.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
Captains.		Rob. Gregory Welch	Confiance
Henry Stanhope	Alacrity	H. D'E. Darby	Conway
Joddrell Leigh	Barn	Wm. Robertson	Ditto
Frederick Marryat	Beaver	Hon. C. Legge	Ditto
Basil Hall	Conway	T. E. Hoste	Creole
Adam M'Kenzie	Creole	Gabriel Christie	Ditto
G. C. Gambier	Curlew	Hon. W. Waldegrave	Ditto
Robert Tait	Larne	William Mills	Curlew
C. M. Schomberg	Rochfort	Henry Dundas	Glasgow
J. W. Roberts	Shearwater	E. S. Clerkson	Harlequin
John Phillimore	Will. & Mary Yt.	C. S. Cochrane	Icarus
Peter Fisher	Wye	Chas. Parker	Iphigenia
Lieutenants.		John Billingsley	Ditto
D. J. Dickson	Alacrity	Henry Jenkins	Liffey
Alex. Sharp	Beaver	Geo. F. Hotham	Minden

Names.	Ships.
Fred. A. Smith	Myrmidon
M. B. Jones	Ditto
B. W. Walker	Nautilus
J. E. Griffith F. L.	Newcastle
M. J. Currie	Nimrod
Wm. Maxwell	Ontario
A. G. Barrette	Parthian
Thomas Hills	Pigmy
Edward Handfield	Revolutionnaire
Edward Sparshott	Rochfort
Richard Anderson	Ditto
Peter Wyberg	Ditto
Chas. H. Freemantle	Ditto
Henry Eden, F. L.	Ditto
Wm. Doveton	Rosario
Thomas Gregg	Sapphire
G. L. Wolley	Ditto
Augustus Arabin	Sappho
W. R. Ward	Ditto
M. H. Sweney	Severn
Amos Plymsell	Shearwater
R. J. Nash	Snapper
Wm. Blackford	Tamar
Charles Bentham	Topaze
N. Gould	Drake, Rev. Cut.
G. F. Herbert	Harpy, ditto
J. R. R. Webb	Hind, ditto
W. H. Miller	Active, ditto
James St John	Fox, ditto
G. A. Field	Royal Charlotte, do.
George Read	Hardwick, ditto
J. C. Morris	Richmond, ditto
Henry Beatson	Wickham, ditto
Royal Marines.	
Capt. Robert White	Glasgow
Capt. Edward Jones	Rochford
1st Lt. Joseph Walker	Ditto
2d Lt. Edmond Hearle	Ditto
2d Lt. A. Beeston	Conway
Masters.	
Phillip Miller	Active
S. Douglas	Alacrity
Ed. Hankin	Beaver
Wm. Read	Cameleon
S. T. Taylor	Cherokee
Geo. Hannaford	Clinker
F. P. Bentley	Conway
Rob. Thomson	Creole
Chas. Brown	Iphigenia
Wm. Scott	Larne
Jas. Letheney	Nimrod
Wm. Beach	Phaeton
Geo. Smith	Redwing
Alex. Louthian	Rochfort
Jos. Ramsay	Roy. Charlotte Yt.
Joseph Oakey	Shearwater
Rob. Scott	Wasp
John Willis	Will. & Mary Yt.
Peter Black	Wye
Surgeons.	
Andrew Barrie	Alacrity
Robert Dunn	Beaver
George Birnie	Conway
William Shoveller	Creole
Ham. Baillie	Dover
John Laird	Pandora
Evan Davies	Pheasant
Alex. Gilfellan	Rosario
R. Tobin	Roy. Charlotte Yt.
Robert Williams	Sappho
Joseph M'Lean	Serapis
James Browne	Chatham, ordinary
Supernumeraries.	
Douglas Kirk	Sybille
Alexander Stewart	Ditto
Assist. Surgeons.	
P. H. Scott	Alacrity
John Patton	Beaver
John Houston	Conway
C. R. Schumaker	Dwarf
Joseph Gay	Leven
Peter Lothian	Northumberland
John Wilson	Rochfort
Stephen Mason	Severn
Arthur Savage	Snapper
Supernumeraries.	
Thomas Conolly	Sybille
George Robertson	Ditto
Pursers.	
Ja. Lambert	Alacrity
Wm. Paul	Beaver
Andrew Inderwick	Conway
R. G. Didham	Creole
J. B. Soden,	Icarus
John Orchard	Shearwater
G. V. Oughton	Tribune
Chaplains.	
D. Lloyd	Queen Charlotte
John Luby,	Tribune
W. D. Carter,	Vigo

Miscellaneous Appointments.

Surgeon of Greenwich Hospital, George Vance.
Surgeon of Haslar Hospital, John Mortimer.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

January 17, 1820. At Calcutta, the lady of Hugh Hope, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's service, a son.

March 31. At Astrachan, the wife of the Rev. John Jack, missionary, a son.

May 12. At Richmond Barrack, Dublin, the lady of Dr M'Pherson, 42d, or Royal Highlanders, a son.

22. At Hatton Castle, Mrs Duff of Hatton, a son.

21. At Great King-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Cathcart, a daughter.

27. At Redcastle, the lady of Patrick Grant, Esq. a son.

28. At Liverpool, Mrs Dr Hannay, a daughter.

31. At Melville-street, Edinburgh, the lady of B. B. S. Stafford, Esq. a daughter.

— In Upper Harley-street, London, the lady of Mr Stuart, a son.

June 2. At Rochdale, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Macgregor, 88th regiment, a son.

— The lady of Godfrey Meynell, Esq. of Meynell Langley, Derbyshire, a son.

3. At Dunblane, Mrs Mallach, a son.

4. Mrs Blackwell, York-place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At his house in Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, the lady of J. C. Macleod, Esq. a son.

5. At Portland-place, London, the lady of Alexander Macgregor, Esq. of Balhaddies, a daughter.

— At Hollybent Cottage, the lady of Andrew Hunter, Esq. younger of Bonnyton, a son.

9. Mrs Young, Palmer's Buildings, 17, West Nicolson's-street, Edinburgh, a son.

10. At Canaan, near Edinburgh, Mrs James Ballantyne, twin daughters.

11. At Marshall-place, Perth, Mrs Gloag, a son.

11. At Edinburgh, the lady of John Street, Esq. of the Royal Artillery, a daughter.

— At his Grace's house in Upper Grosvenor-street, London, her Grace the Duchess of Richmond, a son.

12. At Edinburgh, Mrs Chisholm, 4th royal veteran battalion, a son.

13. In Heriot-row, Edinburgh, Lady Douglas, a son.

— At Stirling, Mrs Fraser of Farraline, a daughter.

16. At Barjarg, the lady of William Francis Hunter, Esq. a son.

17. At Bishop's Court, Isle of Man, Lady S. Murray, a son.

19. At Bath, the lady of Dr Bowie, a son.

22. At Dovecot, Musselburgh, Mrs Home, a daughter, who died the same day.

— At her house in Arlington-street, London, the Duchess of Rutland, a son.

23. In 55, Hanover-street, Edinburgh, Mrs John Andrew, a son.

24. At Barossa-place, Perth, Mrs Caw, wife of Thomas Caw, Esq. collector of the customs, a son.

— The lady of Michael Stewart Nicolson, Esq. of Carnock, a son and heir.

25. Mrs Patison, Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

27. At No 15, Hill-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Graham, a son.

28. At Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, the lady of Sir James Montgomery, Bart. M.P. a daughter.

July 1. At her house, 105, Constitution-street, Leith, Mrs George Crichton, a daughter.

2. At Campie, near Musselburgh, the lady of North Dalrymple, Esq. a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Dec. 18, 1819. At Barrackpore, Donald M'Intyre, Esq. merchant, Calcutta, to Margaret, second daughter of John Mackenzie, Esq. of Kincraig, Ross-shire.

May 6, 1820. At Chapelton of New Kilpatrick, the Rev. Peter Currie, Cumbernauld, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Robert Aiken of Chapelton.

13. At Perth, Mr William Gordon, writer, to Miss Haddo Stewart, daughter of Deacon Robert Stewart, Perth.

25. At Leatherhead, William Brown, Esq. of Aberdeen, to Hannah, daughter of Joseph Burchell, Esq.

27. At St Mary-la-bonne Church, London, Alexander Mackintosh, Esq. of Great Portland-street, to Mary, eldest daughter of Lachlan Robert Mackintosh, Esq. of Beverly Lodge, near Colchester, and Dalmunzie, Perthshire.

June 1. At Gilston-house, Fifeshire, Captain John Whitehill Parsons, 10th hussars, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Major-General Dewar of Gilston.

— At Edinburgh, Archibald Johnston, Esq. younger, of Pittowie, to Miss Clarkson, daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Clarkson, of the Honourable the East India Company's service.

— At Aberdeen, John Fraser, Esq. of London, to Jane, eldest daughter of George Still, Esq. of Milden.

— At Mary-la-bonne Church, London, Admiral James Douglas, second son of the late Admiral Sir James Douglas, Bart. to Mrs Blathwayt of Braynston-square.

2. At West Row, near Biggar, Mr J. Walker, japanner, Edinburgh, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr T. Inglis there.

— At Arbroath, David Scott, jun. Esq. of Newton, to Margaret, daughter of the Rev. George Gleig.

5. At Edinburgh, Warren Hastings Sands, Esq. W.S. to Miss Harriet Lindesay, youngest daughter of the late Henry Bethune, Esq. of Kilconquhar.

— At Tillywhandland, James Walker, writer, Forfar, to Catharine, daughter of Mr William Michie of Carseburn.

— At Bellfield, George Fulton, Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Stalker, Esq.

6. At Edinburgh, Mr John Brewster, General Post-office, to Magdaline Strachan, daughter of the deceased Mr Daniel Lizars, engraver.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Maclachlan, bookseller, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Mr John Steele, merchant there.

7. D. Charles Guthrie, Esq. to Jean Campbell, daughter of the late Sir John Hunter, his Majesty's consul-general in Spain.

8. At London, the Right Hon. Robert Peel, M.P. eldest son of Sir Robert Peel, Bart. to Miss Julia Floyd, youngest daughter of the late General Sir John Floyd, Bart.

— At Camberwell Church, George Warden, Esq. of Glasgow, to Sally, eldest daughter of Vincent Wanestrocht, Esq. of Alfred-house, Camberwell.

— At Glasgow, A. F. Gray, Esq. comptroller of his Majesty's customs, Irvine, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Benjamin Barton, Esq. commissary-clerk of Glasgow.

— At Lybster, in Caithness, David Laing, Esq. surgeon, to Susan, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sinclair of Lybster.

10. At Cousland, John Bonar, Esq. of the Grove, to Jessie, youngest daughter of Mr George Dickson, Cousland.

— At London, James Imlack, Esq. of Banff, to Isabella, daughter of the Rev. William Leslie of Balnageith, county of Moray.

12. At Glasgow, Mr William Matheson, merchant, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late William Scott, Esq. of Sandyfaulds.

— Michael Ramsay, Esq. of the Honourable the East India Company's service, to Miss Helen Richardson, fourth daughter of the deceased William Richardson, Esq. late of Keithock.

— At Glasgow, Josiah Howard, Esq. Stockport, Cheshire, to Janet Buchanan, youngest daughter of James Provand, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Falkirk, James Thomson, Esq. of Redoch, to Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Boyd, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Walter Cook, Esq. W.S. to Mary, second daughter of the late Alexander Chrystie of Balchrystie, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, James Anderson, Esq. younger of Stroquhan, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Anderson, George's-square.

14. At Edinburgh, William Belfrage, Esq. writer, to Mary, eldest daughter of Robert Carfrae, Esq. late barrackmaster at Palermo.

15. At Eastwood-manse, William Moffat, Esq. surgeon, Glasgow, to Jean, second daughter of the Rev. G. Logan, minister of Eastwood.

— At Hermitage-brae, Leith, Mr James Clapperton, merchant, Leith, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late James Wishart, ship-master there.

16. At Bathgate, Mr James Thomson, merchant, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the deceased Henry Torrance, Esq. late of Kirktonhill.

— At St James's Church, London, Peter Rose, Esq. of Demerara, to Huntly, third daughter of William Gordon, Esq. of Aberdeen.

19. At Dunfermline, John M'Donald, Esq. writer, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Mr Alexander Hunt, merchant there.

20. At Kinfaun's Castle, the seat of the Right Hon. Lord Gray, John Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston, to the Honourable Margaret Gray, his Lordship's second daughter.

20. At Edinburgh, the Rev. W. M. S. Preston, A.M. of Startforth vicarage, in the county of York, to Margaret, only daughter of Charles Moyes, Esq. of Lumbenny, Fifeshire.

— At St James's Church, the Honourable and Reverend George Pellew, third son of Admiral Viscount Exmouth, to the Honourable Frances Addington, second daughter of Lord Viscount Sidmouth.

21. At Polwarth Manse, William Colvin, Esq. R.N. to Miss M. H. Murray of Mitchelstone.

— Charles Lenox Cumming, Esq. of Roseisle, to Miss Mary Elizabeth Bruce of Kinnaird.

22. At Gartmore, Thomas Durham Calderwood of Poltoun, Esq. to Miss Anna Cunninghame Graham, eldest daughter of William C. Cunninghame Graham Gartmore, Esq.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Brown, plumber, to Mary, only daughter of Mr Clark, rush-bottom chair manufacturer, Leith-Walk.

— At Eden, Stair Hawthorn Stewart, Esq. of Physgill, to Miss Johnston, only daughter of the late James Johnston, Esq. of Stratoun.

— At Hermiston, Mr James Reid, of the customs, Greenock, to Miss Marion Newton, daughter of the late John Newton, Esq. of Currichill.

26. At Edinburgh, Dr Thomas Shortt, physician to his Majesty's forces, to Henrietta, daughter of Alexander Young, Esq. of Harburn, W.S.

— At Edinburgh, Dr William John King, of the island of Barbadoes, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Aitken, merchant, Dalkeith.

28. At Edinburgh, William Jardine, Esq. younger of Applegarth, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Mr D. Lizars.

29. At 32 Dundas-street, Mr William Cotton, merchant, Edinburgh, to Ellenor, second daughter of Mr John Paton, builder.

Lately—At Dumfries, the Rev. James Green, minister of Westerkirk, to Melville, eldest daughter of William Thomson, Esq. writer, Dumfries.

DEATHS.

Aug. 26, 1819. At sea, on his voyage to Calcutta, Mr William Farnie, surgeon on board the Abberton East Indiaman, son of Mr Thomas Farnie, Kilconquhar, Fifeshire.

Sept. 5. At Penang, Patrick Carnegy, Esq. son of Patrick Carnegy, Esq. of Lower, Forfarshire, and a partner in the house of Carnegy & Co. of that island.

14. At Purnea, Captain William Macpherson.

24. In India, Captain William Dallas, formerly of the country service.

Oct. 20. At Peddy Gurral, the lady of G. Meikle, Esq. surgeon to his Highness the Nizam's Russel Brigade.

21. In India, Captain T. Douglas, 5th native infantry.

— At the Presidency, Captain Thomas Douglas, 5th native infantry.

— At Sankerrydroog, Captain J. T. Kettle, 4th N.V.B.

Dec. 27. At Colombo, island of Ceylon, Charles Hay, Esq. son of the late Alexander Hay, Esq. of Mordington.

Jan. 22, 1820. At Jamaica, of the yellow fever, Mr Alexander Rolland, second son of Mr Patrick Rolland of Montrose.

25. At Achterrypaukum, of palsy, on the route to Trichinopoly, Lieutenant G. C. Johnstone, Royal Scots.

Feb. 9. On his passage home from India, Mr Robinson Murray, son of the late Mr George Murray, Edinburgh.

March 13. On board the Surrey, homeward-bound East India ship, Eliza Susanna Foulis, infant daughter of Lieut.-Col. David Foulis, of the Madras cavalry.

31. At Jamaica, Miss Popham, daughter of Sir Home Popham.

April 6. At Old Harbour, Jamaica, Charles Copland, Esq. late of Aberdeen.

8. At Jamaica, James David Rolland, Esq.

May 3. At Ratisbon, the Rev. James Robertson, through whose perilous exertions the gallant Romana, with his ten thousand Spaniards, effected their escape from the north of Germany, and soon after joined their countrymen who were then struggling for their independence.

3. At Wester Drumhead, in the parish of Abernethy, Mr George Tarvis, in the 53d year of his age.

10. At London, a few days after his return from India, Captain John Anderson, late in the sea service of the Honourable East India Company, second son of the late Dr Thomas Anderson, Leith.

12. Charlotte Janet, daughter of Mr Patrick Tennant, W.S.

15. At Lyons, Michael, second son of Robert Bogle, Esq. of Gilmorehill.

— At Pitnacree, Archibald Menzies, Esq. of Pitnacree.

16. At Aberdeen, Patrick Milne, Esq. of Crimonmogate.

— At Hopeville, Caithness, Mrs Helen Sinclair, wife of David Brodie, Esq. of Hopeville. A few hours afterwards, at Stanstill, her sister, Mrs Henrietta Sinclair, of Southdun, both daughters of the late James Sinclair, Esq. of Harpsdale. Also, at Hopeville, on the 22d May, Jean, second daughter of David Brodie, Esq. of Hopeville.

— At Edinburgh Mr James Cockburn, lately of the Linen Hall, Edinburgh, aged 87.

— At the Manse of Collessie, the Rev. Andrew Walker, in the 78th year of his age, and the 48th of his ministry.

17. At Bordeaux, Margaret, only daughter of James Lamont of Knockdow, Esq.

19. At Glenduckie, Fifeshire, Mr James Russel.

20. At her house, Broughton-place, Mrs Wallace, widow of the late James Benjamin Wallace, Esq. Bombay.

— At Tranent-lodge, Miss Margaret Inglis, daughter of the late Claud Inglis, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

22. At Milton, the lady of Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart.

— At Bath, the Right Hon. Lord Sherborne.

— At Linkfield, Musselburgh, of an apoplectic fit, Anna Maria Angel, youngest daughter of the late Mr Alexander Pew, Leith.

— At Ardoch, Mrs Moray Stirling, widow of Charles Moray Stirling, Esq. of Abercairney.

23. At Clapham Common, in her 22d year, Matilda, eldest daughter of Thomas Newton, Esq. Warwick-square.

24. At Perth, in the 73d year of her age, Mrs Pringle, spouse to the Rev. Dr Pringle.

25. At Glenaray, Mr Hugh M'Farlan.

26. At Bolfornought, near Stirling, Mrs Burn.

27. At Auchindinny-house, Mrs Inglis, widow of Vice-Admiral John Inglis of Auchindinny.

28. At Edinburgh, Mrs Brown, wife of Mr Thomas Brown, baker, Canongate.

29. At Dollor, Mrs Jacobina Robe, second daughter of John Robe of Dillator, wife of Captain James Anderson.

30. Mary Ann Charlotte Eliza, infant daughter of Mr Hallard, Minto-street, Newington.

31. At the Manse of Lochalsh, Dr Alexander Downie.

— At Stronchrigan, near Fort-William, Mrs Stewart, wife of Duncan Stewart, Esq. of Auchnacoan, and collector of his Majesty's customs at Fort-William.

— Agnes, youngest child of Mr Thomas Newbigging, wine-merchant, Leith.

— At Lauriestion-place, in the sixth year of his age, John Johnston, only surviving son of the Rev. John Johnston.

June 1. At Guernsey, Lieut. Andrew Nathaniel Napier, of the royal navy, son of the late John Napier, Esq. of Tintinbull, Somersetshire.

— At Dysart, Mrs Pert.

2. At Perth, John Gloag, Esq. of Greenhill, in the 82d year of his age.—We cannot allow the death of Mr Gloag, one of the oldest residenters in Perth, to be simply inserted, without adverting to the beneficial results arising from his exertions in the course of a very active life, exemplified by the present state of the Guildry, the Destitute Sick Society, and other public institutions, which owe undoubtedly great part of their present prosperous condition to the exertions of that meritorious individual. By birth, education, and habits, a gentleman—he lived beloved and respected in a wide circle of friends, and closed a well regulated life with a resignation and composure of mind truly desirable in the last moments of existence.—*Perth Courier.*

— At Douniestoun, George Buchanan, Esq.

— In Queen-street, Miss Margaret Brown, third daughter of the Rev. Samuel Brown of Barharrow, late minister of Kirkmabreck.

— At Old Melrose, Roxburghshire, the infant son of Lever Legge, Esq.

3. At Manse of Bervie, the Rev. Robert Croll, minister of the parish of Bervie.

4. At Paisley, Mr James Miller, cashier to the Union Bank Company, Paisley.

— Francis Drummond, Esq. of Sloane-street, in the county of Middlesex, captain in the late 98th regiment of foot, in the 72d year of his age, representative of the ancient and respectable family of the Drummonds of Hawthornden, in the county of Edinburgh, North Britain.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Nisbet Rutherfurd, youngest son of the late Henry Rutherfurd, Esq. of Hunthill.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Swinton, spouse of Mr Thomas Brown, bookseller, North Bridge-street.

5. At the house of Mr Robert Kemp, Castle-street, Edinburgh, Mr William Murray, aged 58.

— At Edinburgh, Martha, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Herriot, sometime tenant of Sheriffhall Mains.

6. At his father's house, Delrow, Herts, Lieut.-Col. Leighton Cathcart Dalrymple, C. B. 15th hussars, second son of General Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bart.

7. At Edinburgh, Mrs Euphemia Collier, spouse of Mr John Hill, merchant.

— At Annan, Lieut.-Col. Brown of Bosseyreach, Jamaica.

8. At Aberdeen, Mrs Allan, widow of the Rev. Alexander Allan, Episcopal clergyman in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Hugh Warrender, Esq. of Burntsfield, his Majesty's Agent for Scotland, and Deputy Keeper of the Signet. In his public character few surpassed him in liberality and kindness; in the private relations of life he was a considerate and indulgent master, an affectionate and warm-hearted relative, and to all who needed his assistance ever open-handed without ostentation. This highly respectable man was a near relative of the late Dr Hugh Blair, whom he greatly re-

sembled in the gentleness of his temper and disposition. In death the similarity was not unbroken, for with the lamp of life still clear and bright, after a single day of pain, he was gently called to his rest.

— Mr John Stewart of Innerdunniug, aged 89.

— At Soroba, Mary, daughter of Major M'Dougall, younger of Soroba.

— At Bath, aged 67, Lieut.-Col. Flint, late of the Honourable East India Company's service, Madras establishment.

9. At Aberdeen, John Abercrombie, Esq. late provost of Aberdeen.

— At his house, No 12, High Terrace, Mr George Wauchope, late tobacconist, Shakspeare-square.

— At Leith, John Hay, jun. eldest son of Mr John Hay, ship-owner there.

10. At Leith, Mr John Murray, merchant there.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Eleonora Wilson Brown, widow of the late John Peneaud, Esq. of London.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Hannay, purser, R.N.

11. At Hinckley, Leicestershire, Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Sir Alexander Kinloch of Gilmerton, Bart.

— At his house in Lynedoch-place, Major James Weir, R.M. of Tolcross and Drumsheugh.

12. At Queensferry, the Rev. John Henderson, who was minister of that parish during a period of 38 years, and 35 years clerk to the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale.

— At London, Major Archibald Maclachlan, of the royal marines, eldest son of the late Mr L. Maclachlan, Levenmore, Argyllshire.

— At Bath, the Honourable Miss P. Hely Hutchinson, sister of the Earl of Donoughmore, and of Lord Hutchinson.

— John Gray, Esq. of Birdston.

13. At Crossmichael Manse, the Rev. John Johnstone, in the 64th year of his age, and 37th of his ministry.

14. At Broughton-place, Mrs Jemima Liddell Bell, wife of Mr George Yule, merchant, Edinburgh.

15. At Edinburgh, in the 60th year of his age, Mr James Low, clerk to the late Lord Woodhouselee.

16. At his seat, Petersham, Lord Charles Spencer.

17. At Chelsea, in the 18th year of her age, Miss Irvine, eldest daughter of the deceased Dr William Irvine, physician to his Majesty's forces.

— At Limekilns, the Rev. William Hadden, minister of the gospel there.

18. Alexander, infant son of A. Stewart, Esq. Finsbury-square, London.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Isabella Somervail, eldest daughter of Mr William Somervail, late farmer at Gorgie.

— At Ormiston, after a very painful and lingering illness of more than half his lifetime, Thomas, aged fourteen, youngest son of Mr Alexander Scott.

19. William, the infant son of Mr Brown, accountant.

— At Stainton, Yorkshire, the Rev. Chas Baillie Hamilton, Archdeacon of Cleaveland.

— At his house, Abbeyhill, the Honourable Fletcher Norton, senior Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland, one of the oldest judges in the three kingdoms. He succeeded Baron Wynne, who resigned in 1766, and has, therefore, sat in that court for the long period of 44 years.

20. At Caroline Park, Arch. Cockburn, Esq. late one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

— At his house in Soho-square, London, the venerable President of the Royal Society, the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, G.C.B., &c. &c. The loss to science by the demise of this excellent man and liberal patron will be long and severely felt. Sir Joseph had been for a long time labouring under a most distressing illness. He possessed a princely fortune, of which he assigned a large portion to the encouragement of science, particularly natural history, private and public charities, and domestic hospitality.

— At Edinburgh, Duncan George Gifford, painter, only son of James Gifford, grocer, North Union-place.

21. At Edinburgh, John Mackenzie of Applecross, Esq.

— At Leith, Lawrence Tweedie, third son of Mr John Crawford, merchant there.

— At his father's house, 23 St James's-square, Captain Fullarton, late of the Royal Scots.

22. At his house, Nicolson-street, Dr John Murray. The death of this distinguished philosopher, snatched from us in the prime of life, and full vigour of his faculties, will long be felt as a national loss. His works, now of standard celebrity at home and abroad, have, from the spirit of profound and accurate analysis, which they everywhere display, and from the force, clearness, and precision of their statements, most essentially contributed to advance chemistry to the high rank which it now holds among the liberal sciences. As a lecturer on chemistry, it is impossible to praise too highly the superior talents of Dr Murray; always perfectly master of his subject, and very successful in the performance of his experiments, which were selected with great judgment, his manner had a natural ease and animation, which showed evidently that his mind went along with every thing he uttered, and gave his lectures great freedom and spirit. But his peculiar excellence as a teacher was a most uncommon faculty, arising from the great perspicuity and distinctness of his conceptions, of leading his hearers, step by step, through the whole process of the most complex investigation, with such admirable clearness, that they were induced to think that he was following out a natural order which could not be avoided, at the very time when he was exhibiting a specimen of the most refined and subtile analysis. To those solid attainments which entitled Dr Murray to stand in the first rank as a man of science, was united a refined taste, and a liberal acquaintance with every subject of general interest in literature. His manners were easy, polite, and unpretending, regulated by a delicate sense of propriety, with much of that simplicity which so often accompanies strength of character and originality of mind.

— At Shabdon-house, Surrey, the seat of Archibald Little, Esq. Mrs Oliver, spouse of William Oliver, Esq. of Dinlabyre.

— At the house of Lord Viscount Duncan, Mrs Oswald, wife of Alexander Oswald, Esq. and her infant son.

23. At Edinburgh, James Moodie, Esq. late of Melsetter.

— At Heriot-row, Miss Christian Hepburn Donaldson, daughter of the late Alexander Donaldson, Esq.

— James Brown, Esq. of Weedinghall.

22. At Dumbarton, Alexander, only surviving son of John Gray, Esq. Sheriff-substitute.

25. At Edinburgh, Alexander Christison, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh.

— At Dunfermline, Mr William Birrel.

— At his house in Belmont, Bath, Elizabeth, the wife of Rear-Admiral Christie of Baberton, in the county of Mid-Lothian, and eldest daughter of the late Admiral Brathwaite.

27. At Trinity-lodge, Cambridge, Dr Mansell, Bishop of Bristol.

— At Dundee, in the 22d year of his age, Mr Alexander Willison, second son of Mr Andrew Willison, surgeon there.

28. Suddenly, at Glasgow, Mr Robert Lorimer, wine-merchant, Hanover-street, Edinburgh.

29. At his apartments at Brighton, Lord Gwydir. His death was caused, we understand, by a sudden and violent attack of the gout in his stomach. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, Peter Robert Drummond of Perth, now Lord Gwydir, married to the Honourable Miss Drummond.

Lately. At his seat at Aske, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, aged 79, Thomas, Lord Dundas. His Lordship was Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of Orkney and Shetland, and president of the Society of Antiquaries in Scotland. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, the Honourable Lawrence Dundas.

— At Wickham, near Fareham, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Grindall, K.C.B. in the 70th year of his age.

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THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES;

Or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.

No III.

Tam Glen having, in consequence of the exhortations of Mr Micklewham, and the earnest entreaties of Mr Daff, backed by the pious animadversions of the rigidly righteous Mr Craig, confessed a fault, and acknowledged an irregular marriage with Meg Milliken—their child was admitted to church privileges. But before the day of baptism, Mr Daff, who thought Tam had given but sullen symptoms of penitence, said, to put him in better humour with his fate, "Noo, Tam, since ye hae beguiled us of the infare of the bridal, we maun mak up fort at the christening; so I'll speak to Mr Snodgrass to bid the Doctor's friens and acquaintance to the ploy, that we may get as meikle amang us as will pay for the bairn's baptismal frock."

Mr Craig, who was present, and who never lost an opportunity of testifying, as he said, his "discountenance of the crying iniquity," remonstrated with Mr Daff on the unchristian nature of the proposal, stigmatizing it with good emphasis, "as a sinful nourishing of carnality in his day and generation." Mr Micklewham, however, interfered, and said, "it was a matter of weight and concernment, and therefore it behoves you to consult Mr Snodgrass on the fitness of the thing. For if the thing itself is not fit and proper, it cannot expect his countenance; and, on that account, before we reckon on his compliance with what Mr Daff has propounded, we should first learn whether he approves of it at all." Whereupon the two elders and the session-clerk adjourned to the manse, in which Mr Snodgrass, during the absence of the incumbent, had taken up his abode.

The heads of the previous conversation were recapitulated by Mr Micklewham, as the Rev. Mr F—— of Port Glasgow Sabbathly says, in the peroration of his sermons, "with as much brevity as was consistent with perspicuity;" and the matter being duly digested by Mr Snodgrass, that orthodox young man, as Mrs Glibbans denominated him, on hearing him for the first time, declared that the notion of a pay christening was a benevolent and kind thought, "For, is not the order to increase and multiply, one of the first commands in the Scriptures of truth?" said Mr Snodgrass, addressing himself to Mr Craig. "Surely, then, when children are brought into the world, a great law of our nature has been fulfilled, and there is cause for rejoicing and gladness! And is it not an obligation imposed upon all Christians, to welcome the stranger, and to feed the hungry, and to clothe the naked; and what greater stranger can there be than a helpless babe? who more in need of sustenance than the infant, that knows not the way even to its mother's bosom? and whom shall we clothe, if we do not the wailing innocent, that the hand of Providence places in poverty and nakedness before us, to try, as it were, the depth of our Christian principles, and to awaken the sympathy of our humane feelings?"

Mr Craig replied, "Its a' very true and sound what Mr Snodgrass has observed, but Tam Glen's wean is neither a stranger, nor hungry, nor naked, but a sturdy brat, that has been rinning its lane for mare than sax weeks." "Ah!" said Mr Snodgrass familiarly, "I fear, Mr Craig, ye're a Malthusian in your heart." The sanctimonious elder was thunder-struck at the word. Of many a various shade and modification of sectarianism he had heard, but the Malthusian heresy was new to his ears, and awful to his conscience, and he begged Mr Snodgrass to tell him in what it chiefly consisted, protesting his innocence of that, and of every erroneous doctrine.

Mr Snodgrass happened to regard the opinions of Malthus on population, as equally contrary to religion and nature, and not at all founded in truth. "It is evident, that the reproductive principle in the earth and vegetables, and all things and animals which constitute the means of subsistence, is much more vigorous than in man; it may be therefore affirmed, that the multiplication of the means of subsistence is an effect of the multiplication of population, for the one is augmented in quantity, by the skill and care of the other," said Mr Snodgrass, seizing with avidity this opportunity of stating what he thought on the subject, although his auditors were but the session-clerk, and two elders of a country parish. We cannot pursue the train of his argument, but we should do injustice to the philosophy of Malthus, if we suppressed the observation which Mr Daff made at the conclusion. "Gude safe's!" said the good-natured elder, "if it's true that we breed faster than the Lord provides for us, we maun drown the poor folks' weans like kittlings." "Na, na," exclaimed Mr Craig, "ye're a' out neighbour, I see now the utility of church censures." "True," said Mr Micklewham, "and the ordination of the stool of repentance, the horrors of which, in the opinion of the fifteen lords at Edinburgh, palliated child-murder, is doubtless a Malthusian institution." But Mr Snodgrass put an end to the controversy, by fixing a day for the christening, and telling, he would do his best to procure a good collection, according to the benevolent suggestion of Mr Daff. And to this cause we are indebted for the next series of the Pringle correspondence, for our worthy and intelligent correspondent, Mr M'Gruel, dined at the manse, on the day appointed, along with Mrs Glibbans and daughter, Miss Mally Glencairn, Miss Isabella Todd, &c. and other friends of the ministers' family, whom Mr Snodgrass invited from Irvine, to be present at the christening; and it was after drinking the doctor's health, in excellent three year old gooseberry, of Mrs Pringle's own making, that the following letters were produced, and read, as Miss Mally said, "pro bono publico," and to satisfy all concerned in the family. Where Miss Mally learned her Latin, we know not, for at Moore's school, neither in our time, nor in that of our senior, the right honourable David Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk, were any young women taught there in that tongue; and we doubt, if even such a thing was known, in the more ancient days of the worthy Mr Dickie. But as the late Dr Oliphant of Dumbarton, a delightful man, said one day in a sermon concerning salt having lost its savour, observing, "it was a pity there was such a dreadful duty on so useful an article; *that*, however, is none of our business at present, let us leave it, and all the other temporalities of sin, to the king's ministers, and minister to the word." So, therefore, returning from the digression concerning Miss Mally Glencairn, and the grammar schoolmasters of Irvine, we beg attention, in the first place, to Mr Andrew Pringle's account of his late Majesty's funeral.

Letter XII.

Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.

Windsor Castle Inn.

My dear friend,—I have all my life been strangely susceptible of pleasing impressions from public spectacles where great crowds are assembled. This, perhaps you will say, is but another way of confessing, that, like the common vulgar, I am fond of sights and shows. It may be so, but it is not from the pageants that I derive my enjoyment. A multitude, in fact, is to

me as it were a strain of music, which, with an inestimable and magical influence, calls up from the unknown abyss of the feelings, new combinations of fancy, which, though vague and obscure, as those nebulæ of light that astronomers have supposed to be the rudiments of unformed stars, afterwards become distinct and brilliant acquisitions. In a crowd, I am like the somnambulist in the highest degree of the luminous crisis, when it is said a new world is unfolded to his contemplation, wherein all things have an intimate affinity with the state of man, and yet bear no resemblance to the objects that address themselves to his corporeal faculties. This delightful experience, as it may be called, I have enjoyed this evening, to an exquisite degree, at the funeral of the king; but, although the whole succession of incidents is indelibly imprinted on my recollection, I am still so much affected by the emotion that they excited, as to be incapable of conveying to you any intelligible description of what I saw. It was indeed a scene witnessed through the medium of the feelings, and the effect partakes of the nature of a dream.

I was within the walls of an ancient castle,

"So old as if they had forever stood,
So strong as if they would forever stand,"

and it was almost midnight. The towers, like the vast spectres of departed ages, raised their embattled heads to the skies, monumental witnesses of the strength and antiquity of a great monarchy. A prodigious multitude filled the courts of that venerable edifice, surrounding on all sides a dark embossed structure, the sarcophagus, as it seemed to me at the moment, of the heroism of chivalry.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," and I beheld the scene suddenly illuminated, and the blaze of torches, the glimmering of arms, and warriors and horses, while a mosaic of human faces, covered like a pavement the courts. A deep low under sound pealed from a distance; in the same moment, a trumpet answered with a single mournful note from the stateliest and darkest portion of the fabric, and it was whispered in every ear, "it is coming." Then an awful cadence of solemn music, that affected the heart like silence, was heard at intervals, and a numerous retinue of grave and venerable men,

"The fathers of their time,
Those mighty master spirits, that withstood
The fall of monarchies, and high upheld
Their country's standard, glorious in the storm,"

Passed slowly before me, bearing the emblems and trophies of a king. They were as a series of great historical events, and I beheld behind them, following and followed, an awful and indistinct image, like the vision of Job. It moved on, and I could not discern the form thereof, but there were honours, and heraldries, and sorrow, and silence, and I heard the stir of a profound homage performing within the breasts of all the witnesses. But I must not indulge myself farther on this subject. I cannot hope to excite in you the emotions with which I was so profoundly affected. In the visible objects of the funeral of George the Third, there was but little magnificence; all its sublimity was derived from the trains of thought and currents of feeling, which the sight of so many illustrious characters, surrounded by circumstances associated with the greatness and antiquity of the kingdom, was necessarily calculated to call forth. In this respect, however, it was perhaps the sublimest spectacle ever witnessed in this island; and I am sure, that I cannot live so long as ever again to behold another, that will equally interest me to the same depth and extent. Yours,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

We should ill perform the part of faithful historians, did we omit to record the sentiments expressed by the company on this occasion. Mrs Glibbans, whose knowledge of the points of orthodoxy, had not their equal in the three adjacent parishes, roundly declared, that Mr Andrew Pringle's letter was nothing but a peasemeal of clishmaclavers; that there was no sense in it; and that it was just like the writer, a canary idiot, a touch here and a touch there, without any thing in the shape of cordiality or satisfaction. Miss Isabella Todd answered this objection with that sweetness of manner and virgin diffidence which so well becomes a youthful female member of the establishment, controverting

the dogmas of a stoop of the Relief persuasion, by saying, that she thought Mr Andrew had shown a fine sensibility. "What is sensibility without judgment," cried her adversary, "but a thrashing in the water, and a raising of bells—could na the fallow, without a' his parleyvoos, have said, that such and such was the case, and that the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, but his clouds, and his spectres, and his visions of Job—O! an he could but think like Job!—O! an he would but think like the patient man!—and was obliged to claut his flesh with a bit of a broken crock or porringer, we might have some hope of a repentance unto life. But Andrew Pringle, he's a gone dick; I never had comfort or expectation of the freethinker, since I heard that he was infected with the blue and yellow calamity of the Edinburgh Review; in the which, I am credibly told, it is set forth, that women have not souls, but only a gut, and a gaw, and a gizzard, like a pigeon-dove, or a raven-crow, or any other outcast and abominated quadruped."

Here Miss Mally Glencairn interposed her effectual mediation, and said, "It is very true that Andrew deals in the diplomaticks of obscurity; but it is well known that he has a nerve for genius, and that in his own way, he kens the loan from the crown of the causeway, as well as the duck does the midden from the adle dib." To this proverb, which we never heard before, our correspondent, Mr M'Gruel subjoins an erudite note, in which he states, that middens were of great magnitude, and often of no less antiquity in the west of Scotland; in so much, that the Trongate of Glasgow owes all its magnitude and grandeur to them. It being within the recollection of persons yet living, that the aforesaid spacious and magnificent street, was at one time an open road, or highway, leading to the Trone, or market-cross, with thatched houses on each side, such as may still be seen in that pure immaculate royal borough of Rutherglen; and that before each house stood a luxuriant midden, by the removal of which, in the progress of modern degeneracy, the stately architecture of Argyle Street was formed. But not to insist at too great length on such topics of antiquarian lore, we shall now insert the Doctor's account of the funeral, and which, patly enough, follows our digression concerning the middens and magnificence of Glasgow, as it contains an authentic anecdote of a manufacturer from that city, drinking champaign at the king's dirgie.

Letter XIII.

The Rev. Z. Pringle, D. D. to Mr Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session Clerk of Garnock.

London.

Dear Sir,—I have received your letter, and it is a great pleasure to me to hear that my people were all so much concerned at our distress in the Leith smack; but what gave me the most contentment, was the repentance of Tam Glen. I hope, poor fellow, he will prove a good husband; but I have my doubts; for the wife has really but a small share of common sense, and no married man can do well unless his wife will let. I am, however, not overly pleased with Mr Craig on the occasion, for he should have considered frail human nature, and accepted of poor Tam's confession of a fault, and allowed the bairn to be baptized without any more ado. I think, honest Mr Daff has acted like himself, and, I trust and hope, there will be a great gathering at the christening, and, that my mite may not be wanting, you will slip in a guinea note when the dish goes round, but in such a manner, that it may not be jealoused from whose hand it comes.

Since my last letter, we have been very thrang in the way of seeing the curiosities of London; but I must go on regular, and tell you all, which, I think, it is my duty to do, that you may let my people know. First, then, we have been to Windsor Castle, to see the king lying in state, and, afterwards, his interment; and sorry am I to say, it was not a sight that could satisfy any godly mind on such an occasion. We went in a coach of our own, by ourselves, and found the town of Windsor like a fair. We were then directed to the castle gate, where a terrible crowd was gathered together; and we had not been long in that crowd, till a pocket-picker, as I

thought, cutted off the tail of my coat, with my pocket-book in the pocket, which I never missed at the time. But it seems the coat tail was found, and a policeman got it, and held it up on the end of his stick, and cried, whose pocket is this? showing the book that was therein, in his hand. I was confounded to see my pocket-book there, and could scarcely believe my own eyes, but Mrs Pringle knew it at the first glance, and said, "its my gudeman's;" at the which, there was a great shout of derision among the multitude, and we would baith have then been glad to disown the pocket-book, but it was returned to us, I may almost say, against our will; but the scorners, when they saw our confusion, behaved with great civility towards us, so that we got into the Castle-yard with no other damage than the loss of the flap of my coat-tail.

Being in the Castle-yard, we followed the crowd into another gate, and up a stair, and saw the king lying in state, which was a very dismal sight—and I thought of Solomon in all his glory, when I saw the coffin, and the mutes, and the mourners, and reflecting on the long infirmity of mind of the good old king, I said to myself, in the words of the book of Job, "Doth they not die even without wisdom."

When we had seen the sight, we came out of the Castle, and went to an inns to get a chack of dinner; but there was such a crowd, that no resting-place could for a time be found for us, gentle and semple were there, all mingled, and no respect of persons, only there was, at a table nigh unto ours, a fat Glasgow manufacturer, who ordered a bottle of champaign wine, and did all he could in the drinking of it by himself, to show that he was a man in well doing circumstances. While he was talking over his wine, a great peer of the realm, with a star on his heart, came into the room, and ordered a glass of brandy and water, and I could see, when he saw the Glasgow manufacturer drinking champaign wine on that occasion, that he greatly marvelled thereat.

When we had taken our dinner, we went out to walk and see the town of Windsor, but there was such a mob of coaches going and coming, and men and horses, that we left the streets, and went to inspect the King's policy, which is of great compass, but in a careless order, though it costs a world of money to keep it up. Afterwards, we went back to the inns, to get tea for Mrs Pringle and her daughter, while Andrew Pringle, my son, was seeing if he could get tickets to buy, to let us into the inside of the castle, to see the burial—but he came back without luck, and I went out myself, being more experienced in the world, and I saw a gentleman's servant with a ticket in his hand, and I asked him to sell it to me, which the man did with thankfulness, for five shillings, although the price was said to be golden guineas. But as this ticket admitted only one person, it was hard to say what should be done with it when I got back to my family. However, as by this time we were all very much fatigued, I gave it to Andrew Pringle, my son, and Mrs Pringle, and her daughter Rachel, agreed to bide with me in the inns.

Andrew Pringle, my son, having got the ticket, left us sitting, when shortly after in came a nobleman, high in the cabinet, as I think he must have been, and he having politely asked leave to take his tea at our table, because of the great throng in the house, we fell into conversation together, and he understanding thereby that I was a minister of the Church of Scotland, said he thought he could help us into a place to see the funeral; so, after he had drank his tea, he took us with him, and got us into the castle-yard, where we had an excellent place, near to the Glasgow manufacturer that drank the champaign. The drink by this time, however, had got into that poor man's head, and he talked so loud, and so little to the purpose, that the soldiers who were guarding were obliged to make him hold his peace, at which he was not a little nettled, and told the soldiers that he had himself been a soldier, and served the king without pay, having been a volunteer officer. But this had no more effect than to make the soldiers laugh at him, which was not a decent thing at the interment of their master, our most gracious Sovereign that was.

However, in this situation we saw all; and I can assure you it was a very edifying sight; and the people demeaned themselves with so much propriety that there was no need for any guards at all; indeed, for that matter, of the two, the guards who

had eaten the King's bread, were the only ones there, saving and excepting the Glasgow manufacturer, that manifested an irreverent spirit towards the royal obsequies. But they are men familiar with the king of terrors on the field of battle, and it was not to be expected that their hearts would be daunted like those of others by a doing of a civil character.

When all was over, we returned to the inns, to get our chaise, to go back to London that night, for beds were not to be had for love or money at Windsor, and we reached our temporary home in Norfolk-street about four o'clock in the morning, well satisfied with what we had seen,—but all the meantime I had forgotten the loss of the flap of my coat, which caused no little sport when I came to recollect what a pookit like body I must have been, walking about in the King's policy like a peacock without my tail. But I must conclude, for Mrs Pringle has a letter to put in the frank, for Miss Nanny Eydent, which you will send to her by one of your scholars, as it contains information that may be serviceable to Miss Nanny in her business, both as a mantua-maker and a superintendent of the genteeler sort of burials at Irvine and our vicinity. So that this is all from your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

"I think," said Miss Isabella Todd, as Mr Micklewham finished the reading of the Doctor's epistle, "that my friend Rachel might have given me some account of the ceremony, but Captain Sabre seems to have been a much more interesting object to her than all pride and pomp that so bewildered her brother, or even the Glasgow manufacturer to her father." In saying these words, the young lady took the following letter from her pocket, and was on the point of beginning to read it, when Miss Becky Glibbans exclaimed: "I had aye my fears that Rachel was but light-headed, and I'll no be surprised to hear more about her and the dragoon or a's done." Mr Snodgrass looked at Becky, as if he had been afflicted at the moment with unpleasant ideas, and perhaps he would have rebuked the spitefulness of her insinuations, had not her mother sharply snubbed the uncongenial maiden, in terms at least as pungent as any which the reverend gentleman would have employed. "I'm sure," replied Miss Becky, pertly, "I meant no ill, but if Rachel Pringle can write about nothing but this Captain Sabre, she might as well let it alone, and her letter canna be worth the hearing." "Upon that," said the clergyman, "we can form a judgment when we have heard it, and I beg that Miss Isabella may proceed," which she did accordingly.

LETTER XIV.

Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Tod.

London.

MY DEAR BELL,—I take up my pen with a feeling of disappointment such as I never felt before. Yesterday was the day appointed for the funeral of the good old king, and it was agreed that we should go to Windsor, to pour the tribute of our tears upon the royal bier,—Captain Sabre promised to go with us, as he is well acquainted with the town, and the interesting objects around the castle, so dear to chivalry, and embalmed by the genius of Shakspeare and many a minor bard, and I promised myself a day of unclouded felicity—but the captain was ordered to be on duty,—and the crowd was so rude and riotous, that I had no enjoyment whatever, but pining with chagrine at the little respect paid by the rabble to the virtues of departed monarchy. I would fainly have retired into some solemn and sequestered grove, and breathed my sorrows to the listening waste. Nor was the loss of the Captain, to explain and illuminate the different barionial circumstances around the castle, the only thing that I had to regret in this ever-memorable excursion—my tender and affectionate mother was so desirous to see every thing in the most particular manner, in order that she might give an account of the funeral to Nanny Eydent, that she had no mercy either upon me or my father, but obliged us to go with her to the most difficult and inacces-

sible places. How vain was all this meretorious assiduity, for of what avail can the ceremonies of a royal funeral be to Miss Nanny, at Irvine, where kings never die, and where, if they did, it is not at all probable that Miss Nanny would be employed to direct their solemn obsequies. As for my brother, he was so entranced with his own enthusiasm, that he paid but little attention to us, which made me the more sensible of the want we suffered from the absence of Captain Sabre. In a word, my dear Bell, never did I pass a more unsatisfactory day, and I wish it blotted for ever from my remembrance. Let it therefore be consigned to the abysses of oblivion, while I recall the more pleasing incidents that have happened since I wrote you last.

On Sunday, according to invitation, as I told you, we dined with the Argents—and were entertained by them in a style at once most splendid, and on the most easy footing. I shall not attempt to describe the consumeable materials of the table, but call your attention, my dear friend, to the intellectual portion of the entertainment, a subject much more congenial to your delicate and refined character.

Mrs Argent is a lady of considerable personal magnitude, of an open and affable disposition; in this respect, indeed, she bears a striking resemblance to her nephew, Captain Sabre, with whose relationship to her we were unacquainted before that day. She received us as friends in whom she felt a peculiar interest, for when she heard that my mother had got her dress and mine from Cranburn Alley, she expressed the greatest astonishment, and told us, that it was not at all a place where persons of fashion could expect to be properly served. Nor can I disguise the fact, that the flounced and gorgeous garniture of our dresses was in shocking contrast to the amiable simplicity of her's and the fair Arabella, her daughter, a charming girl, who notwithstanding the fashionable splendour in which she has been educated, displays a delightful sprightliness of manner, that I have some notion, has not been altogether lost on the heart of my brother.

When we returned up stairs to the drawing-room, after dinner, Miss Arabella took her harp, and was on the point of favouring us with a Mozart; but her mother, recollecting that we were Presbyterians, thought it might not be agreeable, and she desisted,—which I was sinful enough to regret; but my mother was so evidently alarmed at the idea of playing on the harp on a Sunday night, that I suppressed my own wishes, in filial veneration for those of that respected parent. Indeed, fortunate it was that the music was not performed, for, when we returned home, my father remarked with great solemnity, that such a way of passing the Lord's night as we had passed it, would have been a great sin in Scotland.

Captain Sabre, who called on us next morning, was so delighted when he understood that we were acquainted with his aunt, that he lamented he had not happened to know it before, as he would, in that case, have met us there. He is indeed very attentive, but I assure you that I feel no particular interest about him, for although he is certainly a very handsome young man, he is not such a genius as my brother, and has no literary partialities. But literary accomplishments are, you know, foreign to the military profession, and if the Captain has not distinguished himself by cutting up authors in the reviews, he has acquired an honourable medal, by overcoming the enemies of the civilized world at Waterloo.

To-night the play-houses open again; and we are going to the Oratorio, and the Captain goes with us, a circumstance which I am the more pleased at, as we are strangers, and he will tell us the names of the performers. My father made some scruple of consenting to be of the party, but when he heard that an Oratorio was a concert of sacred music, he thought it would be only a sinless deviation if he did, so he goes likewise. The Captain, therefore, takes an early dinner with us at five o'clock.—Alas! to what changes am I doomed,—that was the tea hour at the manse of Garnock. O when shall I revisit the primitive simplicities of my native scenes again. But time nor distance, my dear Bell, cannot change the affection with which I subscribe myself, ever affectionately, your's,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

At the conclusion of this letter, the countenance of Mrs Glibbans was evidently so darkened, that it daunted the company like an eclipse of the sun, under which all nature is saddened. "What think you, Mr Snodgrass," said that spirit-stricken lady, "What think you of this dining on the Lord's Day, —this playing on the harp; the carnal Mozarting of that ungodly family, with whom the corrupt human nature of our friends has been chambering." Mr Snodgrass was at some loss for an answer, and hesitated, but Miss Mally Glencairn relieved him from his embarrassment, by remarking, that "the harp was a holy instrument," which somewhat troubled the settled orthodoxy of Mrs Glibbans' visage. "Had it been an organ," said Mr Snodgrass, dryly, "there might have been, perhaps, more reason to doubt; but, as Miss Mally justly remarks, the harp has been used from the days of King David in the performances of sacred music, together with the psalter, the timbrel, the sackbut, and the cymbal." The wrath of the polemical Deborah of the Relief-Kirk was somewhat appeased by this explanation, and she inquired in a more diffident tone, "whether a Mozart was not a metrical paraphrase of the song of Moses after the overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, in which case, I must own," she observed, "that the sin and guilt of the thing is less grievous in the sight of HIM before whom all the actions of men are abominations." Miss Isabella Todd, availing herself of this break in the conversation, turned round to Miss Nanny Eydent, and begged that she would read her letter from Mrs Pringle. We should do injustice, however, to honest worth and patient industry, were we, in thus introducing Miss Nanny to our readers, not to give them some account of her lowly and virtuous character..

Miss Nanny was the eldest of three sisters, the daughters of a shipmaster, who was lost at sea when they were very young; and his all having perished with him, they were indeed, as their mother said, the children of poverty and sorrow. By the help of a little credit, the widow contrived, in a small shop, to eke out her days till Nanny was able to assist her. It was the intention of the poor woman to take up a girls' school for reading and knitting, and Nanny was destined to instruct the pupils in that higher branch of accomplishment—the different stitches of the sampler. But about the time that Nanny was advancing to the requisite degree of perfection in chain steek and pie-holes—indeed had made some progress in the Lord's prayer between two yew-trees—tambouring was introduced at Irvine, and Nanny was sent to acquire a competent knowledge of that classic art. In this she instructed her sisters; and such was the fruit of their application and constant industry, that her mother abandoned the design of keeping school, and continued to ply her little huxtry in more easy circumstances. The fluctuations of trade in time taught them that it would not be wise to trust to the loom, and accordingly Nanny was at some pains to learn mantua-making; and it was fortunate that she did so—for the tambouring gradually went out of fashion, and the flowering which followed suited less the infirm constitution of poor Nanny. The making of gowns for ordinary occasions led to the making of mournings, and the making of mournings naturally often caused Nanny to be called in at deaths, which, in process of time, promoted her to have the management of burials; and in this line of business she has now a large proportion of the genteelest in Irvine and its vicinity; and in all her various engagements her behaviour has been as blameless and obliging as her assiduity has been uniform—in so much, that the numerous ladies to whom she is known, take a particular pleasure in supplying her with the newest patterns, and earliest information, respecting the varieties and changes of fashions; and to the influence of the same good feelings in the breast of Mrs Pringle, Nanny was indebted for the following letter. How far the information which it contains may be deemed exactly suitable to the circumstances in which Miss Nanny's lot is cast, our readers may judge for themselves; but, on the authority of Mr M'Gruel, we are happy to state that it has proved of no small advantage to her: for since it has been known that she had received a full, true, and particular account of all manner of London fashions, from so managing and notable a woman as the minister's wife of Garnock, her consideration has been so augmented in the opinion of the neighbouring gentlewomen, that she is not only in the present season consulted as to funerals, but is often called in to assist in the decoration and arrangement of wedding-din-

ners, and other occasions of sumptuous banquetting; by which she is enabled, during the present suspension of the flowering trade, to earn a lowly but a respected livelihood.

Letter XV.

Mrs Pringle, to Miss Nanny Eydent, Mantua-maker, Seagate-head, Irvine.

London.

Dear Miss Nanny,—Miss Mally Glencairn would tell you all how it happent that I was disabled, by our misfortunes in the ship, from riting to you konserning the London fashons as I promist; for I wantit to be pertikylor, and to say nothing but what I saw with my own eyes, that it might be servisable to you in your bizness—so now I will begin with the old king's burial, as you have sometimes okashon to lend a helping hand in that way at Irvine, and nothing could be more genteeler of the kind than a royal obsakew for a patron; but no living sole can give a distink account of this matter, for you know the old king was the father of his piple, and the croud was so great. Howsomever we got into our oun hired shaze at daylight; and when we were let out at the castel yet of Windsor, we went into the mob, and by-and-by we got within the castel walls, when great was the lamentation for the purdition of shawls and shoos, and the doctor's coat pouch was clippit off by a pocket-picker. We then ran to a wicket-gate, and up an old timber-stair with a rope ravel, and then we got to a great pentit chamber called King George's Hall: After that we were allowt to go into another room full of guns and guards, that told us all to be silent: so then we all went like sawlies, holding our tongues in an awful manner, into a dysmal room hung with black cloth, and lighted with dum wax-candles in silver skonses, and men in a row all in mulancholic posters. At length and last we came to the coffin; but although I was as partikylor as possoble, I could see nothing that I would recommend. As for the interment, there was nothing but even down wastrie—wax-candles blowing away in the wind, and flunkies as fou as pipers, and an unreverent mob that scarsly could demean themselves with decency as the bodie was going by; only the Duke of York, who carrit the head, had on no hat, which I think was the newest identical thing in the affair: but really there was nothing that could be recommended. Howsomever I understood that there was no draigie, which was a saving; for the bread and wine for such a multitude would have been a distruction to a lord's living: and this is the only point that the fashon set in the king's feunoral may be follot in Irvine.

Since the burial we have been to see the play, where the leddies were all in deep murning; but excepting that some had black gumfloors on their heads, I saw leetil for admiration—only that bugles, I can ashure you, are not worn at all this seeson; and surely this murning must be a vast detromint to bizness—for where there is no verietie, there can be but leetel to do in your line. But one thing I should not forget, and that is, that in the vera best houses, after tea and coffee after dinner, a cordial dram is handed about; but likewise I could observe, that the fruit is not set on with the cheese, as in our part of the country, but comes, after the cloth is drawn, with the wine; and no such a thing as a punch-bowl is to be heard of within the four walls of London. Howsomever what I principaly notised was, that the tea and coffee is not made by the lady of the house, but out of the room, and brought in without sugar or milk on servors, every one helping himself, and only plain flimsy loaf and butter is served—no such thing as short-bread, seed-cake, bun, marmlet, or jeelly to be seen, which is an okonomical plan, and well worthy of adaptation in ginteel families with narrow incomes, in Irvine or elsewhere.

But when I tell you what I am now going to say, you will not be surprizt at the great wealth in London. I paid for a bumbeseen-gown, not a bit better than the one that was made by you that the sore calamity befell, and no so fine neither, more than three times the price; so you see, Miss Nanny, if you were going to spouse your fortune, you could not do better than pack up your ends and your awls and come to London. But ye're far

better at home—for this is not a town for any creditable young woman like you to live in by herself, and I am wearying to be back, though its hard to say when the doctor will get his counts settlet. I wish you, howsomever, to mind the patches for the bedcover that I was going to patch, for a licht afternoon seam, as the murning for the king will no be so general with you, and the spring fashons will be coming on to help my gathering—so no more at present from your friend and well-wisher,

JANET PRINGLE.

DANIEL O'ROURKE, AN EPIC POEM.

(Private.)

SIR, *July* 25, 1820.

THE accompanying verses were written by a friend of mine, who asks me to introduce him to you. He is willing to submit them entirely to your judgment; and I shall not attempt to bias it by any observations on their merits or demerits. I shall only remark, that he has five cantos of this length, either written or planned—I do not know which—a length fixed on to accommodate each portion to two or three pages in your Magazine. The story is very droll and fanciful, and tells admirably in prose. It is, I believe, original. I have not time to give the outlines of it, but the names of his cantos (if that can be any guide to you) are, 1st, Paddy Blake. 2d, The Mountain Daisy. 3d, The Eagle Flight. 4th, The Moon. 5th, The Pail of Water.

Whether you accept or reject this communication, write to me about it speedily. I shall not conceal it from you, that I wish my friend were well received by you, as he is a very witty, and what is a great deal better, a very worthy fellow. This, I believe, is his first transgression in the way of rhyme.

I sent you some mystification about Jeffrey a few days ago. I hope it helped you to fill a page or two. As I am on the subject of contributions, I can tell you that I could procure some dozen of followers here to send you articles, but they are almost all rhymsters, and I see you are too well supplied with that commodity. I believe there is not a single person here, who ever thinks of writing a serious, or a critical, or a literary prose article, and our ways are quite localized. They amuse themselves with pasquinading their neighbours in various little publications, quite unintelligible, out of the precincts of ——. A similar system seems to prevail likewise at Cork. The gentleman who wrote Dowden's speech for you has just written a narrative of his madness, which he intends to print. It really is equal to Swift in wit, and just as libellous. I visit Cork pretty often on business, and endeavour to turn the good people to better things, but it will not do. You are quite popular there. I remain, dear Sir, your's, &c.

R. T. S.

MR EDITOR,

I SPENT the spring of this year in sailing about the south-western coast of Ireland, and I do not think I ever passed a pleasanter time in all my life. From the mouth of the Blackwater to that of the Kenmure, there is not a port, creek, or landing-place, at which I have not an acquaintance, and my boat's company were as gay fellows as ever reefed a sail or feathered an oar. I am sure, if I had time or inclination to write a detail of my adventures, I could fill three octavos as large as Peter's Letters, not indeed like that worthy Welch physician, with accounts of literary people, but with pleasant histories of all sorts of sport by land and sea. The coast abounds with situations delightful equally to the poet and the smuggler—with romantic beauties that enchant the soul, and nooks obscure that defy the gauger. In which capacity I visited them it imports little to you.

In the course of my cruize I stopped at Glangariffe, a place abounding with the picturesque. I know every man about it from Squire Sim White, down to the round dozens of Sullivans that fill up the ranks of the population. It is a solitary spot, yet it has its amusements as well as other places. I slept one night at the little alehouse, and before I went to bed discussed a pig or two of punch with some of the natives and my own party. We had a great deal of varied

conversation—intellectual, convivial, theological, political, musical, poetical, and antiquarian. The Reverend Father M'Carthy (called familiarly in Glangariffe, Buzzhure, a corruption of Bonjour, which is his usual salutation) was of the party, and contributed of course to the demolition of the potables and the merriment of the conversation. From him I heard various stories of that part of the world, and many minute antiquarian or genealogical facts, of which he is the great living depositary. Among the rest he told us the romantic story of Daniel O'Rourke, which took such a hold on my imagination that I could not rest easy in my bed, as the saying is, until I had versified it; and finding the ottava rima the most fashionable and easily composed style of versification, I instantly adopted it for the story. I send you the first canto by the hands of my friend Mr Clutterbuck, a partner in the house of Clutterbuck & Co. mentioned by Mr Crabbe in his Tales of the Hall, a very quiet, civil, and well-behaved young gentleman. I hope you will find my "adventurous song" as full of "gleams of fancy" as Benjamin the Waggoner, a poem of which, in spite of all malicious criticism, I am very fond. I expect to see my first canto in your next Magazine; the rest shall be forwarded in due course.—I remain, Sir, your humble Servant,

FAGARTY O'FOGARTY.

Blarney, July 21, 1820.

DANIEL O'ROURKE,

An Epic Poem, in Six Cantos.

BY FAGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

CANTO I.

PATRICK BLAKE.

I.

I TRUST, O gentle reader, you'll excuse
A rhyming novice, if he dare rehearse
The promptings of a sad, a sorry muse,
As sorrow is the subject of his verse;
And that your readership will not abuse
A style allowed to be both sweet and terse,
Nor if in anger will resentment fire on
A metre now immortalized by Byron.

II.

Although some gentlemen decry Don Juan,*
And shun him as a most indecent fellow,
I still believe that of our poems, few, one
Will find in harmony so rich and mellow;
Heavens! how unlike the riff-raff cockney crew,
Jeff praised in his Review—the blue and yellow,†
Give me the poet who can fire your soul,
To drain your eye-lid or to drain your bowl.

III.

And such art thou, Don Juan, Corsair, Childe,
Whichever title please thy godlike soul,
Thou who can'st call up stormy passions, wild
As the bleak winds, which howl around the pole,
Or the warm tear upon the cheek, as mild
As when light zephyrs o'er sweet violets roll,
And can at times induce us to be friskey,
Like our kind sweethearts, or our native whiskey.

* Among the rest Blackwood's Magazine.—Yet I am confident it is not for its poetry, its imagery, its fancy, or its feeling, but for principles which none can excuse, and which few will be found to extenuate.

† The Edinburgh Review.

"Yet mark one caution, e'er thy next review
Spread its light wings of saffron and of blue."—BYRON.

IV.

Hold! there's another fav'rite of the nine,
For whose droll page I long have used to hanker,
Whose vein of poetry is quite a mine,
As witness his facetious, crazy Banker;
Long may it live to build the lofty line,
To Constable's poor rogues a thorn and canker,
I'm sure you know the gentleman I mean,
WASTLE, himself a moving Magazine.

V.

On these two poets then I lay the blame,
Lord Byron and Will Wastle, if that I,
Should in my story prove too dull or tame,
And from the field be forced to turn or fly;
For they have earned so vast, so fair a fame,
That it would be a pity not to try
And lay up for myself some shreds of glory,
The preface thus despatch'd—now to my story.

VI.

It happen'd once, some fifty years ago,
That in the town of Bantry lived a man
Named Patrick Blake, an oily, round-faced beau,
A steady worshipper of pipe and can;
Upon his nose there shone that ready glow,
That seems as if 'twould always need a fan;
In short he was a man, who, jest apart,
Would guzzle ale and smoke with all his heart.

VII.

And better liquor was it than the slops,
(Receipts for which sage Accum's* book contains)
Which fill our stomachs from the druggist's shops,
With Gentian, Quassia, and outlandish grains;
In Pat's time beer was made of malt and hops,
And brewers were contented with fair gains;
I wonder much the faculty don't buy sense,
And furnish men who physic with a licence.

VIII.

In times we speak of whiskey too was made,
They call'd Potheen, and sold so very cheap,
So sweet and wholesome, none were much afraid,
Of head or purse to drink themselves asleep,
Or raise it to the lips of modest maid,
'Twas mild as dew-drops that the roses weep,
But such stuff now will give a man the colic,
'Tis so bedamned with acid vitriolic.

IX.

The ale was like the Edinburgh ale
At Johnnie Dowie's† or the High-street Amos,

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* Mr Death-in-the-pot.

† An antique ale-house in Edinburgh, long known for the flavour of its ale, and for the many celebrated characters who frequented it in former days. It was a favourite retreat of Burns, who is said to have composed some verses in its praise. I believe they commence thus—they may be spurious.

"Oh Dowie's ale thou art the thing
Gars mak us crack, gars mak us sing,
And frae us a' our cares to fling
Awa wi' anger."

Dowie is dead—and I am dowie.

When not too fresh or altogether stale,
But just a month in bottle, 'tis so famous,
That we'd prefer it to the muscatel
Of Gallic plains, no epicure would blame us,
But straightway purchase dozens for his throttle,
Could he but taste the drainings of a bottle.

X.

But to return—Poor Paddy had a wife,
The very plague and torment of his soul,
The harbinger of battle and of strife,
And, what was worse, the filcher of his bowl;
In truth he led a very sorry life,
And often to the "MOUNTAIN DAISY"* stole,
Where freed from BECK, the gayest of the gay,
He'd drain his mug, and puff the hours away.

XI.

Delightful herb! Tobacco, lord of plants,
How grateful is thy fragrance to the soul!
Who harbours care, or true enjoyment wants,
When round his head thy airy currents roll;
When circling wreath the ascending wreath supplants,
Till every nook is filled and every hole;
While through the dark the tiny spark will rise,
Like fairy meteor in its cloudy skies?

XII.

But darkness reigned here: the brilliant moon
Threw lovely lustre o'er the scene to-night,
The climbing woodbine round the lattice strewn
Reflected back its silvery rays of light;
Oh! 'twas so clear, so chastened, not at noon
Could forms appear more purely or more bright:
And there was Paddy gazing from within
The cozy parlour of a country inn—

XIII.

The "MOUNTAIN DAISY"—'twas a far-fam'd spot,
And nature's worshippers regard it still;
Though levell'd now the jasmine and the cot,
There still remain the clear and bubbling rill,
And high o'ertopping mountains—'twas a grot,
The best of grottos, where a man may fill
His scrip with cheese, his belly with good ale,
His soul with glee from joke, or song, or tale.

XIV.

There was a pretty lawn before the door,
Where many a sport and active feat was tried,
Where oft the pipe or fiddle brought a score
Of tight-bound maidens, widow, wife, or bride,

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* About forty years ago, the traveller, on his journey from Bantry to Glangariffe, might have perceived, not far from the town of Bantry, a fine large board, swinging freely in the wind from the top of a long red pole, with "BREAKFASTS, Porter, Wine, Brandy, &c. sold here," in goodly letters, on one side; and on the other side, a large fungus-like flower, somewhat resembling an overgrown mushroom or a late cauliflower—a little observation, however, discovered to you that this was intended (as the letters underneath inform you) for a mountain daisy.

This inn was very romantically situated, and though now no more, its site is the attraction of every visitor to that quarter of Ireland. Never does a party visit Glangariffe without paying their respects to the glen of the "Mountain Daisy,"—Vide *Townsend's Survey of the County of Cork.*

To seek the dance or gypsy's mystic lore,
Or willing kiss to true love ne'er denied;
And oft, in emulation on the green,
Some youthful buffer's sinewy arms was seen

XV.

To fling the thump—like him of mighty powers,
The late Sir Daniel—terror of the ring,
Still mourned by Erin, and embalmed with flowers
Of sweetest poesy, that fragrance fling
Around his honour'd tomb—while the swift hours,
With thrilling harmony on noiseless wing,
Still chant his deeds, set forth by him we're proud in,
The soft, the sweet, the soul-subduing DOWDEN.*

XVI.

On Sunday morning, 'twas the rendezvous
Of such as, loosed from city toil and dust,
Seek the green fields in preference to the pew,
To air their buttons after six days rust,
With baskets cramm'd, in some the savoury stew,
In others ham—in others ——; but I must
Not waste my paper on such flimsy rhyme,
I'll give enough of that some other time.

XVII.

Here sometimes clubs of ancient maidens chose,
Sitting beneath some widely-spreading oak,
To sip the old maid's beverage—God knows
Their real pleasure was the biting joke,
The daily scandal—no one can suppose
How maids of fifty love such filth to croak;
But blame them not, they're curious, and they trade in
Such ware as drove dame Eve from out of Eden.

XVIII.

There was a club of gentlemen beside,
Who once a week upon a Monday met,
To read, mark, learn, and readily decide
On all the news contained in the Gazette,
The only paper which the town supplied;
And pleasant 'twas to hear th' important set
Discuss in style grave, comic, or ironical,
The stale contents of that well handled chronicle.

XIX.

But come, I've done this troublesome digression,
I promise to go on quite smack and smooth;
But being now a rhymer by profession,
I think it would appear, at least, uncouth,
To put at once my readers in possession
Of this my tale—I cannot say, in sooth,
How much I reverence this sort of rambling,
'Tis just as sweet as comfits got by scambling.

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* It requires explanation, why Mr Dowden should be mentioned here in preference to my Lord Byron, Mr Wordsworth, and the other celebrated poets who have so nobly immortalized the name of Donelly. The reason is two-fold:—In the first instance, Mr D. contributed more than any individual to the celebration of that hero's memory, having supplied not only a lamentation, and a beautiful one too—but a splendid prose eulogium on his life and character: In the second instance, the world will be glad to hear, that he has the life of Sir Daniel, in three vols. quarto, with portraits engraved by Corbould, from original paintings by J. W. Topp, in the press. I have seen the work, and it will do credit to both author and hero. F. O'F.

XX.

But where is Paddy all this tedious while
We're handling folly with a ready pen?
Just where we left him, trying to beguile
The minutes till the cuckoo-clock strike ten;
That was the wished-for happy moment, when
His old companion DANIEL, with a smile
Of broad-faced humour, when his toil was done,
Came to partake of pipe, of ale, and fun.

XXI.

I've brought my readers just thro' verses twenty,
Which number makes a very good beginning,
And if with patience bless'd, they shall have plenty
Of good advice against that kind of sinning
By some call'd tippling—but let it content ye,
Good readers, if I here decline the spinning
Out of a sermon—but it is intended
To speak upon the matter e'er I've ended.

XXII.

But I can vouch, that Daniel and his friend
Were much addicted to that style of going,
And many a wintry evening did they spend,
While round the house the roaring wind was blowing,
Not minding whether the next blast would send
The roof upon their heads—no! they were growing
More happy as the tempest grew more strong,
Roaring the thunder down with boisterous song.

XXIII.

In summer 'twas the same—the sultry eve
Still saw them at the "DAISY"—with this change,
That in hot weather they took care to leave
The parlour for the meadows cooler range.
O! Many a goodly epicure would grieve
To think of dogs so happy—I'll arrange
Something like this—I wish that friends who read,
May *taste* their pleasures and adopt their creed.

XXIV.

Well! who is Daniel? will be asked by such
As must feel anxious in our hero's fate,
I'll introduce him soon—but I fear much
My pen has waddled sadly in its gait,
And jostled subjects that it need not touch;
While for the story folks impatient wait;
I'm sorry for it—but it is my plan to
Give honest Dan the whole of Second Canto.

F. O'F.

END OF FIRST CANTO.

THE CAMERONIAN BALLADS.

THE Cameronians are a pastoral, a poetical, and an enthusiastic people; great lovers of mountain solitudes, and the fresh green gifts of country nature; admirers of the warm, familiar, and lofty, though unequal eloquence of the early Kirk of Scotland; and wholly unlike the vulgar and mechanical sectaries of the South, with whom they have been compared, and by many confounded. Nothing in nature can be more aloof from the thorough-paced and shop-keeping sectary, than the well-read and meditative Cameronian; the temperate enthusiasm, and manly, though severe devotion of the mountaineer, is the very poetry of religion; and the circumstance alone, of persevering to worship God on the mountain-tops, and associating the external beauty and bounty of nature with his worship, ought to have saved him from the disgrace of such comparison. The southern sectary* is a being of yesterday, sprung from the ailments and unsalved sores of the Episcopalian Church, and wrapt up in the wrong-folded surplices of external devotion; but the Cameronian looks proudly down the vista of other years, as far as the firm and faithful struggles of the covenanted church against the ambitious hierarchy, and classes himself with the pure and lofty beings who perfected the Reformation. In the matter, as well as the manner of his worship, he differs from his city brethren; his faith in Providence is less exclusive, and more noble and poetical; more accordant with the simple purity of the gospel, and his practice is not spotted and defiled by those startling sallies of mistempered enthusiasm and moon-struck levity with which some numerous sects have been justly upbraided. It has been the custom to laugh at the simplicity and singularity of the Cameronians; and the laxer followers of the established kirk have sought opportunities to smile at the familiar, fervent, and protracted preachings of the professors. Their church discipline, like the creed of the virtuous Cowper, "is wholesome in the main," though savouring of harshness; and the nice and delicate distinctions in their distribution of rebuke and admonition, would form no discreditable addition to the established church discipline of the kingdom. To the mimickries of the graceless and the profane, the poets have added their sarcasm and their ridicule; and William Meston, a man of much wit, but of little feeling for the gentle, and pathetic, and lofty beauties of poetry, has seized upon some of the common infirmities of human nature, and made them the reproach of this respectable race. Having little sympathy in the poetical part of their character, he has sought to darken the almost cloudless day of their history, with specks which would not detract much from the fixed splendours of the established kirk, but which hang black and ominous amid the purity of Cameronian faith and practice. The poet certainly had some reason for disliking the Cameronians; he encountered their resistance and their valour in the attempt to rethrone the princes of the house of Stuart; and while suffering the calamities which constantly followed every effort of that ancient and illfated house, he composed his "Adventures of Sir John Presbyter," in which he holds up our patriotic mountaineers to hatred and contempt. The failings of Mr David Dick, the preacher, have been maliciously commented upon, and too extensively applied; the disaster of the saint is decorously veiled in the famous ballad of Dainty Davie, but the more morose Meston reserved all his chivalry for the thankless Stuarts, and could afford none for the hapless Cameronian; he has therefore signalized his adventure in the bedchamber with the malice of unmitigating envy. Lately, too, the MIGHTY WARLOCK of Caledonia, has shed a natural and supernatural light round the founders of the Cameronian dynasty; and as his business was to grapple with the ruder and fiercer portion of their character, the gentler graces of their nature were not called into action, and the storm, and tempest, and thick darkness of John Balfour of Burley, have darkened the whole breathing congregation of the Cameronians, and turned their sunny hill-side into a

* In the instructive and affecting tale of "Altham and his Wife," will be found a zealot of this vulgar and fiery stamp, drawn with vigour and truth.

dreary desert. All the sufferers of England, and of Scotland too, have lifted up their voices against this ancient remnant of the Scottish covenant, and all the backslidings of the numerous sectaries of the north have been fairly wrought into a kind of tapestry picture, and hung over the honoured grave of Richard Cameron. All this, which would have provoked the patience, and obtained the anathemas of other churches, failed to discompose the meekness and the sedate serenity of the mountaineers; they read, and they smiled at Meston, and with the unrivalled novelist they are charmed and enchanted; they would sooner part with the splendour of the victory of Drumclog, or the name of Alexander Peden, than pass the Torwood curse on the legend of Old Mortality.

It has been my particular good fortune, in the early part of a life protracted beyond the customary span, to live in friendship and familiarity with many of the most respectable of the congregation, and sundry of their most popular preachers. A frequent visitor of their preachings, I have hearkened with delight and edification to the poetical and prophetic eloquence of their discourses. A guest at their hearths and their tables, I have proved the cheerful and open hospitality of their nature; and have held converse and fellowship with almost all the burning and the shining lights that have distinguished the present house of Cameron. I have made their character my study, and their pursuits my chief business, and collected many curious sayings, and songs, and adventures, which belong to this simple and unassuming race. In accomplishing all this, I have certainly redeemed from oblivion many matters of doubtful virtue and of dubious beauty, and I have sometimes surmised, that the ballads and the traditions to which I listened, partook strongly of the character of the narrator, and perhaps owed some of their embellishments to his kindred spirit. Of this, perhaps, I am not the safest judge. And I would willingly think, that however much some of the ballads may be modified and modernized in their oral passage from the period of the persecution, that something of the ancient spirit still remains to hallow them—that the ore is the same, though the stamp is different. I have also, with the usual sagacity of an editor, hazarded sundry emendations, and even ventured to supply some lines where the treacherous memory of the reciter left the sense imperfect. If these remain undiscovered, I shall feel rewarded. Certainly the most wondrous part of the Cameronian character is the poetical warmth and spirit which everywhere abounds in their sermons and their sayings: and, though profane minstrelsy was wisely accounted as an abomination, yet poetry, conceived and composed in the overflowing and passionate style of their compositions, has been long privately cherished among the most enlightened of the flock. But I by no means claim rank for the Cameronian bards, with those who lent their unstinted strength to the strings. Their glimpses of poetical inspiration cannot equal the fuller day of those who gloried in the immortal intercourse with the muse. Of my converse with the Cameronian worthies of the last and the present age, I would willingly render some account; but the pen which, in my hand, is a cold and frozen medium of communication, would abate the particular vigour and beauty of the original, and I shall prefer rather to introduce some of their poetical remains to the curiosity of the reader. Many years have elapsed since my collection was made, and many of the enthusiastic and delightful people who contributed to it, are sleeping in the silent church-yard. I have to regret, too, an occurrence which the wisdom of man cannot repair—the death of my respected relative, Marion Moorhead, relict of Peter Morison, in Dumfriesshire, with whom have perished sundry Cameronian songs, of the mixed nature of love, religion, and politics. To the faithfulness of her retentive memory I committed them—in her remembrance they were as safe as words written on brass or ivory; and it was a matter to me of no ordinary pleasure to hear her recount the titles of my treasures.—But the beautiful Cameronian dame who influenced my youth is numbered with inanimate things—and though her remembrance and her beauty are continued by her daughters, my glorious Cameronian lyrics have perished with their author. All that remains in my memory is the following verse.

"A bloody hand and a bloody brand
I loose on thee, thou false Scotland!
A cruel heart and unsparing sword
I loose on thee for rejecting the Word!
Thy cup of iniquity's filled to the brim—
The fires for thee blaze hot and grim—
Nor all the virtue that sleeps in the grave
Can false and faithless Scotland save!"

I shall now proceed with the more perfect productions of the Cameronian muse, and leave them to win their way to the affections of the reader.

Should this specimen of the poetry of the Cameronians be acceptable, and, above all, if it be really poetry, and not the empty music of its bells, some more may be forthcoming—unless, peradventure, it is unseemly for the grave and the staid to sanction idle minstrelsy, and connect the honoured names of the martyred dead with measured quantities of sounding words, which have passed muster among critics for current poetry. C.

Ballad I.

On Mark Wilson, slain in Irongray.

1.

I WANDERED forth when all men lay sleeping,
And I heard a sweet voice wailing and weeping,
The voice of a babe, and the wail of women,
And ever there came a faint low screaming;
And after the screaming, a low, low moaning,
All adown by the burn-bank, in the green loaning.
I went, and by the moonlight, I found
A beauteous dame weeping low on the ground.

2.

The beauteous dame was sobbing and weeping,
And at her breast lay a sweet babe sleeping,
And by her side was a fair-haired child,
With dark eyes flushed with weeping, and wild
And troubled he held by his mother, and spake,
"Oh mither, when will my father awake;"
And there lay a man smitten low to the ground,
The blood gushing forth from a bosom wound.

3.

And by his side lay a broken sword,
And by his side lay the open'd 'Word;'
His palms were spread, and his head was bare,
His knees were bent—he had knelt in prayer;
But brief was his prayer, for the flowers where he knelt
Had risen all wet, with his life's blood spilt;—
And the smoke of powder smelled fresh around:
And a steed's hoof prints were in the ground.

4.

She saw me, but she heeded me not;
As a flower she sat that had grown on the spot;
But ever she knelt o'er the murdered man,
And sobbed afresh, and the loosed tears ran—
Even low as she knelt, there came a rush
Like a fiery wind, over river and bush,
And amid the wind and in lightning speed,
A bright RIDER came, on a brighter steed—

5.

"Woe! woe! woe!" he called, and there came
To his hand, as he spake, a sword of flame;—

He smote the air, and he smote the ground,
Warm blood, as a rivulet, leapt up from the wound,
Shriek followed on shriek, loud, fearful, and fast,
And filled all the track where this dread one passed;
And tumult and terrible outcry there came,
As a sacked city yields when it stoops to the flame;
And a shrill low voice came running abroad,
"Come, mortal man, come, and be judged by God."
And the dead man turned unto heaven his face,
Stretched his hands, and smiled in the light of grace.

Ballad II.

The voice lifted up against Chapels and Churches.

1.

'And will ye forsake the balmy, free air,
The fresh face of heaven, so golden and fair,
The mountain glen, and the silver brook,
And nature's free bountith and open book,
To sit and worship our God with a groan,
Hemmed in with dead timber and shapen stone?
Away—away—for it never can be,
The green earth and heaven's blue vault for me.

2.

Woe! woe! to the time when to the heath-bell
The seed of the Covenant sing their farewell,
And leave the mount written with martyr story,
The sun beaming bright in his bridegroom glory;
And leave the green birks, and the lang flowering broom,
The breath of the woodland steeped rich in perfume;
And barter our life's sweetest flower for the bran,
The glory of God for the folly of man.

Ballad III.

The Cameronians rejoice in the Discomfiture of the Godless at Drumclog.

1.

Arise, ye slain saints, from the moor and the flood,
Arise and rejoice in your garments of blood;
Mark Wilson, awaken, with harp and sweet strain,
Thou Bard of the light whom stern Bonshaw has slain;
Rejoice where ye sleep, 'neath your covering of flowers,
The scarf of brown heath and the shade of green bowers;
Gather round, lo! and number your foes as they lie,
With their face to the earth and their back to the sky.

2.

This morning they came with their brass trumpets braying,
Their gold pennons flaunting, their war horses neighing;
They came and they found us—the brand and the spear
Soon emptied their saddles and sobered their cheer;
They came and they sounded—their trumpet and drum
Now give a mute silence, their shouters are dumb;
The chariot is smote, and the charioteer sleeping,
And death his dark watch o'er their captains is keeping.

3.

Oh! who wrought this wonder?—men ask me—this work
Is not of man's hand for the covenant kirk;
Few—few—were the saints 'neath their banners arraying,
Weak, hungry, and faint, nor grown mighty in slaying—

And strong, fierce, and furious, and thirsting and fain
Of our blood—as the dust of the summer for rain—
Came our foes—but the firm ground beneath their feet turned
Into moss and quagmire—above their heads burned
Heaven's hot and swift fires—the sweet wind to-day
Had the power for to blast, and to smite, and to slay.

4.

Then laud not yourselves, nor put faith and firm trust
In sharp steel and strong sinews, but stoop in the dust
And humble your hearts—all your witnessing hands
Hold in bloody sign up, you fulfilled His commands;—
Now arise! see the valley is cumbered with spoil,
Lo! gather—divide the reward of your toil;
But leave these dumb Dagons to rot on the sward
They defiled—then come, sing a new song of the Word.

Ballad IV.

The Doom of Nithsdale.

Pronounced by Alexander Peden, *Preacher of the Word.*

1.

I stood and gazed—from Dalswinton wood
To Criffel's green mountain and Solway flood
Was quiet and joyous. The merry loud horn
Called the mirthsome reapers in bands to the corn;
The plaided swain, with his dogs, was seen
Looking down on the vale from the mountain green;
The lark with her note, now lowne, now loud,
The blue heaven breasted through the white cloud,
Round a smiling maid, white as winter snowing,
The Nith clasped its arms, and went singing and flowing—
Yet all the green valley, so lovely and broad,
Lay in black-nature, nor breathed of a God.

2.

And yet it was sweet, as the rising sun shone,
To stand and look this fair land upon,
The stream kissed my feet, and away to the sea
Flew, where the wild sea-fowl went swimming free.
In the town the lordly trumpet was blowing,
From the hill the meek pipe sent its sweet notes flowing,
And a fair damsel sat her brown tresses a-wreathing,
And looking of heaven, and perfume breathing,
And, stretched at her feet, despairing and sighing,
Lay a youth on the grass, like a creature dying.
But mocked was the Preacher, and scorned was the Word,
Green Nithsdale, I yield thee to gunshot and sword.

3.

And yet, green valley, though thou art sunk dark,
And deep as the waters that flowed round the ark;
Though none of thy flocks, from the Nith to the Scaur,
Wear Calvin's choice keel or the Covenant's tar—
Come, shear thy bright love-locks, and bow thy head low,
And fold thy white arms o'er thy bosom of snow,
And kneel, till the summer pass with its sweet flowers,—
And kneel, till the autumn go with her gold bowers,—

And kneel, till rough winter grows weary with flinging
Her snows upon thee, and the lily is springing,
And fill the green land with thy woe and complaining;
And let thine eyes drop like two summer clouds raining—
And ye may have hope, in the dread dooms-day morning,
To be snatched as a brand from the sacrifice burning.

4.

But if ye kneel not, nor in blood-tears make moan,
And harden your heart like the steel and the stone,
Oh! then, lovely Nithsdale—even as I now cast
My shrunk hand to heaven, thy doom shall be passed;
Through thy best blood the war horse shall snort and career—
Thy breast shall be gored with the brand and the spear—
Thy bonnie love-locks shall be ragged and reft—
The babe at thy bosom be cloven and cleft;
From Queensberrie's mountain to Criffel below,
Nought shall live but the blood-footed hawk and the crow!
Farewell thou doomed Nithsdale—in sin and asleep—
Lie still—and awaken to wail and to weep.

5.

I tried much to bless thee, fair Nithsdale, there came
Nought but curses to lay on thy fate and thy fame!
Yet still do I mind—for the follies of youth
Mix their meteor gleams with the sunshine of truth—
A fair one, and some blessed moments; aboon,
Gleaming down the green mountain gazed on us the moon,
The kisses and vows were unnumbered and sweet,
And the flower at our side, and the stream at our feet
Seemed to swell and to flow so divinely.—Oh! never,
Thou lovely green land, and thou fair flowing river,
Can man gaze upon you and curse you. In vain
Doth he make his heart hard.—So I bless you again.

Ballad V.

Alexander Peden's Harmonious Call to the Cameronians.

1.

Ye green glens of Nithsdale, ye brown dales of Dryfe,
Ye green banks of Annandale, busk for the strife,
Come fix firm the helmet, and sharpen the brand,
The Kirk cannot take sloven work from your hand.

2.

Ye Kyle men, ye Carrick men, men of Glenluce,
Who conquered with Wallace, and triumphed with Bruce,
A brighter cause now calls your hands to the hilt,
A Covenant broken, and pious blood spilt.

3.

'Tis not for your flocks—for the wealth of your home,
Or your chaste lovely daughters, the spoiler is come,
Then empty the quiver, and strive till the sword
Works the good work full surely, the work of the Word.

4.

May him, whose cold blood sleeps like water, to hear
The loud cry of righteousness sound in his ear;
May no maid call him love, no good man call him brother,
And the son of his heart prove the son of another.

5.

Come pluck up your banner, the green pleasant land
Of the west calls the chosen with Bible and brand,
The spoiler a feast 'mongst the mountains has made,
I have blessed it, come carve it with bayonet and blade.

Ballad VI.

The Cameronian Banner.

1.

O Banner! fair Banner! a century of woe
Has flowed on thy people since thou wert laid low;
Hewn down by the godless, and sullied and shorn,
Defiled with base blood, and all trodden and torn!
Thou wert lost, and John Balfour's bright steel-blade in vain
Shed their best blood as fast as moist April sheds rain—
Young, fierce, gallant Hackstoun, the river in flood
Sent rejoicing to sea with a tribute of blood;
And Gideon Macrabin, with bible and brand,
Quoted Scripture, as Amelk fell 'neath his right hand—
All in vain, thou fair Banner, for thou wert laid low,
And a sport and a prey to the Covenant's foe.

2.

Fair Banner! 'gainst thee bloody Claver'se came hewing
His road through our helms, and our glory subduing;
And Nithsdale Dalzell—his fierce deeds to requite,
On his house darkest ruin descended like night—
Came spurring and full on the lap of our war,
Disastrous shot down like an ominous star.
And Allan Dalzell—may his name to all time
Stand accurs'd, and be named with nought nobler than rhyme—
Smote thee down, thou fair Banner, all rudely, and left
Thee defiled, and the skull of the bannerman cleft.
Fair Banner, fair Banner, a century of woe
Has flowed on thy people since thou wert laid low.

3.

And now, lovely Banner! led captive and placed,
'Mid the spoils of the scoffer, and scorned and disgraced,
And hung with the helm and the glaive on the wall,
'Mongst idolatrous figures to wave in the hall,
Where the lips, wet with wine, jested with thee profane,
And the minstrel, more graceless, mixed thee with his strain,
Till the might and the pride of thy conqueror fell,
And the owl sat and whoop'd in the halls of Dalzell.
O thou holy Banner! in weeping and wail
Let me mourn thy soiled glory, and finish my tale.

4.

And yet, lovely Banner! thus torn from the brave,
And disgraced by the graceless, and sold by the slave,
And hung o'er a hostel, where rich ruddy wine,
And the soul-cheering beverage of barley divine,
Floated glorious, and sent such a smoke—in his flight
The lark stayed in air, and sung, drunk with delight.
Does this lessen thy lustre? or tarnish thy glory?
Diminish thy fame, and traduce thee in story?
Oh, no, beauteous Banner! loosed free on the beam,
By the hand of the chosen, long, long shalt thou stream!
And the damsel dark-eyed, and the Covenant swain,
Shall bless thee, and talk of dread Bothwell again.

MOODS OF THE MIND.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE three more "Moods of the Mind" to send you, and then intend to contribute to the pages of your gracious Miscellany some Miscellaneous Poems, a few Verses now and then of a humorous character, and an occasional Prose Essay. Your's sincerely, Δ.

To Christopher North, Esq.

No VII.

Midnight Wanderings.

BLUE is the vault of heaven—the gems,
The thousand flaming diadems,
That deck the midnight throne of June,
Are glittering silently—the moon,
To silver o'er the eastern wave,
Leaves not her interlunar cave—
All, all is still—no wandering breeze
Disturbs the air, or stirs the trees;
The wings of silence overspread
Alike the living and the dead,
And darkness o'er the land and sea
Hangs down her shadows gloomily.
Yes, there are times when thoughts of rest
Are banished, and the vacant breast,
To meditation prone, instils
A heavier sense of mortal ills;
When couches cannot yield repose;
When slumber cannot mantle woes;
When o'er the agonized brain
Comes Memory, with her busy train
Of hopes and visions, cherish'd long—
A look—a thought—a word—a song—
That conjures up the past, can make
A fire, that water cannot slake;
A tempest fierce to roar and roll;
A wild volcano of the soul:
Yea, in a dream, this very night,
Hath Recollection held her light,
Her flaming torch, above the past,
Years fled—joys vanished—hopes o'ercast—
Affections blighted—seasons lost—
And earth itself a desart coast!
Nor easier do I breathe, though now
The chill of night salutes my brow.
'Tis sweet, beneath the cataract
To sit, and watch the drizzly rack
That reascends, and then renews
Its mazy fall in trickling dews;
To see the waters flash and foam
In darkness, to their central dome,
Amid the sable rocks, which frown
Like genii o'er the waters brown;
To hear them roar, with mighty crash,
And onwards rush, and downwards dash,
Beneath the hazel trees, that throw
Their shadows o'er the chasms below—

'Tis sweet to gaze upon the sky,
And turn a fond and wistful eye
Upon the stars of twinkling ray,
Upon the lucid milky way,
Upon the long, long vistas, through
The trackless paths of placid blue—
And why? 'Tis Fancy rules the brain,
And draws the thoughts from present pain,
And leads us to a lonely spot
Where Passion's voice awakens not.
Dim hang the shadowy forests round,
Their canopies without a sound,
Gigantic—towering—shadowy—drear—
Along whose paths quick stalking Fear,
With indrawn breath all trembling steals,
And dreams Destruction at his heels.
The lofty elm its giant boughs
Of leafy darkness o'er me throws,
And at its base I lay me down,
Upon the furze of golden brown,
Until returning light shall bring
My quiet, and the morning spring. Δ.

No VIII.

The Clouds frown dark.

The clouds frown dark upon the sky,
And the night wind moans as it rustles by;
The stream runs down with a heavy sound,
And all is dreary and dull around.

Fitful, between the parted shroud
Of the rifted, melancholy cloud,
A bright star twinkles, and then is hid
Beneath the moving pyramid.

'Tis a gloomy landscape, and all is still,
Save bleat of lamb from the distant hill,
Save the watch-dog's hollow bay on the breeze,
And the night-wind tossing the sullen trees.

The long weeds hang o'er the massy gate
Of the watch-tower, ruined and desolate,
Its idle door no menial bars,
And with every blast it creaks and jars.

Desponding, and dreary, and full of strife,
Are the thoughts that brood o'er our human life;
The blood runs cold as the hemlocks wave
With ominous sound o'er the lowly grave!

Δ.

No IX.

The Elm Trees.

Oh! may these trees be ever green,
Perpetual spring enwreathe them,
May bloom on every bough be seen,
And lovely flowers beneath them!
Be fresh each leaf, be strong each form;
No biting winds impair them;
And may the red wing of the storm
Pass ever by, and spare them!

'Twas here, in boyhood, that I strayed,
When not a care molested;
With her I loved, beneath this shade,
On summer eves, I rested.
I feel those years revive again,
So sweet and far departed—
Ah! thoughts like these are worse than vain,
They mock the broken-hearted!

It is a melancholy scene,
To view the woodlands yellow,
And Winter's snow, where late serene
Waved Autumn's harvests mellow:
But 'tis a more desponding truth,
To feel that we must sever
From all that gave delight to youth,
Despairing, and for ever!

As in a mirror, vanish'd years
This well-known view is raising;
With lightning glow the past appears,
As thoughtful I am gazing!
May no rude hands this spot deform;
No biting winds impair it;
And may the red wing of the storm
Pass ever by, and spare it!

Δ.

THE MINIATURE.

Afar from native plain and grove,
To smoothe my unforgetful brow,
Fair lineaments of her I love!
Ye are my only solace now!

I cast mine eyes around, and feel
That far my steps are doomed to range;
But when a glance to thee I steal,
I know my heart can never change.

As Eastern pilgrim, from the streams
Of childhood distant many a mile,
Toils through the desart, while his dreams
Repose on Mecca all the while;

So I, amid the tempest's jar,
Revert to thee a longing eye,
The loveliest and the brightest star
In Retrospection's glowing sky.

In sorrow I have wandered long,
And sown in hope to reap in grief,
And found, amid the busy throng,
That care is much and pleasure brief.

To look upon thy shade again,
On thee, in all the pride of yore,
Awakens visions worse than vain,
And dreams that long are past and o'er!

It stirs the thoughts of happy years,
With silver pace, in silence flown,
Beyond the reach of prayer and tears,
For ever perished, past, and gone;

Before, with sacrilegious strife,
The world had ruined simple joy,
And all the loveliness of life,
Had left the man that ruled the boy.

The world is changed—our hearts are changed,
Since long ago we met and loved;
And hopes are sunk, and joys estranged,
That then in ardent glory moved.

The brightest meed that earth bestows,
Though yielded now, were nought to me;
For proffered worlds, I would not lose
A single thought that turns to thee!

To see thee once again—to hear
The accents of thine angel tongue—
The sight—the sounds to memory dear,
When hope was warm, and life was young—

To sit with thee, as I have sate—
To con to thee some touching tale,
And mark how lovers' luckless fate
Could o'er thy tender heart prevail—

To roam with thee the flowery glade,
What time the Evening Star on high
Gleamed o'er the twilight forest's shade,
And caught thy rapture-beaming eye—

It may not be—it may not be;
Yet shall it sooth this cheerless scene,
Beloved shade! to dote on thee,
And all the pleasures that have been!

Δ.

REFLECTIONS IN A RUINED ABBEY.

The beautiful, the powerful, and the proud,
The many and the mighty, yield to Time;
Time that, with measured pace and noiseless wing,
Glides on and on—the ruler of the world.

With what a glory the refulgent sun,
Far from the crimson portals of the west,
Sends back his parting radiance; round and round
Stupendous walls encompass me, and throw
The ebon outlines of their shadows down
Upon the grassy floor: the eastern pile
Receives the chequered darkness of the west,
In mimic lattice-work and sable hues.
Rich in its mellowness, the sunshine bathes
The marble epitaphs of them who died
Before this breathing generation moved,
Or wantoned in the bright eye of the sun.
The sad and sombre trophies of the tomb;
The tablet grey, with mimic roses bound;
The angled bones, the sand-glass, and the scythe;
These, and the stone-carved cherubs, that impend
With hovering wing, and eyes of fixedness,
Gleam down the ranges of the backward aisle,
Dull, 'mid the crimson of prophetic light.

This is a season and a scene to hold
Discourse, and purifying monologue,
Before the silent spirit of old times!
The gilly-flowers, upon the broken arch,
And from the time-worn crevices, look down,

Blooming, where all is desolate. With leaf
Clustering and dark, and light green trails between,
The ivy hangs perennial. Yellow-flowered
The fresh dandelion shoots her juicy stalks,
Amid the thin transparent blades of grass.
In rank luxuriancy the nettles spread
Behind the massy tablatures of death,
Hanging their pendent heads and seedy grains
Above the graves of famous men unknown,
Whose memories have decayed—whose very bones
Have mouldered down to ashes and to earth.
The grey and time-worn pillars, toppling o'er,
Throw from their lichened pedestals a line
Of sombre darkness far, and chequer o'er
The floor with shade and sunshine. Hoary walls,
Since first ye rose in splendour and in pride—
Since first ye frowned in majesty of strength—
Since first ye caught the crimson of the morn
On western slope, and glittering lattices
Of many-coloured brightness, Time hath wrought
An awful revolution. Night and morn,
The hymn of gratulation and of praise
Rung through yon caverned arches; sandalled monks,
White with the snows of eld, or warm with life,
With cross and crosier, mass and solemn rite,
Frail, yet forgiving frailties, sojourned here,
When Rome was in her splendour, and obtained—
Though Cæsars and though Ciceros were not
The rulers of her camps and cabinets—
A second empire o'er the minds of men.

What art thou now, oh! pile of olden time?
The sparrow chatters on thy buttresses
Throughout the livelong day, and, sportively,
The swallow twitters through thy broken roofs,
Fluttering the whiteness of its inner plumes
Through shade, and now emerging to the sun.
The night owls are thy choristers, and mope
Amid the darkling dreariness of night.
The twilight-loving bat, with leathern wing,
Finds out a crevice for her callow young,
Amid dilapidated halls, on high,
Beyond the unassisted reach of man;
And on the utmost pinnacles, the rook
Finds airy dwelling-place and quiet home;
Oft, with her voice of dissonance, she calls
On Echo, slumbering in the nether vaults—
Vaults where the relics of ancestral dust
Crumble. When Winter throws his tempests down,
The whirling snow-flakes, through the open roof
Descending, gather on the tombs beneath;
When sweeps the night-gale past, on rapid wing,
And sighs amid thy portals desolate,
The alders creak, with melancholy sound,
The ivy rustles, and the hemlock bends,
With locks of darkness, to its very root,
Springing above the grassy mounds of those
Whose tombs are long since tenantless. But now,
With calm and quiet eye, the setting sun
Beams mellowness upon the wrecks of Time,
Tinges the broken arch with crimson rust,
Flames down the gothic aisle, and mantles o'er

The tablatures of marble. Beautiful,
The ruined altar, and baptismal font—
The wall-flower crested pillars, foliage-bound—
The shafted oriels, and the ribbed roofs—
Labour of circling years and cunning hands.

Thy governors have vanished—silence reigns,
Save that, beneath, amid the danky vaults,
Impervious to the lustre of the day,
Is heard, with fitful melancholy sound,
The dew-drops frequent plashing—silence reigns,
Save that, amid the embowering forest green,
With clear melodious throat, the blackbird trills
His song—his soft and melancholy song—
Dirgelike, and sinking on the moody mind
In tones prophetic. Through the trellis green
The purpling eve looks dusky; and the clouds,
Shorn of their edgework of refulgent gold,
Spread whitening o'er the bosom of the sky.
Monastic pile! farewell!—not more on thee,
Than on the busy highways of the earth,
Dwells Solitude. On many a lonely eve
My thoughts have brooded on the vacant world,
Gazed at it through the microscope of truth,
And found it, as the King of Israel found,
All Vanity. With ken reverting far,
Amid the Eden of departed years,
Here Contemplation, from the tones of life
Estranged, might treasure many a homily,
And view, with unsophisticated eye,
The lowly state, and lofty destiny,
The pride and insignificance of man.

A.

MICROSOPHUS, OR THE VIRTUOSO PEDANT.

MR EDITOR,

I HAVE often reflected with pleasure on the increased taste for Natural History, experimental philosophy, and chemistry, which distinguishes the times in which we live, and in the first and last of these sciences especially, is so conspicuous among the elèves of the University of Edinburgh. About half a century ago, classical literature, mathematics, and metaphysics, constituted the chief ingredients of an Edinburgh College education, and to expound a difficult passage in Æschylus or Juvenal, to calculate the time of an eclipse, or the path of a comet, or to speculate and debate on the abstruse doctrines of Psychology, formed the principal labours of the student.

Except a smattering of botany gleaned from the elementary writings of Linnæus, as they were clothed in a homely English garb in Lee's Introduction, illustrated by occasional reference to Gerard's Herbal, the science of natural history was almost unknown, or was confined to a few favoured mortals, whose knowledge of the French and Latin tongues enabled them to peruse, in the original, the few works of value which have been written in that department of human knowledge. Zoology and mineralogy in particular, as far as the English reader was concerned, were in their infancy, for the translations and imitations of Buffon by Smellie and Goldsmith, had not then made their appearance, and nothing like a scientific work on mineralogy had been published in the English language. Mechanical philosophy, though it had long formed a prominent feature in the academical course of studies at Cambridge and Oxford, and was, in consequence of the writings of Maclaurin, rising in Edinburgh to that eminence which it has since attained under the auspices of Robison,

Playfair, and Leslie, was then studied chiefly in the works of Rowning, Desaguliers, and Rutherforth, and the experimental part of that science was little cultivated. Chemistry, indeed, was even at that time beginning to assume the rank of a science, under the fostering hand of Black, and the pupils of that distinguished professor were imbibing a taste for chemical experiments, but so limited was then the knowledge of facts in that science, so imperfect was the apparatus employed for investigating them, and so shackled was the whole science, by a blind attachment to an antiquated and absurd hypothesis, that experimental chemistry was slow in its progress, and often led to erroneous conclusions.

How changed, how improved is the state of these sciences! In the comparatively short period of fifty years, natural history in all its branches, zoology, phytology, mineralogy, and meteorology, have been cultivated with great ardour, and eminent success. The observations and discoveries of scientific travellers, both by sea and land, and I may add through the regions of the atmosphere, have made us acquainted with thousands of new and interesting objects, while the talents of numerous systematic writers have been assiduously employed for the purpose of classifying and reducing them, under a regular methodical arrangement. The phenomena of the atmosphere, the composition of the air, the true nature of meteoric stones, with many others, have been ably investigated and explained.

Most parts of experimental philosophy, but more especially mechanics and pneumatics, have also received material improvement during the period I have mentioned. The numerous new machines invented for diminishing manual labour, the great improvement and extended application of the steam-engine, and the art of navigating the atmosphere by means of balloons, afford abundant illustration of this position.

As to chemistry, it has become altogether a new science. Its facts are multiplied beyond all former calculation; its processes are improved in a degree truly astonishing; and its theory has undergone revolutions, which lead us to regard the former hypothesis as the dreams of visionaries, or the trifling of school-boys. Nothing has contributed more to extend and increase the taste for chemical knowledge, now so prevalent among the Edinburgh students, than the dexterity and address with which the present professor performs those experiments, which he brings forward in illustration of that fascinating science.

How much natural history and chemistry are now cultivated among the young men of this University, is evident from the numerous lectures given on these departments. Besides the regular classes of Dr Hope, Professor Jameson, and Dr Graham, we have a lecturer on natural history in general, three lecturers on botany, one or two on mineralogy, one on comparative anatomy, and at least four on chemistry. As these undertakings evince the ardour of the student in pursuit of those sciences, they greatly increase the facility of acquiring information, and this facility is farther increased by the public and private museums, now formed, or forming in Edinburgh, and by the liberality with which several societies support their members with books and apparatus. The large and valuable additions lately made to the College Museum, which it is to be hoped will soon be ready for public inspection, must materially advance the progress of natural history in this city, while the small collection of Dr Barclay, and the attempt now making to form a similar collection in the medical society, will contribute to the same object. The Wernerian Natural History Society, though slow in its operations, and, perhaps, too much confined to one department, bids fair to increase the general stimulus, and the numerous Encyclopædias, Reviews, Journals, and Magazines, which quarterly or monthly issue from the Edinburgh press, help to keep alive the public interest, by diffusing the latest and most correct information on these subjects.

Your own publication, Mr Editor, has already done something to gratify the prevailing taste for these my favourite studies, and from its extensive circulation, it is calculated to do a great deal more. I do not presume to think that my observations will afford you any considerable assistance, but such as they are, they are much at your service. I propose, at pre-

sent, to call your attention to a very common error, into which I have observed many of your young men to fall, and to illustrate my reflections by a particular example.

Those persons who suddenly direct their minds to the study of natural history and chemistry, without having received such a preliminary education, as may qualify them for acquiring a scientific knowledge of those departments, are too apt to catch at the more brilliant and showy parts of the subject, and to be more attracted by the curious specimens and amusing experiments by which it is illustrated, than by the sound principles, and solid information it is fitted to impart. Hence, instead of becoming naturalists and chemists, they dwindle into virtuosos and Charlatans. It must be remarked, that a virtuoso of the present day, is a very different character from what was described by the dramatists and essayists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. He no longer confines his accumulations to

> "An alligator stuffed, and other skins of ill-shaped fishes."

Nor does he store his cabinet merely with shells and butterflies. No, he ransacks all the kingdoms of nature, and collects whatever is extraordinary, no matter how ugly or disgusting it may be. His great object, is not to please or instruct, but to astonish and surprise. Nearly allied to the modern virtuoso, is the trifling experimenter of the present day, and, indeed, these characters are often combined in the same individual, and this combination forms the true virtuoso of the nineteenth century.

While these gentlemen confine their trifling to their study or their cabinet, and do not obtrude their tricks and rarities indiscriminately on their acquaintance and visitors, they are innocent, if not useful members of society, but this rarely happens. A person gifted with such talents, and possessed of such means of gratifying his own, if not his neighbour's taste for amusement, seldom allows the talent or the fund to be unemployed, but takes every opportunity of exercising the one, and displaying the other. Now, this is an instance of pedantry. I need scarcely remark, that pedantry is not confined to the classics or the belles-letters. The virtuoso, who is perpetually displaying the treasures of his cabinet, or the chemist, who is always pressing on you his curious and surprising experiments, is as sorry a pedant as the Oxonian or the Cantab, who annoys you with his Greek and Latin quotations, and interlards his discourse with continual allusions to the history, the politics, or the mythology of the ancients. I would call such a character a *virtuoso pedant*. One of this species, which so far as I know, is still a non-descript, has lately come under my observation, and as the character may be new to many of your readers, I shall give you an account of it, by way of concluding these desultory remarks.

Microsophus was born to a good estate, but being an only child, and apparently of no very brilliant capacity, was suffered to pass his early years, either in idleness, or in the most trifling occupations. Much of his time was employed in company with the foot boy, in hunting cats, *harrying* birds nests, and stringing their eggs in festoons; and as he often passed the shop of an ingenious mechanic, who, though only a wright, acted in the village in nearly as many capacities as Caleb Quotem, our young gentleman insensibly acquired a taste for the arts of joinery, turning, glazing, and house-painting. These soon formed his serious avocations, and he prevailed on his father to purchase for him a box of tools, and to fit up an out-house with a bench, turning lathe, and other conveniences, as a work shop. At an age when most lads enter the university, our hero was sent to a grammar-school, but classical literature had no charms for Microsophus, and he has often declared that this was the most irksome period of his life. After toiling through the Rudiments, construing Corderius with the help of a translation "as literal as possible," and dipping into Cæsar, he was removed from school, and placed under the care of a gentleman, who had acquired some reputation among the literati of his time. His new preceptor happened to have a taste for Natural History and experimental philosophy, subjects to which the attention of Microsophus had not yet been directed. Observing that his pupil had no

inclination towards the usual branches of polite literature, but that he was evidently attracted by the specimens which constantly met his eye in the study, the beautiful coloured plates of plants and animals, that were sometimes opened in his presence, and the striking experiments which occasionally fell under his observation, the tutor resolved to encourage this natural bias, and by degrees allured him into a course of lessons on these delightful studies. Now, for the first time, Microsophus listened with attention and respect to the voice of instruction. He heard or read with delight of the sagacity of the elephant; the docility, the attachment, and gratitude, of the dog; the noble generosity of the lion; and the cunning and ferocity of the tiger. He beheld, with peculiar satisfaction, the experiments, which illustrate the nature and properties of the gases, of heat, and light, and colours, or which display the phenomena and effects of electricity and galvanism.

It soon appeared, however, that the brilliant and striking parts of these sciences, were alone capable of arresting and fixing the attention of the young philosopher. The systematic arrangement and specific differences of the animals, whose manners and economy had so much delighted him, appeared dry and uninteresting; the principles on which the brilliant experiments were susceptible of explanation, were lost in the experiments themselves, and Microsophus, incapable of being rendered a true philosopher, became a virtuoso. He purchased a handsome book case, but instead of filling it with its usual contents, he made it the repository of such specimens of birds, small beasts, shells, and minerals, as he collected in his walks, or occasionally bought at auctions. The animals were commonly shot and stuffed by himself, and, having learned the art of cutting and polishing stones, he obtained a lapidary's machine for this purpose, and thus furnished his museum at a moderate expense.

At length the death of his father, and the age of majority, put Microsophus in possession of his family estate, and furnished him with ample means of indulging the propensities of his disposition. He had been long ambitious of forming, within his own mansion, a museum of natural and artificial curiosities, and for this purpose set apart a large room, which had formerly served as a library. Most of the books were removed, to give place to large glass cases, filled with beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects, while the corners, and other intervening spaces, were occupied by grotesque statues, antique tripods, broken vases, and other singular artificial curiosities, or by some ingenious, but useless mechanical contrivances.

It was now that the virtuoso became the pedant. Disqualified by nature and habit for indulging in the usual boisterous occupations of a country life, Microsophus could converse only on subjects connected with specimens, curiosities, experiments, and tricks. Not only the library, but the whole house might be called a museum, as there was scarcely a room in it, that did not contain some natural or artificial curiosity, though all of them were of the most singular and extraordinary kind; as if the chief aim of the master, were to "astonish the natives." The grounds about the house, were made to partake of the same character with the mansion. The gates or turnstiles which bounded the foot-path that led to the house, were removed and replaced by that peculiar kind of stile, which drops when the foot is set on it, and the stone dykes were pulled down, to make way for invisible fences.

I was lately invited to dine with a party at the house of Microsophus. After escaping the danger of broken bones, by tumbling over the philosophic stiles, we entered the hall, and were about to ascend the staircase to the drawing-room, when we were suddenly made to start back, on seeing, within a recess at the foot of the stairs, a white bear, with open mouth and glaring eyes, withheld from flying at us only by a strong chain. We soon perceived, however, that this was only a stuffed specimen, and our fears were allayed, but were soon more strongly excited on passing over the landing-place, by the sudden appearance of a hideous phantom suspended in the air, mid-way between the staircase and the drawing-room door. This impression was but momentary, and we reached the room in safety. Our host received us with courtesy, and requested us to be

seated, at the same time motioning one of the party to accept a particular chair, which, from the superiority of its decorations, appeared to be the seat of honour, but no sooner had the gentleman touched the cushion, than it sunk down with him, and we heard a squeaking noise, which set the company in a titter, and threw our friend out of countenance. He was soon relieved by a similar trick played on one of his companions, who, on seating himself in a plain-looking unsuspected chair, was clasped by two wooden arms, which sprang round, and held him in a firm embrace. When the bustle and mirth occasioned by these pleasantries had subsided, we proceeded to examine and admire the rarities with which the room was filled. The mantle-piece was crowded with stones, bearing some distant resemblance to beasts, eggs, apples, lemons, &c. and painted to render the resemblance more striking. On the walls hung several mirrors, but not one ordinary looking-glass, which could reflect the human form in its natural magnitude and proportions. They were either convex or concave, or semicylindrical mirrors, reflecting the images diminished, magnified, or distorted.

Before we could fully examine the curious contents of this curious drawing-room, the dinner-bell announced our removal from the seat of magical enchantment. It might be expected that a time so serious, would pass without any thing to alarm the feelings, or astonish the understanding of the company, but the fertile genius of Microsophus was prepared with some tricks, which could scarcely be brought forward, on any other occasion. One of the ladies called for a glass of water. After some little delay it was presented to her by a servant, with a half-grinning face, but before the lady could put the glass to her mouth, a sudden flash of fire burst from the surface of the water, and she dropped the glass in terror. Sometime after, a gentleman, hoping to be more fortunate, desired a draught of porter. It was brought to him in a massy silver goblet, with something of a suspicious appearance, but after a slight examination, the liquor was found to be genuine, and the guest ventured to lift the vessel to his mouth, but in vain did he raise his hand to elevate the bottom of the goblet;—no porter reached his mouth, and on again examining the vessel, to his utter astonishment he found it empty, though not one drop of liquor had passed between his lips.

Some tricks were still reserved to enliven the tea-table. One of the company had a spoon of a massy structure, and evidently not silver, and on stirring his coffee, which was very hot, he soon observed that the bowl of his spoon melted in the liquor. Another requested a little more sugar. A lump was added to his cup, but after stirring it about for a long time, no perceptible change took place in its bulk, and he naturally exclaimed, "bless me, this is very hard sugar." A smothered laugh from some one in the secret, excited suspicion, and on handling the supposed lump of sugar, it turned out a piece of white marble.

These, and similar feats, constitute the chief relaxation of Microsophus, from his more serious employments of stuffing birds, hunting insects, drying plants, and constructing philosophical toys, and they have rendered him famous throughout the country in which he resides. His character is variously appreciated by his neighbours and tenants. By some of his equals he is called a humourist, by others a fool. By most of the peasantry he is distinguished by the appellation of the "daft laird," and some of the more serious and religious among them, declare him to be little better than a warlock, and scruple not to affirm that he is "owre grit wi' the de'il."

PHILO-PHYSICUS.

LIFE OF ANTONIO LAMBERTACCI.

From the "Historie Memorabili di Bologna" of G. Bombaci.

(Concluded from page 65, Vol V.)

The tragical adventure of Bonifacio and Smelda, has been selected by Sismondi, in his History of the Italian Republics, as illustrating the character of the age and nation. It was a period not far distant from that in which it occurred, and a city not far remote from Bologna, which gave birth to a parallel incident of much greater celebrity, as it furnished Shakspeare with the foundation of his "Romeo and Juliet." Many of the most poetical and dramatic stories, among the novels of Bocaccio and Bandello are of a similar complexion, and probably might be traced to sources of equal authenticity. Notwithstanding the frequency of such sanguinary occurrences throughout Italy, that which has been just recorded appears to have excited a terrible sensation in the breasts of both the hostile parties, which slumbered only till opportunity gave it vent. That it was suppressed so long, is probably to be ascribed to the nature of the transaction, which was such that neither of the families immediately interested could view it as redounding to its own honour, or as entitled, in its behalf, to sentiments of unmingled compassion and abhorrence.

In the course of the same year in which the circumstance happened, (1273,) news were brought to Bologna of the rebellion of the ghibelline city of Forli, an event which, both in its nature and consequences, could not fail to be contemplated very differently by the terrors of the rival factions; the Gieremei, as the organs of the Guelph party, demanding that an army should be instantly sent to reduce the revolted city to submission, while the Lambertacci reminded the state of its engagement, (entered into after the war with Henzo) to replace the Aigoni in Modena—an engagement which stood engraven on a stone in the public palace, recording the whole of the compact then sworn to, and which remained a lasting monument to their disgrace from its non-fulfilment. In support of the opinion that it was incumbent on his fellow citizens to redeem the pledge thus solemnly given, before they embarked in any other undertaking whatever, Antonio Lambertacci loudly and bitterly exclaimed against the advocates of the contrary design, and, complaining of their present ascendency in the counsels of the republic, forbore not to allude to the recent catastrophe, crying out, "That now, forsooth, all matters were governed at the discretion of the Gieremei, who took upon themselves to declare their own private enemies the enemies of the state, as if it were not enough that they employed the meanest of their slaves to revile and insult with blows the young patricians, and that they spread their infamous snares to entangle the honour of the most noble virgins, without availing themselves also of the arms of their country to avenge their private animosities." Lodovico Gieremei, in the same spirit, replied, "That he and his family had never given their consent to the injury of the lowest citizen, nor had ever had recourse to arms within the precincts of the state, except for its defence, and the preservation of its sacred altars. That, as for Antonio, he might rest satisfied with having committed an homicide by way of chastising an unhappy passion, and would do well, instead of censuring theirs, to look at home, and lament the scandalous consequences of domestic incontinence."

The faction of the Gieremei prevailed, not only to carry immediate war into the territories of Forli, but even to remove the inscribed stone, which, after such a determination, could answer no other purpose than to cast a continual reproach on the city. Among the events of the siege which followed, it is, by a ridiculous mistake, related, that Edward, King of England, arrived in the camp of the besiegers on his return from the Holy Land to his own country, to which he was hastening, on account of the death of his father—"sacrificed (so to speak) by Count Charles de Montfort, while he was assisting at the service of mass in Viterbo." This, it is needless to say, relates to the murder of Edward, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and king of the Romans, and nephew to Henry III, who actually so perished a short time be-

fore the death of his uncle. Edward, it is related, after failing in his endeavours to pacify the hostile republics, created several knights in the Bolognese camp, and then continued his journey to Bologna, where he was received with great honour and ceremony. The autumnal rains broke up the siege, and the ensuing spring, to the increased indignation of Antonio, witnessed the renewal of preparations for the same object, and the calling out of the Carroccio to give them the greater solemnity. He now resolved on the most strenuous opposition to the measure, even at the risk of involving himself and his party in the same penalty of perpetual banishment, to which the Ghibellines of Florence had lately been sentenced. He entered the council-room while the Podesta was in the very act of demanding his commission to take the command of the army; and, when he found that he could not obtain even the hearing of his arguments, proceeded to personal insult, and so furiously assailed the honour of his enemies, that Gieremeo Gieremei was provoked to give him the lie, and thus they descended into the public square with one accord, and together with their adherents on both sides, there commenced a desperate battle.

Testa Gozzadini, Giovanni Angellelli, a knight, and many others, endeavoured to appease the tumult, which was at length subdued; and the Podesta, for the sake of preventing similar disturbances, decreed the pulling down to the ground of four houses belonging to each of the contending factions, hoping that their animosities would be buried beneath the ruins. The result was far different from his expectation. Day after day fresh tumults ensued, and many lives were sacrificed; the neighbouring cities caught the flame; and the three military companies of Bologna, (called the companies of La Branca, the Griffoni, and the Lombardi,) hearing that the Guelphs of Modena, and the Ghibellines of Forli, were each on their march to foment their domestic divisions, by giving encouragement to their respective partizans within the walls, assumed the defence of the city, and, sallying out against the Modenese, who had approached nearest, attacked and put them to the sword. The Forlivese, who had advanced to Castel S. Piero, not choosing to abide a similar catastrophe, returned to their own territory. But the flame had by this time spread more widely, and all Romania, profiting by the divisions of their ruling city, was at once in arms, asserting its independence. The imminent prospect of ruin to the republic at length produced the effect of composing its internal differences; and ten hostages on each side were consigned to the Podesta for the observance of the pacification.

The external enemies of the republic, alarmed by the report of this union, retreated from their several quarters to Forli, where they resolved to stand on the defensive. But their hopes were speedily reanimated by the intelligence of new commotions, to which a pretext was furnished by an act of imputed partiality in the magistrates, who had released the hostages of the *Gieremei*, while they retained those of the *Lambertacci*, among whom was *Castalano Andalo*, a person equally revered for his virtues, and his high rank among the citizens of the republic, as for the dignity which he, and his father before him, both possessed, of Roman senator—a dignity at that period assumed by princes and sovereigns, and shortly after held by Nicholas III., not unworthy of being associated with the Apostolic primacy. Antonio, finding himself, it is said, thus unworthily treated at a time when he had the least reason to suspect such an insult, assembled his friends and principal partizans in his house at night, and made to them an oration, which we shall insert as a specimen of the rhetorical style of the historian.

"If it has ever been doubted, that those who assume a public character, rarely in so doing divest themselves of their private affections, I trust that this axiom will now be acknowledged by every one, to our great detriment and disgrace. Ye know, my friends, with what sincerity and patriotic confidence we delivered up our hostages, for the sake of putting an end to the distractions of our country; and now, in recompense of our loyalty, behold! we are despised and cheated; insomuch that it may now clearly be seen that the pretext of universal tranquillity was but a stratagem invented for the purpose of opening to the Gieremei a more easy road to our destruc-

tion. See then to what we are now reduced! To us, the most noble part of this illustrious commonwealth, it is no longer permitted even to hold discourse for the preservation of our common liberty. O! were I to live more years than those of Nestor, I should never forget the insult which was offered us, when I advised the restoration of the Aigoni in Modena, as necessary to be accomplished before the enterprise against Forli should be accomplished, and the Gieremei, not satisfied with having obtained the triumph of the contrary opinion, even caused to be dashed to pieces the public marble which recorded the justice of my proposal. We are betrayed even by those who are ambitious of the name of *Sacrosanct;* and so long as we are trodden under foot, they care nothing, either for the honour of the magistracy, or for the public faith. The very hostages which we delivered, as the securest pledge of peace we could offer, have been put in chains, while those of the Gieremei are released; so as to give all men to know, that they pretended to desire concord only, that they might secure the persons of as many as they could entrap, among those who are capable of impeding their design of governing all things alone. Who is ignorant, that this army, which stands ready, from day to day, for its departure from the city, has been assembled and prepared to act against us, more than against Romania? The Gieremei have decreed, in order the more easily to subdue ourselves, the previous destruction of all our adherents. You may remember how, a little time since, they began to make experience of the piety of their tyranny,—even the virgins of our blood are not secure from their libertinism, and the youths of the Lambertacci are beaten and disgraced by the very meanest servants of their guests. These which I now discourse to you, are, indeed, just causes of quarrel—but, for Heaven's sake, let us leave complaints to women, nor think that it is a time to lament ourselves, when our hands, not our tongues, are the instruments we should make use of; and, if it nevertheless delights us to talk of the injuries we have sustained, let it seem as only to blow up the flame of our fury, and render it the minister of our liberty. I, who know that patience is of no avail but to make us the more aggrieved, as persons fitted and fashioned to the yoke of endurance, have resolved, as far as in me lies, and with your concurrence, to prevent the departure of this army; because, if we permit it to take the field, to the destruction of our friends, we shall hereafter look in vain for support or supplies from without, in our greatest necessities. It is my opinion, therefore, that to-morrow morning we send a squadron of our partizans to hinder the departure of the Caroccio—if for no other end, at least, that so unexpected a movement may delay the fulfilment of their intention. Meanwhile, the Ghibellines of Forli, and of other parts of Romania, will come to our assistance, having already been advised by me; and they will not fail to hasten—not only for the love they bear us, but for their own interests. With such assistance, I hold it for certain, that we shall shortly revenge our injuries, and fix ourselves for ever in that station which we ought to command in the republic. Let not the multitude of those inferior people who profess themselves to be at enmity with our faction, affright you. They, as you have proved already, are much better fitted for opposition in council than in the field; and therefore, I doubt not, that when they witness our first advantage, if they do not take arms in our favour, they will at least applaud our victory; and you will see that nothing in the world is more vile, or more unstable, than the common people. If the gown, and not the sword, were your possession—if you were more desirous to be known as philosophers than as soldiers, I should fear lest some scruples of scholastic refinement might withhold you from the performance. It is the part of Sophists and Rhetoricians, to hide behind the shield of syllogism the cowardice of their hearts. Let us but conquer, and we shall be secure of praise; for the cause of battle was never ignominious; disgrace is only in the losing it. Men judge of human actions by the event, and fair fame is the daughter of good fortune. Always have I heard it said, that the end is that which gives name to our actions; and therefore tyrants, who have sustained themselves in their usurped sovereignty, lose the appellation, and, with posterity, become princes. All things are with the

strong; and his is the best reason, in a state, who has the most power. It is monstrous and unnatural when the weak govern the strong—who has ever seen an army of lions with a stag for its captain? If any man presume to censure our conduct, the time shall come, when, instead of condemning us, he will confess his own misjudging folly. This enterprise of ours, O, my brave comrades, will give birth to infamies so illustrious, and contempts so glorious, that they shall be mis-named by historians, hoping to immortalize themselves by the remembrance of them. But, supposing that you were actually under the enchantment of a sense of honour so wild and chimerical, as to demand an exact knowledge of the judgment which posterity will pass on our proceeding,—as if the dead standing with their ears stretched out at the yawning fissures of their sepulchres, took precise note of every word that is spoken against them,—still I am confident, such is the justice of our cause, that you may assure yourselves free from the censure even of the most vigorous investigators of the source and principles of human conduct. We have discharged already the debt which was due from us as good citizens, by the delivery of our hostages; and, since that has given occasion to our being deceived and cheated, as all can bear witness that we have been, what man is he who shall affirm that we are not constrained to resent it? And will not mankind acknowledge, that ours is a just cause which engages us in deserving the honour of our sisters, our wives, and our daughters, when the unchaste and abandoned of the sex have, in times past, been the occasion of extermination to families, cities, and empires? Will it not be esteemed befitting in men to fight for their lives and liberties, when nature instructs the beasts of the forest to maintain their own to the last drop of their blood? That war is just which is necessary, and those arms are lawful which are used when there is no hope but in arms. I can see no work in the world more reasonable than that of resistance, with all our forces, to an injury prepared for us by another;—a work which it is necessary for us to perform instantly, unless we wish to be perverted for ever. Let valour or desperation prevail within us; and let fortune take her course, and turn as she pleases; let us remember, that great offences often secure success, while the little and base cannot escape punishment; and thus we can hardly fail of at least bettering our condition, and the end of the war, if not victory, will at all events be an honourable peace. But why employ so heavy words to persuade you to that which you are yourselves constrained to perform? To consult how to act in such a case as ours, is to desert the principle of action—the very act of being assembled for such a purpose, obliges us to the execution of it. It remains only that we remember of what advantage is promptness in civil warfare, when we require deeds, rather than words, when ardour is more requisite than caution; and precipitation itself is less dangerous than delay. I, as far as in me lies, assure you of my fidelity, and of my partaking with you in the common peril; and, if I am judged not sufficiently tried and reputed to be your captain, I am ready to follow any one among you, who, leading the way to us all, will deign to accept me for his soldier."

This harangue was very pleasing to the auditors, and the whole assembly took hands, swearing all to abide by the same fortune. In the meantime, the Caroccio had already been wheeled down into the public square, and Antonio gave the command to certain of his armed followers, to assault the persons who guarded it, so as to prevent its being led forth from the walls of the city. A battle thus commenced, which every minute became more general from the increasing concourse of people; until, in the end, the followers of Lambertacci, being unable to sustain the force of the indignant populace, (yet ignorant who were the authors of the tumult), were constrained to give way; but, as soon as the cause became evident, those attached to either faction separated themselves from the others, and thus a new conflict began, and a civil war actually raged within the walls of Bologna. The Gieremei improved their first advantage by occupying the square with their partizans, and posting guards at convenient places so as to appear watchful for the defence of the magistrates and the palace against the insults of their antagonists, who were proclaimed enemies to the commonwealth. Antonio fortified him-

self in his house, where he awaited the arrival of his allies from Forli, who came the same evening; and, after having rested them from the fatigues of the march, early the next morning, he mounted on horseback, attended by a vast concourse of the nobility and others, both citizens and strangers, and proceeded in battle array to the square. The battle which ensued, lasted during the whole of that day, with great bloodshed on both sides, the greatest cowards having, on that occasion, assumed sufficient courage to expose themselves voluntarily to danger and death. Happy would it have been for my country, (exclaims the historian,) if that day's sun, which beheld the commencement, had witnessed also the termination of the quarrel! The same scenes of blood and slaughter, which were revived on the morrow, lasted for forty days successively in the streets of Bologna, and, in order that they might, as it were, never come to an end, care was taken, on both sides, to refresh the combatants by the division of time and forces. During all this time, none could pass the streets without incurring mortal danger from the tempest of stones and missile weapons discharged from the tops of houses and lofty towers, while the guards who were posted in the avenues pierced the passers by with their lances. No regard was had to age or kindred. Even children were slain by their own relations, as party madness prompted; and thus the families of Boschetti, Carboresi, Galazzi, Paci, and Baldi, were almost exterminated by their own swords; the members of them having embraced different sides in the contention. Old men, who lately prided themselves on the number of their progeny, giving the fair promise of a lasting succession, found themselves on the sudden cut off from all hopes of their race being continued. These evils were accompanied by robberies of things profane and sacred, by the ravishment of virgins, and all the varieties of military excess and disorder. The orders of the chiefs, on either side, were no longer listened to; and, amid the din of arms, the confusion of warlike shouts, murder, and conflagration, and the shrill laments of women and children, it seemed as if Satan himself was supreme lord of all, and had transferred thither the seat of his empire. In conclusion, however, the Lambertacci, by the continued accession of new forces from all the states of Lombardy to their opponents, were wasted, and expelled them their country. Of those who survived among them, part withdrew to Forli, and part to Faenza, and at each place were courteously received and entertained by their adherents. There, without loss of time, they began to strengthen themselves with the assistance of the courts of Modiana and others of their friends.

Many cities would be proud if they could count inhabitants as numerous as Bologna now reckoned exiles. Their number was more than fifteen thousand, the names of whom are inscribed in the public archives.

Many entire families were thenceforth planted in other cities, where they became naturalized; as the Guarini in Forli, the Bazani and Sacchi in Parma, the Carrari in Ravenna, the Buoninsegni in Terni, the Maffei in Rome, the Bagarotti in Placentia and Padua, the Beroaldi in Viterbo, the Rani (or Filaguasti,) the Guidotti, and the courts of Panico, in Padua, and the Malpigli in Lucca, from whence they subsequently returned to re-unite themselves with the principal stock of their illustrious house.

The Gieremei were now absolute masters in Bologna, and Ludovico, the head of that family, began to exercise his sovereignty by the dismissal from office of the Podesta and Captain of the people, as favourers of the Lambertacci, and by passing severe laws of confiscation and banishment against the conquered party. He proceeded to fortify the city, and raise a numerous army, both for its defence, and for the reduction of the neighbouring cities, which had committed the crime of giving shelter to his enemies. His first expedition was against Faenza, to which place he laid siege, after reducing Imola and Bagnacavallo, which lay in his way. But, having failed in his endeavour to take the place by assault, the approach of winter obliged him to withdraw his forces, and wait the ensuing season. In the meantime, Antonio collected an army of his friends from all quarters, for the relief of the city, into which he was refused admission by the Manfredi; upon which he turned his arms against them, and, having obtained entrance by means of the

rival family of the Accarisi, drove out the Manfredi, took the castle of Salarolo, to which they had withdrawn themselves, and sent them all prisoners to Forli. The Accarisi had not long to glory in this action; but it was the destiny of their opponents to undergo the lot of exiles before they assumed the sovereignty of their native country—to be first in chains, and to wear the crown afterwards.

In the ensuing year, Ludovico, in order to give the semblance of returning peace and liberty, caused the election of a new Podesta and Captain of the people—Nicolo Balagani of Jesi, and Malatesta de' Malatesti of Rimini. Under the command of the latter, the Bolognese army again marched into the territory of Faenza, and ravaged the country, with the purpose of drawing the enemy out of their fortifications. This not succeeding, they next pushed their incursions to the very gates of the city, where they sought to attain their object by taunts and insults; and the Lambertacci, provoked at length beyond endurance, made a sally, and engaged them in a smart contest, which terminated with no great advantage to either party. Malatesta, however, proclaimed it a victory, and marched to Imola, where his troops indulged themselves in a fancied triumph, while Antonio Lambertacci, watching his opportunity, fell upon them with a body of allied cavalry, and forced them to retreat, which they did in good order, to the banks of the river Sanguinario, where began a fresh conflict, worthy, says the historian, of the name annexed to it. This second battle, though bloody, was indecisive like the preceding, and being terminated by night, the next day each party retreated, the one to Bologna, the other to Faenza again.

Both sides now prepared, by fresh levies, for the continuance of the contest; and Lambertacci, to inspire his own party with the greater confidence, procured for them a Captain of great military success and reputation, in the person of the Count Guido da Montefeltro. This leader had no sooner taken the command of the forces, than he was informed of a fresh incursion of the enemy, whom he had designed to anticipate by himself invading the Bolognese territory. He now resolved to wait till he could attack them with advantage, while oppressed with the fatigue of their march; and, as soon as he received notice that they were encamping at the Bridge of Saint Proculus, he gave the signal for a sally. The enemy, though taken at an unawares, courageously accepted the battle, and encouraged themselves with an augury derived from the name of the place, imagining that St Proculus, as a fellow-citizen and soldier, would more willingly fight in favour of the men of Bologna than against them, and for the Guelphs rather than for the Ghibillines.

The fortune of the day was equally balanced, till the cavalry of their allies deserted the Bolognese standard, and fled. The count then brought up his division of cross-bows against the infantry, and routed them, after they had made resistance from the hour of noon till vespers, although very inferior in numbers. The slaughter was excessive; eight thousand of the Bolognese army being cut in pieces on the spot, and the Captain of the people himself escaping with great difficulty. The news of the loss they had sustained, overwhelmed the pride of the citizens with the sense of an irreparable calamity. On the other side, the victorious count advanced into their territory, and laid waste their fields, possessing himself, without opposition, of Castellione, Sesto, Bisano, Loiano, and other places, and, if the winter had not set in, would have ventured upon the attack of the dismayed and humbled city.

The ensuing year, (1276,) Charles, king of Naples, sent to their assistance Richard de Beauvoir, Lord of Durefort, with many men at arms; whose arrival inspired the inhabitants of Bologna with some degree of comfort; and he was created Podestà with universal applause. Immediately on his accession to this office, he undertook to reconquer the captured towns, which yielded at his approach, and thence proceeded against the castle of Pietra Colluara, a strong hold of the Lambertacci, of which he obtained possession by the treachery of one of its defenders. The greater part of the garrison, aware of what was passing, made their escape in time; but ten of the Lambertacci family fell into the hands of the enemy, and, being sent prisoners to Bologna, were shut up in a secret chamber of the palace, which, from the place where they were taken,

obtained the appellation of Pietra Colluara.

The rest of the year passed without any military operations: but in that which followed, the Bolognese, confiding in their apparent security, sent large succours of men and money to Guido de Polenta (the younger of that name) to maintain him in the sovereignty of Ravenna, which he had lately acquired under the auspices of the Malatesti of Rimini; and the Lambertacci, being apprised of the movement, fell upon the detachment which was on its way to Ravenna for this purpose, under the command of Giacomo Prendiparti, and cut it in pieces, together with its captain; after which they returned, laden with booty and elated by their victory, to Faenza. The loss which the city sustained by this onset was irreparable; and their situation became the more deplorable, as few of their allies were, at that moment, in a condition to afford them assistance. Among the rest, the Guelphs of Florence, who were accustomed to demand the assistance of others, after having driven the Ghibellines out of their city, were now fallen into divisions among themselves, and Charles, king of Naples, intent on replacing the imperial crown of Constantinople upon the head of Baldwin his son-in-law, and thence passing to the conquest of Jerusalem, was unable to waste a thought upon his allies in Bologna.

In this extremity, the Gieremei, fearful of the disaffection of the people, which was hourly increasing with their calamities, ventured to suggest, by secret dissemination amidst the circles, the resolution of placing the city under the papal protection, reserving to itself its ancient privileges, acts, and inventions. A great number approved this proposal; but by others, to whom the very forms of freedom were still dear, and who were jealous of the slightest invasion of them, it was vehemently opposed and discountenanced. A general council was assembled to deliberate respecting it; and the adverse opinions which may be supposed to have prevailed during the discussion, are embodied by the historian in two orations, ascribed to Antonio Danese and Ludovico Prendiparti, two of the principal persons, for weight of influence and respectability of character, in the republic. The latter opinion, which was that in favour of submission to the papal power, prevailed; and the historian thinks it a subject of congratulation to his countrymen, that their city, which is built in the form of a ship within the walls, had placed itself, during the tempest, under the guidance of him who sits at the helm of St Peter.

In this manner did Bologna first form a part of the temporal possessions of the see of Rome. The first endeavour of the supreme pontiff, after he had accepted the sovereignty which was offered him, was to procure peace between the hostile factions; and the chiefs of either party, though at first unwilling to listen to any suggestions of an amicable nature, were yet so far moved by a sense of the holy dignity of the intercessor, that they agreed to submit to his arbitration all their differences. Upon receiving this submission, the pope delegated his authority to the cardinal Latino Frangipani and Count Bertoldo Orsini. The treaty was negotiated at Imola; and, through the zeal and conciliatory spirit of the arbitrators, was shortly brought to so prosperous a conclusion, that, on the 2d of August, 1279, Antonio Lambertacci and his followers were reinstated in their ancient habitations; where, after they had been for some days maintained and provided for at the public expense, Bertoldo summoned before him Antonio and Ludovico, as the heads of their respective parties; and reminding them anew of the obligation to maintain the peace of the commonwealth, which was imposed on them as well by the circumstances of their birth and faith as by their declining age, exhorted them to give evidence of their good intentions by repairing to the public square with all their adherents, and solemnly pledging themselves to the observance of a lasting concord. The terms of this exhortation being complied with, upwards of one hundred and fifty families of noble blood attended, on either side, at the day appointed—a sight calculated to strike mutual terror into the hearts of the late contending factions. The square was adorned with green boughs and hangings of tapestry, and on one side was erected a pulpit covered with brocade, whereto the cardinal Latino ascended, in the presence of many bishops and prelates, and preached eloquently to the people on the duty and universal expedience

of peace. The act of compromise between the parties was then published, and the papal letters were read; after which fifty of the principal men of each faction, in the names of all the others, were sworn upon the sacred Evangelists, Bertoldo taking the oath last of all, for the more solemn confirmation of it.

(The author, in this part of his history, takes care to vindicate those of his own name and blood from the charge to which they are exposed by the historian Ghirardacci and other writers, of having taken any part with the Lambertacci in these divisions; they having been always, as he assures his readers, friends to the Gieremei and the church of Rome.)

The pacification having been thus solemnly ratified, nothing was heard of, for days together, but feasts and rejoicing; and most men congratulated themselves on the apparent termination of all the miseries under which their country had so long laboured. But this happy prospect was soon overclouded by the ambition of the returned exiles; who, finding on their restoration to their country that the greater part of their wealth and possessions had been dissipated by the war, thought that they had a right to be indemnified for their late losses by immediate admission to the first offices of the republic—a right which their late adversaries were not so ready to allow as they to insist upon. The opposition which, in this respect, they encountered, shortly drove them to acts of desperation. A meeting which took place between Antonio and Ludovico, instead of appeasing, tended to exasperate this new quarrel; and Heaven itself appeared to conspire with man the further desolation of the unhappy city. Strange noises were heard, and signs of horror and consternation beheld, both on earth and in air, during this season. On the 15th of January an earthquake was felt, and the sun suffered an eclipse at noon-day. After the eclipse was over, the moon appeared of a sanguine hue, and a dragon was seen, with its long tail sweeping the firmament, and shedding a pernicious dew, which withered the corn and the vines as it descended. These portents were succeeded by deluges of rain, which fell for two months in succession, causing fearful inundations, with a scarcity of provisions, followed by pestilence, which swept off multitudes of people. But Antonio, in whose heart the heart of Pharaoh seemed to reside, was not to be daunted by these portents, and only watched the opportunity of executing his intentions, when Count Bertoldo, having left the city, he put himself at the head of his party, and taking possession of the public square, demanded instant admission to the magistracy and all the offices of the state. The Gieremei, who hastily collected forces to resist this invasion, were repulsed with slaughter; but the rest of the Guelph leaders, having recovered from the panic first excited, drew to their standard all those of their party who could bear arms; and thus the city became once more the theatre of civil war and mutual massacre. Alberto de Caccianemici, Antonio and Dionysio Banchetti, together with the chiefs of the families of Ariosto and Prendiparte, are enumerated among the Guelphs who most distinguished themselves on this occasion. The conflict, though most sanguinary, was not of long continuance: and the Lambertacci, with their followers, were finally driven from their native city, to which they never more returned. Count Bertoldo, who came back to Bologna at the first news of this fresh disturbance, proclaimed sentence of perpetual banishment against themselves and their adherents, together with the confiscation of all their estates, and that their houses be levelled to the ground; which was accomplished accordingly.

In Faenza, to which place they had again withdrawn themselves, these unquiet spirits, however, found new food for their political animosities. Those of the Guelph faction formed a considerable part of the population of that divided city; and the Lambertacci, thinking that, by the accession of their forces, the Ghibellines had power sufficient to subdue all opposition, began to exercise their fancied superiority by acts of the most unrestrained pride and insolence. The punishment which they incurred and merited by this behaviour, is held up by the historian as a fit subject for a heroic-comic poem.

Among the persons who were exposed to the scorn and indignities of these arrogant exiles, was Tebaldello Zambrasi, a man of substance and of

an honourable family, and one who was used neither to give nor to receive an injury. One night the marauding strangers robbed his house of a hog, which had been bred for his domestic occasions, and not only thought it unnecessary to conceal the depredation, but publicly invited their friends to an entertainment on purpose to eat the animal, and make a jest of its owner. He, suppressing his resentment, made a shew of not caring about it, and even of accepting the indignity as a pleasant joke; and, to carry appearances yet farther, sent them a present of a ragout, with a message, that it would cause their pork to eat with a better relish. Under the mask of not caring, however, he harboured the deepest designs of vengeance; and, being aware that he had not the means of executing them on his own account, without rendering private injuries subservient to those of the public, resolved upon finding the means to introduce the people of Bologna by night into the city. For this purpose he assembled certain of his relations and friends, and explained to them his object, which was approved by all, and principally by *Gherardone*, a person of the greatest estimation among them, both for wisdom and courage, who promised to afford him all the assistance possible. Having thus laid the foundation of his enterprise, in the next place, to lull the suspicions of his adversaries, he put on the appearance of madness, and, among other tricks which he performed to strengthen the popular belief in it, mounted on horseback every night, with a falcon on his crest, and two dogs following him, coupled together, and invited every one that he met to accompany him to the chase. He then passed by the quarter where the Lambertacci were lodged, and, with loud knockings at their gates, and clamorous vociferations, excited so strongly the observation of the neighbourhood, that, whenever any noises were heard, people instantly concluded that it was no other than Tebaldello who occasioned them. After taking these precautions, his next step was to visit Bologna in the disguise of a friar, accompanied by Gherardone; and there having obtained a conference with the magistrates, and the Podesta Stoldo de' Rossi, unfolded to them his purpose, and promised, with their assistance, to make them masters of Faenza, and place in their hands the lives and fortunes of all the exiled Ghibellines. A treaty was made and concluded instantly; and the time and manner of the proceeding being settled, as well as the gate of the town by which the entrance was to be effected, Tebaldello and his companion returned, and awaited the moment. On the eve of St Bartholomew, the Guelphs of Faenza, according to the instructions they had received, broke the chains which fastened the gate, and let in the invaders, while others barricadoed the streets so as to impede the movements of the Lambertacci, who slept all the while in fancied security, thinking no more of the disturbance than that it was caused by some unusually sprightly frolic of the madman Tebaldello. They were at length awakened only by the thunder of their falling edifices, mingled with shouts of "Perish the Ghibellines!" The enemy were already in possession of every point of defence. *Magarotto*, chief of the Ghibellines of Faenza, erected his standard, but the moment before he was pierced by the lance of Guido Prendiparte. The miserable remains of the Lambertacci fled for refuge to the church of Saint Francis, where nine of the name perished at the foot of the altar. The records are silent as to the fate of Antonio; but it appears at least probable that he was one of those nine. The city of Faenza from thenceforward owned the sovereignty of the Bolognese people: and, that the memory of the deed might descend to all posterity, a feast was instituted on St Bartholomew's eve in each succeeding year, during which, a horse, a falcon, two dogs of chase, and a hog, were driven through the Strada Maggiore. In process of time this usage experienced some alteration, and the festival was kept, in the days of our author, by the distribution of immense quantities of wild fowl from the windows of the palace, among the multitude who stood below with uplifted hands to receive the donation, and, in the end, a hog roasted whole made its descent among them, and was immediately scrambled for by the lowest of the people, who finished by tearing it to pieces in the contention, to the great amusement of the by-standers.

RECOLLECTIONS.

No VIII.

Mark Macrabin, *the Cameronian.*

THE LAST OF THE MORISONS.

(Continued from last Number.)

"Old Francis Mackittrick and his wife Madge, the last retainers of the once powerful house of Morison, pursued, or rather winged their way towards the glen of Ae, like a pair of blood ravens, stiff and sore subdued by age, yet possessing, in all its natural strength, the keen unappeased appetite for carnage. To see such old, and bent, and debilitated beings hobbling so alertly, amid the twilight, out of a lonesome church-yard, might well go far to persuade a youthful and superstitious mind, that the grave had liberated two of its wicked incumbents, and that hallowed ground had lost its ancient power of detaining its morsels from cumbering upper air. The hoarse charking conversation which they carried on was calculated to support the delusion. 'May the foul fiend make a fend with the foremost,' growled the male, half breathless, limping in the rear of his partner, and exasperated at the havoc which time had made in his strength. 'And wherefore no should the fiend make a fend with the hindermost, I wad like to ken,' responded the female figure, and then, both murmuring and muttering at once, they raised a sound resembling the colloquy of two ravens over a lamb which they are singling out for destruction. The shriller voice of the female obtained the ascendency, and Madge Mackittrick pursued her march and her speech without let or obstruction. 'Hasten, say ye,' continued the hag, 'aye, muckle need have we to hasten—else small, small will our share o' the spulziement be—they're'll no be as muckle o' Johnnie Gorline's ewe milk cheese left as wad bait a mouse-trap—and a nobler kebbuck was never pressed in a chessel; de'il a ane ever brought such presents to us—and A'm sure we wished as muckle ill to fowks goods and gear as the fellest witch that ever wore the name o' Morison—and as for drink, the burning sand banks of thy sapless weazen winna sing and simmer with the descending stream of cauler Champagne—Champagne, I'se warrant—de'il a warse drop o' drink keepit Janet Morison, cannie cummer, lady that should hae been, had a' winds blawn for good. But lady here or lady there, her aumery never lacked bountith and benison—she never made a fend on well-water and cauld croudie, like douce Francis Mackittrick and me.'—'The smeekit de'il himself,' quoth Francis, 'when he wants to break an auld man's heart, and gaur him do a trick that merits perdition, couldna have tauld me a more unsonsy or bitterer truth—well-water and butterless brose have been owre lang our beverage, but life cannot be lived again, else our cheer might have been mended, or some should have sobbed first. But can ye tell me, Madge, when Janet Morison means to gasp her last gasp, for next her bosom bane—and weel I wot it was ance on a day as white as a simmer lily—she wears Ronald Morison's gowden chain, whilk was won by the dour and bauld Lord Allan Morison at the storming o' Jerusalem, i' the days o' the godless Saracens. Sic a braw nieve-shaking's no to be got when the warld's wind leaves the carcase of ilka uncannie carlin.'—'Speak lowne, and hirple away, ye donard body, for cummer's whomeled owre i' the dead thraws, and wha should be aside her but that beuk-taking Cameronian, praying Johnnie Macmuckle. I'se warrant, Francie, my man, the gowden chain kindled Johnnie's affections, and he wad pour out a prayer thrice as lang as the chain itself, and he would win it by gift o' gab or by slight o' hand, I dinna misdoubt; he ance prayed Robin Markanbirn out o' a score o' as bonnie wathers as ever wore a lammas fleece—sae hasten and hirple away, my man, for the het de'il winna unsowder John Macmuckle's fingers gin they hold red gowd in their grips;—but what need we hasten, for we are aye ahin—and if the lift aboon us rained down red coined gowd, we wadna hae the sense to gape for't.'—The glen into which this ill-

omened pair now descended swallowed up the articulate answer of Francie, but the echoing of something unusually harsh and dissonant told that he was growling in the fierce anguish of disappointment; and the wood-pigeons, rising disturbed from their roosts, betokened the intrusion of something particularly harsh and threatening. Silence soon prevailed; the sound of the descending river alone was heard, softened into melody by distance, and mellowed down by the gentle landscape over which it came, and the rich dewy air through which it passed.

"My beautiful Cameronian seemed, by her lingering, to shrink from all farther communion with the occupants of Glenae Chapel, and though she hung on my shoulder till the motion of her steps sometimes wafted the dewy luxuriance of hair against my cheek, and the unevenness of the ground several times threw us half into each other's arms, we maintained a fitting, a serious, and a down-looking silence. At last we crossed the stream of Ae, and found ourselves at the foot of the green and abrupt ascent which led to the romantic cottage of Janet Morison; a faint light from the eastern window glimmered coldly upon the descending sheet of water, and danced and twinkled out and in, like the death lights which precede and denote dissolution. The Cameronian damsel drew closer to my side, and gazed fearfully upon the streaming light. She construed its glimmer into that ominous illumination, and her girdle became too tight for her breath. 'It's no for nought that thou art here,' said the maiden, in a voice low and quivering with fear; 'I never saw thee but the death of something dear to me followed—I have beheld thee in all the semblances that the spirit of death can assume—I have seen thee, like a human being, dark and fearful—and I have seen thee as a young and lovely lady, all robed in garments of glow-worm light. I have seen thee like a gloomy shadow, and I have seen thee like a snow-white shroud. Thou hast appeared to me like a multitude of torches glimmering before the corse of one who died in our ancient faith—thou hast appeared like a sudden flash of the fair free fire of heaven—like the dark and dismal flame of the doomed place that maiden may not name. I have heard thee as a wailing and a tender babe—I have heard thee moaning as an wounded man when he gasps beneath the destroyer's sword—and I have seen thee, even as I see thee now, shedding thy sad and sepulchral illumination on the bosom of the living water—making the sweet silver current shudder, like myself, beneath thy terrible light.'—As she uttered this, we ascended the green-sward platform on which the cottage stood; lights twinkled in the windows, and the passing and repassing shadow of a human being was repeatedly visible. The doorway, too, threw a long pale line of light along the grass and the trees, and at either side of the entrance, like personifications of good and evil, sat John Macmuckle and Francis Mackittrick. The latter was seated on the fragment of an old grave-stone, and a death's head and a sand-glass, with its last sands running, formed a kind of bas relief illustration of the being who occupied this mutilated pedestal. He sat with his head uncovered—the few hairs which time had left ungathered grew in two tufts on either side of his head, resembling the plumed Mercury; and the coarse sandy-coloured locks, which formerly covered the crown, had left behind them a grey starveling down, resembling the impure under-growth of weeds on a flax field when the crop is plucked. His mind was occupied in ruminating on his own fallen and infirm state.—Over his deep sunk eyes he had pulled down two deep and shaggy eye-brows—and their sullen and sidelong glimmer, when he occasionally opened them, was directed at his fellow statue, the Cameronian. His left hand was clenched firm, as if it held his bitterest enemy by the throat; and in his right hand he held a cup of untasted wine, which the bitter retrospect of a long and evil life had not permitted to approach his lips. I observed the blood-red liquid sparkling, as he unconsciously spilt it, through the constant stream of light which came from the door. On far different themes mused his companion. His expanded hands were dropt in resignation upon his knees, and he sat motionless, and looking upwards with a thoughtful and melancholy look. His lips moved, and he lifted his hands, and held them upwards, like one making and urging some important request. Though intercession for the dead is accounted

an abomination among Protestants—nature, that overcomes all limited creeds, was directing his mental intercession for the soul of Janet Morison. He stood still, and gazed, silently, out from the broad shadow of a dead oak—the branches and trunk of which were hung with festoons of the thickest ivy—the scene before us was not unimpressive. On a sudden, Francis Mackittrick started up from his reverie, and, looking first on the cup with its diminished contents, and then on the ground moistened with the precious beverage, he exclaimed, 'Curse my donard right hand—or rather, my dotard head—for my hand was aye handy and feckfou—I have aye spilt the best blessings o' my life afore the cup reached the lip,' and down he poured the wine at a single gulp, and thus he accosted his companion—'Gudeen—gudeen—sae yere come, auld sourbrow, to try a cast o' yere Cameronian craft on this dead or dying limb—it matter's nae whilk—o' auld Sodom and Gomorrha; and maybe come in for a handsel o' the auld dour dame's gear when the breath's departed—aye, aye, ye were ay a cannie and an eydent man—and ye ken, Ise warrant, that an auld wife's burial is better for drouthy lips than a young queen's wedding—aye, aye, weel worth a dozen o' branken bridals.' This speech, equally vulgar and indecorous, seemed addressed to an unconscious ear—the Cameronian, for a full minute's space, continued in a posture of supplication; and then, turning slowly round, like the finger of a clock, he said, 'I thought I hearkened a human voice—was't thine Francis Mackittrick?' and a prolonged cough that had something of the sound of a sermon in it gave emphasis to the question. 'I thought I hearkened a human voice—was't thine Francis Mackittrick, quoth I;' and the irreverent retainer of the house of Morison imitated the protracted drawl, and league, and covenant tone, of the devout house of Cameron. 'What voice, save ane o' flesh and blood, ever spake to thee? Aye! aye! ye make yersel' trow that the tongue aboon replies when the lips o' man speak—but they would be greater gowks than me whilk believed ye.' 'Francis Mackittrick,' said the Cameronian, in a tone commanding and austere, 'Arise and depart—cumber not this ground—cloud not the clear air with thine evil presence.—I have known thee these seventy years as fierce and as remorseless as the sharpened steel—and if I knew ought good in thy long life of evil, I would freely pass over thy folly.'—Francis Mackittrick darkened as he spoke, 'Freely pass over my folly!—Mahown! disnae this merit a stab.—I have dyed the lily linen with the heart's blood for lighter words than these—curse on my marrowless bones, and my withered sinews—and curse the hands that canna keep their might while the mind can frame its purposes—else Francis Mackittrick might have gane far in avenging words like these.' The hoary ruffian attempted to rise, but the violence of his own emotions fastened him to the seat—he quivered and shook with the agony of wrath, and clutched repeatedly at his left side, where, in former times, a dagger hung, familiar with the shedding of blood. 'I tell thee now, man of blood,' said the Cameronian, 'the deep grave is gaping for thee—and a deeper, and a drearier, and mair dismal pit than the grave is gaping for thee also—reckoning on thee as on a sure inheritance; repent, therefore repent—cast thyself on thy knees, weep abundantly—not tears for thy past might, but thy past sins—spare not thy moans, and hain not thy groans—confess thyself to Him above, not to him beside thee—and brief as thy span is, and dark and remorseless as thy days have been, as hot a brand has been snatched from the burning. And who kens', continued John Macmuckle, (the sternness of his manner, evidently softened with the hope of saving a human soul), 'but thy crisomon hand may be purified like Criffel snow, and the raven hue o' thy heart made whiter than the fine linen of Egypt. Be not cast down, man—be not dismayed, I say unto thee.—I myself shall essay a prayer—twa words o' supplication in thy behalf, man.—I have had a harder darke to do for my dear MASTER'S sake than reclaim even thee—for we are all sinners by nature, and sinners by practice—even I myself, devout though I be, and a pillar in the congregation of Richard Cameron, am not without sin.' 'Not without sin!' echoed Francis Mackittrick, 'the mair shame to say it—gang hame and repent than, gang hame and repent'—and on the

Cameronian he turned his eyes, dilating in their sockets with fury, and sparkling with a dark and revengeful light. Age and anger, an ill-matched pair, seemed well nigh suffocating him in his attempt to display his indignation against the man who had reproached him for his sins; and, what was more heinous, called on him for repentance. 'O Madge, Madge,' said he, scarce audible with fury, and thinking aloud, 'O could'st thou but bring me ane o' Ronald Morison's braw edge tools—I have found wark for it, lass—I have found wark for't—but, conscience, ye crawling cummer, I think this auld metal wine cup might do the good wark, were it thrown by a cunning hand—a' it has to do, is but to clour the scalp o' a scoundrel Cameronian.' So saying, he half-started from his seat, discharging the hollow missile, as he rose, at the hoary head of John Macmuckle. The Cameronian, with natural readiness, presented his black print bible between the fury of Francis and his own face; and the cup, striking the massy silver clasps, slanted off, and rolled half way down the green before the cottage. Narrow as his escape from harm was, he kept his seat; and, what was still more wonderful, he kept his temper. 'Woe, woe, to thee, man—thou wilt make but a dubious disciple, hoary though thy hair be, an' edged weapons come in thy road.' It happened, at this moment, that Francie Mackittrick, casting his eyes more sharply about, chanced (as if to fulfil the prophetic expression of the Cameronian) to observe the hilt of Ronald Morison's crusading sword protruding from John's gray plaid. 'Dubious discipline and edged tools come in my road,' muttered he, starting to his feet, and with a spring, as if the sight of sharpened steel had given him supernatural strength, he leaped on his prey, and, possessing himself of the sword, plucked it fiercely from the sheath, presenting it, with a menacing glare of his eyes, against the bosom of the Cameronian. This was no time for words—therefore John Macmuckle, casting his plaid over Francis—unlike, as he afterwards remarked, the casting of the prophetic mantle over the youthful Elisha, but resembling more the certain woman who threw the piece of the millstone upon the Jewish leader, he fairly turned his back and fled, and had gained several paces of advantage ere his adversary disengaged himself. But age and infirmity seemed to have forsaken the retainer of the house of Morison for the destruction of the Cameronian; for Francis, with something between a scream and a haloo, followed furiously, and thrice he chased his foe round the mount, evidently gaining ground every circuit, and his eyes sparkling with a more demoniac fury. Mary Mackmuckle saw the peril of her father, and, rushing in before him, linked her arms round his waist, and called out in a tone of the most piercing emotion, 'Oh, save him—save him.' Francis Mackittrick gave a shout of joy to see his enemy fettered to his hand by the arms of his own daughter, who, in the simplicity of her love, clasped her parent closer as the sword approached him. Confounded as I was, I now perceived the peril of the good man, and, snatching up the silver-clasped bible, which the Cameronian had dropped, I discharged the religious missile with all my might full at the forehead of his enemy; and, perhaps, as John afterwards acknowledged, no book ever wrought so wonderful a deliverance for the outward man. The silver clasps smote him fair on the front, and measured him his exact length on the earth, where he lay stupified and motionless—the sword forsaking his hand, and the blood flowing from his head—for the silver clasps had cut him to the bone. The sweet Cameronian maiden flew from her father, and, throwing her white arms round my neck, clasped me to her bosom, sobbing audibly with delight, nor did her father rebuke me for the innocent and affectionate kiss which I bestowed on two as delicious lips as ever were yielded to the love of man. The prostrate Francis Mackittrick was raised from the earth—the shame of his defeat contributed more than the blow to keep him silent—and he even remained motionless, meditating means of immediate or future mischief. 'Help thee, thou sackless sinner, thou canna be slain, surely,' said the Cameronian, in a voice of sympathy. 'Eh, sirs, gude help the sinfulness o' human flesh—ae auld man, wi' his tae foot in the dowie grave, striving to stap the breath o' anither frail auld being, whase right foot is in the house appointed for all living, and his left foot breaking the

brink. Bring some water, Mary Macmuckle, to wash the black blood frae his brow, and keep it frae mingling wi' thae gray hairs. Oh, it is a wicked world, and there's nae standing in flesh—surely, surely, I reckoned on passing to the mools with white hands. Save us a', the sinful man lies streekit in a deadly swoon.' Here the white hand of the Cameronian maiden laved the old man's brow with water, which she held in the metal cup he had thrown at the head of her father; the unexpected and cold liquid made Francis Mackittrick start and utter a murmur of disapprobation, and John Macmuckle resumed his interrupted condolence. ' It maun be acknowledged, however, that this man was nane o' the chosen, but ane with a wicked hand and a worldly heart—an' had he been slain with the WORD, Mark, my man, I winna just gang sae far as say he was slain righteously—but considering the holy weapon, the young and innocent hand, and the heavy provocation he had given, and, aboon a', chasing ane o' the elders o' the broken remnant wi' the auld sharp persecuting sword o' Ronald Morison, whilk I intended to hang up, as harmless as a plough-share, on the wall of my spence—truly it amounts amaist as close to justification as deeds can weel do. And wha kens, but this sackless stripling might have been selected as the fitting instrument to punish this piece o' doomed flesh.'—' Doomed flesh, indeed!' quoth Francie Mackittrick, starting abruptly up to his feet,—' may I be doomed to the hawks and the hoodie craws, and, besides, have my weazen turned into a thoroughfare for melted brunstane, gif I dinna be fairly upsides with ye, my douce auld man, for this; and as for thee, thou hawk o' an uncannie nest, d'ye think I dinna ken the great grandson o' Gilback Macrabin, wha cleaved the helmet and head o' my ain grandfather at the passage of the brigg of Bothwell? I sall be upsides with thee, my bonny man, else let my name be nae langer Frank Mackittrick—fell ane wi' a bible! Was ever sic a weapon heard of? Had ye ta'en a gully frae yere girdle, and let the cauld wind into ane's weazen, it might have been commuted—wi' a stab aneath the fifth rib, at least—but sic an unsoldierlike missile! God, an' I sanna forget it.' And away towards the cottage he walked, staggering from the effects of the blow, and looking back on us, as we followed him, with a scowl creditable to one of the demifiends. At this moment Madge Mackittrick came to the door, and, seeing her husband in hot anger, and his forehead dropping with blood, she uttered a frightful *yelloch*, ending in that kind of laugh in which the Enemy of Mankind is supposed to indulge, as he contemplates his increasing empire on earth. Guessing at once the cause of her husband's disaster, she clenched her aged hands, and smote them fiercely together, close to his face, exclaiming, ' Francie Mackittrick—Francie Mackittrick—I say, Francie Mackittrick, never meddle with a Cameronian more.' To this admonition he replied, ' Meddle wi' a Cameronian mair! I thought, kimmer, ye had kend me better—can ye name me man or woman that ever made or meddled with Francie Mackittrick, better known by the to-name o' ' Sneg-Thrapple,' that ever lived long to make a sang about? Haith, kimmer, dom the ane!'

" A deep groan from the interior of the cottage interrupted the torrent of dark and mysterious threats in which this hoary desperado was indulging. Old Madge exclaimed, ' Confound the cankered carlin gin she binna coming back to the warld again, for a' sae nicely as she snooved awa no sae mony minutes syne;' and into the chamber we all went, the Cameronian foremost, followed by his daughter. There we beheld Janet Morison sitting upright in her bed, swathed in a shroud, her death-cap removed from her bald head, and her hands, freed from the clothes that had confined them, were waving wildly to and fro in the air. As her hands moved, her pale lips muttered in unison, and her eyes, opened large, were as fixed and as glazed as new-frozen water. I kept aloof for fear; for I had never beheld a sight so ghastly. The Cameronian, opening the clasps of his bible, and with the sheathed sword of Ronald Morison under his arm, knelt down, and said, stooping his head to the floor, ' Let us pray.' Janet Morison seemed to make an effort to kneel, and the Cameronian maiden, kneeling, weeping on the bed, supported the dying woman in her arms. It was a lovely sight, and it was an impressive one, to behold these images

of life and love, and of death and agony. The tears came down my cheeks in streams; nor was Janet Morison insensible to the sympathy which her last moments excited—she bowed her head towards us; and, lowering her right hand, opened and closed her palm, solicitous of a last and a friendly grasp—and the cold pressure which my hand received, I shall feel, as well as remember, while I live. The constant communion of old Madge with death and all its ceremonials, had hardened a heart not naturally prone to melt; and she stood for a while surveying the scene, evidently with the hope that her hands would soon find work of a congenial nature. The closing of the mortal pilgrimage was not so nigh as she imagined; and away she hirpled to a seat in the corner to arrange some particular herbs, with which she proposed to perfume the apartment. 'The first and fairest, as well as the maist fragrant, is the scented southron wood,' muttered the hag, 'for when it's fairly on lowe, its thick and steaming scent wad smother the scunnering smell o' an acre o' corses—sae lie thou there—I have seen thee in a bride's bosom in the morning, and on her shroud at e'en; an' thou smelled de'il the less sweet,'and looked de'il the less sonsie—sae lie there, I say again.—Come to my hand, thou lang taper spearmint—the half o' thy virtue has never been kenned, and sall gang to the mools wi' me—I owe nought to the warld that I should leave it sic an unthanked blessing—Thou art, howsever, the ae saftest thing a hizzie fond o' daffin can sew in the hem o' her smock—but I sall blab nae mair about thee—thou art the best scented posie that the hand o' life can haud to the cauld nostril of death—thou can'st keep the foul spirit of corruption closed up in his den—sae lie thou there. What hae I here, I ferly? What but the saving virtue o' the scented saving tree—a precious plant to grow in a malicious world. A' I could get was but this ae poor tweg—for in all the vale of Nith there grows but ae true tree, and whare should that be but in Carnsalloch garden? It was a prime and a proud plant ance, till the young wanton portioner o' Knockhooly spulzied its bonniest branches to make strang syrup to Peg Primrose; for the lad hated to have to ride for the cannie wife, and hated waur the expences o' christening feasts. And yet—take a' a warning by the upshot—the sweet saving tree refused to do sinful work, and sae she had the siller to seek and the shame to bide. Sae lie thou there, thou rarest of all plants. And how in the wide world and the deep water to boot, came thou here, thou bitter wormwood. Ou, I ken now. I found thee when the moon was half in the earth and half in the heaven, to work a wee bit charm wi'; sae I mauna cast thee awa on the corse o' an auld carline, but keep thee cozie against cantrip-time. But there's less witchery in the warld than the warld dreams of—its a starving trade. And what hae I here? preserve me! And what should ye have, Madge Mackittrick, ye uncannie kimmer! wad ye lack the master herb of a' herbs—the rarest o' a' green growing things? Could ye sain and fume the carlin's corse and the carlin's chamber, without the hollow hemlock? My certe, woman, na, na! The corse wadna bide in the winding sheet if it missed the scent of the burning hemlock. Sae lie thou there also, among the blessed herbs. I maun soon clap a spunk o' living fire amang this unsonsie elding, and trim the auld unsanctified corse o' the gruesome cummer for anither warld. Hech, sirs! but she has held a dour haud o' this fleshy nook; and I think unless hands help her aff, the spirit winna flit at a.' I sall see what can be done. But first let me strengthen myself for the dour task wi' a drap o' this auld wine, o' vintage aughty and aught—I ken the smack ont weel.' —And, lifting a bottle to her mouth, the red wine ran as readily down as if it had received the blessing of half the hierarchy. With her skinny lips unwiped, she approached the bedside—her old chopt and yellow hands extended and opened, seemed prepared to clutch the departing woman by the throat. "Haud a' off," said Madge, 'just haud a' off—I ken brawly how to deal wi' sic dour gear as this. Save us a', hinnies, but she'll make a gruesome and unsonsie corse. It will be a deft hand that can straughten her—and stint yere Cameronian draunt, my douce auld man—the spirit o' womankind canna free itself frae the clay amid sic stark nonsense as ye are palavering." —And pushing the Cameronian maiden away, she clutched Janet Morison

by the shoulder, and said, 'Streek yoursel down, and dover awa quietly, my winsome auld lady—and we'll hae sic a deep dredgie, and a braw burial, as wad cheer yere cauld heart, though the green mountain o' Criffel was whomeled aboon ye.' The dying woman raised her hands, and pushed away her old domestic in abhorrence: her whole frame shuddered and shook at the touch, as if she felt conscious of suffering the deepest pollution. 'And why should ye push me awa for,' said the old domestic, her whole face changing its hue and very shape with resentment: "Did I, think ye, mislead yere bonny bairn to sin, and then streek her quietly in the cauld grave, to hide her shame—Na, na, it has been sickerly sung, and mair sickerly said, what the end o' the name of Morison wad be—sae lie still and sough awa, and let me see the end o' the auld sage.' 'Woman, forbear; woman, begone;' said John Macmuckle, rising from his knees, and plucking Madge away—tarry not in this presence, even make thyself scarce in this chamber; for the departing spirit testifies against thee; and soon shall tongue and standing tale tell how deep a hand thou hadst in the ruin and death of lovely Nannie Morison.' Madge retired to her seat in the corner, mumbling and muttering in a tone only audible to a curious and a listening ear. 'Woman, forbear! woman, begone! My sooth, these be salt words and sharp. I have slipped sic a thing as hemlock juice in a douce carle's drink afore now; and I should e'en like to prove if a thimblefull o' the cauld sour sap o' nightshade wad make a Cameronian sleep ony sounder than a cupfull of het brandy. I have seen the maiden-white hand made red and rosy i' the blood o' a wan hancie churl afore now. Madge Mackittrick, my kind cannie woman, sic ferlies can come again, whispers a friendly tongue in my left-hand lug, and I maun e'en do as my ain de'il bids me.' So saying, she recommenced her labours in arranging the dried herbs with which she proposed, in compliance with ancient custom, to fumigate the chamber as soon as Death had accomplished his expected task. The termination of his last labour with the house of Morison seemed now nigh at hand. The sick woman dropped her hands, sunk her head on her bosom, and slept down between the wearied hands of her weeping assistant, as unable to rise again as a broken flower. Mary Macmuckle uttered a faint scream of affright when the helpless woman sunk groaning in her arms, and her father's devotion augmented in power and in pathos, the natural eloquence of sincere grief rising with the approach of dissolution. 'De'il's the auld gowk and the young gomeral gaping for,' muttered Madge from the corner,—'trouth ye wad hae something to gape and girn for, gin ye had endured sic an uncannie tussel as I endured in streacking down the unlovesome and rauckle carlin. The spirit o' mortal life, I could take my book aith, has been departed frae her carcase this stricken hour—the foul fiend has entered into the empty tabernacle, and is e'en working a' the wicked pranks whilk we now witness, sic as the spreading o' looves, and the rowing o' een, and these mute benedictions whilk pass wi' simple fowk for certain signs o' holiness. I sall e'en tell ye, ye dreeping-cheeked limmer how the foul fiend served me. The carlin gae a grunt, and the carlin gae a grane, and owre she whomeled as quiet and as cannie a corse as living form could weel wish to be. She mistrysting nought, to her I truckled, and bandaged down her een, and bandaged down her hands, and clapt my naked knee in the very spoon o' her bosom, to smooth her down braw and ladylike—when lo and look she started up, and gaured my auld head gnash against the biggit wa' like a baby-clout. Sooth! ye see, hinnies, Madge Mackittrick was nae to be saired sae—sae I e'en grappled dowrly wi' her, and a fearfu' tug we had; the sweat draps stood in bells on my brow, and I reeked as if I had been striving at a harvest rigg. Eh hinnies, but the fiend was feckful within her. But I prevailed against the emissary, and settled down cummer, and streeked her out as cannie and as couthie as a cummer could well wish; and now ye see hinnies, she has risen through the might o' him o' Rimmon to play pranks again; wee maun busk her weel in her timber garment, hinnies, and clap three ells deep o' chapel yard mools on her, and syne claup a heavy trough stane on the riggin o' a', and see gin that 'll haud her down.'

During the speech of this reckless hag, Francie, her husband, advanced to the middle of the chamber, and the candles, whether moved by the wind, which his uncouth mode of walking occasioned, or sensible, as old stories say, to the presence of something supernatural, fell at once from their bright and constant glitter, and diffused a light fitful and blue about the apartment. I had extended my hand to trim the light, when Francie Mackittrick uttered a fearful outcry of terror and recognition, and stood motionless as a being stricken into stone, holding out both hands as if to repulse the approach of something he feared, while the remaining locks of his hair became erect, and seemed informed and living with the individual instinct of fear and horror. His eyes, which at the first glance, gave one wild look around as if in quest of something to assist him in sustaining this fearful vision, settled wildly upon the window which overlooked the cascade, and for a moment's space actually emitted a kind of dim light which was alarming to look upon. His face waxed less rigid and terrific; his hair flowed out of its marble curls, and dropped a sweaty rain over his temples, and his hands gradually returned to his thighs, while he sunk exhausted into a chair, saying,—'ye needna look sae stern on me, Ronald Morison, ye needna look sae gruesome on me.' John Macmuckle exclaimed, 'see gin the dying woman is nae gazing on the window also,—lo! lo! she beholdeth some one, and that one is of an evil kind; for she is sobbing and sorrowful; away evil form, though I behold thee not—I say unto thee, lift up thy wings and begone.' This interruption from the Cameronian passed unregarded by Francie Mackittrick, who sat shaking with emotion and muttering. 'I never saw him look sae fearfu' but ance, an' that was when he wiped his whinger on his sister, Isabel Morison's silk mantle, after he had stabbed the young Lord of Johnstone, for making tryste wi her i' the dark. I'm glad he stood nae afore me in flesh and blood, for I ne'er saw him fix his doomsday een on living thing as he fixed them on me that lang survived it. I'se warrant he has come frae a hame het aneugh, an' may be, he may wish to make auld Frank Mackittrick, his ain man, into a sorrel courser, to spur me on his ain gray gates. E'en as the wicked laird o' Cool returned from the grave, and gallopped about gayly on the brown back o' my uncle, Andrew Johnstone, ane o' his ain kindly tenants, wham he turned into a horse for his ain especial accommodation. Conscience! if it comes to that 'tween Ronald Morison an' me, let him dread a kittle cast.' The old retainer of the house of Morison murmured a kind of hoarse laugh, and with both palms smoothed down his agitated locks, saying,—'Francie, my man, yere no the bit of dour stark stuff I have seen ye—else ye wadnae have boggled at ony unsubstantial shadow. Ye maun see, howsever, to get douce Zerah Cameron to scatter a waled word or twa o'er auld Riseagain's grave, an' keep him frae scaring sponsible fowk.'

"Madge, during this period of terror, seemed the only person present unbedewed with the sweat of fear. When she gathered, from the broken words of her husband, that something of a supernatural visitant had appeared, she started to her feet with a suppressed yell, and cried aloud,—'Donard deevil! that I should take his blessed name on my cursed lips—what unredeemed shape's this ye hae seen? Steek the window, ye unsigned, ye unrepented, ye unapproven carle, else ye shall be carried awa body and saul, and a joggin backfou (b. y wad hae, and ye wad be stapped halesale into the north-east winnock i' the hollowest heugh; and steek the door too, ye glowring stripling, ye wad be a braw sight sailing owre Glenae glen in the clutches of the fiery fiend, and conscience! it wad be weel, maybe, for sweet Mary Macmuckle's maiden pride, if ye were e'en to make a hallowmass jaunt on't, for I see weel by the mingling glances o' yere een, sae turned away and returning, sae bashfu' and sae downcast, that ye wad be the nearest enemies to yereselves ye ever saw to be alane in a boggly glen on a sweet summer's night." At this unexpected warning the Cameronian maiden blushed blood red from the bosom to the temples; and her father, turning to me, said, with a look of even unwonted gentleness, 'I can hardly credit it—and yet I shouldna wonder

if the auld cummer guesses near the truth, de'il though she be—for there is nae standing in flesh, as godly Zechariah Farley said, when he admonished Kate Paisley for numerous backslidings; and I remember weel, sinner that I am, ance on a time—I mean in the days of my youth—I was sorely beset wi' a rosie lass in a tempting nook o' Dargavelwood.'—'I tell ye what, hinnie,' interrupted Madge Mackittrick, 'dinna shaw thae younkers the way to lay the dog in the deer's den—nor lick the sweet cream frae your ain lips, while ye forbid ithers the road to the kirn—nor gape, nor glower, nor quote wise men's saws to me—nor gospel adages, nor reliques of morality—anent this apparition, hinnie, ye may have heard that the house of Morison is no like ony other house. The holiest grave and the best sained burial garment can nae mair keep one of them, than the fleshy hand can haud unbounded thought. All that ever bore the name of Morison, hind and lady, have come back frae the grave to trouble the earth—sae close the door, hinnies, and steek the window, and draw my auld mantle beneath the lum; and since Janet Morison seems to have swooned awa, maybe to a better warld, I sall tell ye, as weel as this choking cough will let me, a curious tale anent the curse that clings to the name of Morison—a tale o' auld standing—for we have need o' something to slay the eerieness o' this hour o' dule and pine.' With an alacrity quickened by fear and by curiosity, I closed the door and the window, and fastened Madge's tattered mantle beneath the aperture through which the smoke ascended. John Macmuckle unclasped his Bible, and with an eye intent on the tenth chapter of Nehemiah—called among Scottish schoolboys the "kittle tenth"—and with both ears open, and anxious for the promised tale, he abided the event: His daughter sat down on the bedside with moistened cheeks, and now and then throwing a stolen glance at one against whose company the beldame had given such pointed warning: Francie Mackittrick stood with a cup of brandy, with which he seemed anxious to bathe his hurt forehead; but the dry craving spirit in his throat stopped it at his lips: Madge, placing her bundles of dried herbs around her, drew herself up to an important stature, looking all about and above as if fearful of spiritual interruption: while I occupied the space between the two groups, like a personification of twilight which connects the powers of light and darkness. 'I'll tell ye, hinnies,' said Madge Mackittrick—'in a year o' gude that has flown frae my memory—but many generations afore either windy Saturday or mirk Monday—when the lords o' Morison were bold and powerful, and their ladies wore mair riches on their grass green jupes than wad buy me a baron's land, there was a great cry raised by the ancient Kirk of Rome against the Saracens, and sic like idolaters, who defiled Judea, and drave a sair nick in the traffic for saints' marrowless banes and chips of the holy sepulchre—sae awa sailed some o' our bravest barons, and awa sailed the young lord o' Morison wi' some bauld billies at his back, and coost anchor in some heathen bay, where they had mair sair fighting than sound sleep—sae few came back, and amang the few was Ronald Morison, then in his sax and twentieth summer—for nae man that belted on a brand could withstand the dour dints o' the doughty Morison. He came back as the tale rings, and as the silly rhyme says:

'Lord Morison came to Solway bay,
And amang his sails sat ravens twae;
Lord Morison sailed wi' meikle pride,
With a lovely lady by his mailed side—
Fair was her face, and sad was her mood,
And her black eyes sparkled aneath her white hood—
He smiled when he took her silken hand,
"Thrice welcome, fair lady, to fair Scotland;"
But to every word that Lord Morison spoke,
Ae raven did scream and another did croak,
And the sailors did shudder, and e'en the fair flood
Moaned 'mid its deep waters, and reddened like blood.'

'It's a fool sang, howsever, ye see, hinnies,' continued Madge, with an evident reluctance at being obliged to have recourse to an art she despised to relate her tale—'It's a fool sang, and no worth remembering; and had it been ought wholesome and good, I might have aiblins forgot it—besides, hinnies, I never heard it sung but ance, and that was on the lonely mountain-top, seven miles frae a' baptized lugs—for it was nae that safe to sing it within a mile of a Morison. For ye maun ken, that the man who made it—the mair gowk he to sing about rapes in a house where a man had been hanged—had for his muse's meed, I think they called it, a braw dagger wi' a hilt o' massy gowd; and if ye wad ken what the sheath was made o', hinnies, e'en spier at the poet's twa bosom-banes, for straight in atween them the weapon was lodged—sae ye may think he was a bauld billie that dared sing it. Sir Walter Kirkpatrick, for only whistling the tune, was shared amang a' the corbies o' Carmichael. Aweel, ye see, the ballad gangs on wi' the converse o' the ravens—the talk o' ravens maun be about gore and carrion, ye ken; but yet for all that, the ravens that haunted the hall o' the Morison's were of no common brood, *that* I can avouch for—sae less, the idle sang lies.

'But ere the fair lady leaped on the green land,
And ere the sharp keel shared the deep silver sand,
And ere the dames landward, with sob and with moan,
Stood looking for friends that were dead and were gone,
The tae black raven, far o'er the green deep,
Stretched his wing, and away with a lordly sweep
Fanned the cliffs with his plumes, and aback to the mast
Returned with a shriek, and the men stood aghast;
And brave Lord Ronald said, "Blood-raven grim,
Ye shall feast on a lambkin's daintiest limb;
For these forty lang days ye have sat in the blast,
Nor tasted of food, but sung sweet frae the mast."
The raven looked down with a scream and a croak,
And thus to Lord Ronald the blood-raven spoke:
"Lord Ronald! Lord Ronald! my plumage so grim
Is doomed to flap over a daintier limb,
And my beak, that for forty lang days in the blast
Has had nought for to pike but the end o' the mast,
Shall, ere yon fair sun that's now rising sinks low,
Be buried e'e-deep in a bosom of snow.
We thank thee, fair lord, after penance and fast,
For spreading thy birds sic a dainty repast."
Lord Ronald grew grim as the sea-wave waxed dark,
Which the thunder storm heaved on the prow of his bark,
And he bent his black brows even as stern as the sky,
That with its rife thunder hung ready on high.
The mariners shuddered—the fair lady clung
All pale to Lord Ronald—her sweet Moorish tongue
Dropped, from 'tween lips of roses, such words in his ears,
As brought down his cheeks something hotter than tears.
No human tears soften a Morison's mood,
They weep and they sweat dews of water and blood.
That lady turned swift her fair face from the land,
And far to the seaward she stretched a white hand,
And hung o'er the wave, that, now heaving and bright,
With flame winged the ship like the swan in her flight.
"Blast-birds," said Lord Ronald, "I charge ye to crow,
Words of omen no more," and he bent his steel bow.
The raven looked down, and it croaked and it laught—
Loud sang the bowstring, and away flew the shaft.
But the red rushing lightning so fearful to view,
Caught up and consumed the sharp shaft as it flew;

Another shaft swift from his steel engine pass'd,
Still the blood-ravens croaked on the top of the mast—
And the mariners moaned; for the bright crooked levin,
Dropt as quick on the bay as the rain drops from heaven.
And horsed on the waters huge tumbling and dark,
Rode forms grim and fearful, who welcomed the bark!
While the ravens croaked louder "Fair woman, fond woman
Oh evil's thine hour o'er the wild ocean roaming;
But touch not the shore, thou crowned Saracen's daughter,
For the green sod's more faithless and fatal than water,
And sair sair we lang to light down with a croak,
'Twixt the paps o' thy bosom to revel and howk."—'
And against the dark heaven their wings with a shriek,
They stretched and evanished—blood left every cheek,
And the fierce tempest ceased—and the red levin wild
Was quenched—the sea smoothed its huge curls and smiled.
And the fair bay of Nithsdale and Queensberry proud
Rejoiced and came forth with the sun from the cloud.

'Aweel, ye see, hinnies, I never thought I would have remembered half o' the liesome looking lines o' the auld ballad. Ye maun ken, howsever, that the sang, silly though it be, tells something like truth anent the ravens o' the house o' Morrison; it is said in an auld saye,

"Whan the ravens forhov the Morisons' ha',
The Morisons' back sall be dung to the wa'."

But I canna say whether the rest o' the ballad be fiction or truth, or aiblins a mixture o' baith—the things that nae man wad credit on oath, are veritable in verse—auld wives clashes are pure gospel to the wisest rhymes; for under the cope of heaven there's nae sic a thriftless calling as that o' clinking full words together, and singing them to the senseless sound o' a piece o' hollow timmer, or sic din as ane thrums fra a string o' stented thairm. Daft as the calling is, I maun e'en be beholden to it for the rest o the tale o' Ronald Morison's princess, and this is the way it rins on:

'It was a sweet morn when, with shout and with bound,
The gay knights leaped ashore as the bark smote the ground;
The small birds sat mute, and the streams alone run,
Glad and singing, beneath their green boughs from the sun.
Through thy greenwood, Caerlaverock, thy darkwood, Glenae,
Went proud riders spurring with shout and hurra',
And old Mabel Morison looked frae her tower,
And young lady Geraldine gazed from her bower;
But fair lady Edith, through woodland and river,
Flew as the bird flies when the shot quits the quiver,
Flew as the dove flies, when it shakes from its wing
Its life's blood amang the chaste flowerets of spring—
While proud spurred the riders, and as they went quafft
Their lord's health in wine, and then shouted and laught.
Thro' the deep grove they tilted, with brand and with spear,
But they soon met with something that sobered their cheer;
Ae knight heard the greenwood to sob and to groan,
And Queensberry mountain reply with a moan,
And saw the red blood drop as rain from the wood,
And ane stopped to drink, and the fountain was blood;
And all the green valley romantic Ae laves
Seemed measured for men, and then dug into graves.
And still Mabel Morison looked from her tower,
And still lady Geraldine gazed from her bower,
Yet nought could behold, though they heard coming nigh
The prancing of coursers, the welcoming cry
Of fair maids and matrons, and shepherds who cast
Fresh flowers 'neath the feet of their lord as he past.
"See, Geraldine, see!" lady Mabel called down
From her stance on the tower, with a stamp and a frown,

" Lo! there comes Lord Ronald, and see, by his side
Comes a lady trimmed out like a queen in her pride—
Come read me, come read me, a lady sat high,
And looked for her lover, her lover came by.
The green tree did tremble, the lady did quake,
To see the deep hole that her lover did make.
So the green ground gapes for her—and sorrow and pain
Are strange things on earth if the earth gapes in vain.
I'll wager a wager—ere gray morn is near,
I'll read her a lesson shall sober her cheer."
" Lo! see lady—mother, lo! look and behold
His love Edith is tearing her tresses of gold;
And like a mean horse-boy she runs at his side,
And her breast's fit to burst with its feelings of pride.
She smites oft her bosom, and wrings oft her hand,
And her tears drop as fast as the rain on the sand;
And she looks on that gay foreign princess—look on,
Her shroud shall be shaped ere the set o' the sun."
Her shroud shall be shaped, lady Geraldine? no!
I have promised her limbs to the kite and the crow,
And my pair of blood ravens—even now on yon oak
I see their dark plumage, and hearken their croak,
And I know what they say—quoth the youngest one, " here
The wolf and the hound shall partake of our cheer."
" Not a morsel," its mate says, " for carlin so gray,
Will look black from her turret, and keep them at bay;
So whet thy beak sharp—lo! the war-horse he fumes,
See her white marble front 'mid an ocean of plumes,
Sae o'er her white bosom, whene'er I cry croak,
Clang your wings with a scream, and then daintily howk."
Now up came Lord Ronald, and stooped his head down,
'All hail, lady mother, come welcome your son—
And bless me this fair one, whose kind heart and hand
Saved me from the dungeon, the wheel, and the brand.'
The princess cast down her dark eyes, and their light
Sparkled through her long eye-lashes, trembling and bright,
Like that meek under radiance the stars shed aboon
Two lovers, when clouds have o'ermantled the moon.
But on her lady Mabel down from her tower gave
That stern look which deals but with doom and the grave;
A glance of dread purpose can ne'er be mistook,
Men shudder, and call it the Morison' look.

' Full seven years after, o'er greenwood and bower,
And pure river, dame Mabel looked forth from her tower,
And there came an old man—bald, bent, at his side
Hung a script, she called him in laughter and pride,
" Now welcome, thou old man, what seekest thou—a grave,
With a gibbet beside it? pray ask it and have."
" I seek not the grave, noble lady; to me
The grave is less dread than repentance to thee;
For I am a Palmer, and wander to win
The footsteps of men from the threshold of sin;
And fain would I seek, ancient lady, to know
Why you wrap your sad brow in a garment of woe?"
And as he spoke thus, with a welcoming croak,
Two blood ravens perched on the top of an oak;
The green tree all shuddered, and there ran a groan
All around tower and turret, the fountain did moan—
Like the sweet shooting moonshine a white figure flew,
With a shriek to the greenwood—the sad Palmer drew

A cross at his feet, and his trembling hand felt
His heart fluttering wild; and his eyes seemed to melt.
" Evil man haste away, else thy limbs shall be bound,
And thy quarters be flung to the wolf and the hound.
Lo! see my blood-ravens that have not craved food
Since the feast, seven years since, I spread in the wood,
Croak loud for a morsel—sic daintiths are rare
As the bright een and white bosom of princesses fair—
But my blackbirds crave food, and thine old limbs shall be
Their food, else the fiend birds will feast upon me."
The Palmer waxed dark, and his right hand he shook,
And he gave the proud towers Ronald Morison's look;
And darker he grew, though the castle in light
Beamed far o'er the heaven, and heaven looked bright;
And still he grew darker, as stern in his mood,
He slaked its red ashes with Morison's blood.
More dark and more dark as he tarried and thought
On the wreck and the wrong which his fury had wrought.
He knelt, and a green grave he gave one long kiss,
And no man saw lord Ronald from that day to this.
But long shall the matrons and hoary men mourn,
As the eve glooms again of lord Ronald's return.

(*To be continued.*)

ADVICE TO JULIA. A LETTER IN RHYME.*

THERE is nothing, unless we be much mistaken, which will hereafter be acknowledged as forming a more remarkable feature in the literary history of our time, than the sudden and unexpected revival which has lately taken place in certain lighter branches of poetry, which, cultivated with great success in what is *called* our Augustan age, had ever since been almost as much neglected as the deeper secrets of our *true* Augustan age had been, until *they* were called again into life and being by the great band of MASTERS, our contemporaries. We need not say any thing of the splendid merits of Mr Frere, whose Whistlecrafts set an example that has been followed by so many writers of distinguished and various talent—and whose genius of invention would have received greater justice of homage at the hands of the public, but for the satirical and political condiments by which his imitators have not scrupled to render their productions more immediately piquant than those of their master—although we have many doubts whether any one of them has ever equalled him in the more lasting excellencies of easy wit—sparkling fancy—and delicate versification. He, however, and all his school, are decidedly pupils of the old Italian mirthmakers;—and in the midst of our admiration for the cleverness—liveliness—and brilliancy of their verses, we have no difficulty in confessing that we cannot help missing frequently, and regretting occasionally, a certain nameless classical grace which has not always disdained to be wedded with the native sportiveness of English Iambics. Moore, too, has distinguished himself very much of late by his comical and satirical verses—but he is as decidedly inferior to Frere in ease and elegance, as he is to Lord Byron in every essential of poetry and feeling. Tom Moore is a smart but not a genteel quizzer—and if he does not surpass Lord Byron in immorality, his immorality is certainly by far the more disgusting of the two, by reason of its perpetually theatrical and affected grimaces. The one is a saucy insolent libertine of fashion, who says improper things, with the air of one that (absurdly enough, to be sure), thinks himself entitled to say what he pleases. The other more resembles the Græculus Esuriens of certain ancient satirists—the half-professional joker, whose chief ambition is to be " the very thing," but who, touched through and through with the intolerable stain, still betrays on the floor of the saloon

* London. Murray. 1820.

the old tricks of the orchestra.—Moore's late comical and satirical poems besides are all imitations of old Christopher Anstey—and quite inferior, in every respect, both to the Bath Guide of that accomplished lounger, and the Pleader's Guide, the less celebrated but scarcely less masterly work of his son.

We have no notion who the author of this Letter to Julia may be—but we venture to predict, that the public will never discover in him any new masquerade, either of Frere or of Moore—or indeed of any writer already known to them. He is evidently a man of great accomplishments, on whom (unlike Tom Moore) his accomplishments sit quite easy.—Nay, he is evidently an admirable scholar, and yet he displays few of the little attic touches that Frere has at command—altho' his Whistlecrafts do not make any great show of them.—He is no less evidently a man of fashion—and, what is still better, a perfect gentleman. Last of all, and best of all, he is a poet of very exquisite powers—and if, as we conjecture, his name should turn out to be quite a new one, we have no doubt it will, as soon as he pleases, become a very splendid one.*

He has undertaken, in this airy production, to give a sort of general sketch of the present life of *haut-ton* in London; and he has done so, on the whole, with great success, although we must think the framework on which he has chosen to fix his delineations, is such as to give an impression, alike unnecessary and uncongenial, of awkwardness and heaviness. The beautiful raillery of the sixteen lines of the original,

> "Sybarin cur properes amando
> Perdere?" &c.

cannot be made to extend itself into the leading and presiding idea of a poem of 221 pages, without disadvantages of which the author himself is probably, now that his work is finished and out of his hands, as sensible as any of his readers. The occasional glimpses of this flimsy thread, however, must not be permitted to lessen our admiration of the beautiful gems he has strung upon it—nor, on the whole, will any body venture to blame this person as the first man of genius that has written a fine poem on a bad (that is to say, an ill-chosen and inadequate) plan.

The lady (real or imaginary) to whom the Epistle is addressed, is a perfect beauty, and has been married for some weeks to a young gentleman, whose name is supposed to have been of high distinction in all the rolls of fashionable resort—but who, swayed or seduced by the authority or the charms of his bride, from all his former sources of occupation and of pleasure—has, since his wedding, become quite *an altered man*, and lost favour sadly among all his old confederates, the author of the Letter included, who makes the last effort of his friendship in the shape of this shrewd rather than respectful remonstrance to the fair cause of the metamorphosis herself. His petition very impertinently sheweth—that whereas her husband was formerly one of the gayest sparrers, swimmers, loungers, quadrillers, waltzers, canterers, drinkers, revellers, gamblers, neckloth-tiers, stay-lacers, &c. &c. &c. about town—he has assumed within the last two months a totally new and melancholy change of aspect. He has given up stays—he ties his neckcloth in a simple knot (in utter contempt of Mr Nichol's, and his hopeful)—when he rides, it is for health or on business, not for show on the Park or in Bond-street—when he dances, it is only to enliven his own harvest-home—when he drinks, it is because he is thirsty—when he eats, it is because he is hungry. He sits at home on the corner of a sofa with his wife; and the curricles of his ancient associates rattle in vain before the perpetual Venetians of his window. The purpose of the prayer is, of course, that Julia should dispense with this constancy of attendance on the part of her lord and master—of which immediate dispensation he enforces the propriety by many arguments—some of them new—all of them ingenious—not a few more convincing than delicate. Nothing can be more simple than the skeleton of the Lay-Sermon—now for some specimens of its style.

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* Since writing the above, we have been informed, that the author is Mr Luttrell, who wrote some pretty verses last year, entitled, "Lines written at Ampthill Park." We mention his name only because we understand it to be quite public in London.

One of the most notable of Charles's derelictions is that of the Park.

Poor Charles! No creature sees him, late,
'Twixt Stanhope-street and Apsley-gate!

And in commenting on this, the adviser takes occasion, of course, to introduce a variety of descriptive sketches. The following are from the "afternoon park-lounge," The first paragraph will, we fear, be considered as too personal by the lovers of the "Examiner."

Perchance, a truant from his desk,
Some lover of the picturesque,
Whose soul is far above his shop,
Hints to his charmer where to stop;
And the proud landscape, from the hill, eye
Which crowns thy terrace—Piccadilly!
Perchance Leigh Hunt himself is near,
Just waking from a *reverier*—
Whispering, "My dear, while others hurry,
"Let us look over into Surry."
There, as the summer-sun declines,
Yet still in full-orbed beauty shines,
As, all on fire beneath his beams,
The fret-work of the Abbey gleams;
While on its towers a golden flood
Is poured, above the tufted wood,
His charmer (kindred spirits, see
The blest effects of sympathy;)
Is busied in a tasteful trial
To spell the hour upon the dial!
Mark how the mighty snow-ball gathers!
Lads, lasses, mothers, children, fathers,
All equal here, as if the pavement
To level them were like the grave meant,
As if one will informed the whole,
And urged them to a common goal.
See, in the living mass confounded,
All shapes, all sizes, slim, and rounded;
Every variety of features
That e'er distinguished human creatures!
Nor less their *habits* disagree:
Some have, at sunset, risen from tea;
Some linger on till Dusk at nine
Bids them retire to dress and dine.
The same pursuits together jumble.
The rich and poor, the proud and humble.
Th' enfranchised tradesman, if he stirs,
Here, jostles half his customers.
Here, in a rage, the Bond-street spark
Is bearded by his father's clerk;
While yon proud dame (O sad event!) is
Out-elbowed by her own apprentice.
Heedless, though hundreds by them flit,
Mark! where in groups prim parties sit
On the same bench, ('tis doubtful whether
Huddled by chance, or choice together;)
Nor sign of pleasure seen, nor word
Of cheerful sound among them heard,
As if all virtue lay in gravity,
And smiles were symptoms of depravity.
'Twere hard, methinks, their fate to brook,
Were they not happier than they look;
While opening spring with all its flowers,
In vain leads on the *laughing* hours;
On their dull looks and blunted sense
Wasting its choicest influence;
While as, at length aroused, they travel
A snail's pace on the glittering gravel,
Bursts the full chestnut on their sight,
In spiral blossoms, silver-bright;
Lilacs their purple cones unfold,
And rich laburnums gleam in gold.
Julia, I own, you may command some
Attention—you are young and handsome,
Are fond, of course—perhaps, are true—
As yet, that secret rests with you.
Still be advised, and, lest you lose it,
Enjoy your influence—don't *abuse* it.
Why thus encroaching? wherefore want
To fetter your enslaved gallant;
As an Egyptian queen, we're told,
Served a great conqueror of old,
Whom from his height of fame she hurl'd,
And wheedled—to resign a world?

The next count on which the ex-dandy is found guilty, is that of being a traitor to the authority of Mr Jackson, his place and dignity—in other words, of having cut Egan, and having thrown away his copy of that invaluable statute-book, "Boxiana."

I doubt if he has *pluck* remaining
To venture on a six weeks training,
That first of pugilistic blisses,
Since he has found your smiles and kisses
(So strange his taste) a greater treat
Than rubbing, racing, or raw meat.
And yet, one fonder of *the Fancy*
Than Charles, of old, did ever man see?
Skilled in defence, in onset skilled,
All wondered as he *fibbed* and *milled*,
Laying his adversary low
In no time, by a *favourite blow*.
Past are those glories! *now*, it ruffles
His temper but to *hear of* muffles:
Him at the Fives Court, or at Moulsey,
Never henceforward will a soul see.
Now, he's an humble tame adorer,
Sneers at a *facer* or a *floorer*,
Of all he learned so well of Crib,
Remembering only how to *fib*.

The cudgels are then taken up in behalf of the scenery of the Serpentine—but our Readers will find themselves mistaken, if they look among this West-Endian's verses for any of the "Italianly" raptures of the Cockney-school.

Why should our landscape blush for shame?
'Tis fresh and gay, if flat and tame.
None view it awe-struck or surprised;
But still 'tis smart and civilized.
Here are the Royal Gardens seen,
Waving their woods of tufted green
Above the Powder-Magazine:
Beyond it, the sub-ranger's villa,
Where, once, lay anchored the *flotilla*
To fill us all with warlike rage meant,
In peace-time, by a mock engagement.
Next come, to furnish due variety,

The sheds of the Humane Society,
In case of thaws, or inebriety;
And, winding among these, a drive
With gigs and curricles alive.
Thence (amidst plumes and weeping willows.
Swept by the zephyr, tiny billows
Come rippling to the smooth cascade,
So lately founded by the aid
Of pick-axe, trowel, rule, and spade;
Near which (his mother left the lurch in)
Perchance some lounging truant urchin
For halfpence with his play-mate wrangles,
Or with a pin for minnows angles;
Or coaxes from her callow brood
The dingy matron-swan, for food,
And eyes her ruffled plumes, and springs
Aside, in terror of her wings.
These charms, and more than these, are thine,
Straight though thou art, O *Serpentine!*
And, when the quivering sun-beams dance
And sparkle on thy smooth expanse;
When to thy stream the deer confides
His branching horns and dappled sides;
And cattle on thy shelving brink
Snuff the sweet air, or stoop to drink
Where trees, through all their generations,
From withered stumps to new plantations,
Meet, as a merry-making gathers
Young children round their old grandfathers;
Backed by the "glittering skirts" of London,
Its buildings now in shade, now sunn'd on,
'Twould surely any tourist gravel,
(Or home or foreign be his travel,)
In rummaging his sketch-book through,
To find a more enlivening view
Than here, by art and nature moulded,
Is to his careless eye unfolded.
Yet, to go further and fare worse,
Folks waste their time, and drain their purse!
There, where, in spring, the grass between
Each dusty stripe looks fresh and green,
Methinks I see the russet track
Worn by the hoofs of Charles's hack,
Practised to tread, with gentle pace,
The paths of that enchanting place.
Yet Charles that gentle pace would check,
Throw the loose reins on *Sancho's* neck,
And from the saddle, at his ease,
Enjoy the landscape and the breeze,
As moved the nymphs, in mingled ranks,
On to the river's gravelly banks,
Glancing between the rugged boles
Of ancient elms their parasols,
Whose hues—but similes must fail.
A rainbow, or a peacock's tail,
Or painter's pallet, to the eye
Scarce offers such variety
As the protecting silk which shades
At once, and decks these lovely maids,
While smartly *Spencered*, ev'n the ugly
Under its Cupolas look smugly,
Meantime, escaped their eastern dens,
A crowd of sober citizens,
Thus tempted, seem to have forgot
Their Sunday's lesson,—"Covet not,"
And in the mirror of these waters
Admire *each other's* wives and daughters,
Who linger where the river shelves,
Not backward to admire *themselves*.
Say, Julia, had you no compunction
In issuing such a hard injunction?
Say for what cause, avowed or hidden,
A lounge so harmless is forbidden,
While Charles the laughing world to blind,
Hints that a man may change his mind?
Thither he spurs his hack no more,
But votes the whole concern a bore;
Has weaned his feet from ice and skaits,
And left to Cocker *threes* and *eights*.
The breeze may blow, the sun may shine,
He's never at the Serpentine:
In vain the girls and deer so fallow
Sport on its banks,—he swears 'tis *yellow*,
And wonders how he e'er could dream
Of beauty in so foul a stream!

Next follows what is deservedly the most elaborate passage of the whole poem.

But how shall I, unblamed, express
The awful mysteries of DRESS;
How, all unpractised, dare to tell
The art sublime, ineffable,
Of making *middling* men look well;
Men who had been such heavy sailors
But for their shoe-makers and tailors?
So, by the cutler's sharpening skill,
The bluntest weapons wound and kill:
So, when 'tis scarcely fit to eat,
Good cooks, by *dressing*, flavour meat.
And as, by steam impressed with motion
'Gainst wind and tide, across the ocean,
The merest *tub* will far outstrip
The progress of the lightest ship
That ever on the waters glided,
If with an engine unprovided;—
Thus Beaus, in person and in mind,
Excelled by those they leave behind,
On, through the world, undaunted, press,
Backed by the mighty power of dress;
While folks less confident than they
Stare in mute wonder,—and give way.
Charles was a master, a professor
Of this great art—a *first rate dresser*.
Oft have I traced him through the town,
Mowing whole ranks of beauty down,
Armed at all points, from head to foot,
From rim of hat to tip of boot.
Above so loose, *below* so braced,
In chest exuberant, and in waist
Just like an hour-glass, or a wasp,
So tightened, he could scarcely gasp.
Cold was the nymph who did not dote
Upon him in his new-built coat;
Whose heart could parry the attacks
Of his voluminous *Cossacks*—
Trowsers so called from those barbarians
Nursed in the *Steppes*—the Crim-Tartarians,
Who, when they scour a country, under
Those ample folds conceal their plunder.
How strange their destiny has been!
Promoted since the year *fifteen*,
In honour of these fierce allies,
To grace our British legs and thighs.

Fashion's a tide which nothing stems;
So the *Don* mingles with the *Thames!*
But, ere his darts were aimed to kill,
One charm, he knew, was wanting still.
"Weak," would he cry, "are the attacks
Of your voluminous *Cossacks.*
In vain to suffocation braced
And bandaged is your wasp-like waist;
In vain your buckram-waded shoulders
And chest astonish all beholders;
Wear any coat you will, 'tis fruitless;
Those shoes, those very boots are *bootless*,
Whose tops ('twas I advised the mixture)
Are moveable, and spurs a fixture;
All is unprofitable, flat
And stale, without a smart *Cravat*,
Muslined enough to hold its starch,
That last key-stone of Fashion's arch!"
"Have you, my friend," I've heard him say,
"Been lucky in your *turns* to-day?—
Think not that what I ask alludes
To Fortune's stale vicissitudes,
To her capricious ups and downs,
Her treacherous smiles, or withering frowns:
Nor have I now, alas! to learn
How cards, and dice, and women turn,
And what prodigious contributions
They levy, in their revolutions:
Nor heed I, if, in times so critical,
You've manag'd well your turns political.
The *turns* of your *Cravat* I mean,
Tell me if *these* have lucky been?
Have your attempts at once succeeded,
Or (while an hour has passed unheeded
And unregretted) have you toiled
Till a week's laundry has been spoiled,
Ere round your neck, in every fold
Exact, the muslin has been rolled,
And, dexterously in front confined,
Has kept the proper set behind;
Not letting loose, nor pinning in
One jot too much of cheek or chin?
In short, by dint of hand and eye,
Have you achieved a *perfect tie*?—
These are *my* turns—'twere idle pother
To waste a thought on any other.
"Should yours (kind heaven, avert the omen!)
Like the cravats of vulgar, low men,
Asunder start—and, yawning wide,
Disclose a chasm on either side,
Letting, behind its checkered screen,
The secrets of your throat be seen;
Or should it stubbornly persist
To take some awkward tasteless twist,
Some crease indelible, and look
Just like a dunce's dog's-eared book,
How would you parry the disgrace?
In what assembly show your face?
How brook your rival's scornful glance,
Or partner's titter in the dance?
How, in the morning, dare to meet
The quizzers of the park or street?
Your occupation's gone—in vain
Hope to dine out, or flirt again.
The ladies from their lists will put you,
And even *I*, my friend, must cut you!"

Such once was Charles.—No doctrine sounder
Than his, no principles profounder.
Mark the contrast—"Heu quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore——!"
No more his well-brushed hair is sleek
With *eau de miel*, or *huile antique.*
The golden key no more unlocks,
By *Bramah's* aid, his rose-wood box;
And with the treasures there displayed,
Dazzles the wondering chambermaid;
As, on her broom reclined, she pauses,
Ogling the silver cups and vases,
Whence steams a mingled soft perfume,
New to her nostrils, through the room.
No more with buckram or with wool
His overloaded bosom's full;
One glance from *you* is quite enough
To "cleanse it of that perilous stuff."
Loosed by the spell of your endearments,
His tortured ribs have burst their cerements,
And, like delinquents freed from jail,
His waist is fairly out on bail.
Julia, you've moved its *habeas-corpus*;
But when the man has grown a porpus,
Long, long before the season's ended,
You'll wish it had been still *suspended.*
Converted thus, with all the zeal
Which converts or affect or feel,
For errors past he makes amends,
By quizzing all his former friends;
Forgets how long he was their tutor,
And grows at once their persecutor;
Derides the stiff cravats and collars,
And braces of his favourite scholars,
Laughs at his own apostate jokes,
And dresses—just like other folks.

Another splendid episode is occupied with a description of Almack's. The indecency of Waltzers is, as usual, abused, and so is the awkwardness of British Quadrillers, with printed cards in their hands; but the strictness of the regulations, and the air of Master Willis, attract the greatest portion of our author's ridicule.

What form is that, with looks so sinister?—
Willis, their Excellencies' minister.—
See where in portly pride he stands
To execute their high commands;
Unmoved his heart, unbribed his hands.
See, where the barrier he prepares
Just at the bottom of the stairs,
Midst fragrant flowers and shrubs exotic;—
A man relentless and despotic
As he of Tunis, or Algiers,
Or any of their Grand Visiers.
Suppose the prize by hundreds miss'd
Is yours at last.—You're on the list.—
Your voucher's issued, duly signed;
But hold—your *ticket's* left behind.
What's to be done? there's no admission.
In vain you flatter, scold, petition,
Feel your blood mounting like a rocket,
Fumble in vain in every pocket.
"The rule's so strict I dare not stretch it,"
Cries Willis, "pray, my lord, go fetch it."—

"Nonsense!" you cry, "so late at night—
Surely you know me, sir, by sight."
"Excuse me—the committee sat
This morning."—"Did they, what of that?"
"An order given this very day
My lord, I dare not disobey."
"Your pardon."—Further parley's vain;
So for your ticket, in the rain,
Breathless you canter home again.
Thus cured (and can th' expense be less?)
Are absence, and forgetfulness.
What sounds were those?—O earth and heaven!
Heard you the chimes—*half-past eleven?*
They tell, with iron tongue, your fate,
Unhappy lingerer, if you're late.
Haste, while you may.—Behold! approaches
The last of yonder string of coaches;
Stern Willis, in a moment more,
Closes th' inexorable door,
And great the conjuror must be
Who can cry, "open, Sesamé!"
Such is the rule, which none infringes.
The door one jot upon its hinges
Moves not. Once past the fatal hour,
Willis has no dispensing power.
Spite of persuasion, tears, or force,
"The law," he cries, "must take its course."
And men may swear, and women pout.
No matter—They are all shut out.
"Friend, I'm The Ministry—give way!"
"Avaunt, Lord Viscount Castlereagh!
You're doubtless in the Commons' House
A mighty man, but here a *mouse.*
This evening there was no debate
Or business, and your lordship's late.
We show no favour, give no quarter
Here, to your ribbon, or your garter.
Here for a Congress no one cares,
Save that alone which sits up stairs."
Fair Worcester pleads with Wellington;
Valour with Beauty. "Hence, begone!
Perform elsewhere your destined parts,
One conquer kingdoms, t'other hearts.
My lord, you'll have enough to do;
Almack's is not like Waterloo.
Awhile lay by that wreath of laurels,
Culled in composing Europe's quarrels;
Secure, the war-whoop at her door,
In Britain's cause to gather more."—
For the first time in vain, his Grace
Sits down in form before the place,
Finds, let him shake it to the centre,
One fortress that he cannot enter,
Though he should offer on its borders
The sacrifice of half his orders.
The English Duke—the Spanish Lord—
The Prince of Flanders—drops his sword;
Compelled at last, ere break of day,
To raise the siege, and march away!

So much for the entrance—Now for the interior.

To give their graceful motions scope,
Now, *tightly stretched*, the barrier-rope
Hems in Quadrillers, nymph and spark,
Like bounding deer within a park;
Now *dropped*, transforms the floor again
For Waltzers, to an open plain.
Approach, O votary of Hymen!
Be thou of forward, or of shy men.
Approach, and at the luck rejoice
Which yields such beauty to your choice.
This is the moment to advance,
To claim your partner in the dance,
And if your fancy paints one fairer
Than other nymphs, to win and wear her.
But ere you try your fortune, lend
An ear to good advice, my friend,
And keep, if not an elder brother,
Your distance from her aunt and mother.
Of youthful hearts those ruthless breakers
Will weigh your passion with your acres;
They deem no folly half so great
As love, without a large estate;
And think the nation ne'er will thrive
Where younger sons presume to wive.
Do what you will, say what you can,
"*Manors*," they tell you, "make the man."

From Almack's to a honey-moon scene, the transition is not, or shall not be difficult.

Say, why should grots and shrubberies hide
A lawful bridegroom and a bride!
Why must they, lost in shady groves,
Fit shelter for unlicensed loves,
Steal from th' approving world, and seek
A long probationary week
Of close retirement, as profound
As if they both were under ground?
Twelve hours of every four-and-twenty
Left to themselves, methinks, were plenty.
Then why to villas hurry down,
When these, fond pair, are yours in town?
Be counselled.—Stir not, near or far,
But stay, I charge you, where you are.
The dream of passion soon or late
Is broken———don't anticipate.
Haste not to lose your hopes in fears,
Stark mad for moments, dull for years;
Devour not, for your comfort's sake,
At once, like children, *all* your cake;
Truth (on your memory well engrave it)
Whispers, you cannot eat and have it.
Gold is too precious—lay it not
So thickly on a single spot;
But beat the bullion—husbands, wives—
And spread it over all your lives.

In the August Number it would be unpardonable to omit the following picture of London "once again on fire!"

Through silent and deserted streets
No kindred form the lounger meets;
No curricle nor chariot wears
The pavement of the western squares;
But hackney-coachmen fold their hands,
And sleep, despairing, on their stands;
Or, roused, make signs with whip and fingers
To tempt the bashful *fare*, who lingers
Doubtful to mount or not, and staring
At houses painting and repairing.
You mark no fresh-caught rustic dodging
Now here, now there, to find a lodging,
Indifferent to what rent he's liable,
So that the street is "*undeniable*,"

Or vainly tugging at the bells
Of twenty over-crammed hotels.
Shot from yon *Heavenly Bow*, at White's,
No critic-arrow now alights
On some unconscious passer-by,
Whose cape's an inch too low or high;
Whose doctrines are unsound in hat,
In boots, or trowsers, or cravat;
On him who braves the shame and guilt
Of gig or Tilbury ill-built;
Sports a barouche with pannels darker
Than the last shade turned out by Barker,
Or canters, with an awkward seat
And badly mounted, up the street.
No laugh confounds the luckless girl
Whose stubborn hair disdains to curl,
Who, large in foot, and long in waist,
Shows want of *blood*, as well as taste:
Silenced awhile that dreadful battery
Whence never issued sound of flattery;
The whole artillery of jokes,
Levelled point-blank at humdrum folks;
Who now, no longer kept in awe
By Fashion's judges, or her law,
Close by the THE WINDOW, at their ease,
Strut, with what looks and clothes they please.
No longer, from the footman's thumb
And finger, peals of thunder come.
Closed are the doors, the knockers dumb.
No cards, in *broad-cast* sown about,
Alarm us with a red-hot rout;
Nor, in a rainy blustering night,
(The London-Cóach-makers' delight)
Comes on the startled ear, from far,
The hubbub of *domestic* war
In yonder Square, where half the town
Are taking up, and setting down,
In breathless haste, amidst the din
Of drunken coachmen *cutting in*.
Hushed is the sound of swearing, lashing,
Of tangled wheels together clashing,
Of glasses shivering, pannels crashing,
As thus they try their rival forces
In whips, and carriages, and horses.
What though their mistresses should fret,
Be frightened, trampled on, or wet?
How, but by prancing in the mud,
Can pampered cattle show their blood?
Honor's at stake;—and what is comfort,
Safety, or health, or any sum for't?
The bills, 'tis true, to those up-stairs,
Are *somewhat heavy*, for repairs;
But courage, coachmen! Such disasters
Are not your business, but your masters'.
Now many a pleasant hungry sinner
Finds tapering off the' accustomed dinner,
And reads no more, on pasteboard nicely
Rang'd o'er his chimney, "*Eight precisely.*"
No crow-quill notes with corners three,
Littered about for friends to see,
Coax him to *tête-à-têtes*, and tea.
Ungreeted, at his morning station,
Ev'n by a verbal invitation,
Yet lingering till the chaise is gone
Which holds the last Amphitryon,
Late and alone he dines at Brooks's;
Tries what a newspaper or book says,
Till *half past ten;* and then, poor man,
Gets through the evening as he can.
'Tis August. Rays of fiercer heat
Full on the scorching pavement beat,
As o'er it the faint breeze, by fits
Alternate, blows and intermits.
For short-lived green, a russet brown
Stains every withering shrub in town.
Darkening the air, in clouds arise
Th' Egyptian plagues of dust and flies;
And wasps, those foragers voracious,
Buzz thro' the shops, in swarms audacious.
At rest, in motion—forced to roam
Abroad, or to remain at home,
Nature proclaims one common lot
For all conditions—'Be ye hot!'
Day is intolerable—Night
As close and suffocating quite;
And still the Mercury mounts higher,
Till London seems *again* on fire.

This is of course the time when "London all goes out of town," and part of it removes per steam-boat.

Now many a city-wife and daughter
Feels that the *dipping* rage has caught her.
Scarce can they rest upon their pillows,
For musing on machines and billows;
Or, should they slumber, 'tis to dream
All night of Margate and of Steam;
Of Steam, which, stronger than a giant,
Duly invoked, is more compliant.
At half past eight, propitious hour,
He's at their service, at the Tower.
Embarked, they catch the sound, and feel
The thumping motion of his wheel.
Lashed into foam by ceaseless strokes,
The river roars, the funnel smokes,
As onward, like an arrow, shoots
The Giant, with his seven-league boots;
Spite of their crowded sails, outstripping
With ease the speed of all the shipping
Through every reach—mast following mast
Descried, approached, o'ertaken, passed.
Look where you will, you find no traces
Of qualm-anticipating faces
From shifting helm or taught lee-braces,
Ills with which fate the bliss alloys,
Else perfect, of the Margate-hoys.
No calm, so dead that nothing stirs,
Baffles the sea-sick passengers.
With ecstasy no tongue can utter,
They take to tea and bread and butter.
On the smooth deck some stretch their legs,
Some feast below on toast and eggs,
As, cheered by clarinet and song,
Ten knots an hour, they spank along,
(Sure at their destined post to sup,
Unless, perchance, they're all blown up)
By Graves-end, South-end, thro' the Nore,
Till the boat lands them all at *four*,
Exulting, on the Margate shore!

Among other topics of rather a more dignified nature, which this poetical trifler ventures to introduce, may be placed that of the duties of a dandy M. P.—the difficulties of which are thus terrifically depicted with the conciliatory preface of—

Just listen, and you'll find a knack 'tis
Soon mastered by a little practice.

Then comes the catalogue raisonnée.
To calculate, with due precision,
The moment of the next division;
The art in proper time to cough;
The mysteries of pairing off;
When to be mute, and when to cheer
A modest member with a "Hear;"
The secret, ere debates begin,
Of whipping out—and whipping in
From Bellamy's with checked digestion,
Just as the Speaker puts the question;
Such, Julia, are the hard conditions
Imposed on sucking politicians!
But Charles must sacrifice his ease
Sometimes, to heavier tasks than these.
Perchance, to settle who shall sit, he
Is tethered to some dull committee,
Where learned lawyers, having wrangled
For months, leave matters more entangled.
Joy to the candidates who pay
From ebbing purses, day by day,
Hundreds for every fresh objection
Which leads them to a *void election!*
Or, at the opening of the session,
(Uniting courage with discretion)
Must strive his faltering tongue to teach
The echo of a royal speech,
In which the mover and the seconder
Too oft, alas: tho' clever reckon'd, err;
Or, when he meditates some far jaunt,
Is taken captive by the Serjeant,
From whose firm grasp no custodee
E'er yet escaped—without a fee;
Or posts, from some far-distant hall
Up, through ten counties, to a *Call;*
Or hurrying down *at four* (how pleasant!)
Sees, in dismay, not forty present,
Yet lingers, till, to end his doubt,
The punctual Speaker counts them out;
Or, fumbling at the door, is shocked
To find it mercilessly locked;
Or, when the weather warmer waxes,
Must help Vansittart through his taxes,
And, threatening those who heavy think 'em
With the laid ghost of that on Income,
Cry "question!" when the strongest side
To *conquer*—has but to *divide.*
What, though thy floor, St Stephen, yield
To gifted minds a glorious field;
Though rich the prize of those who aim
Within thy walls at power and fame,
And, through the struggles of debate,
Rule, or aspire to rule the State;
Yet who in *mere routine* would waste
One grain of knowledge, sense, or taste?
Who, through a tedious session, bear
To slumber in the tainted air
Of crowded benches, glad to make
His dinner on a tough beef-steak;
Or (summoned by a Treasury-note)
Night after night to sit and vote,
A mere machine, with no dominion
Over his seat or his opinion;
Only to frank an ounce, and see
On all his letters' backs M. P.!
Who would, as day begins to peep,
(The house half hungry, half asleep)
With many a yawn and inward curse,
Hear a *bad* speech—or make a *worse!*
Who from his party, like a rat, run,
To humour some capricious patron,
Or trimming father, whom his son dreads;
When he might take the *Chiltern Hundreds,*
And in a trice resign his seat?
But that the terror of the Fleet,
Or King's Bench prison, from whose bourne
'Tis not so easy to return,
Urges the slave, with puzzled will,
To bear a heavier bondage still.

With this we stop—having already quoted, we suspect at least, as much as is fair from one beautifully printed little duodecimo of sixteen lines in the page. But the truth is, as booksellers well know, that in Scotland the sale of such fashionable reading is always extremely limited at first; and the Edinburgh Review has long since ceased to take any notice of the New Literature of England—so that, but for us, it is probable the Advice to Julia would scarcely have had any chance of being talked about, north of the Tweed, for these twelve months. Now we are sure it will be talked about not a little, and immediately; and all those that do talk about it, must buy it; for we assure them, that the other five sixths of the Poem are quite as good as the portion we have selected. On the whole, a more elegant, original, and, at the same time, good-humoured and gentlemanlike jeu-d'esprit—has not appeared among us for a very long while, and we shall be very sorry if we do not soon hear more from the same quarter. The Farewell is elegant, and, to close the page neatly, here it is.

Julia, farewell! My words, I fear,
Fall blunted on your listless ear.
The best advice, like physic taken,
Leaves stubborn wills like yours unshaken.
Julia, farewell! In language warmer
'Twere idle to upbraid you, charmer;
Though, could I summon to my aid
And hold communion with the shade
Of Prior, Swift, or Mathew Green
Who warred against the monster, Spleen;
Or could my fingers wield the pen
Poetic of those *living* men,
Those bards, who, dear to all the Nine,
Heed not the praise of tongues like mine;
My Muse, no novice in her art,
Might, thro' your senses, reach your heart;
Like the sweet lark might upward spring,
And, not content with chirping, sing.
But no.—Th' aspiring wish is vain.
Too feebly flows my humble strain.
Destined to leave you as it found you,
Spoiled by the flatterers who surround you!

ESSAYS AND SKETCHES, &c.*

ANOTHER little volume, published in London this spring, which we think is pretty sure to survive the mass of new books, thrown out for the diversion of the reading public, is entitled, "Essays and Sketches of Life and Character, by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings." We have seldom perused any similar volume with higher pleasure. It is written throughout with great facility and elegance, and bears everywhere indubitable marks of an upright and honourable mind, richly cultivated both by study and travel. The author is evidently both a gentleman and a scholar, and the only thing we have any objection to about him is that he is a WHIG. But of that more in the sequel. We rather think that we trace some resemblance between his style, both of writing and thinking, and that of a certain little book "On the Faults of English Manners," which we reviewed a good many months ago. But in this we may be mistaken, not having at present that interesting work at hand for the purpose of comparison.

There is no occasion for criticism when a single extract will suffice to convince our readers, that we are right in the high opinion we have expressed of our author's merits; and we prefer, chiefly on account of its brevity, the following sketch, entitled "National Character," which we are told was written at Paris in the year 1815.

"I was sitting one day in company with a Frenchman, a Spaniard, an Italian, an Englishman, and a German, when a conversation began upon the merits of their respective nations. As I found the argument growing warm, especially on the part of the Frenchman, who was pouring a shower of small talk upon the Englishman, and of the Italian who was near touching the ceiling with his hands, in order to invoke the vengeance of Heaven upon the German, I bethought me of a method to temper the discussion; I proposed that each should set forth his reasons for preferring his own nation in a continued speech, and that I, as an impartial hearer, should be the judge amongst them. My proposal was soon accepted; but harmony had like to have been again destroyed by a dispute who was to begin. The Frenchman talked loud, the German muttered, and the Italian spouted. Amidst the confusion of their voices I could now and then distinguish the words, *comedie*, *boulevards*, *esprit*, *empfindungen*, *genuss*, *bequemlichkeit*, *cantatrice*, *capo d'opera*, *cosa superba*, *&c.*; only the Spaniard and the Englishman looked upon the contest with seeming indifference and contempt; at last I succeeded in stopping them, and prevailed on them to speak in the following order.

"I addrest myself first to the Spaniard, who was by no means a Liberal, and said, 'Tell me why you consider your own nation as the wisest, the happiest, and the best?—he answered, 'I consider the two former epithets as entirely superfluous; for if we are the best, we must be the happiest; and if we are the happiest and best, we must be the wisest.'

"'Now, I believe, there is no man who performs, so well as the Spaniard, his duty to God and to his neighbour. He worships in the most exact, and even the most splendid manner, the Divine Creator, the Redeemer, the Holy Ghost, and the Blessed Virgin, and he does not forget to pray for the intercession of the least of the Saints whom the church has admitted; he is loyal to his king, to the utmost stretch of Christian patience and submission; he is kind and charitable to his fellow-creatures, helping the needy, and feeding the hungry; he reaps the reward of his good actions in a perpetual cheerfulness. Cheerfulness is the habit of the good; gayety is but the delirium of the wicked. Nor let it be supposed, as many declamatory writers have asserted, that the Inquisition has diminished the happiness of Spain. It is only through the acts of the Inquisition, that the Spanish people have been preserved in an unanimous faith. Now, even granting, for argument's sake, that other religions may be equally good for a future life, there is nothing which tends so much to union and harmony in the present, as worship at the same altar, reliance upon the same means of salvation, obligation to the same duties, and hope of the same final reward. Much has been said of the victims of the Inquisition. The care which that holy tribunal employed not to hurt the reputation of families, by publishing their proceedings, has served to spread a clamour against them; for that which is secret is always magnified by report. It is thus that fame revenges herself on those who wish to keep her out. But, in reality, are the victims of the Inquisition to be compared with those of the day of St Barthelemi, and the revocation of the edict of Nantz?—such are the effects of admitting

* Essays and Sketches of Life and Character. By a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings. London. Longman & Co. 1820.

the infection, and then endeavouring to stop it; or are they to be compared with the thousands who suffered in England under Henry VIII., Edward VI. and Elizabeth?—such are the consequences of admitting, without control, the preachers of heresy and schism.

"'If we do not want the religious toleration of England, still less do we stand in need of her political liberty. The sun which favours our country with its propitious influence, gives us enjoyment sufficient without seeking to busy ourselves in the affairs of government. Liberty is, in fact, a poor substitute for a fine climate. The people of the South only require the presence of that power which raises the corn—which ripens the grape, in order to be satisfied with their position. To ask if they are happy, you need only ask if they exist. But with the people of the North it is necessary to dig mines, to hew down forests, to build houses, to obtain, in a small space of a few feet, that warm, comfortable sensation, which a southern peasant feels in the large mansion of nature; he is obliged to look for some artificial source of pleasure, to intoxicate himself with the poison of distilled spirits, or the tumult of political contention. We court no such advantages. To those who love care we leave the trouble of governing; and we should think it as absurd to insist upon electing deputies, and making laws because we have the right to do it, as to carry burdens because we have backs capable of supporting them. Having said what is sufficient to convince all men of sense, I will not dilate upon the beauty of our country; the majesty of Granada, the splendour of Seville, the fertility of Valencia. You know our land, and can do justice to it.'—Having thus spoken, the Spaniard folded his arms in his cloak, which he always wore, even in France; and I observed he never listened to a word that was spoken afterwards.

"Having put the same question to the Italian that I had address to the Spaniard, he answered to the following purport:—That what had been just said concerning the pleasure derived from climate, applied with equal force to Italy, and set their two countries above all the rest of Europe. 'Indeed,' he said, 'the native of London, or Hamburgh, cannot conceive, unless he travels to our land, the pleasure to be derived from the touch of a cisalpine atmosphere. Our nerves seem to swell and extend themselves to receive the delightful sensation; our eyes dwell without fatigue or pain upon the beauties of a rich and warm landscape; even the voice maintains its clearness only in the air which the sun has blessed. But if we had merely this advantage, we should rival, and not precede Spain in happiness. It is to another circumstance that Italy owes her glory, her occupation, her delight:—to taste. With justice it has been said, that this is the only pursuit of which the pleasures far out-balance the pains. A man may meet with an unfaithful mistress, or be re-rejected by an ungrateful sovereign, but nothing obliges him to gaze at a bad picture, or dwell upon a disproportioned building. A great work of art may be said to be the most successful result of human effort: a fine statue requires as much genius in the conception as the most difficult problem of Newton; it demands as much skill in the execution as the formation of a time-piece; and when finished, it attracts the admiration, and gratifies the senses of thousands of spectators for thousands of years. It is, I hope, needless for them to prove that Italy excels all other nations in this respect. The sublimity of Michael Angelo, the grace and expression of Raphael, in fine, the innumerable merits of our great architects, sculptors, and painters, are not to be insulted by a comparison with the smoky buildings of London, the monuments in the Musée François, or the lusty goddesses of the Belgian painters. Give me the portico of the Pantheon, and the interior of St Peter's, the Transfiguration, the Communion of St Jerome, the St Michael, the St Peter and St Paul, the St Peter Martyr, the Moses of Michael Angelo, the Venus and Apollo of the ancients; give me, above all, the music which our admirable Paesiello, Cimarosa, and Rossini have produced—and I will not yield the palm of happiness to any part of Europe. For the prize of wisdom, too, I think we may lay a fair claim. The greatest natural philosophers, the most skilful negociators, the most gifted poets, own Italy as their birth-place. The discovery of the laws of motion, of the resistance of the air, of the barometer, of the telescope, and lately of Galvanism; the knowledge of a fourth quarter of the globe; the history of Italy, of Florence, of the Council of Trent, and of the Civil Wars of France, the Inferno, the Goffredo, and the Orlando Furioso, from a portion of the share which Italy has contributed to the civilization of Europe. It is for you, Sir,' he concluded, turning to the German, 'to prove that the universities of Heidelberg and Halle have done more.'

"The German, though he seemed to be smoking his pipe with great apathy, was not insensible to the reproach; and, like a skilful general, immediately changed the field of action.—'I can find but one fault with your discourse, Signor,' he replied; 'it is, that you have entirely omitted to answer the principal question, namely, why you consider your nation as the best? To this interrogatory, I can reply, with a safe conscience, that the Germans are the best people, because they do not assassinate secretly, or murder openly; because they are honest in their dealings and pay their debts, whether to government or individuals, with conscience-calming punctuality. From Hamburgh to Clagenfurt, there is scarcely a village which has not its schoolmaster, whilst

the capital of a province is almost ignorant of the name of executioner. Our fruit hangs on the trees by the road-side without being touched by any one; and the streets of our largest towns become still as sleep early in the night. Other nations, indeed, may boast of great discoveries in science, and of a rapid progress in political philosophy; but we furnished them with the means. They have sown a great part and reaped the whole; but we gave the field and invented the plough. It is to us that they are indebted for the art of printing, without which, knowledge could not have moved; and for the Reformation, without which it would have been arrested in its march. In modern times, too, our literature has taken a far-extended springing leap, which, leaving behind it the long-past glories of Italy and France, place it by the side of England in the race towards the spectator-girt, laurel-surrounded goal, which is always in the horizon of those bright geniuses, who have a heart-convulsing desire of present immortality, and a thousand-man power of intellectual sensation.'

"'These last words caused a pause: even the Frenchman took a pinch of snuff, and sneezed twice before he would begin. At last he started with such volubility in praise of France, and of Paris, that I am quite incapable of representing his harangue. He gave the first ten minutes to those who had spoken before him, and tried to prove that France excelled them in the very particulars on which they had insisted. He said there was no climate in Europe equal to that of the south of France, and that even at Paris the winter was over in February. As for the fine arts, he quoted Lalande, who had spent several years in and written several volumes upon Italy, and who maintains there is nothing to be seen there equal to what is to be found in France. In modern times he thought it beyond a question, that the French painters were the first in the world, which, however, was not to be wondered at, as the English had not at all turned their attention to the fine arts. The works of David, he conceived, express a sublimity to which Raphael, born in a barbarous age, never could attain; in music the French now far excelled the Italians. As for virtue, which his German friend had introduced somewhat *mal à propos* into the discussion, he, like the Delphine of Madame de Staël, defined it to consist in a succession of generous impulses. And these impulses acted no where with such vigour, as in the country where an officer sacrificed his life, in order to give the alarm to his regiment, and a father went cheerfully to execution to save the life of his son.' Having thrown out these remarks with an air *degagé*, he put on a more Socratic look, as he addressed himself to the Englishman. 'It is with your nation that ours is most fit to be compared. In England, and in France, *les lumieres* are generally spread like the rays of the sun; in other countries they are scattered like flashes of lightning. But it is more especially in French that elementary books in every art and science are written; it is in French that the reading of the world profound or trivial, is carried on. If a mathematician wishes to read the deepest book of science, he studies the *Mecanique Celeste*; if a Russian nobleman desires to learn what is meant by the words *feeling* or *wit*, he takes up the tragedies of Racine, or the tales of Voltaire, and learns to smile and to cry like a civilized being. Even the discoveries of your great Newton have been brought to perfection by D'Alembert, and Laplace; and in pure mathematics you have not for a long time produced an equal to Lagrange. Impartial judges (bowing to me) will agree, that in the most profound and abstract of human sciences, the people whom you treat as frivolous and superficial, have gone far beyond you. Your mathematicians of Oxford and Cambridge, are not even acquainted with that form of the calculus which we use for our investigations. If we excel you in abstract knowledge, there is still less doubt that we are superior in practical happiness. For happiness consists in nothing so much as in temper of mind fitted for pleasure, or, to use a chemical phrase, in having a capacity for enjoyment. A man may satisfy himself of this, by travelling the same road when he is gay, and when he is gloomy. In the first case, the country will appear to him smiling, beautiful, or sublime; in the second, it will seem tame, dull, or savage. Now the disposition of a Frenchman, is to see every thing *en beau*. I remember being in a wretched prison, guarded by Spaniards, who, any day in the week, might have taken a fancy to cut our throats; yet we laughed all day and acted plays in the evening. Englishmen would have cut holes in the wall, and have been shot in the attempt to escape. If we know how to bear adversity, we also know how to enjoy prosperity. What in the world so good as the Restaurateurs and the Theatres of Paris? What country can compare with France for wines, for dress, for dancing, and for plays?

"'You will affirm that these sensual, and marketable enjoyments destroy the taste for domestic happiness: but it is not so: no people are more attached than the French to their near relations; and England cannot easily produce a mother more attached than Madame de Sevigné. It is the same with all the domestic relations; and it is sufficient to go to the *cimetière* of Pere la Chaise, to be convinced how true the affection which the mothers, and sons, and sisters of France have for each other. How simple, and yet how tender the inscriptions upon the tombs! There the sister goes to renew the tender recollection of her sister, and a son to place a garland over the grave of his mother. With you, the dead are never mentioned, never visited, and, I believe,

seldom remembered. With the kindest feelings to their relations, the French, it is true, do not think it inconsistent to mix the sociability of a larger circle; and they endeavour to be happy through the short period of existence allotted them; whilst the English lose half their lives in becoming acquainted with those who are jumbled into the same half-century as themselves."

The Englishman began with the most diffident air, by refusing any comparison with the Spaniards, the Italians, or the Germans. The first, he said, had no political liberty, the second had not even independence, and the Germans could scarcely be said to possess a classical literature: without every one of these advantages no nation could claim the pre-eminence. It was now his duty to shew that the English nation was the wisest, the happiest, and the best. The only mode of estimating the rank of England in science and literature, was to enumerate the men she had produced. Whatever claims the Parisians (for Paris was France) might have to distinction in the annals of modern science, they would not dispute that Bacon was the first theoretical teacher, and Newton the greatest practical discoverer of sound philosophy. Nor could England be said to be inferior to any in the science of the day; namely chemistry; when Priestly and Cavendish made discoveries contemporary with those of Lavoisier, and Davy had pushed his researches to a distance which none of his rivals or fellow-labourers had reached.

"If we turn from physical science, and look to history, which joining the investigation of fact, with the exercise of moral judgment, and the use of a cultivated style, seems to form the link between the exact sciences, and polite literature, we shall find that Hume is the most profound, and Gibbon the most learned of modern historians. I will not compare them with De Thou or Rapin, D'Anquetil or Lacretelle; but I will assert, without hesitation, that they have far surpassed Davila, Guicciardin, Mariana, and Schiller.

"In the region of poetry we fear no comparison with France; in fact, except the tragedies of Racine, two or three of Voltaire, and some passages of Corneille, France has no poetry of the higher class: but even in those, have they any thing so sublime as the conceptions of Milton? have they any characters so true, or an invention so various as that of Shakspeare?

"If we look at the present state of literature, our superiority is still more apparent; the six poets of our day have no parallels in France.

"I have now to speak of the happiness of England. Good Heavens, what a fertile theme! No cold dissertation on the advantages of liberty, no detailed statement of the blessings derived from industry, can give an inhabitant of the Continent an idea of the well-being and prosperity of our island; every man can there think, and speak, and write as he pleases; no previous censorship of the press prevents the general communication of facts and of ideas; truth is not squeezed under the hat of a cardinal, or screwed by the voice of an officer of police, but carried into the broad day-light, and appreciated by the general judgment of enlightened men.

"Nor have we stained the cause of liberty by innumerable murders and proscriptions; our revolution was fruitful in great qualities and great virtues; it produced but few crimes.

"Perhaps of all the advantages our constitution has procured to us, none is more considerable than the freedom of industry.

"The consequence is, a perfection in the arts of life, a solidity and completeness of happy comforts, which one of your countrymen," said he to the Frenchman, "called *La poesie du bienêtre.* The English shopkeeper has ten times the comfort of the Spanish grandee, and is twenty times as independent as the Roman cardinal.

"Nor have the English been less remarkable in foreign war; during the late war they gained by sea the battles of Camperdown, St Vincent, Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar."—"Oh, but then," said the Frenchman, "your nation are islanders, and cannot cope with us on the land."—"Talavera, and Barrosa, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Waterloo, are the answers to this objection."—

When all the parties had been heard, I said, with the gravest face, and the most solemn tone I could put on, that I would read over my notes, and give my judgment another day. I did not say, however, that I would give the cause another hearing, as they do in the English chancery court, although it might have been done, in this case, without costing the parties a hundred pounds a-piece.

We certainly wish very sincerely, that our author had entirely confined himself to such subjects as these, for every one must admit, that he never fails to treat them in a graceful and beautiful manner. But the most laboured, if not the most extensive part of his volume is political; and in it, although his cleverness is not less apparent, we think the wisdom of his views is abundantly more questionable. In a very lively and sceptical essay "on the English constitution," he has embodied the result of his observations concerning the present state of public affairs, and it is to this that we cannot help calling in a more particular manner the attention of all his readers, Tories and Whigs, and if any such be among them, Radicals.

The topics on which he enlarges in

this essay are not indeed very new; but it is written in a style so superior to any thing that has appeared for a long while in the Edinburgh Review, or any other Whig journal, that we doubt not the praise even of novelty will be ascribed to it by the common trumpeters of the party. Even on ourselves indeed it is wonderful how great an effect was produced at first reading by the ability of his turns and illustrations; and, we are free to acknowledge, it was not till we had glanced over the pages once more, that we could satisfy ourselves they contained nothing but a better-put statement of the same eternal old cant about the "bad effects of the Pitt system and government on freedom," the "late amazing increase of influence in the crown," the "rise of a totally new and unconstitutional party in the state," (viz. the boroughmongers), the "absurdity of asserting that the late restrictive enactments are not so many dangerous infringements on the native liberty of Englishmen;" and finally, and worst of all, "the necessity of having some sympathy with men, however mistaken they may be in minor particulars, who have the great fundamental merit of being ranged under *the banner of freedom!!!*"

We must content ourselves with referring to the political papers, which have already appeared in this journal, for our opinion concerning the merits of all these Whig common-places, excepting only the last, which, although it has not remained altogether without animadversion, has not as yet attracted our notice at so much length as the others. We are sorry that it should have been brought forward by such a person as the writer now before us, because, saving his presence, we think it implies a greater allowance, not of blindness only, but of pusillanimity and meanness, than any other of all the hackeneyed topics of that mean and pusillanimous party with which we are sorry to find such a writer capable of holding any sympathy. It is true, our author is far from going all the lengths of most of his party; but it is too certain, that his reasonings are such as point the same way with the declamations of the most violent among them, and that men who read what he has written, without being possessed of that calmness of temper, and elevation of sentiment, which nature and education have conferred upon him, will be so much the more ready to join the wild and treacherous cry of those who have for the last three years been lending, not indeed open countenance, but real and effectual encouragement, to our own deluded artisan-philosophers at home—and who are at this moment making their cup run over with the last drops of inconsistency and guilt by the libations with which they are greeting two decidedly military revolutions, the work and the triumph of the ever freshening sprouts of Jacobinism, the symbols of the purity and patriotism of the *Josefinos*,—the magnanimity of the *Muratists*,—the piety of the *Carbonari*.

It must be admitted, that there is no inconsistency in the *spirit*, however much there may be in the *pretences*, of these two leagues which the Whigs appear to be so proud of having ratified with the domestic and foreign enemies of established government. The truth is, every day makes us more and more convinced, that, *at any price* short of ruin to themselves (which, such is the overweening measure of their conceit, they always flatter themselves they shall in the issue find means to avert), the Whigs are willing to purchase the downfall of the present administration in England;—and that in applauding any efforts of any body of men, however near, however remote, which they think have any tendency to further this blessed consummation, they are guided by no restrictions except those of the merest selfish prudence. When a set of deluded mechanics think fit to dub themselves "enlightened," and proceed, in the confidence of this self-bestowed graduation, to wage open war against the authority of the state at home, our Whigs indeed do not brandish the pike along with them;—but, while the work of evil is in its progress, they do every thing they can to throw difficulties in the way of that FIRM HUMANITY, which seeks to arrest, in order that it may not be compelled to punish, the spirit of evil; and after, chiefly by reason of the partial protection afforded by these mischievous arts, the disaffected mob have gained courage to hazard themselves in arms, and been taken and tried—what is then the behaviour of their secure patrons? Do they not make it a matter of gratulation among themselves,

whenever it turns out that the cunning of traitors has been such as to shield the persons of traitors? Do they not hail every acquittal as a triumph, not of the insulted purity of British justice, but of the checked spirit of Reform? Do they not, to all safe limits and all safe purposes, proclaim common cause with the enemies of England? Did they not toast last spring, at their *Erskine-Dinner*, "The memory of HARDY?"—and will they not, at the next of their "enlightened assemblages of noblemen and gentlemen," toast the uncondemned heroes of the West of Scotland, whose necks have just been saved from the halter by the blunders of one ancient statute, which has made it necessary that whenever traitors are to be tried in Scotland, the juries should be compelled to listen to a phraseology as new to them as that of Otaheite, and to vote in a manner which custom and prejudice may be said to have rendered impracticable, rather than ungrateful, among the people of Scotland?*

It requires no great perspicacity to see to the bottom of these tricks; but, if possible, the wickedness of their behaviour, in regard to the recent revolutions of Spain and Naples, is still more open to the eye of day. There is not one man in England—Whig, Radical, or Tory—who needs to be told, that for the last *thirty years* (we might safely say for a much longer time) the continual cry of Whiggery has been lifted up against *standing armies* above all other parts of the British establishment. The *soldiery* has been all along their very byeword of detestation. They have written and talked themselves weary with proving, or attempting to prove, that no state in the world ever derived any thing but evil from the interference of the military:—nay, of King William's Revolution itself, it has been a thousand times said and sung by them all, that the only stain upon it, is its having been in part aided by the Dutch troops who came over with the Stadtholder, and the English troops who deserted King James. But mark how the weather-cock veers! The governments of two European countries are changed by two armies, which are confessedly the worst disciplined and the worst officered armies in all Europe, and nobody knows or can hazard a single conjecture what may hereafter be the effects of these most suspicious works of most suspicious instruments. But *Liberty has triumphed!—The Cause of Freedom all over the World!*—Behold the panacea which closes every thrust of jealousy!—hear the rallying cry that drowns in its joyful uproar sounds, above all others, for a hundred years, cursed and loathed by all Whiggish ears—

> "——The neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The *Royal* banner, and all quality,
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

It is now for the first time that British Whig journals have the audacious meanness to lick the indignant feet of those they had ever before been indefatigable in insulting. It is now that we hear of the "*Drum of Spain sounding a note from Cadiz to Kirkwall!*" and of "*that voice being at length lifted up, which, when it speaks, must be imperative.*"

There are other topics on which we might yet more enlarge; but from which, although not without difficulty, we shall still, as we have hitherto done, restrain ourselves from touching. "The approach of death," says Plato, "is indicated, in honest men, by crutches, and other plain symbols of weakness and fainting nature; by

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* The manly addresses of the Lord President and the Lord Advocate, on the late trials, have already, we trust, produced some effect even among the hardiest Radicals of the disaffected counties. Their language is uniformly (as it ought to have been) resolute and humane; and such has, in a peculiar manner, been the whole behaviour of the public prosecutor on this occasion. There is one statement, however, in the Lord Advocate's speech at Glasgow, which we wish had not appeared, because we suspect it is founded on mistake or misinformation. His Lordship seems to accuse the gentry of Lanarkshire of having aided the movements of the disaffected by their non-residence. Now, we have made pretty extensive inquiries, and found it universally said by the people of Lanarkshire, that among all their great landholders there has been only one deserter, viz.—His Grace the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon—who, we hope, will make good his claim to be the supporter of the crown of Scotland at the coronation.

others, a vain struggle is maintained, and feebleness is most visible in foolish pretences to vigour." The demon of Whiggery is, we have no doubt, on his last legs; and this is with him, and with all his associates, the very era of PRETENCES. We shall have some more of their pretences exposed ere many months go over our heads; and we heartily wish that the ingenious author of this volume would pause ere he resolves to link himself indissolubly with a party everyway unworthy of him whose understanding needs no CRUTCHES, and whose honour must despise all PRETENCES.

THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS ON THE EDUCATION OF THE PEASANTRY OF IRELAND.*

THIS is one of the best Works, for small as it is in bulk, its great merit entitles it to that name, that has been published on the State of Ireland, and we recommend it to general perusal, as exhibiting not only a perfect knowledge of the character and condition of the interesting population of that most interesting country, but also a power and a reach of thought that class its author in the very first rank of political philosophers. We have here no fierce and frothy declamation on the miseries of his native land (we doubt not that the writer is an Irishman), but, along with the expression of a proper and manly sense of those miseries, he gives us wise reflections on their causes, and on the means of their alleviation and removal. It is not to be thought that any Irishman worthy of the name could write tamely of his own most beautiful country; but there is no necessity that he should write wildly, as is too often the case, or deaden our sympathy with admitted suffering by reiterated outcries, terminating in no suggestion for its cure. Ordinary politicians have absolutely delighted in the woes of Ireland, as a theme on which to pour out their maudlin common-places, and would, no doubt, be excessively sorry to think that they were ever to be deprived of so fine a subject for their sickening sentimentalities. "A noble country, but sadly misgoverned!" "A fine people, but horribly oppressed!" These are all the notes in the gamut of their sympathy, and they keep dinning them in our ears, till we can, with difficulty, prevent ourselves from bestowing some part of that peevishness on the poor Irish, which is the undivided due of their pitiful bepraisers. Such persons have no right to lament over Irishmen—and Castle Rack-rent is a book which they ought, on no account whatever, to be permitted to read. Let them eat their mutton and mashed turnips with dry eyes, and be assured that Irishmen not unfrequently discuss their potatoes in like manner, and enjoy many of the best pleasures of this life, with infinite zest, vigour, and perseverance. The Irish are not, in their sense of the word, a miserable people. They have too much soul,—too much genius for that; and if ever their sins and their sorrows are to be healed, it must be by very simple processes. They have not been converted, so far as we know, into beings other than human; bulls they certainly do make at all times, and in all places; and they have ugly habits of murdering people on insufficient grounds; but neither their understandings nor their wills are utterly depraved or perverted, any more than those of Englishmen, who are fonder of puns, and put old gentlemen and their house-keepers all regularly to death every three years. The Irish are a pleasant variety of the human species—and we seriously hope, will for ever retain many of their peculiar characteristics. We really have no wish to see them all perfectly and thoroughly satisfied with themselves and others—weaned from all those predilections that are now essential in our *idea of Irishmen*, and rendered incapable of being farther declaimed upon by the philosophic genius of Britain, either in the closet, the pulpit, or the senate.

The general subject of Ireland, however, is one that, in spite of the reluctance of conscious weakness on

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* London: Cadell—Edinburgh: Blackwood.

all sides, must ere long be approached in Parliament much more closely and decidedly than it has ever yet been. It is in vain to expect that any men of any party will much longer be found to extend even the shadow of their protection to such a system of abuses as appears to be now ruling the ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland; and it is chiefly on account of this our belief that we are most peculiarly rejoiced by the calm and conciliating temper in which the author of this pamphlet has written. May his wisdom go forth with his knowledge; may all that write or speak of Ireland learn from him how it becomes a loyal gentleman and a true Christian to tread on that field of perilous controversy.

Taken altogether, it must be admitted that there is more of education in the British Islands than in any other empire of the world; but the quantum of that blessed distinction possessed by the three great districts of the empire is obviously very unequal. The author before us observes, that there are two sorts of education—that of habits, and that of letters, a distinction, by the way, which has been but too much lost sight of by speculators on human happiness. In England the former chiefly obtains. She alone possesses all those advantages which impress good habits on a people, —"a long settled order of things, a fixed government, defined and ascertained rights, property, particularly in land, unchanged for ages by war or violence, religion as established by law, the religion of the great majority of the people, a resident government, a resident aristocracy; liberty."

"All these elements entered into the mighty fabric of British greatness. They went to create that love of justice and true perception of it, that obedience to the laws —that respect for authority—to form that sober and orderly conduct—which were, and which are, in an eminent manner, the peculiar characteristics of the people of England. They went also to build up that high prosperity, that comfort, security and abundance, which surrounded this people, and which, excluding every strong temptation to crime, left the individual free to collect round himself those feelings of personal respect, and of national importance, which, elevating the general tone of mind even of the lowest ranks of society, place them beyond the meanness and the guilt of petty delinquencies."

Scotland," adds our author, "on the other hand, less happily circumstanced, has found in the education of letters, and in a system of religious instruction suited to the wants and to the genius of her people, means to correct the evils of her condition, and to place her high on the scale of moral and civilized nations." All this is most true. Suppose that Scotland had not had *such a Reformation* as she worked out for herself, and what would she now have been? The impetus which her mind then received never has ceased, and never can cease. It gave her mind a direction which all the *education of letters* in the world never could have given it—and now that very education, which is of a religious character, and inseparably combined with its spirit, produces habits which triumph over all the numerous and formidable difficulties of her situation and her history, and justifies her people in holding up their heads unabashed in competition with the more favoured inhabitants of what we call the South. Such an education of letters as she now enjoys creates also that other education of habits. They play into each others hands—and the result is a national character, honest, upright, and even austere—inferior to none that ever dignified humanity, in originality, dignity, and strength.

What then shall we say of Ireland? What does this admirable writer say of it, whose opinion is ten times better worth hearing than ours, though we too have been in that troubled Arcadia.

"At the bottom of this scale is Ireland, unprovided with any of those wise institutions, those fortunate circumstances which impress good habits upon a people. She is, indeed, furnished in no mean degree, with the knowledge of letters. Perhaps, in this particular, she is at least equal with England, though inferior to her northern neighbour. And when the condition of the lower Irish is considered, and compared with that of the other two nations, it will be seen how little the mere knowledge of letters is capable of effecting upon the humbler classes of society. This did not escape observation. It was observed too, that a mere knowledge of letters, when superinduced upon depraved habits, did no more than furnish a new and powerful weapon to the enemies of social order; we were referred to the dreadful shedding of blood for bank forgeries, and to the innumerable and ingenious frauds, the guilt of which the unlettered escaped. We were told, that we introduced a new vice amongst servants, and a new danger into families; that we opened a new and alluring view of society to him who is cut off from all its enjoyments; that we infused

a new poison into the cup of indigence, and drew a new and broader line of division between the rich and the poor; making the alienation more complete, the discontent more inappeasable. If the objectors had been acquainted with Irish affairs, they might have added to their case the vast number of forged wills and leases, and conveyances of all sorts, which are every day fabricated in that country, and which lead to such frightful scenes of perjury and litigation.

We will not deny, that some of these objections are well founded; but they apply to the education of mere letters only: and even in this case, the evil, however great, is perhaps compensated by the good which undoubtedly results from education in any shape. These good results are not forced upon our notice; they do not find an unhappy notoriety in the annoyance they occasion, but are lost in the mass of quiet and obscure felicities that dwell unheeded and unknown in the calm bosom of society. To education connected with religious instruction, these objections apply not at all, and this distinction appears to have been unaccountably overlooked in the, now almost forgotten, controversy on the expediency of education. Nor does it appear, that the mere capacity of reading has any tendency to increase the discontent, which it is in the nature of poverty to engender. Impatience of toil and privation, envy and hatred of the wealthy, take as deep root, and grow up as naturally and as rankly in the most neglected soils of human nature as where any labour of cultivation has been bestowed. And I believe, on the contrary, that any turning of the surface, however slight, will be found rather to eradicate those weeds than to favour their growth.

Ireland was not only infinitely more unhappy than England in all the circumstances of her condition, but in these respects she was much less fortunate also than Scotland. The latter country suffered, in her wars, less general, sweeping and frequent confiscations; she was not torn by antipathies so violent; and her religious establishment soon ceased to be at variance with the prejudices and feelings of the majority of the people. It is not my purpose to follow out the train of calamitous events which placed Ireland in a more unhappy situation. Whatever they were, charged with whatever evil passions; marked with whatever errors; stained with whatsoever crimes—they have passed, or nearly passed. And it is to be hoped, that those wise and beneficent measures, which have justly endeared to the people of Ireland the memory of his late Majesty; which have, in a great degree, given stability to the present order of things, and made firm the foundations of society, will be followed up by the complete establishment, in that long-agitated country, of those principles of civil and religious policy, now universally acknowledged to be as sound, and as safe, and as wise, as they are mild, simple, and liberal.

These, certainly, we agree with this author in thinking, are no extraneous topics when treating of the education of the people. The whole system of civil and religious polity is intimately interwoven with those habits which either facilitate or impede the efforts of instruction. Besides, where lies the field that will more abundantly repay the labours of the givers of Christian charity? In other regions, too, its efforts are a generous and gratuitous offering:—In Ireland, there is a debt to be repayed, and injuries to be atoned for.

As the situation of Ireland—(what that has been, the student of history need not be informed)—has precluded all those agencies which impress good habits upon a people, the more urgent is the need of the education of letters, *combined with religious instruction.*—Any other plan, would be wholly inadequate to the exigencies of Ireland. A mere knowledge of letters is not rare in that country; it is not what is wanted.

"In fact, every village has its school: and there are few parishes that have not two or more, either permanent or occasional. Reading and writing, and some knowledge of arithmetic are, in this way, acquired by those who are able to pay the very small stipend of the schoolmaster. But this kind of education, whatever may be its occasional effect upon individuals, produces no general good result; the people are not improved; their manners and habits continue unaltered; these little muddy streamlets, though numerous, are not sufficient to water this great desert of society, they stagnate, and are lost in its wild wastes. Hither must be brought the great waters of life, and then will the "desert blossom as the rose."

The above is general—but the following picture is drawn by the hand of truth,—we can ourselves bear testimony to the accuracy of every line, and the reality of every light and shadow.

The village schoolmaster, a character so commonly represented in the colours of engaging simplicity, and modest worth, too often degenerates in Ireland into the pettyfogger of the place, the confident and conductor of every paltry intrigue. He is the assistant in every little scheme of cunning—he is the penner of love letters, for such as cannot write—but he is also the framer of too many of those

fictitious leases and conveyances of the frequency of which every Irish circuit produces such appalling evidence.

"The country schoolmaster is independent of all system and control; he is himself one of the people, imbued with the same prejudices, influenced by the same feelings, subject to the same habits; to his little store of learning, he generally adds some traditionary tales of his country, of a character to keep alive discontent. He is the scribe, as well as the chronicler and the pedagogue of his little circle; he writes their letters, and derives from this no small degree of influence and profit, but he has open to him another source of deeper interest and greater emolument, which he seldom has virtue enough to leave unexplored. He is the centre of the mystery of rustic iniquity, the cheap attorney of the neighbourhood, and furnished with his little book of precedents, the fabricator of false leases and surreptitious deeds and conveyances. Possessed of important secrets and of useful acquirements, he is courted and caressed; a cordial reception and the usual allowance of whiskey greets his approach, and he completes his character by adding inebriety to his other accomplishments. Such is frequently the rural schoolmaster, a personage whom poetry would adorn with primeval innocence and all the flowers of her garland! So true it is that ignorance is not simplicity, nor rudeness honesty."

Suppose, it should be said, that a better system of education than this might be introduced—and, that a sounder morality might, by that means, be gradually inculcated, without coming in contact with the impracticable religious prejudices of the people. But the question is, will mere morality, which addresses itself to the understanding only, have sufficient effect on the poor, placed, as they are, in the midst of the operation of a thousand circumstances, strictly addressing themselves to the passions? The answer is plain—it cannot.

"And to what a race of men do they address themselves in Ireland? How sunk in poverty, how full of ancient and bitter remembrances, how impatient of annoyance, and how beset with difficulties! Encumbered with their own numbers, struggling with the evils of their condition, and with the laws of the land as with an old and mortal enemy. In this bustle, in this conflict, will the calm cold voice of morality be listened to?"

"And what are the obligations she proposes to bind a people, whose intellect, though extremely acute, yet is generally conversant with present objects only;—who are impatient for immediate gratification, and oftener deride than respect the calculations of prudence and forethought;—with whom too, the sanctions of law lose their terror and their force?"

The long established prejudices of such a people are not to be broken up—not even if, as the author says, by a magic, which no legislation possesses, the fearless peasantry of Ireland could be brought to divest themselves of their ancient alienation of mind, and to mingle cordially with a common feeling and a common sympathy, in the mass of the general population of the empire. Religion, alone, offers a motive of endurance and forbearance, which cannot elsewhere be supplied.

"It calls away the attention from the human agent, and fixes it upon that Power which is over all supreme. It disarms anger, and even conciliates benevolence towards those, who, even in their injustice, can be no other than the instrument of God's will. Religion soothes, restrains, consoles, and establishes, by sanctions which belong to her only, the relations of sovereign and subject, and of man with man."

But it may be asked, is there not an ample provision for religious instruction in Ireland? According to this author—and we are not prepared to deny the truth of his statements—of the two heavy establishments in the country, the one imparts little, and the other no instruction to the mass of the people. The established church of Ireland—an immense corporation, and exceedingly well paid for the ministration of the gospel, collects its revenues from the whole population of the country, without distinction of sects—but it confines its instruction to a very minute portion of the people. Our author's reflections on this are excellent.

"This is, no doubt, the law of the land, and we do not quarrel either with the law or the practice. But we are of opinion, that this is not an ordinary case, where we are at liberty to use the privileges which the law confers upon us, without any more thought of the matter; where we may eat and drink, and be filled with the good things of the world, and draw round us all the comforts, and all the enjoyments, and all the luxuries of life, without any consideration at all, whether we have given value for what we take. True it is, that the law calls us to no account; there is no earthly tribunal that concerns itself in the inquiry. But there is another law and another tribunal, which takes cognizance of these things, where no plea will be received that is not a plea of merits; where it is required that value be given for what is exacted, and that the last farthing be paid."

A question of prodigious moment

arises, can the Protestant clergy of Ireland be of benefit to the Catholic population of Ireland? To separate them from their church may not be possible—they are united to it by ties, which all the world over bind and ought to bind strongly the human heart.

"Their church makes a part of their history; it has shared in all their vicissitudes of good or evil fortune; it has drunk deeply of their almost exhaustless cup of bitterness. It has clothed itself with their best affections; it has nestled in their tenderest sympathies, and entrenched itself in their most cherished recollections. Against such a church you can hardly expect to prevail, supported as it is too, by the still existing discouragements of the law. You must wait till time shall lay asleep suspicion, and untie the attachments of the people; and until a better system of policy shall cease to uphold, by vainly attempting to discourage and stigmatize this great communion. Till then it will remain inexpugnable. But though you can do little against the church, you may do much for the people. There is a vital spirit of Christianity, independent of all dogmas; and there are innumerable means within the power of the Protestant pastor, which, leaving his Catholic flock unmolested upon the ground of their ancient faith, might be made mightily efficacious for its diffusion. Is this without his province? Beyond the range of his obligations? Is he not the minister of the Gospel, even, rather than the organ of a sect? Is there not one fold to which all sects belong; the fold of the Redeemer? Happy would it be for Ireland, if the clergy of the established church were sensible of the obligations they incur towards the people committed to their charge, and from whom they derive such vast revenues: happy if they could think that those obligations can never be cancelled by the mere circumstance of sectarian distinction."

This is beautifully put; but it leaves open a noble field of exertion to the Protestant Clergyman. It is everywhere in his power to promote education, *even upon Catholic principles;* for most assuredly that is a thousand times better than no education at all. What could be easier than to choose some of those tracts of sublime piety in which Catholic divinity abounds, print them at his own expense, and distribute them extensively? We dare say many an indolent Protestant would smile at this suggestion, reclining half-asleep in his easy-chair—that many a bigotted Protestant (and there are such in Ireland and elsewhere) would feel his hair stand on end, and his eyes start from their sockets. But this writer speaks from experience, and he says,

"We have known where the minister would seek in his cottage, him whose religious profession did not permit him to attend at church; and having won his good will by a thousand little acts of kindness and good neighbourhood, for which the casualties of life are ever making room, would breathe the spirit, and cultivate the feelings, and instil the doctrines, which are not of the Church of England, or of the Church of Rome, but of the Church of Christ. There is not so wide a difference between these two churches, as that the Protestant clergyman should be entirely cut off from his flock; and there is so much ground, so wide and far stretched a space which they both occupy in common, that there is abundant room, without any interference, for the exertion of all the energies, and the employment of all the industry, and all the zeal of the most active and most devoted individual."

In prosecution of this noble argument, he goes on to speak of the character of the Roman Catholic Priesthood in Ireland, in terms which command our warmest approbation. Nothing can be more touching than the simplicity of many of these men—their guileless dispositions, courteous manners, and primitive innocence of life. In exterior, scarcely different from their humblest parishioners, and distinguished, when in their company, rather by the behaviour of others towards them, than by any thing at first sight noticeable in themselves, yet do they, when they enter into conversation with the stranger who is desirous of their amity, seldom fail of impressing him with a sense of their talents, their learning, or their piety—and a conviction, that it is owing rather to something in the nature of the religion which they profess, hostile to human improvement, that their flock are not more enlightened, than to any want either of zeal or virtue in the pastor. A darker picture, however, is afterwards drawn, by this author, of the Catholic Priesthood as a body.

"Here, then, might the Protestant priesthood labour without exciting any jealousy, without creating any alarm; here, too, would they find a useful, and if they choose, a cordial fellow-labourer, in the Catholic priest; a character little known beyond the sphere of his toils, and seldom estimated according to his real merits. His good will is cheaply purchased, his kindness is easily conciliated, and the dark prejudices, the gloom, and the unsocial bigotry which encompass him, in our imaginations, will,

upon a near approach, be found entirely to disappear. How happy would it be, if, "agreeing to differ" upon points which ever must be left at large, the various great denominations of the Christian priesthood were to direct their efforts, not to procure an impossible uniformity, but to promote that spirit of the Gospel, which lives in every province of the Redeemer's kingdom. Then would not that kingdom be torn by foolish divisions, and disturbed by vain efforts; but its united power might be led, where it ought ever to be directed, against the common foe."

These benevolent and enlightened thoughts are liable to no objection: and while we hope that they will, ere long, be reduced into practice by thousands, we cannot but remind our readers of the melancholy truth, that Christians too often, by foolish and causeless animosities and dissensions among themselves, neglect to co-operate for the great and good cause to which they are yet conscientiously attached; while scoffers and infidels, however much they may hate each other, all unite with a wicked cordiality, in every scheme for the disgrace or ruin of religion.

Though this writer speaks boldly respecting the conduct of the Protestant clergy in Ireland, he is far above any sneering spirit, and seeks for the cause of the evil of which he complains. In England, he remarks, there is no clergyman without some congregation, but in Ireland there often is; and thus their attention is withdrawn entirely from the nature and duties of the part undertaken. This occurs, too, because of the old character, and the old antipathies, between the sects; antipathies which find, in the peculiar circumstances of Ireland, abundant nourishment, and an inconceivable bitterness and pungency.

"These combinations have brought about, and impressed more of a secular character, perhaps, upon the Protestant clergy of Ireland, than elsewhere is to be observed. They have also occasioned, possibly, that there is less of that motive, which we should always hope, and expect to find, entering largely into the inducements which lead an individual even into the comfortable profession of a state established church, discoverable in that of Ireland, particularly in the western and southern parts of the island, where the population is chiefly Catholic.

"There is no where a more highly respectable and exemplary body of men, than the Irish Protestant clergy. They are particularly useful in those parts of Ireland where there are few resident gentry; they supply, in some measure, the place of these, and are indeed, more in the nature of country gentlemen living upon their tithes, as upon their estates, than of a Christian priesthood, busied in the peculiar duties of their vocation; in which, as far as regards a Protestant flock, they may have little or no occupation. The ceremonial of worship is performed, perhaps, in a decent manner, and with somewhat of the air and aspect of a formula; indicating simply the *modus* or tenure of a life-estate. Alms, it may be, are distributed to the poor, and medicines given to the sick. The courtesies and the charities of a village life, observed with more than ordinary exactness, bring out the figures of the piece, and show you the contour and the proportions of highly useful and respectable country gentlemen, but little or nothing to remind you of a superior ordination. Placed frequently, in remote districts, and surrounded by that class only of gentry, if I may call them so, who are known in Ireland by the name of middlemen, the rector is decidedly the first gentleman in the parish—in his style of living, in the superior fashion of his wife and daughters, and perhaps in the envied luxury of a carriage. To all this he generally adds the secular dignity and the bustle of a justice of the peace; and there have been instances where he has accumulated the, one would think, incongruous honours, the splendid arrayment, the scarlet and the gold, and the glittering steel of a yeomanry captain."

As Justices of the Peace, such clergymen are very useful; but are they persons likely to advance the progress of the Protestant Church, or to have any beneficial influence whatever, either by precept or practice, on their Catholic countrymen?

"Is it the justice of the peace, surrounded with all the dignity of office, with law books, and legal precedents, and acts of parliament, and informations, and oaths innumerable; every faculty engaged in the protection of the game, and the punishment of trespasses—that is to convert the people from their ancient errors? Is it the rich experimental farmer, busied in making a fortune for his family, that is to put away his plough, and his pigs, and his thrashing machine, to set about such a business? Is it the man whose ingenuity is employed, at the utmost stretch, to come decently out of the odious squabble, the urgent endeavour to wrest his dues from the hard grasp of the reluctant peasant? Is it such a man, that is to turn upon himself the tide of the affections, and the religious feelings and anxieties of the people—to forego much of his dues and all his occupations, that he might enter into competition—with whom? With that vulgar person, living in a mean house, with mean accommodations—the Romish priest. Shall he degrade himself; shall he

bring himself down, from his lofty and commodious elevation, to so low a level? shall he submit to such sacrifices and humiliations, and after all, perhaps, obtain but a small portion of that influence and power, by which the hearts of the people are unlocked and opened to the reception of divine influences?"

The consequence of all this is, that, let the degradation of his priest be what it may, let it be admitted to be utter and shameful by his own flock, yet will not the poor of that flock turn their eyes to the protestant clergyman, or seek from him any religious consolation. Such an idea, if suggested, would appear monstrous and unnatural. Sectarian prejudice, strong as it is, is alone insufficient to account for this.—

"The mass of the items are of a quite different character. They know but little of the peasantry of Ireland, who deem their attachment to the church of Rome, to be grounded solely upon religious prejudices. This attachment is compounded of very various ingredients, and it is one of these, that the priest of this communion is the only one they know, who has upon him the marks of a clerical character. He is the only one possessing these marks, not only in their eyes, but, strange as it may appear, frequently, also, in the eyes of the Protestant peasantry.

What follows is still better worth attending to, and though not new to us, will be so, we dare say, to most of our readers.

"There are to be found, in some of the most Catholic parts of Ireland, numerous scattered families of peasants of the Protestant communion. These, though they may be punctual in attendance at church; though they may, all their lives long, profess an abhorrence of popery, yet in sickness, in the hour of death, when they turn round the languid eye in search of that consolation, which the prejudices, the antipathies, nor the partialities of this world can no longer bestow—they look only to the priest—the Popish priest—the priest of that superstition they were in the constant habit of reviling. He is sent for, and the dying Christian, rather than be without all spiritual aid, submits to renounce the religion, which perhaps he yet prefers. He dies a Catholic. This is by no means a rare case, it is one of every day occurrence; and we believe, we account for it correctly, in attributing it to the absence of every thing clerical in the character of the Protestant clergyman; to his possessing, in the eyes even of his own proper flock, nothing more than the simple characteristics of a well-bred and perhaps humane and charitable country gentleman.

Our author has now got at the heart of his subject, and certainly the following delineation is by no common hand.

"The Irish Catholic priest brings to his pastoral duties many great and peculiar advantages. He is one of the people, speaking their language, and intimately acquainted with their manners and habits. The laws of the state disclaim him; he performs his sacred functions in the midst of whatever reproach and discouragement the institutions and establishments of the land can pour upon him; and this disclaimer and discouragement serve but to increase his influence with his flock, and to add to the power with which he wields their affections. He is always found in his proper place, and is never otherwise engaged. He is seldom a farmer, never a justice of the peace, and is not at all encumbered with the various and laborious officialities which the law imposes upon the Protestant clergyman. Having no legal claim upon the property of his flock, he is relieved from the disgust, and the cabal, and the litigation, and the estrangement of the tithe system. Nay, more; as he depends for his subsistence chiefly upon the voluntary contributions of his flock, he has the benefit of that principle of our nature, which calls forth our regard and benevolence so abundantly upon those who are in a state of dependence upon us. He is the minister of a religion revered for its antiquity, and loved for its connection with the history and misfortunes of the country. So armed and prepared, with such a wonderful apparatus of great and accumulated means, does the Catholic priest go forth to the ministry of the Gospel.

But taken as he is, almost exclusively, from amongst the sons of the lower class of farmers, he is himself, perhaps, tainted with the vices of the populace; to a near contact with which he was exposed in early life. Or, if he escape this, he has often to contend with the greatest difficulties; he has to combat the best feelings of his nature, if he be indeed sincerely devoted to the higher duties of his station. He is to shut his heart against the love of kindred, and to appear dead even to the obligations of gratitude. Perhaps the whole course of his education for the church was a severe infliction, and a heavy burden upon his family: to place him in this high situation they deprived themselves of the comforts of life, and submitted with cheerfulness to the visitations of a voluntary poverty. But they have done all this with the full confidence of being amply compensated for their sacrifices. Now is the day of their triumph. The priest is to lift them into consequence, and to open for them overflowing springs of profit. His influence with the people is to be exerted to procure business for those of his connexions who are in trade; the piety of his flock is to be taxed with fortunes for his sisters; and in the event of his death,

his family are to be enriched by his accumulations. If the stream of bounty which is supplied by the tenderness of the people for their pastor take its natural course, and is permitted to flow out again upon the needy and the destitute of his flock, he has a host of angry and clamorous relatives reminding him of past obligations. They can see nothing in his conduct but folly and ingratitude, because they had no other object in the struggles they made for his advancement, than to gratify their own vanity, and to promote their views of profit. It is but too natural that the priest should fall in with those views. His heart is then opened indeed to the claims of his kindred, but closed against the paramount duties of his calling. His connexions rise into importance, but his flock have the marks of neglect.

"Their habits do not shock his taste, not elevated by the spirit of the Gospel, nor refined by polite association, and he is content to leave them in those vices in which he found them. He is satisfied if things are not glaringly bad; he looks upon projects of improvement as generally hopeless and chimerical, the troublesome fooleries of visionary men; and he regards the barbarity of his flock as too long established for change. He has beside an undefined idea, that improvement of any kind must tend to endanger that power over the people, which he values as the basis of family or personal aggrandizement. He adopts, in all their extent, the prejudices of his church against innovation, and does not scruple to oppose this dreaded enemy with arms of a doubtful character—the dubious legends of the saints, or the fabulous miracles of the dark ages. But the Bible is the spectre, the most appalling in the eyes of this pastor; he is forevermore in arms against this mighty innovator; he disputes every inch of ground, and is no sooner dislodged from one position, than he takes up another, for which he contends with the same spirit and devotedness. We have known men of this class sustaining themselves by worse than doubtful measures; assuming to perform miraculous cures, and practising the grossest deceptions upon the poor and ignorant.

"We have given to the character we have attempted to sketch, a motive in its original formation, and in its declension towards wrong, which we have sometimes observed, and which is ever an amiable one; but it is truth to say, we have seen it where this was wanting. But let it not be supposed, that, though this be a character sometimes met with in the Catholic church of Ireland, that it is of very frequent occurrence. That church counts amongst her members, characters of the most exalted piety, and of the purest disinterestedness, and which do honour to human nature."

Are the evils in the spiritual state of the Irish population, confessedly great, attributable to the priesthood? and if so, in what way? The truth is, that the mere official duties of the parish-priest are more than sufficient to fill every instant of his time. It is not, therefore, so surprising that he does so little towards the moral and religious cultivation of his flock as that, generally, he does so much. What these official duties are, cannot be stated so forcibly in any other words than those of the present writer.

"The religion of the Catholic priest is a religion of forms; it is overlaid with ritual and ceremonial observances, with various stated and indispensable matters of sacred routine and forms of prayer. Of these, every day brings its peculiar business and burden, its proper addition to the general mass. These occupy a large portion of time. It is true, they may be slurred over, they may be irreverendly and rapidly disposed of, and from the necessity of the case, this often occurs; but they are still a wonderful incumbrance. They lie heavily upon the man whose armour should fit him tight, who should be loaded with no unnecessary weight, and embarrassed with no unwieldy apparatus, when he goes forth to the active controversy, and the doubtful combat of both worlds. While his movements are clogged and impeded by a thousand antique trammels, he is at the same time required, perhaps, to extend his superintendence over countless multitudes, over the rude and swarming population of one, or possibly two large parishes. This union of parishes takes place because of the poverty of the people, which does not always permit that each should be provided with its pastor. The high rents, the tithes, the county rates, the church rates, the small farms, divided and subdivided without end, leave so little for the numerous and impoverished people, that they give grudgingly, even to the priest, his humble dues. Christenings, and even marriages, are frequently performed where the parties are too poor to afford the clergyman a few pence. So improvident is poverty.

"If the priesthood could be so multiplied as to meet the spiritual necessities of the multitude, they would be felt as an intolerable burden, nor could they procure wherewithal to live. The priest does all that can be done; he sees that crimes are not committed, or are punished; that religious worship is attended, and ceremonies observed; and he adds, as occasion requires, counsel or exhortation. Little of this, however, can be afforded, even in confession, which offers such opportunities for particular and individual instruction. It is a business which must be rapidly dispatched, else the priest could never get through the crowd. The penitent falls in with the views of the pastor, and is anxious to get

absolution as quickly and as cheaply as possible. He is told, indeed, that the form of words pronounced is vain, unless he has the correspondent dispositions of contrition and reformation; but he is apt to entertain a much higher opinion of the power of his priest, and to consider this caution as only intended in kindness to secure his obedience and good conduct; and this idea is confirmed by the difficulty he finds in comprehending the distinction attempted to be taken.

"The priest has, indeed, a sort of individual superintendence over the multitudes of his parishes. A superintendence always employed for the best purposes, ever readily applied in aid of the public peace, and of the law of the land; from this the Protestant derives his best security, and private property its surest guarantee. But it is, from the nature of the case, almost necessarily limited to general conduct; it can rarely extend to the purification of the heart, or the correction of the monstrous errors which obtain so universally in the country parts of Ireland. These errors have taken deep root, and would require more time and more patient and particular agency for their destruction than the priest can bring to the task. He feels the utter impossibility. Day and night, without rest or intermission, in the summer heats, in the cold and the storm, in the rain and the snows of winter, he traverses the mountain and the bog on foot and on horseback, in the ordinary course of his ministration. He returns to his humble dwelling fatigued, exhausted, and finds perhaps one or more messengers from distant parts of his extensive parishes, requiring his immediate attendance upon the sick; if he hesitate they entreat; if he is obstinate they threaten, and he is forced to comply. In the morning he has a *station** upon the brow of some distant hill; here multitudes on multitudes come crowding to be confessed, and night brings him home again, if he be permitted to sleep, only to renew with the morning, in a more distant quarter, the labours of the past day. On Sundays, mass is to be celebrated at two or more chapels perhaps many miles asunder, no matter how bad the weather, the roaring torrent, or the broken way. The last mass and service, and sermon, are not finished till late in the day, and till then the priest is not permitted to taste food; no matter though he be old, or sick, or infirm. Can such a life of labour and exhaustion afford means or opportunity for the improvement of the people."

Both churches, then, with good intentions no doubt, have failed of instructing the people. True, that there is great and direful superstition in Ireland; but is that wonderful? In what land, asks this author, shall we meet with such a combination of unhappy occurrences, tending to excite every bad passion, and to impress every evil habit? A land from which the marks of its remembrances of its civil broils have not yet passed away—poor and oppressed with burthens—drained by its absentees—without industry, and swarming with a most improvident population. A people full indeed of zeal for religion—alive to every thing kind and generous, hospitable, good-humoured, and sincere of heart. But with what melancholy combinations do they possess these fine qualities? That is indeed the question which fills every lover of his kind with terror and affliction.

"They can combine them with dissoluteness and depravity, with fraud and deceit, with an habitual disregard for truth, and frequent violation of the sacred sanction of an oath. Their religion is the observance of a few idle ceremonies, and terror of the priest. Their allegiance is terror of the law. But they have a law and a religion which is neither of the priest, nor of the constitution; and which, restrained in its exercise, is strongly enough seated in their hearts, to bid defiance to both. The leading doctrine of this code, like that of the Koran, is, that God is good. That it is right to enjoy the good things of the world, which he has made for the use of all, and which are the common property of mankind; that if prevented by arbitrary laws and regulations, it is right to evade them; that the soil is equally the patrimony of all, and belongs of right, if to any, to those only who till it; that property in the crops is acquired by those whose labour produces them; that the spontaneous product of the earth, which God makes to grow without cultivation, as timber, is free to all. That temptation is, like every thing else, of the appointment of God; that it is natural to man to yield to it, and therefore he will not punish him. That God is not severe, but must intend that they should enjoy what he puts in their way, and that eternal punishment would be disproportioned to any offence that could be committed in this life. Nothing but the strong arm of the state restrains the deluge of calamity which these notions are calculated to let in upon society.

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* Some cottager's house where divine service is performed, and the neighbouring people confessed.

That arm, indeed, stays the mountain-torrent, but sufficient of these wild waters find their way into the vale of society, to render all, in this region, unsafe and uncomfortable."

In the religious and moral education of the people, and these only, can safety be found. It is indeed a national misfortune—the effects of which must, we fear, operate for ever—to possess within its bosom two religions. Their co-existence is a necessary evil. It is, then, the duty of all governments, and of all philanthropists, to devise such means as are possible for the alleviation of this evil; and none are possible, but those of moral and religious education carried on upon the poor, and the ignorant, and the desperate—slowly but surely—by those whom God has blessed with competence, with knowledge, and with hope. The Protestant clergy alone are not to be called upon for this task—the duty lies upon the whole Protestant gentry. Let them, in the first place, know the character of their own native population. Is it true, as this writer asserts—yes, it is true—that the peasantry, who are the might and the power of the country—and no country ever possessed a more formidable power—with all their strange peculiarities, are almost unknown to those who are born and live among them?

"The gentry, for the most part, seldom find time for such inquiries; the peasantry who live around them, are sometimes the objects of fear, but more usually of contempt; they may be enemies to be guarded against, creatures to be despised; but never subjects of research or consideration. Their turbulence was always formidable, generally incomprehensible, but there was an easy remedy for that: the insurrection act; military aid; application to government. This was always successful as a temporary process, but it effected no cure; on the contrary, its tendency was to render the disease inveterate. It acted in two ways. The peasantry saw that the real hardships of their condition were never inquired into. Their complaints were met by an appeal to force; the impatience of severe oppression was extinguished in blood. This served to harden their hearts; it alienated them from the established order of things; it threw them back upon their own devices, and made them place their only confidence in their wild schemes of future retaliation. Neither would they decline entirely the law of force, under every disadvantage of their situation. It was a law they understood. They considered themselves as waging a kind of warfare, only in covert; their parties committed what we should call murder or assassination; with them it was a legitimate operation against the enemy; and when they died for those deeds, they died with the calmness and the intrepidity of heroes and martyrs in the most glorious cause. And as such they were regarded by their relatives and their party: no disgrace was connected with their names, or with the story of their death. Meantime the blood that was shed stilled perhaps the spirit of the petty warfare, and it slept, but was not dead. It acquired, on the contrary, in every disastrous and defeated conflict, a more fierce and fixed abhorrence for the laws and all the institutions of the country.

"The gentry, of a lofty and disdainful spirit, intrepid and tyrannical, divided from the people by old animosities, by religion, by party, and by blood; divided also frequently by the necessities of an improvident expenditure, which made them greedy for high rents, easily to be obtained in the competition of an over-crowded population, but not paid without grudging and bitterness of heart. The extravagance of the landlord had but one resource—high rents. The peasant had but one means of living—the land. He must give what is demanded, or starve; and at best he did no more than barely escape starving. His life was a struggle against high rents, by secret combination and open violence. That of the landlord, a struggle to be paid, and to preserve his right of changing his tenantry when and as often as he pleased. In this conflict the landlord was not always wrong, nor the peasantry always right. The indulgent landlord was sometimes not better treated than the harsh one, nor low rents better paid than high. The habits of the people were depraved; and the gentry, without attending to this, and surprised that no indulgence on their part produced an immediately corresponding return of gratitude and punctuality; perhaps impatiently gave up the matter as beyond their comprehension, and the people as incapable of improvement."

Let such a gentry educate the people. GIVE THEM THE BIBLE. The written word of God is worth all the Acts of Parliament that ever will be passed. What if the Bibles should be torn—trodden—burnt. Let them perish for a time. It will not be so for ever. Let the government of the country, the common protector, as it ought to be, of the poor as well as the rich, forget its dignity and duty no more, nor lend itself to the passions of the gentry. Let it

ever be*—as it now is—disposed to elevate the hind from his bondage. "Let not government deviate from this line of wisdom, and they will be rewarded ere long by improvements long wished for, but almost despaired of in that country." Numerous as have been our quotations from this excellent work, we cannot refrain from giving entire the following argument, which is worthy even of a Chalmers or a Foster.

"Every thing points out the necessity of education in Ireland—the necessity of that religious instruction, which both churches have failed to communicate. We are asked how was Christianity propagated in the early ages, without all this reading? And we answer, the universal effusion of the Spirit of God supplied every want. Books, in the present age of the world, are obviously the most efficient means of instruction. They are always at hand; they are with us in our most retired moments; they talk to us when the business and bustle of the day have withdrawn their vanities and their excitement; and they speak a language we would not always bear to hear from living monitors. Books are the apostles of this age—they have gone, and they are going over the whole earth, teaching all nations, and not only all nations, but every individual of every nation. By what other agency could this be accomplished? The preacher comes, and preaches and goes away; shortly the recollection of his words escapes from the memory, and the impression of his discourse is effaced from the heart. But the book is always with us, it does not grow old, it does not die, neither is it a man, that it should change its doctrine.

"The power of this great instrument is beyond imagination. It is only now beginning to be known and to be appreciated. It is true, that it has a power also for evil purposes; but it is limited and inconsiderable. As the capacity of reading extends, so also will sound principles and right judgment, and a general improvement of the human understanding; for mind acts upon mind, and nation upon nation, with an insensible, but great, and at intervals, very observable power. And evil as is the world, where there is an extensive communication, and a wide field of intellect, the good is sure to predominate. Error and evil exist in corners, and in small compartments, and may maintain their ground even in the midst of much partial illumination; but in the broad blaze of day, and on the great arena of the universe, they must perish. It is matter of too much interest, not to observe, that the high station which England holds in the world, her wide spread dominion, her mighty influence, her command upon the ocean, all tend to spread over the continents and islands of the globe, those principles of civil and religious liberty, that pure morality, those treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and that light of the gospel, to which she owes her greatness—this her high destiny.

"As books are the best means of instruction; so, among books, the Holy Scriptures are the best standard of faith. We know this is disputed ground, and we will not enter upon the controversy. We state our opinion. We have seen the minds of the peasantry perplexed with difficulties. They feel that the doctrine of one priest is not the doctrine of another. They are quick enough in noticing the peculiar colouring which individual character gives to the dogmas of the church or the precepts of the Gospel; and they confound these, perhaps, inevitable shadings, with indistinctness and uncertainty in the substance itself. They have nothing that is unchangeable to refer to. Hence, regarding religion, at one time, as a thing so lax that they may play with it at their pleasure, something loose and accommodating to human frailty; at another time, seeing it exhibited with a terrible and menacing aspect, frowning upon every human indulgence, and denouncing the most tremendous visitations. Their ideas are confused, they know not what to think, and they take refuge from these dilemmas, in the persuasion that it is a thing not to be understood; and they supply the want of an unchangeable Scripture by the steadfastness of their own errors. They know no religion but the priest. But, the priest may have vices, he probably may have weaknesses; may they not indulge these in themselves, which exist in the very bosom of religion? Does he preach a doctrine different from his practice, does he sustain his doctrine with awful and alarming sanctions, surely the rule of his practice is the right one? He intends to frighten them, for their good, to be sure, but it is a story that he does not believe, and which they may disregard in their turn. Such is the want of a standard."

Towards the conclusion of his pamphlet, the author adverts to the exertions that have been lately making to spread religion in Ireland—and after

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* Ask them, is his Grace the Duke of Devonshire safe, when he visits his Irish estates, and goes freely among his tenantry? Are his agents every where in safety, in the house, and on the hill, and in the valley? Then let them go and do likewise.

expressing merited scorn of the Charter Schools, impolitic and unjust in the original design, and now an extensive job and a most enormous abuse, he speaks with praise of the Dublin Society for promoting the education of the poor in Ireland—of the Baptist society (chiefly English) which have about a hundred schools in Connaught—but whose operations, he says, are greatly impeded by the spirit of proselytism which accompanies them; and finally, of the London Hibernian society, which he thinks has been fortunate in the adoption of a plan more suitable than any thing that has yet been tried, to the circumstances of Ireland. They do not interfere with the religious profession of the people; but they give the gospel to all who are willing to receive it, and they insist upon having it read in their schools by children of a proper age and capacity. He thus concludes.—

"Its funds have failed, debts have been contracted, the advances of its respected Treasurer have swelled beyond all reason.

"Need we say that this noble debt ought to be repaid?—Need we repeat, that by the agency of this society, or by some other agency, the people of Ireland ought to be instructed? Shall we again urge this pressing topic upon the government of that Country—upon the government of England—upon the proprietors of Irish estates, resident and non-resident? We have not exhausted our subject. We might still draw a picture of frightful wants and woeful necessities, of which education only can be the remedy: We might point to dangers, which would alarm—we might dwell upon obligations which must be satisfied, here or hereafter; but we have done. There is in the government of the country, a disposition upon which we rely. There is in these islands a spirit of benevolence, that cannot be wearied, and in which we have full confidence."

We would fain look upon this pamphlet as the precursor of others from the same pen—and hope to see the minute and practical subjects connected with the great object he has in view, treated by him with the same ability and wisdom he has already displayed with regard to its more general outlines. As to the great question of Catholic Emancipation, we have never as yet said any thing in this Journal, but it is our intention, very soon, to state our opinion fully and freely, in the shape of a Review, of Mr Charles Butler's History of the British Catholics—an admirable work, which we are sure requires only to be known as it deserves, in order to break down many of those barriers that have so long drawn a line of separation between brethren, that ought to "dwell together in unity," and so be "blessed."

HORÆ GERMANICÆ.

No VII.

King Yngurd, a Tragedy, from the German of Adolphus Müllner.

In our last number we presented our readers with some specimens from the first and second Acts of Müllner's "King Yngurd," and now hasten to fulfil our engagements, by proceeding, rather too rapidly perhaps, through the rest of this extraordinary play.

It is true that, without a due reference to our former Number, the present Article might not prove so readily intelligible as we could wish it to be. However, after a few preliminary remarks, we shall endeavour to give such a brief summary of "existing circumstances," as may render these three remaining Acts sufficiently interesting even to readers wholly uninitiated.

Perhaps of all the dramatic productions of the modern German school, not even excepting those of Werner, no one is likely, when regularly translated, to appear more truly *foreign* in its manner, than that of "Yngurd." The preceding works of this author, and even the highly finished poems of Grillparzer, probably may require a certain process of "*umarbeitung*," (Anglice, *re-cast*, and Italice, *refacciménto*) before they can be perfectly suited to all readers in our country. But the "King Yngurd" has, *even in Germany*, been looked upon, notwithstanding its success, with so much perplexity and surprise, that, in the last Leipzig catalogue, we perceive the *Annonce* of "*Müllneriana*," in two parts; a work apparently made up

solely of a collection of attacks and replies, which have already passed between the poet and a whole host of critical assailants.

It must be observed also, that one great beauty of the original must be lost in an English version; for it very far surpasses the "Guilt," in the exquisite and complex beauty of its *rhymed* versification. To imitate this in English verse, would certainly *not* conduce to a faithful copy of the original, as intended for the theatre; though possibly it might tend to the accomplishment of what some judges may deem superior—a truly interesting *dramatic poem*.

With all its peculiarities, however, we believe that a pretty close translation of Yngurd into blank verse, dissimilar as it will assuredly be, to all the productions of our *modern* school, will yet bear comparison admirably well with various compositions of our *early* dramatists, with Massinger, Shirley and Ford, and we may venture guardedly to add, with *some insulated portions* of Shakspeare.

In the tragedy before us, it is obvious that the greatest difficulty with which the author had to contend, consisted in the enormous mass of his materials,—the diversity of interest, the complexity of plots, (woven indeed very skilfully one into another), above all, in the crowd of characters, almost all contending for pre-eminency;—which last has also been found a source of much perplexity at every theatre, the dramatic corps seldom being sufficiently strong, to supply the requisite number of judicious and effective performers.

To compress these mighty conceptions into one simply-intelligible drama for the stage, might indeed seem a task, almost as impossible, as for a bibliographer to pack up his whole library into one portfolio, or for an architect to combine all the materials of a large and princely palace, into one simple Grecian temple.

In spite of all these difficulties, however, and the vexatious cavils of hypercriticism, "Yngurd," has succeeded nobly in his own country; and we have no doubt that our poetical readers will approve of the farther specimens which we must now hasten to subjoin.

It should be remembered, that among the various methods which the modern authors of Germany have employed, for the attainment of a wide and inspiring sphere, in which to move the wings of poetical imagination, nothing has proved more effective than their propensity, to look back into the ancient and fabulous periods of Scandinavian history. The date of "Yngurd's," achievements, (as we remarked in our last number), is about 900 or 1000 years before the Christian Era. Thus, having the veil drawn from the venerable "Bildersaule," we may well expect to find pictures differing, indeed, widely from those of modern artists, but not on that account the less, but the more interesting to the eye of genius.

To use a better illustration;—in reading the compositions of La Motte Fouquè, Werner, Müllner, and Oehlanschläger, we feel as an individual, who for the first time in his life finds himself in the heart of the Swiss or Scottish Highlands, in a dark misty day of October, when every surrounding object, whether living or inanimate, assumes a character new, gigantic, and even supernatural. Contemplated through the magic atmosphere, which involves us in the company of ancient Scalds and Heroes, Braunhilda's Amazonian attributes appear no longer unnatural; and perhaps, on these grounds also, may be excused certain freedoms of style (occasionally "*zu deutlich*") which the author has admitted, in describing the amorous propensities of his insane heroine, and even of the pure and gentle "Asla."

We must now proceed to our promised brief recapitulation of the plot.

King Yngurd of Norway—now ruling in right, not of blood, but of marriage—having espoused Irma, daughter of Ottfried, the late king—is invaded in his territories by Alf, king of Denmark, accompanied by his sister Braunhilda, and the young prince Oscar. Oscar is a *posthumous* son of the late king Ottfried, who had married Braunhilda, a Danish princess, (for his second wife), only about a year before his death. Consequently, Oscar is now rightful heir to the crown, assumed and for the last sixteen years worn and defended by Yngurd. Various proposals for an amicable compromise have been suggested, which have all proved ineffectual. Braunhilda cherishes an unhallowed

passion for Yngurd; which, however, being hopeless, manifests itself in hatred and persecution. An underplot also depends on the visionary attachment of Oscar to Asla, daughter of his *half* sister Irma, and of Yngurd—consequently, though of equal age, *in law* his own niece.

The heroism of Yngurd, tarnished by crimes the offspring of despair—the firm integrity and constant affection of Irma—the poetical and imaginative character of Oscar, resembling that of Hamlet and of Wilfrid—the wild and visionary devotedness of Asla—and the frenzied passions of Braunhilda, will be sufficiently delineated in our extracts, without any superfluous commentary.

The third act opens on the field of battle. The scene exhibits a glade closed up on each side by lofty pine trees. In the middle appears a steep and high rock, partially covered with wild wood. Beyond this a prospect of a level country, illumined by the evening sun, and bordered in the distance with wood. Asla stands on the extreme summit of the rock, her looks turned towards the plain. Durdal is posted in the fore ground, idly leaning against a tree. After some time Erichson appears emerging from the wild-wood, and descending the rock. Seven or eight Norwegians are in the back-ground. Durdal, who has been appointed, with a small chosen band, to keep this rocky pass, (intended for the retreat of Yngurd, if he should be defeated) expresses, in a soliloquy, great vexation at being obliged to remain idle while others are busily employed. Erichson, however, joins him in a short time, and beguiles the lingering moments by news of the battle, which Asla meanwhile is stedfastly contemplating from the rock. Jarl soon after comes in severely wounded, and informs Erichson, that, to the astonishment of the Normans, who deemed their leader invincible, Yngurd has on this occasion been (except at the first onset) in every movement completely unsuccessful; and that his troops begin now to fly in all directions.

This is confirmed soon after by the appearance of fugitive Normans, and at last of Yngurd—who, though greatly perplexed, is not dismayed; but consoles himself with the belief, that even should the Danes advance and take possession of his palace of Auslo, he will on a future day, at no distant date, find sure means of regaining all his former power. Meanwhile, however, he orders Marduff to ride post-haste to the queen, and direct her to secure all her jewels and treasure, and fly from Auslo to a remote castle, where she may be in safety.

Asla, who has glided down from the rock, overhearing these words, draws near to her father, and assures him that he will yet conquer, and that his alarming embassy to the queen is unnecessary. At this moment, a courier arrives, informing Yngurd that "Irma" has arrived unexpectedly on horseback in the field of battle. Yngurd, greatly surprised, awaits her appearance. We regret much that we have not room to insert some part of the preceding dialogue, especially the very spirited and original conversation of the soldiers. To make amends, however, we insert the next scene *entire*, containing an interview between Yngurd and his queen, in which, by every method of persuasion, she tries to obtain his acquiescence in a compromise with the Danes, and in a scheme of peace, tranquillity, and retirement for their own lives in future.

ACT III.

Scene V.

YNGURD, IRMA, ASLA, (*on the rock.*)

(*Irma, having spoken the first four words behind the scenes, steps into the fore-ground.*)

LET no one follow!—Yngurd, dare I come?
Has Ottfried's daughter yet some lingering share
Of thine affections?

Yn. To cold judgment only,
The *head* but not the *heart*, thy coming now
Untimely seems.

Irma. Oh listen to me then,
But with thy heart alone. Let not thy judgment,
Mark the confessions of a bosom torn
By sorrow and remorse!

Yn. The time is precious—
I pray thee, speak at once!

Irma. Yngurd, MAKE PEACE!

Yn. (*After looking at her with wonder and doubtfully.*) Know'st thou the *price* demanded by Braunhilda?

Irma. (*surprised*) She *named* it?

Yn. Aye she has requir'd—

Irma. Enough.—
I know it all—she has demanded—THEE!

Yn. Thy words are wild—yet with mine own suspicions
They strangely blend. "Renounce Queen Irma!"—Thus,

With the deep blush of shame, to day she spoke.
I know indeed she hates thee. If thou know'st
Yet more, speak on.
Irma. Yngurd, Braunhilda loves Thee—
Nor will her spirit find repose on earth,
Till from mine arms she tears thee, or from life.
Yn. Who has thus read her thoughts?
Irma. LOVE has done this—
Who like the dove, while far remote the vulture
Hovers on high, the threatening danger knows.
Yn. Since Ottfried's death thou never hast beheld her,
Irma. Since first her bold eyes knew thee, in her heart
Has rag'd unhallow'd love. Remember'st thou
That festival—the last—when still my father
So kind and mirthful was, that he desired
That I would lend thee to his queen, to be
Her partner in the dance? Wildly with thee
Braunhilda then flies through the gleaming hall;
But gladly thou ere long return'st for Irma,
And to the dance again lead'st thy young wife;
Then ardently, as on our marriage day,
Twining thy strong arm round me, bear'st me on,
Swift as a leaf driven on the autumnal wind.
Softly I beg repose; but thou grow'st angry,
Then, deeply blushing, in thine ear I whisper,
That of thy love I bear a pledge.—New joy
O'erpowers thy mind. Heedless of time and place,
Awake to love alone, thou nam'st me mother!
Like ivy-boughs thy clasping arms support me—
But giddily, I see the pillars totter,
And turn to seek my father's eyes for comfort;
Then, all at once I meet Braunhilda's glance,
Unguardedly revealing fierce desire;
And, like a thief, that fiery glance withdraws,
And burning blushes tinge her cheeks, neck, bosom!
She was betray'd; she knew it; in her looks
I read the thirst of murderous revenge.
Yn. Why has this been concealed? By Heaven, if I
Had known the truth, much evil had been spared,
Nor had I wrong'd thy heart.
Irma. Thou wrong'd'st me not—
From that hour onward all my thoughts were evil;
Misfortune for mine enemy devising;
From Ottfried to divorce her, and from Norway
To banish her for ever. Thence arose
The poisonous strife that we, like serpents, held
Round Ottfried's heart, that like a battle field
Was torn and broken by contending passions—
Unreconciled—he died—curs'd me perhaps,
Thence ever when my thoughts dwell on the past,
Methinks I hear a supernatural voice
That names me parricide.
Yn. Let the dead rest;
Repentance on *his* grave whom we have injured
Is poison to the soul.
Irma. What I have done
May Heaven forgive; yet Oscar lives; in him
Salute the son of Ottfried; raise him up
Thyself upon the throne; and let us fly
Far from mine enemy.
Yn. How is this? Would'st thou
Annihilate thine own work, like a dress
That doth no longer please thee?
Irma. Mine own work!
Would it had never been!—Thou didst refuse
Braunhilda's proffered friendship; and to this
I led thee on; made it appear thy duty
My hated rival to oppose and conquer!
Norman with Norman have I made contend,
With rumours false my father's bed dishonoured!
From mine own work I turn with shuddering horror;—
If thou defend'st it now, the guilt is thine!
Yngurd, make peace, that it may wholly perish!
Yngurd. Com'st thou by such confessions now to rob me
Of courage in the battle? Thou hast been
No more but of resistless power an agent—
The tree that proudly mingles with the sky
Still has by common nourishment been fed,
Even like the green corn of the manured field;—
Yet now, it towers upon the mountain's brow,
Draws nobler nurture from the air and sunbeams.—
Then, of its *origin*, with idle brain,
Thenceforward ask no more.—The king may not
Return to the condition of a slave.

Should there be some among our readers to whom Irma's account of herself and Braunhilda, in the foregoing extract, may appear objectionable, we trust that the *unqualified beauty* of the following dialogue will afford to them ample compensation.

Irma. Love, Yngurd, that first brought thee to the throne,
And which of its reward that throne beguiled,—
Love now demands its sacred rights.—Since thou
Hast been a king, thou wert no longer mine—
But, like a driving cloud that in its flight

Scarce cools with transient wing the meadow flower,
Hast thou passed by me in thy path of glory.—
Safe for an hour, but through long months in danger,
Mine but a day—but torn from me for years,
More deeply still impressing on my heart
Repentance for irrevocable crime.—
Then, even to-night, the dream—the thunder stroke,
Invading in the grave my father's coffin,
And to the light his pale remains unveiling—
(She pauses.)
Have mercy, Yngurd! Look redeemingly
On the keen anguish of thy guilty wife,
Trembling before the chastisement of Heaven!
Give to my brother then his crown, and I
Will love and honour thee for evermore!
Must thou COMMAND proud heart?—then look on *me!*
I am of blood imperial—like a slave,
Command me! with a fond adhering heart,
I like the humblest menial will obey thee!
Or, can'st thou, lion-hearted son of conquest,
Not live without BOLD DEEDS? Then, as a soldier,
Take Irma with thee into distant wars,—
There duly will she serve thee morn and night;
Saddle thy steed, and buckle on thine armour,
Sooth thee, and staunch thy blood when thou art wounded,
Help on thy shield to bear thee to thy home;
And, still unchanging, through the gates of death,
To seek Walhalla's towers, will follow thee!
Or, is it FAME thy shadow to prolong
Gigantic o'er posterity?—Can this
Alone brace up thy nerves and bring contentment?
So let the love of fame to me restore
A loving husband. Let thy proud soul wing
A flight beyond the past; nor deign to combat
But with an equal foe—since all around
Are for thy powers unmatch'd, learn *o'er thyself*,
Peerless in battle as thou art, to triumph!
Husband and father! Yngurd come again
With undivided heart into mine arms!
And for a token of thy truth resign
The sceptre to young Oscar!

Yngurd. (*With contending emotions.*)
Irma,—wife!
Demandest thou an undivided heart,
While with thy tongue as with a sword thou cleav'st me!
'Tis to the *kingdom* that mine arm belongs,
Yet under Ottfried, for *thy* sake I fought—
There is no throne-right but the call of Heaven.
I feel that for a king I was designed,
Because in me there dwells both will and power!
Yet, ere I wore the crown I was thy husband;
And, needful as unto our eyes the sunlight,
Is thy long-cherish'd image to my soul.
The spring days of mine early love again
Mid all the war's wild tumult—all the cares
And thankless labours of imperial power
Dawn on the clouded heaven of my remembrance,
Like morning rays our nightly dreams, dispelling!—
And as our hours in restless course move on,
Oh might I yet retire with thee, and Asla,
To heal my heart's old wounds!

Irma. (*Eagerly.*)
Do this, dear Yngurd!
Give up, without regret, this Northern land,
Rough as its people, and ice-cold as age,
With all its powers, a prize to the weak Oscar.
One vessel only save, that to the fields
Of Italy may bear us—*There*, soft gales
With balmy influence energize the soul;
Give strength even to the weak pulse of disease,
And to new life awake the healthful frame!

Yngurd. Irma! thou hast within my heart set free
Wishes that I laboriously suppress'd,
And turn'd them now into luxurious longing,
The time may come when we shall speak of this.

Irma, (anxiously) Now Yngurd! *Now* resolve! Make peace with Denmark,
And be it mine, as thine ambassadress,
With *these* words to wreak vengeance on Braunhilda,
" For Irma's love has Yngurd left the throne,
I am his wife, go thou and be a queen!"

Yn. Oh wherefore must thou now *so late* first utter,
Feelings that haply have through years been cherished?

Irma, (joyfully) Too late it is not!
(calling to her train)
Be prepared for mounting!
Peace I shall carry mid the rage of battle;—
Give me an herald to protect my way!

Yn. Art thou bereft of reason? In the moment
When the half-beaten troops, with burning blushes,
Look to king Yngurd to redeem their honour,—
Must I *then* beg for peace, that I may save
My body for love's dalliance?

Irma. No delay?
Yngurd, behold me humbly at thy feet!
Even on *this moment* life and death depend,
Dark influences that now confusedly reign,
And hover o'er my spirit, have announced it.—
If thou hear'st not my prayer, this day shall prove
Thy last on earth.

Yn. No more.—Rise up—Begone!—
Even at the thought of such disgrace, my frame
Is trembling. It is true, the royal eagle
Now mounting, now descending, wings h way—
But *uncontroll'd and free* he moves in both—
Shall I desist from war, when there appears

One trace, how slight soever, of *compulsion*?
In this unequall'd strife, with powers unmatch'd,
No choice remains but victory or death—
If I now break mine oath, may Heaven renounce me!
Asla. (*from the rock*) Yngurd, 'tis time
—Prepare thee for the battle—
Mine eyes behold the flash of Danish swords,
And Marduff half-conceal'd by clouds of dust,
Is flying hither—
Irma, (*anxiously.*)
Asla, come to me!
Or thou wilt fall a captive to the foe?
(*She hastens to the rock, and disappears. Asla comes down. In the beginning of the following scene they come forward together.*)
Yn. (*Having drawn his sword, and fallen on his knees.*)
Oh King of kings, thou Ruler of the world,
Thy name is Peace—and warfare is of hell
The hated birth.—Thy just and sacred will,
Is that the guilty fall, the righteous triumph,
Therefore for victory I need not to pray.
But sooth, oh Heaven, this boiling of the blood!—
Methinks the hero's heart with unwrought ore
May be compar'd—hard, rugged, and unyielding
Gold under dross, evil with good contending— (*his hand on his breast*)
Oh melt this rugged ore, and free my soul
From its dire bondage! grant to me the power,
Of uncontrolled and voluntary choice!
(*He rises, and is about to go.*)

At this moment, when the miserable hero has prayed (or believes that he has prayed) "with pure heart," a messenger arrives, announcing that the tide of fortune has now irrevocably turned against him. With the wild resolution of despair, he then betakes himself to the powers of darkness, and swears allegiance to the devil;—an event by no means unexampled in the history of similar characters.

SCENE VI.

Yngurd, Marduff, Irma, and Asla. (*The latter coming from the rock.*)
Mar. Sire, Erichson announces—
Yn. (*interrupting him*), Spare the rest,
Alf has advanc'd,—I now shall risque *the last.*
Mar. It rends my breast,—but I must speak the truth.—
All is in vain; for thee the fate of war
From this day onward grants no longer hope,
Scarce is the path for thy retreat left open.
Yn. How's this?
Mar. The heights commanded by Count Viorncland,
Despite of his brave armament's resistance,
Are in possession of the enemy.
Yn. (*about to go*) Let Nös and Egröesund hold back Braunhilda.
Take them again!
Mar. Where all is horrible,
There is in war one crime pre-eminent—
Falsehood and perjury.
Yn. (*confounded*) How? Has Egröesund—?
Mar. He has deserted.
Yn. Ha! my dark suspicions!
Mar. His troops all shout aloud "Oscar is King!—
Down with the Baüer!" Nös hardly can resist
The wild disorder of his troops. O'er all
Our army fear and trembling have prevail'd—
Command retreat!—
Yn. (*impatiently stamping on the ground*)
No! I have pray'd. My heart
Was pure. If Heaven rejects me, let it be
The DEVIL that shall aid me to escape
This last disgrace. Shall then King Yngurd fly
Before a woman's rage?
Irma. Oh Heaven support me!
Yngurd be calm—Thy voice will yet be heard,
Even 'mid the wildest tumult.
Asla. Oh my father,
Still in the righteous will of Heaven confide!
Despair not. All ere long will be retriev'd.
Yn. Women, begone! Earth, open up thy marrow,
And let me gaze into the fires of hell—
Rise up, ye demons, to whom evil deeds
Supply delight;—that to the miner's shaft
Lead on the wandering traveller; and there
With giddiness o'erpower him, till he falls
Headlong into the bottomless abyss;
Come forth, and ply your hellish trade by day;—
Delude the Danes, with victory drunk already,
That on their own swords they may fall confusedly—
Come forth, thou SATAN! Whatsoe'er Braunhilda
Has offer'd for thine aid, I shall out-bid her!
What can that woman prove to thee? Her anger
Dies at my death, and she perchance grows pious.
I am a man! Come thou to *my* support,
And as by Heaven in my necessity
I am forsaken, and by slaves betray'd,
To *thee*, henceforth, will I be true for ever—
Is it in sensual pleasure thou delightest?
Then straightway join our festival at Auslo;
Would'st thou a temple build for all misrule,
Then (*his hand on his heart*) enter at once into this vaulted chamber!
I am a king, with terror looked upon—
Even at a glance of mine the judges tremble,
And spotless innocence kneels at the block.
Or art thou by the sinful miseries
Of war allur'd, whence robbery and murder
Are barter'd, as in trade, for daily bread?

I can spread *these* even o'er a world—its towns
And villages in devastation whelming—
And if at last I die, my name remains,
By time wash'd pure like snow from every stain,
New heroes to inspire, and future times
To cloud with equal horror. Therefore, Satan,
Break with this weak mad woman thy rash vow,
And for King Yngurd's service be thou won!

Immediately after this extraordinary prayer, the tide of fortune turns in favour of King Yngurd. The camp of the Danes is set on fire; the forces of Braunhilda put to flight, and Oscar taken prisoner. The latter is soon after brought before Yngurd, who, believing that the knowledge of this occurrence will soon put an end to the battle, orders the news to be spread abroad, that the life of Oscar is in his hands. He then commands, also, that his prisoner, who is wounded (though not dangerously) in the head, shall be conveyed immediately to his castle, or palace of Auslo; and be attended thither by his aunt-in-law (though equal in age) the young, beautiful, and visionary, Asla. Irma meanwhile contemplates with astonishment this sudden and supernatural change of affairs—and looks with horror on the perturbed visage and violent expressions of Yngurd. The battle continues, but without hope for the now fugitive Danes. This third act concludes with a short speech of Oscar, expressing his satisfaction that he shall at last behold that castle of Auslo, the mansion of his father Ottfried, through which, in dreams, already he has frequently wandered.

Of the fourth act we shall now give the first dialogue entire. The scene is a gloomy spot on the sea shore of Auslo. In the back ground is a high rocky cliff, partly variegated by wild wood, whose base projects into the sea. From till more than midway down, it appears precipitous as a wall, but further down is broken into wild, irregular, and pointed, masses. On the extreme verge of this precipice appears part of the royal fortress of Auslo, ancient and ruinous, with gothic windows and a gate, at whose threshold the rock breaks off abruptly. Oscar and Asla come into the foreground—the former with a bandage over his wound.

Os. Look Asla! Here behold my favourite place!
Of all that Auslo's fortress has unfolded!
Here through mine hair the free winds freshly blow!
Asla. I love it not. Come, let us go. The sight
Of that high rock is to my heart oppressive!
And, gazing on the immeasurable sea,
My spirit seems amid the waves to perish!
Os. Far better from on high, where yonder walls
O'erhang the gulph, both rocks and ocean wild
Might be contemplated. Oft-times already
Has a deep longing seized me for that gate,
So strangely fashion'd, and in such a place!
Birds only can the castle enter there,
And whoso leaves it thus—departs from life!
Asla. This doth its name imply, for it is called
The Gate of Death!
Os. Hast thou been ever there?
Asla. Never.
Os. (*eagerly*) Now let us go then! I must rouse
And elevate the spirit, there to stand
Even on the verge of the dark unknown realm,
And living, yet to look on Death's abyss!
Asla. This may not be—These lofty towers of old,
Were at those times thy father's habitation,
When he reposed from toils of war. This gate
I have been told he had devis'd, when still,
A pathway wound around the precipice,
But since the castle partly fell to ruins,
Deep worn away by the resistless waves,
And rents were traced that threaten more decay,
The entrance to those towers is closed for ever.
Os. Would it had not been so!—This makes me sad.
Asla. Wherefore?
Os. On all sides have I looked for traces
Of Ottfried's life, but no where have I found them.—
Even in the grave would I have sought his coffin;—
But from the royal vault the queen forbids me.
Asla. She has especial reasons.
Os. Why conceal them?
May I not yet persuade her by that power,
Of eloquence which *longing* can inspire?—
Thy father thou hast seen and known;—If he
To day should perish, still thou hast beheld him,
Thenceforward that lov'd image will remain,
Cherish'd indelible by thy remembrance,
Nor can decay, while yet the bonds exist,
That hold thy soul and body here together.

But I was fatherless while yet a child!—
Even before birth an exile!—Thus I love
A wavering image of mine own wild fancy,
And Irma, who indeed has known my father,
To filial love the scanty nourishment
Denies that melancholy might supply!

Asla. She loves thee, Oscar, and would have thee cheerful,
And spare thy tears.

Os. She loves me not—I know it—
I am to all unwelcome here—by none
Beloved.

Asla. (*deeply moved.*)
Oscar!

Os. All here behold in me
An alien and a foe. Thou only shew'st
Kindness of heart, and unto thee alone,
My spirit with bland influence is attracted.
Then, Asla, let me tell thee, what have been
Mine inward feelings since I first beheld thee,
And teach me to interpret my own thoughts.

Asla. Let us return, dear Oscar; should we stay,
Our absence will be blamed.

Os. But wherefore blamed?
I am so firmly here a prisoner,
That with my freedom I have even lost
All longing to regain it. In the battle
(The first that I, of timid soul, had witness'd.)
I saw thee, mid the gloom of rocks, that half
Concealed the sun, a supernatural Vision,
As with the twilight's golden glory blended!
Then suddenly I felt no more of terror;—
Three times I forc'd my coward soldiers on,
To danger blind, these rocky cliffs to gain;
Till Durdal, smiling at my weak endeavour,
Shower'd down a giant stroke upon my helmet.
And Kurl then seized me as thy prisoner!

Asla. That my deceitful image led thee on,
To danger, now indeed too oft afflicts me.

Os. Say not deceitful—more than I hoped,
More than I may sustain, thence have I gain'd.
Mine eyes were strangely blinded, and my soul
From all external influences divided—
Deep thoughts alone of mine own restless brain,
Employed me; and between those wayward thoughts
And all reality, a barrier still
Rose insurmountable, that mocked my wishes.
But this is now o'erthrown! The wandering wings
Of wild imagination, are by truth
And outward charms arrested and confined,
And new-born impulses inspire my heart!
Scarce can remembrance now recal the past;
My renovated pulse with quick emotions,
Beats to new pains and pleasure,—and I feel
New senses dawning, even like vernal blossoms,
That in the sunny showers of May come forth
To adorn the blooming grove. Can'st thou explain
These mysteries?

Asla. Would that I indeed, like thee,
Were thus a stranger to myself, nor knew
The language of mine own heart to interpret!

Os. 'Tis strange indeed—I am no more a boy—
Yet more than ever like unto a child.
Thou smil'd'st, when yesterday I did entreat
That thou again would'st look upon my wound—
I felt no pain—*this* freely I confess—
Yet I entreated thee—and know'st thou wherefore?

Asla. How should I not—since the same cause that moved
Thy wish, brought my refusal?

Os. Can this be?
Asla, has that same shivering of delight,
Felt, when thy fingers gently press'd my brow,
Thy frame pervaded too? And wert thou rul'd,
As I have been, by two contending powers?
Oft did I long to clasp mine arms around thee,
And yet that impulse dared not to obey—
I saw deep blushes overspread thy cheeks,
And mutually our timid looks retir'd,
Thy lovely form, so deeply fix'd on memory,
That when far distant I behold it ever,
Fades in my brain, when thou indeed art near—
Like sweetest harmony thy voice enchants me,
And at thy slightest touch, I lose my life
In thine!

Asla. What seeks thou by this wild discourse?

Os. An outlet from the bosom's labyrinth—
Asla, I am Braunhilda's only child—
'Tis said that women live, because they love,
So doth Braunhilda live because she bore me;
She is but in maternal love a woman,
And if her favourite son is lost, will perish.
The ambassador so painted her affliction,
That even thy father heard him not unmov'd,
And seem'd, unlike himself, to be disordered,
I was yet more confounded; but I felt
With burning blushes, that it was from fear,
That Yngurd might king Alf's request approve,
And grant me freedom.—For a mother's sake
I felt no grief—nor for the Danish blood,
That should of new be shed for my redemption,
Nor for the wild commotions in my name,
Kindled by Egrosund since he became
The friend of Alf.—*Only* the grief, the terror
That I no more might see thee—fill'd my heart,
And almost grew to hatred when I thought
It was Braunhilda, who had led me on
To war with Asla's father.

Asla. Even like me,
Unhappy Oscar, thou art lost. Thou learn'dst
To hate even her to whom thou ow'st thy being;—

This is of love indeed the fearful token,
Of love, that to the storm may be compar'd,
That tears up by the roots the flourishing tree,
A sacrifice to the devouring flames.
Os. Should I love thee, who art to me related,
Is this a crime to be with torment punish'd?
Asla. 'Tis held indeed a crime by Norway's law,
That draws its power from grey antiquity—
From times, when for his niece's hand king Nor
Slew his own son, to whom her heart inclin'd,
And from that union (purchas'd thus by murder)
Sprung Gan the parricide. Thou lov'st me, Oscar,
Even as the bridegroom loves the bride. Desire
And horror in my breast contend. Thou, Oscar,
Thyself king Ottfried's son, his grandchild lov'st.
Os. Alas! how truly do I learn from thee
My wishes to interpret, and the law
That their accomplishment forbids!
Asla. In truth,
'Tis but a mild misfortune that assails us;
If to our mutual love no more is wanting
But that which mere corporeal sense requires;
If this unto another must belong,
When Alf and Asla's marriage torches burn—
Os. How say'st thou? Is of peace then still the rumour
On that condition only?
Asla. So I fear.
Os. Never—Oh never! Sooner shall the waves
Devour the Danish realm! Sooner its rocks
King Yngurd's troops o'erspread:—Sooner through heaven
Wild warfare rage—than such a sacrifice
Conclude the strife for Oscar's sinking right,
Which he despises!
Asla. How? Thou powerless captive,
How can'st *thou* stop the quick wing of misfortune?
Os. I know not this—but I too surely know,
That I, the slave of passion, must avert
Whate'er that passion warns me is beyond
Endurance. Alf loves thee, forsooth—if so,
His Chancellor deems it fitting—in whose frame,
What pulse soever beats, there dwells no heart,—
Braunhilda, who has all this warfare kindled,
Was, like a miser's coin, usuriously
Given up herself into the hands of Ottfried—
For Yngurd, and thy mother, and for thee,
Relentless hatred now she cherishes,—
From *her* hope no compassion! But *here* only,
Asla, from *thee alone* must be derived
The means of rescue.
Asla. How is this?
Os. Can Irma,
Who to the husband of her choice belongs,
So sin against the sacred laws of love?
Or will king Yngurd suffer that his glory
Be tarnished thus? To *purchase* what an hero
Should with the sword *enforce*! Go thou to him,
Fall at his feet;—and let thy tears flow too,
On Irma's bosom. If unto thy grief
Right is not granted, then refuse thy hand,
In sight of the WHOLE ARMY, and let them
Support thy cause!
Asla. Oscar, command my death!
For this which thou desir'st may never be!
The feud which has been kindled by *thy* mother
Nourishes hatred in the heart of *mine!*
To quell the nation's insurrections, now,
Peace is requir'd. The Normans look to me,
Who can alone that peace consolidate—
Where shall I find words to refuse it to them?
Where grounds to found resistance to my father?
Thine, Oscar, can I never be! My life
Is like a flower of nourishment deprived,
To the first rude game of the winds a prey—
It matters not, ere yet it falls in death,
Who plucks it for a garland—It will please
The senses but for one brief day—It's hues
Are dim already—an expiring light
That ere the night-fall will be gone for ever!
This be thy consolation, hapless lover!
Os. Oh Earth and Heav'n! Heart! Life! Dissolve and perish!
Dissolve in pain and pleasure, ere my brain
Reason forsakes!

At this moment a flourish o trumpets is heard, and Marduff soon after enters, to inform the lovers that the presence, not only of Asla, but of Oscar is immediately required at court, that the marriage contract may be ratified between the former and king Alf. Oscar, having already formed his resolution, scornfully obeys.

In the next scene, we have another long dialogue between Yngurd and Irma, in which, as on the field of battle, both express admirably their own feelings. The queen observes:

Thou art the victor! Denmark's forces now
Are driven back into Eastland.—Wherefore then
Desir'st thou peace! Whom now doth Yngurd fear?
Yngurd. He trembles—at himself.—I call'd on Satan,
Who gave me conquest in his wonted guise,
The name alone, not the reality.
The laurel crown upon my brow, the wreathe
Of serpents round my heart. This victory
Has quell'd for evermore my wonted courage—
In dreams I yet behold the dead with horror.

* * * * *

We know not in the whole compass of German, or of any poetry, a more striking picture than that which is presented by the twelve last verses of the following speech.

I was in this last combat more or less
Than man—I felt through all my sinews power
Ninefold, and ardour that itself must cool
In blood—alike of Norman or of Dane—
It matter'd not. I fought no more with Alf!
In feverish rage, methought with ALL MANKIND.
I had to reckon for the treachery
Of Egrosund, and Norway's changeful heart,
That one impression only can retain—
The mean birth of king Yngurd. From this fire
That hell had lent, the powers of Denmark fled
Confounded. But, oh! never may I gain
Victory at such a price! When I had gone,
As wont, to view the battle field, that lay
Silent, by slanting moonbeams then illum'd,
That with transparent veil o'erspread its horrors—
Methought my horse's echoing steps awoke
Voices on right and left, that called aloud
Now "HERO!" and now "MURDERER!"
My horse
Himself with terror snorted, and his mane
Swelled upright. Then I heard the roaring waves
Break on the rocky shore; and, shivering through
Mine inmost heart, blind horror urged me thence
In rapid flight, like game by hunters driven!

We regret that room is not allowed us even to analyze sufficiently in prose the rest of this beautiful dialogue. The amiable Irma (for virtue certainly *predominates* in her character) renews her former suggestions to King Yngurd, with various modifications, in hopes of gaining his attention and acquiescence. Among other proposals, she earnestly entreats him to grant Oscar his freedom; but the tyrant concludes with a firm determination that his daughter Asla shall give her hand to the King of Denmark, and that he himself shall remain for life upon the throne, and act as the tutor and guardian of Oscar.

The fifth and sixth scenes, which now follow, are among the most animated and effective in the whole play. Alf and his chancellor make their appearance. The former is extremely willing to enter into the contract of marriage with Asla, who, for her own part, is wholly submissive to the will of her parents. But at this juncture, to the astonishment of every one, Oscar, *hitherto* the most peaceable of all beings, and the most indifferent to his dormant rights, now declares that this compromise shall never take place—that he himself will mount his father's throne—and in virtue of ancient laws will rule both kingdoms. Yngurd scornfully reminds him, that he is a prisoner of war: to which Oscar replies, that no state of captivity can annihilate his birth-right; and that ere long his adherents will enforce and secure his accession. In a paroxysm of rage, Yngurd is with difficulty withheld from stabbing the defenceless boy to the heart—an attempt which fills every spectator with contempt and indignation. At this moment messengers arrive with alarming tidings of new insurrections, headed by Egrösund, against the tyrant. The treaty of marriage is mutually broken off, and a future day appointed for a general congress. The assembly separate in confusion; but Yngurd, and his confidential attendant Marduff, remain on the stage. After this very hasty and inaccurate summary, we must allow the poet to speak for some time (through his translator) for himself.

SCENE VI.

YNGURD, MARDUFF (*in the back ground*).

Yn. (*Breaking out with violence.*)

CURSE on this pang of pangs!—Curse on this impulse,
That with resistless force winds round the heart
In serpent folds, and holds it evermore
Firmer and faster, till it beats no longer.—
Fall on me hatred—cast me to the ground—
Disarm me—fetter up my limbs—I scorn *thee!*
Freedom will come again. Yet power, thus tam'd
By terror, is a gift of hell, that poisons
The cup of life even at the fountain-head—
Turning the hero to a child ghost-haunted,
That through the night-hours scarcely dares to breathe,
And, shivering, watches till the morning dawn.
FOR ME IT DAWNS NO MORE! Desertion now,
And treachery, surround me. Mine own words
And actions are unto my better will
No longer subject, but submissive yield
To my heart's cowardice. I must court and sue
For favour, and a mild demeanour wear
Where I should rage.—"KING!"—Scorn and mockery now
Alone will greet me thus—and "SIRE!" Marduff,

Did'st thou perceive how that proud slave addressed me?
Oh! that I were a peasant like my father!
That I my quiet flocks to pasture led,
And ruled a plough, instead of Norway's people!
The seed that on the fertile land is strewed,
Brings forth fruit fifty-fold; but what have been
The fruits that *I* have reaped, for having sown
The fields of time with mighty deeds, and filled
The world with wonder?—Hatred, envy, rage,
And poisonous longing from the firmament,
To tear away that star that shone o'er all
Pre-eminent!

Mar. Regard not, sire, this malice!
There are yet hearts enough attached like mine,
That from the hero Yngurd cannot swerve;
Aye, though the sceptre had been wrested from thee—
Thou hast the laurel crown!

Yn. (*Rapidly interrupting him.*)
Thou know'st this world
As little as I knew the powers of hell,
That have deceived me on the battle field!
Were it not God's own sun that shines on high,
The fools would carp, and question of its *right*
To warm and give out splendour. Were it not
Brighter and larger still at its declining,
By Heaven! they would forget, ere morn returns,
That it had been the source of noon-day light!
Who dies *less than he lived*, is by this race
Forgot for ever.

Mar. Not so wilt thou die!
Norway loves valiant deeds, nor for the sake
Of Oscar ever will resign King Yngurd.

Yn. Even were it so, yet what avails it me,
For I am sick, Marduff—aye, sick at heart,
Nor will be sound again—until this boy—
Hast thou not heard me talk ere now of terror?

Mar. A word indeed, but rarely on thy lips—

Yn. (*rapidly.*) A worm that crawls about the fruit, and seeks
Its way into the kernel—in my bosom
He would destroy the last remains of courage!
Cowardly as a woman, would I go
To meet the powers of Egrösund;—and home
With shame return. Nay, thou would'st blush to serve
So base a master!—Therefore, Marduff—kill him!

Mar. Kill whom!—The worm of the fruit?

Yn. (*violently and struggling.*)
THE BOY!

Mar. How—Sire—
Marduff a murderer?

Yn. Know'st thou not that I
Have to demand a life from thee? Thy doom
Was fix'd.—'Twas Ottfried's high command to cast thee,
With other Scotchmen, from the rock, for crimes
Committed by your leader—and 'twas death
To him who from that order should depart;
But I was that adventurer.—For thy sake,
I for the king a narrative invented—
Of danger from which thou had'st rescued me—
What swor'st thou then at thy preserver's feet?
Remember'st thou?

Mar. Sire, thou COMMANDS'T this deed?

Yn. Command?—The deed?—No—I command it not—
But think of some wise counsel—some mischance—
A fall—an accidental wound—or—Hell
Amply will yield occasions of misfortune.—
(*He starts violently.*)
Silence!—no answer—for I hear the sound
Of steps upon the threshold—now—'tis past.
Marduff—I do command thee NOTHING—hear'st thou?
NOTHING I say!—But I confide to thee
My firm resolve—never to see that day,
When between ME and HIM Norway shall choose
A ruler.—Choose thou for the nation then;
To thine own soul I leave it. [*Exit.*

Now follows an impressive soliloquy of Marduff, who entertains the utmost horror at the commission thus conferred upon him. He is about to go, when suddenly his intended victim unsuspectingly meets him at the head entrance. Struck with the coincidence, Marduff exclaims.

Geschäftige Hölle, bist du da schon?
Literally,
Importunate Hell—art thou then here already?

Accordingly Oscar, unconsciously working his own destruction, declares himself weary of accompanying king Alf through the modern apartments of the palace, and begs Marduff to act as Castellan, and lead him through that old and ruinous part of the fortress already described;—to the GATE OF DEATH, and to his father's GRAVE!—Soon after, they go out together, and thus ends the fourth act.

The scene with which the fifth commences, exhibits an obscure chamber of the old castle. In the distance, small traceried windows, through which nothing is beheld but the open sky. On both sides of the hall are doors, with large old fashioned locks. The walls are mouldering and ruinous. No furniture is visible, except pieces

of ancient armour; among which are, a rude war-club and a battle-axe.—After the drawing up of the curtain, is heard the laborious unbolting and throwing open of the door on the right. Oscar and Marduff then appear.

Os. (*looking round him.*)
This hall is lighter, but not more inviting
Than that which we have left. The floor, indeed,
Is lofty—through the narrow windows now
The clouds look near at hand, and the wild sea
Roars far beneath our feet. This hall has been
An armoury. Old murderous weapons here,
Such as no more are used, appear around us.
This I like not—Let us proceed—Ere long,
We must attain the castle's utmost verge.
Mar. (*pointing.*) Aye, that before us is its extreme chamber—
Enter! I'll follow thee anon.
Os. (*Opens the door, but starts back trembling.*)
Hu! hu!
Mar. How now? What's this?
Os. Out of their dark abode
I have roused up the screech-owls.—Thro' the rents
Of the grey mouldering walls they are fled out,
Into the hated day-light—Hear'st thou them?—
There seizes me an horror.
Mar. Walk in boldly—
Throw the gate open, and if one remains,
The light will scare him out.
Os. Thou art afraid
To trust thyself upon this tottering floor—
It bears me well—I shall go in alone.

He now enters; and there is heard the creaking of the GATE OF DEATH, which he opens within.

On this follows another fine soliloquy of Marduff, concluding with his resolution, if possible, to put Oscar to death with a frightful old war-club which he finds in the mouldering armoury. Oscar, in a short time, re-appears; and a long and highly effective dialogue commences, which has always been much admired in foreign theatres; and although, no doubt, the leading idea, or *outline*, may have been suggested to Mullner by the "King John" of Shakspeare, and the character of Marduff may be a re-cast from Hubert, yet we regret not having room for the whole, in order to prove our author's claim to spirit and originality of *detail and finishing*. A breathless suspence reigns in the mind of the reader through these ten or eleven pages of the tragedy; yet, as *our* readers may probably have anticipated, Oscar's power of eloquence prevails over his intended executioner, and Marduff at length leaves him alone, locked up as a prisoner in the rocky chamber, in whose outer wall is the mysterious "GATE OF DEATH." Now comes a very impressive soliloquy of Oscar; who at last forms the desperate resolution of leaping from this gate into the sea, in hopes of thus making his escape, and getting once more under the protection of his friends. Even should he die in the attempt, he beautifully consoles himself with the idea, that he will perish on *that spot* where he had first walked alone with Asla, and on which took place their mutual declaration of love.

But though this prospers not, still, on that place
Where first our souls united, shall I die,
And die by mine own choice, nor cloud with murder
Thy conscience, Yngurd, thou bright star of Norway,
Thou foe relentless whom I cannot hate!
No hard compulsion drives me forth—I go,
Led by mine own desires—The path of death
I long to contemplate!

In the fifth scene of this last act, Yngurd re-appears, wandering alone, and lost in profound thought. Slowly, and in a waking dream, he comes to the fore-ground, and remains for a few moments standing motionless. A deep audible drawing in of the breath, and a changed expression of countenance, mark his first awakening.

Yngurd. I'll think no more on this!—
How? Can I say
That I *shall* think no more? The earth and sea
Send vapours up, that in the sky form clouds.
These Man may not call forth nor yet withhold.
And thus, if from the bosom's depth arise
Thoughts that, in giddy drunken dance intrude,
And cloud the brain, there is no kingly power,
That can subdue them.—'Twas the sport of Hell,
When first these thoughts of murder rose upon me!
"*Murder;*" said I?—Who dares accuse me thus?
Had Oscar power like mine—aye had he strength
Threefold, then gladly would I let the sword
Decide between us.—But this may not be—
Well, I have given into the hand of Marduff

Myself and him—Is this the crime of murder?
No—No! The sweet harp-player knows full well
That with the hero's brow the crown must be
For ever join'd. Said he not so to day?—
If against mine he stakes his life at play,
I am content.—On Marduff's wavering soul
Depends our game. Now there is *one* to *three*
In Oscar's favour—Stratagem and courage,
And staunch fidelity, if *I* succeed,
The slave must use. If to him *one* of these
Is wanting, I must lose. Who dares to say
That I game like a coward or unfairly?
Who?—Every pulse that in mine own heart vibrates!
I am mine own accuser! Yet have I
No more than bent the bow—The deed remains
Undone; and yet even now, my frame is torn
So fiercely by contending impulses,
All efforts at endurance would be vain,
But for this thought, he cannot yet have perish'd,
For Asla watches him.—If it were past,
The deed that yet must be! Even like a wheel
Roll on the events and changes of this life;
But shall this horror that *precedes* the crime,
That mounts up from the heart into the hair,
Shall this be conquer'd when the deed is *done?*
When Oscar is no more, am I then free?
Am I a man again, and shall this terror—
(He pauses.)
Oh seize me with a firmer grasp, ye demons,
Or let me go! Ye heavenly powers, if now,
I may not be retriev'd, Oh give me up
At once for ever! When for one soul thus
Spirits of good and evil are contending,
Where shall I seek for peace? Yngurd the hero
Thus by a child dethron'd! Yngurd the Bauer—
The son of pious parents an assassin!
Here is no choice, all wisdom is in vain!
Rather on madness let me call for aid,
So should the stream of torturing thoughts be lost
In the wild ocean of delirious dreams,
And blind fatuity supply the place
Of unavailing prudence, and fulfil,
With desperate quickness, every dark resolve!

In this article we have generally abstained as much as may be from pointing out what is or is not to be admired; but we cannot help observing, that a finer burst of feeling than that commencing with the line,

"Oh seize me with a firmer grasp," &c.

in the preceding soliloquy, can scarcely be found in the productions of any dramatic author.

The termination of Yngurd's miserable career is now at hand. The queen suddenly enters to announce the arrival of Braunhilda, who, as it is rumoured, has, ever since the loss of her son, been in a state of almost utter mental derangement. Braunhilda accordingly enters soon after—pale, disfigured, and with the carelessness of despair in her attire.—She follows Yngurd (who recoils at her appearance) to the foreground, where Irma is stationed at her right hand.

Braun. Yngurd! *(painfully weeping)* Oh Yngurd!
(She looks at him stedfastly for a few moments.)
No!—From those eyes indeed, there speaks no soul
To sympathize with me!—*(Turning to Irma.)*
But thou who art
A mother, and hast known these deadly pangs
That I have born; and been like me, too, sooth'd
By childhood's bland caresses,—*Thou* know'st well,
That in thine heart grief would increase to madness,
If to thy child *one limb* were lost or injured.
Think then—oh, think of me—that in the battle—
The raging fire that I myself had fanned—
Have lost him *all*—the dear and only one—
The precious recompence for early love,
And youthful hopes for ever sacrificed—
With hatred have I followed thee—oh heaven—
I know no more of all my vain endeavours
To wound thee—all for envy of thy fortune!
Oh, now forget, as I have done! Forgive
Braunhilda, and receive her as a friend!—
(She kneels before Irma.)
Or let me kneeling thus, in penitence,
Thy wrath appease, and for my crimes atone;—
Save Oscar—save him from the tiger's teeth!

Ir. How queen? Thy words are wild. The fate of war
Has made thy son a prisoner—but he lives
In safety. If I heard thee right, thou deem'st
His life in danger.

Braun. Ha! thou know'st it not!
His doom is fixed—his lot is death—The assassin
Already hired—I see the sword now hover
Even by one hair above his head.

Ir. *(Inquiringly)* Yngurd?

Yn. *(Disquicted)*
She is insane—I pray thee, do not stay—
Hear her no longer—In her eyes thou seest
The truth of that which we were told.

Ir. Be that
Or false or true—King! husband! she has spoken
Of Oscar, and of murder! If her words
Are but wild ravings, wherefore grow'st thou pale?

Braun. *(With gradually increased confusion of thought.)*
Many have said, ere now, that my brain wanders—

And oft, indeed, I think so! That which rules
Mine *inward* senses ever seems to me
As if it rose from *outward* influences;
And voices too seem to mine ears address'd,
That but reverberate mine own sad thoughts.
—Truly this were no wonder!—since I lost him—
The young king Ottfried in the battle field,
My brain has been so wildered—I have dream'd
So much and idly—of Count Egloff too,
That stabb'd himself before the marriage night—
The fool, I lov'd him dearly!—so he went—
And the old Ottfried staid with me—yes, old—
Yet graceful still—despite of hoary locks—
For he was, but bewitch'd into old age—
And, tho' transform'd, he came into mine arms.
He there grew young again, and prompt to be
The disciple of love.—He was, forsooth,
My second husband—No, what have I said?
'Twas of my son I should have spoke—Oh heaven! (*With tears.*)
I know not where he tarries; in his absence
All is perplexed and clouded.

Ir. (*much moved.*) Wretched mother!
An horror seizes me!

Yn. The paroxysm
Increases. Take her to thy waiting maids,
Thou should'st not look on madness thus.

Braun. No, No!
I am not mad—I pray thee, speak not of it!
It robs me of all trust in mine own brain,
That has been weak since in the battle's rage
I was inflam'd, and fever seized upon me,
And shivering fear succeeded. But I grow
Better from day to day. (*Looking at Irma.*)
I know right well
Thou art the queen of Norway—my step-daughter—
YNGURD has thee to wife.

(*She looks not at the king; but her imagination seems occupied by his image, and her eyes assume the expression of amorous passion.*)

The universe
Has none who with that hero may compare—
Beauteous and powerful as the god of war—
Rapid as lightning—firm as in the sea
The wave-beat rock—but hard too as the rock,
And deadly as the lightning.—Where power dwells,
Violence inhabits too, now good, now evil—
Therefore I fear for Oscar. Aye, this now
Is what I would have said—See, here is Yngurd—
Himself is here, who holds my son a captive;
And since the fools have urg'd upon this king
To give up to my child his crown, I know
He has resolved that Oscar shall not live.

Yn. (*aside.*) If Madness thus our deep thoughts can unlock,
How shall the deed from wisdom be concealed?

Ir. (*to Braunhilda, but watching Yngurd.*)
Who is it that has dared to tell thee this?
Name him—that Yngurd's sword may to his heart
Thrust back the injurious lie.

Braun. (*perplexed.*) Could it have risen
In mine own thoughts? or did some courier bring
The tidings? This I cannot tell: to me
These are alike. For ev'n without real harm
I feel reality of suffering.
Truth lies around me cloudily; but all,
That mine own feverish brain conceives, *for me*,
Looks out in horrid light, and bitter wo
Pours amply and too truly on my heart.
King, (*to Yngurd.*) if thou kill'st him, he can die but once;
Yet though he lives, I see him *hourly* die;
His visage pale, and bloated now with poison—
Now his wounds bleed—now with the wave he struggles—
Now from the rock headlong he totters——Ha!

She now stops suddenly, and fixes her eyes, as if gazing from a precipice. Then her look follows the imagined downfall of Oscar. She takes some steps according to the direction of her eyes, as if she would contemplate his remains, and breaks out into terrific lamentation.

Oh! wo, wo, wo! See there—see there! Oh, Heaven!
There lies my child in death—far more than death—
All shattered on the rocks; and his fine hair,
So beautiful and golden, drenched in blood!
And I, the base and miserable slave
Of passion, have done this—Oh! let me die!

(*She sinks down in an attitude, as if watching the dead body.*)

Ir. (*turned towards Yngurd.*)
Perish, oh Nature! and, oh World! expire!
Ye vaulted skies, assume the blush of shame,
If ever in heroic Yngurd's soul
The crime that Madness thus has shadowed forth
Has been conceived!—Fall out, ye cherished locks,
That he has plaited in love's happy hours!
Fade from mine eyes, oh light! wither, oh cheeks!
And lips that he hath kissed!—To dust return,
Oh frame! that he hath lovingly embrac'd,
If Irma's lord is Oscar's murderer!

Yn. (*much disquieted.*)
What would'st thou, wife? Has madness seized thee too?

Ir. Oh! would that madness might indeed o'erpower me,
If my soul's dark suspicions, when he came
A prisoner first before thee, should be more
Than idle visions; or if there were cause

For my chill shivering, when amid the assembly
Thou call'd'st him "Serpent!" and thou coldly said
"Proclaim the Congress!" or for that emotion,
That visibly had Asla's heart assail'd,
When Oscar left Alf's train as they surveyed
The castle, and then vanish'd 'mid the crowd!

Yn. How?—Is he not in her protection still?

Ir. No! she hath gone to search for him, and thou,
Thou art like her, disturb'd?—
Rise up, Braunhilda!
Assume the rights of misery—spare him not;
Convulse him! May thy words all turn to fire,
And melt away the dross of that design,
That cleaves as cankering rust into his soul!
Dissolve, as if by lightning, and break through
His obstinate purposes. Then, if unmov'd,
He will commit the deed, of which even thought
Is more than horrible, curses pursue me
If I survive that foul accomplishment!

She is about to go, but is detained by Braunhilda, who has slowly risen up, keeping her eyes still intently fixed.

Braun. Oh! not yet—not yet—stay—
Where are my people?
They will wash off the gore, and lift him up;
His mother cannot do this—That were more
Than from weak nature could be hoped—
Hold! Silence!
Know'st thou not I have been the murderess?
I dare not touch him then—His wounds would bleed,
And my guilt be proclaimed from shore to shore—
But leave him not a prey here to the ravens;
Bear him away—Still onward—onward—
There—
Now lay him in the deep grave. I will be
His tombstone—ever near him—ever faithful—
Whether he lies in cradle or in coffin,
A mother sings his lullaby.

Repeating the two last verses, (for, in the original, this speech of Braunhilda is in a short broken measure, and, like all the rest of the play, in *rhyme*), she changes into the uncertain low wavering melody of a cradle song, seems to follow the dead body across the stage, and then leans, bending forwards, with dishevelled hair, at the base of a pillar.

Yn. Ha! were my resolution like the diamond
That no fire melts, yet would these tones of grief
Dissolve it into tears! Aye—wife—I pray thee
Look not thus on me—true indeed, I framed
The dread intent, and it had been fulfill'd,
And in resistless frenzy whelm'd my soul,
If I had not seen through the dire delusion!
My guardian angel conquered. Now I feel,
That, prince or slave, he who preserves a soul
Unsullied, is the world's free denizen,
And needs no paltry kingdom.

Irma (*Overjoyed.*) Yngurd! husband!
Hero! king of my heart! from pain to pleasure
Thou bear'st me on so suddenly, I scarce
Can venture to confide 'tis not a dream!

Yn. Let Oscar now be summoned—Let him come
In haste, the visions to dispel that haunt
His mother's brain!

Having already allowed an unusual space to this article, we must now, very briefly, analyse the following scenes, which are all highly effective, and contain a rapid succession of new misfortunes, tending to the climax of affliction in this deepest of tragedies. In scene eighth, Asla appears demanding Oscar of her father; who, in his turn, declares that he believed the captive still under her protection. She, on the contrary, complains that she has every where sought for him in vain, and that the only tidings of her uncle-in-law that she has been able to obtain, are, that he was lately seen in company with Marduff—at which information Yngurd is agitated with the most agonizing apprehensions. Perceiving this, Asla again questions him:

Father! whom in my vision I beheld
Fly from thy bloody work—speak—tell me truly,
What mean'st thou? Where is Oscar?

In the ninth scene, a messenger arrives to inform Yngurd, that Count Egrösund, with a powerful troop of insurgents, is now drawing near to the castle, to which Yngurd only replies by commanding that Marduff be sought for and summoned without delay. After an interval of the most painful suspense, this officer appears, his countenance expressing so much disquiet that Irma exclaims,

Oh, ask him not!
His visage has announc'd the horrid tale—
Oscar is dead—is murder'd!

Marduff, on the contrary, declares that the young prince lives; but when Yngurd finds, in the course of investigation, that Oscar has been *made acquainted* with his murderous intentions, he exclaims—

Curse on thy tongue—*disgrace* without the *deed!*

There is then no resource—we cannot both
Survive!

He grasps his sword, as if with the design of committing suicide, on which Asla eagerly interposing, declares that she can vouch for Oscar's inviolable secrecy—that their souls are as *one*—and what she wishes to conceal he never can be brought to divulge. This interposition leads to a full disclosure of their mutual attachment, which she has concealed even from her mother, knowing that such an union (although the young prince is but her half-uncle) is prohibited by the laws of Norway. Yngurd immediately replies—

Thou foolish child,
A king's word framed this law. One word
of mine
Can all its power annihilate. I see
Once more my path of life begin to brighten!
Haste, bring him forth!

Irma, Asla, and Marduff now are about to go—but Braunhilda stops them.

Braun. Bring whom? Ye are all blind—
You talk and talk—and still are void of
knowledge—
He who survives—is but a slave—who dies—
Has freedom like the birds and wandering
winds.

Asla. Who is this lady?

Braun. Know'st thou not Braunhilda,
Whom fools call mad because she knows yet
more
Than she has utter'd? Thou frail tender
thing—
When Egloff stabb'd himself—my heart resisted;
Go—go—thine will be broken!

At this juncture, Durdal rushes in with the sudden and overwhelming intelligence, that the dead body of Oscar has been discovered among the rocks on the sea shore. He had, as the reader no doubt already anticipates, leapt out from the "Gate of Death," and, being unable, as he intended, to reach the water, been dashed to pieces, thus realizing the terrific picture in the dream of Asla.

We have already observed, that these concluding scenes are all highly effective. The stage directions are, as usual, long and particular; but at present we must not dwell on the minute details of the catastrophe.

Marduff hastens out to ascertain, by his own eyes, the fate of his unfortunate victim. Asla, now repeating the last words of her vision,

"The young knight lay upon the field of
death, &c.

With the wild resolution of despair, immediately follows him. Braunhilda remains leaning against a pillar, from time to time uttering the unconnected ravings of insanity. Meanwhile, the rebel army has actually reached the castle, having their power and resolution very formidably increased by the spirit of indignation and revenge excited by the now publicly known fate of Oscar. Alf, in the twelfth scene, appears endeavouring to persuade Yngurd that he ought to fly for refuge to the Danish fleet which lies in the harbour. This deliberation is interrupted by Marduff, who announces, that Asla, immediately on beholding the dead body of Oscar, rushed headlong into the sea, and is drowned. The queen, Irma, has also died of grief. Thus deprived of wife and daughter, Yngurd is not prevented from rushing out into the outer court of the castle, where the rebels are now contending with the royal guards. With supernatural strength and dignity, he makes his way through the tumult; and at one blow fells their leader Egrösund to the earth. Being without his usual armour, however, he is in the same moment mortally wounded.

In the seventeenth and *last* scene, which is deeply impressive, Yngurd is again brought upon the stage in order to resign his crown to Alf—and to die.

Yn. Alf—now the toils of my last day
are o'er—
Yet seems it not, as if I went to sleep!
My spirit now looks up as if awakening,
And my heart feels unwonted strength. Not
death
But *life* may be compared to slumb'rous
dreams,
That fade at morning's light—the Eternal
morn,
Whose gleams already I behold. But *once*
Were mine intentions evil; and even then
I had not done the deed. But Hell, who
fear'd
That Yngurd's better nature might prevail,
My thoughts accomplish'd with the speed
of lightning—
Ye noble warriors—ye were faithful still,
While virtue in your leader's heart prevailed.
Take now my hands.
[*They fall on his hands, and kiss them with tears.*]

Dur. (*much moved.*) Oh King!

Er. (*in great affliction.*) Oh torturing
strife
Of separation, end!

Yn. [*To Alf—and recovering his firmness.*]
King Ottfried's race

Are fallen. Yet violence has not gained from us
This wreathe of glory. From the treacherous bands
Of Egrösund, Nös brought away the crown.
[*He makes a sign to Nös—who gives him the crown, and turning away, bursts into tears. Yngurd draws nearer to Alf.*]
Your ancestor was ruler of both kingdoms.
[*Weakly.*]
Alf—take beneath your fostering care the Normans.
[*He sinks down exhausted on his knees, and presents the crown.*]
Tell them—that as *your* subject died their king.

Alf, deeply moved, kneels down beside the dying hero, and receives the crown;—Yngurd then sinks back and expires. A solemn stillness reigns for some moments; the nobles then swear allegiance to their new monarch, and proclaim him aloud King of Norway and of Denmark. Braunhilda, after a few lines of wild but significant raving, rushes out with an intention of suicide—and Alf commands, that proper attention be paid to control her. The acclamations in honour of his coronation are renewed, and the curtain falls.

We have now concluded, we trust not unsatisfactorily, our view of this very singular work; which, however, presents difficulties to a translator which did not exist in the "Guilt," the "Ancestress," or the "Hakon Jarl," with which our readers are already acquainted. Notwithstanding these obstacles, we doubt not that enough has been effected to impress the poetical student with a due respect for the rising genius of Müllner; who, with a mind richly stored by the fruits of laborious application, disdains to follow in the *beaten tracks* of authorship. Without a spirit of bold experiment, as well as that of humble and consecutive study, it is obvious, that novelty of excellence cannot be gained. That such boldness should more and more provoke the attacks of minor critics, both in his own and in foreign countries, was to be expected. Such opponents direct their mistaken efforts solely to the plucking up of weeds, and seem altogether insensible to the beauty of those flowers, by which the attention of better judges is agreeably and advantageously occupied. How much reason has this poet to congratulate himself on that self-possession and steady perseverance, which, in despite of the rage of critics, who "admiring wont admire," have enabled him to acquire, perhaps, a wider influence over the popular mind in Germany, than any other dramatic author of the present era!

THOUGHTS ON THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.

The issuing of a commission to take trial of treasons in Scotland, is a matter of such rare occurrence, as to warrant, on that account alone, the introduction of some remarks on the proceedings held under it; but in a more extended view, it is a matter of general interest, leading to important results, and giving rise to reflections which may be considered not undeserving of notice.

Since the period (upwards of a century ago) when the act of union assimilated the treason law of Scotland to that of England, no trials for treason have taken place on this side of the border, except the trials of Watt and Downie in 1794, and the trials under the commission which has just concluded its sittings.* The circumstances which gave occasion to this commission, and which have, to a certain extent, been disclosed in the course of the trials, were serious and alarming in no ordinary degree.

For some time past it has been known, that associations of a political nature have existed among the lower orders of the manufacturing population, in several of the central counties of Scotland. These associations, under the names of *Unions* and *Reading Clubs*, formed, in most instances, after a plan proposed by an itinerant orator, had for their professed object the extension of political information and general knowledge. But it was chiefly, if not solely, in the writings of those politicians called reformers that information was sought, and it was as

* All the trials consequent on the two rebellions of 1715 and 1745, took place in England by special statutes.

"friends of reform" that the members of these societies congregated. Under that general designation were comprehended many different grades of political character; for it has at all times been an object with political schemers to abolish nice distinctions, and include under one general epithet all among whom any similarity of views could be traced, whether originating in political affection or political antipathy, and whether directed towards the same or somewhat different results. The views of the friends of reform were probably as various as the visions of speculative politicians are infinite; but unfortunately they were here the grades of one scale; and although the difference betwixt the extremes of *rational* and *radical* might be apparent to spectators, who, not mixing with the throng, embraced in one extended view the whole compass of the scene, yet the individual shades of distinction were too nice for vulgar discernment, and not likely to strike the jaundiced vision of those who had not the capacity to extend their observation beyond the narrow range of their own immediate action.

Unfortunately, the depressed state of the manufactures was calculated to give encouragement to these political associations, and to render them dangerous. The mind of man is naturally active; and when it cannot find employment in its accustomed sphere, it seeks to exercise itself in another. Numerous public meetings were held, in different parts of the country—The unions became general throughout the manufacturing districts of Scotland—They were divided into classes systematically—A regular communication was kept up among them—Committees and sub-committees were appointed for the purpose of forming plans, and digesting the means of carrying them into effect. In every free country, there are at all times men who make it their business to minister to the malevolent affections of the mind.—Some look not, perhaps, beyond the immediate gain of providing the poison—some, perhaps, aim at a petty distinction in their own narrow circle—and many, who have nothing to lose, wish to encourage commotion and disorder, in the hope that something may be gained. Times of privation and distress are the best suited to give encouragement to the views and exertions of these evil spirits. Men suffering the extremity of distress, without any immediate prospect of relief, are apt to receive with gratitude the prescriptions of any quack, and may be persuaded to try the effects of any remedy, however desperate. The impatient and feverish minds of the manufacturers were wrought upon by the exciting prescriptions of their political empirics, until they became convinced that the disease was rooted in the constitution, and that nothing short of a radical change could remove it.

The higher classes were not remiss in their endeavours to alleviate the distress of the lower orders. Considerable sums were subscribed, and operations were set a-going, to give employment to as many as possible of those who were unavoidably thrown idle; but the supply thus provided was necessarily scanty, and the poison disseminated by the emissaries of sedition had already begun to operate. The views of the reformers became desperate. Their conduct and deportment towards their superiors was totally altered. They had become indifferent and even insolent. Equality of rights and of property was the end at which they aimed, and the particular mode of partition and allotment was already talked of. As these objects could not be accomplished without force of arms, it was resolved to have recourse to that alternative, and they individually set about supplying themselves with such arms as chance put within their reach. Great numbers of pikes were manufactured in Glasgow and elsewhere, and arms were taken by force from such as were not thought to be friendly to the cause. Miscalculated and misled as to their own numbers, and still more deceived as to the numbers of their friends, both in this country and in England; without resources—without talent—without experience—a set of desperate and misguided weavers meditated no less than the total subversion of the British Constitution!

On the 1st of April, an inflammatory and treasonable address was placarded and circulated throughout the bounds of the *Union*. That address, professing to proceed from the Committee of Organization for forming a Provisional Government, recommended a general strike of work, and called upon the

soldiers to imitate the conduct of their brethren in Spain, and free their country from tyranny and oppression.

The immediate effect of this address was a total suspension of work. The looms were completely deserted, and in general even the cotton mills were stopped, in consequence of the spinners declining to work, although the distress had by no means extended itself to them. The state of Glasgow in particular became truly alarming. The streets were crowded with idle, sullen, gloomy, manufacturers, consulting in groupes, or moving to and fro in large bodies, or straggling individuals; and each cotton mill that was stopped added several hundreds to the number.* This state of anxiety and suspense continued for some days, during which the Reformers were observed in different directions practising drilling and military evolutions. At length, on the night of the 5th, some of them turned out in arms in different parts of the suburbs of Glasgow, and every exertion was made by the leaders to increase their numbers, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Their resolution seemed to have abandoned them at the moment when active exertion became necessary. The few who actually took up arms, after wandering about the suburbs for a night, and getting themselves drenched with rain, found, in the morning, that their numbers were rather diminished than increased, and that the prospects of support with which their leaders had deceived them were vain. Their situation was miserable, and their cause hopeless—they were panic struck, and threw down their arms, and fled in all directions. The leaders who had been the most earnest in urging them on, were, as generally happens on such occasions, the first to abandon the cause, and seek safety in flight, leaving their deluded followers to atone to the injured laws of their country. On the same morning a more adventurous party, who had marched into Stirlingshire to raise the friends in that quarter, were encountered at Bonnymuir by a detachment of the king's troops and county yeomanry—a skirmish ensued, in which the insurgents were completely defeated, and a great number of them made prisoners.

Such were the treasonable proceedings which led to the issuing of the Special Commission of Oyer and Terminer for the trial of the offenders. The commissioners were the four heads of Courts, viz. the Lord President, the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord Chief Baron, and the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, together with the five Lords Commissioners of Justiciary. The first sitting of the Commission was held at Stirling on the 15th of June. There were present, the four heads of Courts, and Lords Hermand and Gillies, being the two senior Commissioners of Justiciary. The Lord Advocate and all his deputes, and Mr Sergeant Hullock from England attended on behalf of the crown; and upwards of twenty other counsel were present. The Lord President delivered an admirable charge to the Grand Jury. True bills were found against upwards of thirty individuals, most of whom were in custody. The Court then proceeded to Glasgow, Dumbarton, Paisley, and Ayr, and in each of these four counties true bills were also found against several persons who were in custody, and others who had absconded. The total number of true bills found, amounted to no fewer than eighty-eight. The trials proceeded in the same order, commencing at Stirling on the 13th of July. The first prisoner put to the bar was Andrew Hardie, and, after a long and anxious trial, the jury retired for about ten minutes, and returned with a verdict of *guilty*.

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* With a very few honourable exceptions, all the cotton mills in Glasgow and the neighbourhood stopped, in consequence of the treasonable address, and a great many thousands of persons were thereby thrown idle. The stop was in most instances caused by the *spinners* who were earning from eighteen to thirty shillings a-week, and, therefore, had not the excuse of distress to palliate their radicalism. In one or two instances, the masters took to themselves the credit of stopping their works, and throwing idle several hundred persons employed in the mills, besides the still greater number dependent upon them. This necessarily added to the danger, by increasing the crowd, recruiting the ranks of the disaffected, and in every respect promoting (unintentionally of course) the state of things which it was the object and purpose of the treasonable address to bring about.

The next prisoner put upon his defence was John Baird, who had led the insurgents in their engagement with the King's troops, and after a patient investigation, he too was convicted of *high treason*. Eighteen of the remaining prisoners then pleaded guilty.

On the 20th, the Court met at Glasgow, and was occupied for nearly two days in the trial of James Wilson, who was in the end convicted. One of the remaining prisoners then requested permission to retract his plea of not guilty, and put in a plea of guilty; but the Lord Advocate, with a magnanimity which does him infinite honour, refused to accept the plea. He stated, that although he was convinced of the guilt which the prisoner wished to confess, and of the strength of the evidence on which the Grand Jury had found bills against the remaining prisoners in that county, he did not mean to ask a verdict against any of them. It was not his wish, or the wish of the government, to push the law to its utmost rigour. Some examples were necessary, but he considered the prisoners then at the bar as the deluded victims of persons who had escaped from justice, rather than the active instigators of treason. He, therefore, declined to call any evidence against them, and allowed them the benefit of an acquittal.

On the 26th, the Court met at Dumbarton, and Robert Munro, the first prisoner put upon his trial, was acquitted. The Lord Advocate, acting on the same liberal principle on which he had proceeded at Glasgow, declined to lead any evidence against the others.

On the 1st of August the Court sat at Paisley—after a very long trial, the jury found the prisoner (John Speirs) guilty of one of the overt acts in the first count of the indictment, but the Court declined to receive the verdict in that shape, and the jury acquitted him.

The Court then returned to Stirling for the trial of some of the prisoners there, who, owing to a mistake, had received their copies of indictment at later periods than the others; these were eight in number—two of them had pleaded *guilty*—the Lord Advocate did not call any evidence against the other six, but allowed them the benefit of a verdict of acquittal.

Lastly, the Court sat at Ayr on the 9th of August, and the first prisoner put to the bar pleaded *guilty*. The Lord Advocate, in the same spirit of forbearance which marked his conduct throughout the whole proceedings, called no evidence against the other prisoners in that county.

In the course of these trials, twenty-four persons were convicted of high treason, and condemned to undergo the last punishment of the law. It is however probable, that the Royal mercy will be extended to several of them.

Whether these proceedings will be productive of the desired effect, is a question which time alone can answer, but if any thing was awanting to shew forth the efficacy and the mercy with which the law is administered, that want has now been amply supplied. The miserable offenders have seen the power of the law in repressing, detecting, and punishing crime; and they have witnessed the tenderness and compassion with which it makes allowance for their errors. On the deluded wretches who have been spared from the gallows by the lenity of the Public Prosecutor, or the mercy of the Crown, it is likely that a just and lasting impression has been made. But, it is much to be feared, that there is another class of persons, on whose minds the same effects will not be produced. There is a class whose minds are so constituted that they cannot conceive the operation of any noble or generous principle, and who will therefore be inclined to ascribe to some sinister purpose, even the magnanimous act of refusing to accept a voluntary confession of guilt. Nothing short of the menaced vengeance of the law impending over their own guilty heads, or the sad reality of its execution on their associates, can convince such persons of the folly of their thoughts. If they could but look around them with an ordinary discernment of the means of promoting, not their own interest, but their own *safety*, they would see the utter folly of their conduct—they would learn, from what has passed, that however fair their plans of reform may seem in the discussions of the tap-room, where all are animated with the same desire—enveloped in the same ignorance—blinded by the same prejudices—and stimulated by the same potations, they are utterly unfit for action; and, were

there no other or more serious difficulty to overcome than the unbroken union of so many minds in one system of crime, it would be impossible for them to succeed. The same treason which they plot against the government will be plotted against them, and their most secret schemes betrayed by those, perhaps, in whom they repose the greatest confidence.

Such homely truths might be expected to force their way to the most unwilling minds; but they are perpetually scared away by those who know their influence. What are the Radical Reformers to think and expect, when they observe the conduct and hear the language of their more powerful and intelligent brethren—the advocates of rational and moderate reform. The same undefined epithet of "Friends of Reform," indicates a similarity of sentiment and of purpose: The affected lamentation of the rational reformer over declining liberty, is readily echoed by the hungry and impatient radical: The dismal picture of distress sketched by the vivid fancy of the enlightened well-fed rational reformer, is felt in sad reality by his poor and humble follower: The cause which political rivalship points out to the rational reformer as producing that distress, is readily adopted by the illogical radical: The elegant invective of the moderate reformer, is easily adapted, by the political empiric, to the coarser taste of his less squeamish brother: The catastrophe which the rational reformer predicts as inevitable, is gladly accelerated by the miserable radical, in the hope that it may terminate his sufferings. How is he to view, but as friends, the professed adversaries of those to whom he is erroneously taught to ascribe his sufferings? What is he to expect but support, from those who palliate every enormity, and exult in every temporary advantage gained by his associates? How is he to view, but as admirers of his principles and projects, those who laud the same principles, and glory in the success of the same projects in other countries, and daily drag these before him in parallel and similitude to his own situation? How is he to distinguish between the motives of the Peer, who marks, by an offering of £50, his gratitude for the success of an impious parodist, and the miserable zealot, whose shilling betokens his devotion to the cause of deism or democracy?

It was thus, that while the "Friends of Reform," in their unions and reading-clubs, their tap-rooms and gin-shops, thought themselves associated in common cause with the "Friends of Reform" in a more elevated sphere: The latter manifested no desire to correct the error, but rather endeavoured to turn it to their advantage. It is from a repetition of such conduct, more than from any other cause, that much of that good which might have been expected to have flowed from the proceedings of the Special Commission, is likely to be prevented. The present season may pass away, but the seeds which have been sown are not altogether crushed; and a repetition of that encouragement, by which they were formerly nourished, may yet make them bear fruit.

The exertions of the gentlemen of the different counties, as persons of weight and influence, may do much to bring back the minds of the people to a proper tone; and they have, as local magistrates, acquired, in the course of the late proceedings, an experience in the mode of exercising their authority, and a knowledge of circumstances and character, which must give them a much greater power and efficiency than they formerly possessed. There is no reason to apprehend that in either capacity they will be remiss, although in one county they have just cause to complain that they were deserted, at the *very moment of greatest danger*, by the individual whose paramount duty it was to endeavour, by every means in his power, to preserve the tranquillity of the county, and by him who, by their suffrages,* they had marked as a worthy representative of their principles, and as the fittest depository of their trust, and best guardian of their interests.

* For some days previous to the 1st of April, the Radical Proclamation was vaguely talked of, and there was a general expectation that some great movement would be made by the Radicals on that day, or on the Monday. On Friday, the 31st of March, Lord Archibald Hamilton set out from Hamilton Palace, and, turning his back to Lanarkshire, made for Edinburgh, where he was seen on the 2d of April. From thence he betook himself to London.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Death of Tammeamea, king of the Sandwich Islands.—Accounts from Petropawlowsk, in Kamtschatka, of the 10th Nov. 1819, received by way of Petersburgh, give the following particulars of the death of Tammeamea, king of the Sandwich Islands, which event took place in the month of March of the same year. The statement is derived from the reports of American vessels.

"Before the death of the King, an extraordinary phenomenon took place: within the space of three hours, the water of the ocean rose and fell on the coasts of the Sandwich islands for a space of six feet, with such a regularity and calmness that the ships in the harbour, and the villages situated near the coast, suffered not the least injury. The inhabitants of Owaihi looked upon this as an omen of their Sovereign's approaching death. In the mean time, his Majesty had collected round his death-bed all the chiefs of the islands submitted to his power; and he made them promise religiously to maintain all the useful establishments founded by him, "which we," he said, "owe to the white people that have come to live among us." These he requested to be respected before all others; that their property should be held sacred, and those rights and privileges be preserved to the white visitors, which they had enjoyed during his reign. Hereupon he appointed one of his sons, named Rio-Rio, to be his successor. This youth, of about twenty years old, has been brought up in the European manner, and is said to speak English tolerably well. According to the custom of the country, Tammeamea made all the present chiefs take the oath of allegiance to this newly-appointed sovereign, and recommended him, on account of his youth, to the care of his consort, by which act he made her the temporary and virtual regent of all his possessions. A few hours after, this remarkable prince expired. By the law of these islanders, the acknowledged successor is obliged to leave the spot, and even the island, where the sovereign died. But the bold and ambitious young Rio-Rio said to his friends on his departure from Owaihi, "Since my father has thought me worthy to reign, in preference to my brothers, I shall suffer no other power over me: and after the expiration of the time, I declare to you, I shall either return as actual king, or never return alive." The chiefs, who had remained at Owaihi, were engaged in military exercise, and the whole island was filled with warriors, mostly armed in the European style. Even foreign ships in the harbour were obliged to arm themselves. This was the critical situation of these remote islands, when the American ship left them. They are, however, of opinion, that young Rio-Rio, supported by a numerous party, and even by the American ships that are there, will, although not without bloodshed, succeed to the throne. The property found after the death of the King, and which he had acquired in trading with the Europeans, amounted to half a million of Spanish piasters in cash, and the same value in goods, besides several well-fitted merchantmen. An immense fortune for a chief, who, in 1795, during Vancouver's residence near these islands, exchanged, in common with his subjects, bananas and figs, for the English old nails. He then assisted the sailors in filling the water-casks, and fitting the iron hoops to the casks, in which he showed much skill. And this barbarian died twenty-four years after, a well-informed and powerful prince, master of the whole Sandwich Archipelago.

Southern or Antarctic Continent.—This important discovery, which will be attended with incalculable advantages to our trade in the South Seas, was made last year by a Mr Smith, master of the William, of Blythe, in Northumberland. Our South Sea traders, who, during hostilities between this country and Spain, have been subjected to the greatest difficulties and privations, will now be independent of Spain or any other Power possessing South America. Mr Smith ran for two or three hundred miles along this continent, which formed large bays, abounding with the spermaceti whale, seals, &c. The drafts and soundings taken by the discoverer are in the possession of our Government. The following brief account has been given of the discovery:—

"A Mr Smith, master of the William, of Blythe, in Northumberland, and trading between the Rio Plata and Chili, in endeavouring to facilitate his passage round Cape Horn, last year, ran to a higher latitude than is usual in such voyages, and in lat. 62, 30, and 60 west long, discovered land. As circumstances would not admit of a close examination, he deferred it until his return to Buenos Ayres, when he made such further observations as convinced him of the importance of his discovery. On making it known at Buenos Ayres, speculation was set on the alert, and the Americans at that place became very anxious to obtain every information necessary to their availing themselves of a discovery which they saw was pregnant with vast benefit to a commercial people. Captain Smith was however too much of an Englishman to assist their speculations, by affording them that knowledge

of his secret which it was so necessary for them to possess, and was determined that his native country only should enjoy the advantages of his discovery; and on his return to Valparaiso, in February last, he devoted as much time to the developement of it as was consistent with his primary object, a safe and successful voyage.

"He ran in a westward direction along the coasts, either of a continent or numerous islands, for two or three hundred miles, forming large bays, and abounding with the spermaceti whale, seals, &c. He took numerous soundings and bearings, draughts and chart of the coast; and, in short, did every thing that the most experienced navigator, despatched purposely for the object of making a survey, could do. He even landed, and in the usual manner took possession of the country for his Sovereign, and named his acquisition New South Shetland. The climate was temperate, the coast mountainous, apparently uninhabited, but not destitute of vegetation, as firs and pines were observable in many places; in short, the country had upon the whole the appearance of the coast of Norway. After having satisfied himself with every particular that time and circumstances permitted him to examine, he bore away to the North, and pursued his voyage.

"On his arrival at Valparaiso he communicated his discovery to Captain Sherriff, of his Majesty's ship Andromache, who happened to be there. Captain S. immediately felt the importance of the communication, and lost not a moment in making every arrangement for following it up; he immediately despatched the William, with officers from the Andromache; and in this stage the last letter from Chili left the expedition, with the most sanguine expectation of success, and ultimate advantages resulting from it; and, if we are correctly informed, a fully detailed narrative has been forwarded to Government.

"On taking a cursory view of the charts of the Southern Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, it will be seen, that though Captain Cook penetrated to a much higher latitude, and consequently drew his conclusion from observing nothing but vast mountains of ice; it will be seen also that his meridian was 45 degrees further to the west of New South Shetland, leaving a vast space unexplored on the parallel of 62, between that and Sandwich Land, in longitude 28 west. He again made 67, or thereabouts, but in longitude 137 to 147 west. Perouse ascended no higher than 60, 30; Vancouver about 55; other navigators passing in the Straits of Magellan and Le Maire, and most of them passing as close Cape Horn as possible, in order, as they thought, to shorten the passage to the Pacific, are circumstances that reasonably account for the protracted period to which so important a discovery has been delayed. It is stated, in recent arrivals from Valparaiso, that the brig William had returned from the survey. On her arrival off the harbour, and making her report to Captain Searle of the Hyperion, orders were given that no intercourse with the shore should be permitted. This has naturally led to the inference, that the discovery turns out to be important, and that this precaution is taken to prevent the interference or claim of any foreign nation, previous to the usual measures of taking possession in the name of his Britannic Majesty. The only draughtsman on the station, competent to perform the scientific part of the investigation, was Mr Bone, a son of the distinguished artist of that name; he accordingly went in the Williams, and made the drawings of the coast," &c. *For the above interesting intelligence, we are indebted to the Literary Gazette, from which most of the papers and journals have copied without acknowledgment.*

Large Block of Amethyst.—A block of amethysts has been sent from Brazil to Calcutta, four feet in circumference, and weighing 98 lbs.

Substitute for Potato.—It has lately been stated, that there grows in *Santa Fe de Bogota*, a root more nourishing and prolific than the potato. It is called *Arakatska*, and resembles the Spanish chesnut in taste and firmness.

Grand Surgical Operation.—The most surprising and honourable operation of surgery is, without any contradiction, that lately executed by M. RICHERAND, by taking away a part of the ribs and of the pleura. The patient was himself a medical man, and not ignorant of the danger he ran in this operation being had recourse to, but he also knew that his disorder was otherwise incurable. He was attacked with a cancer on the internal surface of the ribs and of the pleura, which continually produced enormous fungosities, that had been in vain attempted to be repressed by the actual cautery. M. Richerand was obliged to lay the ribs bare, to saw away two, to detach them from the pleura, and to cut away all the cancerous part of that membrane. As soon as he had made the opening, the air rushing into the chest occasioned the first day great suffering and distressing shortness of breath; the surgeon could touch and see the heart through the pericardium, which was as transparent as glass, and could assure himself of the total insensibility of both. Much serous fluid flowed from the wound, as long as it remained open, but it filled up slowly by means of the adhesion of the lung with the pericardium, and the fleshy granulations that were formed in it. At length the patient got so well, that on the twenty-seventh day after the operation, he could not resist the desire of going to the Medicinal School to see the fragments of the ribs that had been taken from him, and in three or four days afterwards, he returned home, and

went about his ordinary business. The success of M. Richerand is the more important, because it will authorize, in other cases, enterprizes which, according to received opinions, would appear impossible; and we shall be less afraid of penetrating into the interior of the chest. M. Richerand even hopes that by opening the pericardium itself, and using proper injections, we may cure a disease that has hitherto been always fatal, the dropsy of that cavity.

Chinese Account of Loo-Choo.—The following account is taken from a continuation of the Chinese Official Memoirs, concerning the Loo-choos, first published in the reign of Kang-ke (about A. D. 1700) and now extended to the 13th year of the reign of Keaking (A. D. 1808). Printed at Peking, with moveable Chinese types.

To the Editor of the Gleaner.—Sir—Want of sufficient time and means to ascertain the character of a people, is a difficulty that all European voyagers, who first visit any foreign country, labour under: and it is their common failing that, without sufficient time and means to know it, they venture to pronounce the character of a people, and thus communicate, without intentionally telling any untruths, erroneous impressions to the nations of Europe.

In the case before us, his Majesty's ships the Alceste and the Lyra visited Loo-choo for a few weeks. The captains, officers, and men, on the one hand, put a constraint on themselves: were harmless as doves, and liberal as princes, in order to gain confidence with the natives; the natives, on the other hand, kept a constant watch on their own people, and on the Europeans, both night and day. They were afraid of giving offence; used every possible precaution to prevent crime, and supplied gratis every want of the powerful strangers who had visited them, whilst at the same time they confined them to the beach or to their ships. Both sides were acting an artificial part, which it would have been impossible to keep up for any length of time, and in which the real, natural, and undress character of either side was never developed. The personal observation of the voyagers was very limited, and whatever lies the people of Loo-choo chose to tell, the English had no means of detecting them. The sample, therefore, which is given of the character of the people of Loo-choo, is not sufficient to enable us to judge of the whole; we might as well give a man a single brick of an edifice, and tell him by that to judge of the size and proportion of the whole building.

The Chinese call the Loo-choo Islands Lew-kew nations, and from the Chinese has arisen the European spelling on maps, viz. Le-kyo and Liquio. After the attention paid to the language by Lieut. Clifford on board the Lyra, there can be no doubt that Loo-choo is more correct than the Chinese.

Statistics.—The superficies of the territory of the United States from the Atlantic to the Great Ocean is estimated at 2,257,000 square miles, and the population at eleven millions. The proportion of Whites to Blacks has increased as follows since the year 1790: In that year there were 27 blacks to 100 whites; in 1800 the proportion was 20 to 100; and in 1810 only 19. The number of emigrants that arrived in the different states in 1794 was about 10,000; in 1817, 22,240, of whom 11,977 were British or Irish. From the British possessions in America there arrived the same year 2901 individuals.

Population of Glasgow.—By a late survey, finished 26th Feb. last, the population of Glasgow and its suburbs appeared to be 148,798.

New Expeditions in the Arctic Ocean.—M. the Count de Romanzow is fitting out, at his own expense, an expedition which is to set out from Tchouktches, so as to pass over the solid ice from Asia to America, to the north of Behring's Strait, at the point where Cook and Kotzebue were stopped. The same nobleman is also fitting out an expedition which is to ascend one of the rivers which disembogue on the western coast in Russian America, in order to penetrate into the unknown tracts that lie between Icy Cape and the river Mackenzie.

Trigonometrical Surveys.—The elaborate survey commenced in the year 1784, by Gen. Roy, and since continued by Colonels Mudge and Williams, is now proceeding under the immediate direction of Captain Colby, of the engineer department, with a degree of accuracy hitherto unknown in this branch of local topography.

Etna and Vesuvius.—A letter from Palermo says, "that the academy of that city had sent some persons to Mount Etna, who affirm that, while they stood on the crater of that volcano, they heard from it the thundering of the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius; which gives room to conjecture that these two volcanoes have some subterraneous communication with each other.

Temple of Jupiter Ammon.—M. Frediani, an Italian traveller, writes from Egypt that he has succeeded, after sixteen days of excessive fatigue across the deserts of Lybia and Marmerique, in reaching the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon, called the Great Temple, which no person appears to have visited since the time of Alexander the Great. M. Frediani had with him an escort of 2,000 men, and had to fight his way to this celebrated monument.

Measurement of the Meridian.—The operations now carrying on, by order of the king of Denmark, for measuring an arc of the meridian, in Denmark and Holstein, are to be continued through the kingdom

of Hanover. For the purpose of accurately examining and describing the vegetable productions of the kingdom of Hanover, his Majesty has been pleased to approve of the appointment of a physiographer for that purpose, and of the nomination of Dr G. F. W. Meyer to the office, with the title of Counsellor of Economy (*Oekonomie-Rath.*)

Greek Colleges.—M. Koumas, first Professor in the Great College at Smyrna, and distinguished by his learning among the Greeks, has just published, at Vienna, the two last volumes of his "Course of Philosophy." The whole work is a methodical abstract of all the best compositions of the German philosophers. Its object is to instruct the Greeks in modern philosophy, and its circulation is likely to be very considerable.

The printing-office established at Chios has commenced its operations, and is now in full activity. Its first production is an excellent discourse of M. the Professor Bambas, read the year before last, at the opening of the course of the Great College of Chios. This discourse is so elegant in its typography, that it might seem to come from the presses of London or Paris. This office will gradually spread, throughout Greece, a number of valuable works, that may contribute to the regeneration of this once classical land.

A College on a large scale is about to be founded at Zagori, in the province of Epirus. The voluntary donations for this establishment amount already to 60,000 francs. M. Neophytos Doucas, a learned Greek ecclesiastic, has contributed himself the sum of 10,000 francs.

Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope.—Among the new aids for promoting the science of astronomy, is the intended establishment by the British government of an Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, with an establishment fitted for cultivating the local advantages which invite practical astronomy to make this place one of its seats.

Roman and German Antiquities.—The Prussian Chancellor of State has given orders for collecting together, into the Museum at Bonn, the Roman and German antiquities which are now dispersed in various parts of the provinces of Westphalia along the Rhine. Every proprietor of land may undertake whatever diggings or examinations he pleases on his own estate; but he will not be allowed to displace those antiquities, which, by the station they occupy, are historical monuments. This attention is due to the object, and to the intention of past ages. It, therefore, gives us pleasure to announce, that a society of men of learning has been formed in Silesia, for the purpose of explaining and publishing the antiquities found in that province; and also another for the same purpose is formed at Naumburgh, in Thuringia. There can be little doubt of this disposition spreading to other provinces; and perhaps it may become general under the patronage of the various governments of Europe. The whole, when properly arranged and digested, will doubtless elucidate many points of history which are now obscure.

Printing in Otaheite.—M. Turgenieff, Counsellor of State to his Imperial Majesty, has made a report to the Bible Society of Petersburgh, in which it is stated that the English missionaries have established a press in that island, at which 3,000 Bibles have been printed. They were all sold in the space of three days, for three gallons of cocoa-nut oil each. The books of Moses, translated into the Otaheitan language, have been printed at the same press; also a catechism for the use of the inhabitants. These have been distributed gratuitously.

Mode of ascertaining the amount and weight of a Ship's Cargo.—It has often been a subject of complaint, that there was no method that could be wholly depended upon for ascertaining the amount of the cargo which a vessel is able to contain, and also to discover the exact weight of the cargo. Mr Jacob Reitmayer, a mechanist of Mayence, has succeeded in remedying this defect, by means of a new invention, a model of which has been presented to the central committee for regulating the navigation of the Rhine, now sitting here. This machine resembles in its principles, the platforms used on land for weighing waggons, &c. It is built in the water, at a place where the depth is always the same, whether the ships, when empty, are brought, and you may tell with the greatest accuracy, by means of a scale (or scales) at the sides of the machine, how high and broad the vessel is, and what is its weight in the water when empty. As the scale is calculated upon hydraulic principles, from decimeter to decimeter, according to the make of the ship in its cubic contents, and according to the buoyant power of the water, nothing more is necessary than to place the vessel, when loaded, in the machine, which will immediately shew the weight of the vessel and cargo, from which the weight of the vessel, when unloaded, is to be deducted.

Patent Vessel.—A patent vessel is building in Hull, and is well worth the attention of ship-owners; she has no timbers, but is constructed of five alternative layers or courses of plank, crossing each other at right angles, a mode of building which seems to give great strength, as she has no floor heads nor futtock feet, so difficult to secure in other vessels.

Diving Bell.—The first use of the diving bell in Europe was at Toledo, in Spain, in the year 1588, before the Emperor Charles V. and ten thousand spectators. The experiment was made by two Greeks, who, taking a very large kettle suspended by ropes with the mouth downwards, fixed planks in the

middle of its concavity, upon which they placed themselves, and with a lighted candle gradually descended to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith in America, formed a project for searching and unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. He represented his plan in such a plausible manner, that Charles II. gave him a ship, and furnished him with every thing necessary for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel from James II.; but failing in this, he got a subscription opened for the purpose, to which the Duke of Albemarle largely contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of 200 tons burden to try his fortune once more, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first, all his labours proved fruitless; but, at last, when he seemed almost to despair of success, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of two hundred thousand pounds sterling. Of this sum he got about twenty thousand, and the Duke ninety thousand pounds. Phipps was knighted by the King, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave.

Extraordinary heat at Bagdad.—On the 26th of August of last year, the thermometer at Bagdad, rose in the shade to 120° Fahrenheit, and at midnight was 108°; many persons died, and the priests propagated a report that the day of judgment was at hand.

Red Snow of Baffin's Bay.—The nature of this substance was explained in Mr Bauer's paper read before the Royal Society on the 11th of May, as noticed in a former number. In the winter he put some of the red globules forming this substance into a phial with compressed snow, and placed the phial in the open air. A thaw having melted the snow, he poured off the water, and added fresh snow. In two days the mass of fungi was found raised in little heaps, which gradually rose higher, filling the cells of the ice. Another thaw came on, and the fungi fell to the bottom, but of about twice their original bulk. They appeared capable of vegetating in water, but in this case the globules produced were not red, but green. The author found that excessive cold killed the original fungi: but their seeds still retained vitality, and if immersed in snow produced new fungi, generally of a red colour.—Snow, then, seems to be the proper soil of these fungi.

Copper Mine near Gatehouse.—About six months ago, a labourer employed in cutting a drain on the farm of Enrick, the property of Mr Murray of Broughton, discovered what appeared to be a rich vein of copper ore. This discovery was of course intimated to the proper quarter, and on a farther search being made, it was thought advisable to begin operations upon an extended scale. A short time afterwards the mine was let to a company in Cornwall, who lately commenced working with great spirit, and last week shipped a cargo of ore (upwards of 40 tons) on board the sloop Samson, for Llanelly, Carmarthenshire. It gives us much pleasure to record the existence of such a mine in Galloway, and we trust the capital already sunk in working it, will in the end amply repay both the tacksmen and the public spirited proprietor of the beautiful estate of Cally.—*Dumfries and Galloway Courier.*

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

ANOTHER volume of Mr Surtees's Topography of Durham may be shortly expected.

The Author of "Dr Syntax in Search of the Picturesque," is preparing another work, which will shortly appear, in eight monthly parts, under the title of "Dr Syntax in Search of a Wife;" with coloured engravings, after Rowlandson's designs.

Twenty-four Select Views of the Principal Ruins of Rome, with a Panoramic Outline of the Modern City, from the Capitol; from Drawings taken on the spot by Henry Abbott, Esq. To be completed in eight numbers, at £1, 1s. each.

Mr William Allen, Lecturer on Chemical Philosophy, &c. is about to publish Lectures on the Temper and Spirit of the Christian Religion, addressed to the numerous Parties which agitate and divide the British Empire.

Travels in Syria and Mount Sinai; by J. L. Burkhardt.

A Bibliographical List of all the Books written on the Art of Angling, by Mr J. H. Burn.

The Antiquities of Stoke-Newington; by Mr Robinson, Author of the Antiquities of Tottenham, with portraits.

The History of the Causes and Effects of the Rhenish Confederacy, from the Italian of the Marquis Luccheaini.

The Topography of Athens, with some Remarks on its Antiquities; by Lieut.-Col. Leake.

A Guide to the Stars, being an easy Method of knowing the Relative position of all

the principal fixed Stars, in 4to, with 12 plates; by Henry Brook, formerly a senior Officer in the Naval Service of the East India Company.

In an 8vo volume, Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Religious Connexions, of the Rev. Dr J. Owen; by the Rev. W. Orme.

Devonia, a poem, in five cantos, descriptive of the Scenery of Devon, with Historical Anecdotes and Legendary Tales; by the Rev. G. Woodley of St Mary's, Scilly.

Another volume of Mr Clutterbuck's Topography of Hertfordshire will soon be published.

Collections relative to Claims at the Coronations of several Kings of England, beginning with King Richard II. being curious and interesting Documents, derived from authentic Sources.

Corrections and Additions are solicited for the new Edition of Capper's Topographical Dictionary of the United Kingdom, which is now in the press.

Select Biography, Part III. containing the Life of Archbishop Cranmer, by Gilpin, with a portrait.

Preparing for publication, Sketches on 48 4to plates, representing the Native Tribes, Animals, and Scenery of Southern Africa, from Drawings made by the late Mr S. Daniel, engraved by Mr W. Daniel.

Mr Accum has in the press, a Treatise on Domestic Chemistry, containing concise Instructions for preparing good and wholesome home-made Bread, Beer, Wine, Vinegar, Pickles, Conserves, and other Articles.

A Natural Arrangement of British Plants; by S. F. Gray, Apothecary, Lecturer on Botany and the Materia Medica, and Author of the Supplement to the Pharmacopeias.

The Monitor's Manual, or Figures made easy for the use of Schools; by Mr Fitch of Stepney.

A History of the Life and Sufferings of the Rev. Dr John Wicliff; by the Rev. J. Lewis of Margate, 8vo.

Selections from Letters written during a Tour in the United States in 1811, illustrative of the Native Indians and the Emigrants; by Mr E. Howitt.

The Margate Steam Yacht's Guide; by R. B. Watts.

Mr George Baker is about to publish the first part of his History of Northamptonshire.

A select Cabinet of Natural History, with 26 elegant coloured plates; by the late Dr Shawe.

The First Day in Heaven, a Fragment.

The Story of Ziani, an Italian Tale.

Supreme Bon Ton, and Bon Ton by Profession, a Novel, 3 vols 12mo.

Mr James Sevan, surgeon to the Lincoln County Hospital, has in the press a Dissertation on the Treatment of Morbid Local Affections of Nerves, to which the Jacksonian Prize of the College of Surgeons was adjudged.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo, History of the Causes and Effects of the Rhenish Confederacy; by the Marquis Luchessini, Member of the Society of Sciences and Belles-Lettres at Berlin, and formerly Minister of Prussia at the Court of France. From the Italian.

In a few days will be published, "Henry VIII. and George IV." or the Case fairly stated; by Thomas Harral: containing, 1st, Strictures, historical and illustrative, on the English Law of Divorce, particularly as it respects Royalty, with a general view of the modes of Prosecution—by Impeachment, Bills of Pains and Penalties, Bills of Attainder, &c.; 2d, Historical Sketch of the Trials of Henry VIII.'s Queens—Catharine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, and Catherine Howard; 3d, Narrative of the former and recent proceedings against her present Majesty, Caroline, Queen Consort of George IV.; Lastly, A Parallel between the Lives and Characters of Henry VIII. and his present Majesty, George IV.

EDINBURGH.

A Discourse, by the Rev. William Gillespie, Minister of Kells, Chaplain to the Kirkcudbright Gentlemen Yeomanry Cavalry, delivered before them at Kirkcudbright, 30th July 1820; With some Remarks, explanatory of the circumstances which have compelled the Author to obtrude himself on the notice of the Public.

The Author of "Verses in Memory of Dunbar Collegiate Church," will speedily publish "The Luckless Drave, commemorative of the Wreck of the Dunbar Fishing Boats in 1577; with other Poems. In the Notes and Illustrations appended to this volume, are many interesting Researches relative to the Witches of East Lothian.

The Editor of the additional volume to the recently published History of Renfrewshire, having now made considerable progress in the Work, announces to the noblemen and gentlemen more immediately connected with the District referred to, and to the Inhabitants generally of the County, the near approach of the period at which his volume will be put to press. He would, at the same time, respectfully, but earnestly, solicit the assistance of all who may be able to render it, towards making the second volume complete, not only in itself, but as correcting any inaccuracies that may have crept into the first. Notices of either omissions or errors, observed in the first volume, will be gratefully received and pointedly attended to. The loan of books, maps, plans,

engravings, drawings, sketches, or documents of any kind, illustrative of the History, Antiquities, Scenery, or Biography of the County, will be esteemed a particular favour, and thankfully acknowledged. Of the articles lent, the greatest care will be taken, and they will be returned when and whither the owners may direct. Of the Appendix to this concluding volume, a prominent Article will consist of "Additions relative to the History of Families, and to the Transmission of Property in Renfrewshire." Contributions towards this are especially solicited. Communications may be addressed to the Editor.

In a few months will be published, in one vol. 8vo, price 10s. 6d. boards, the Literary History of Galloway, from the earliest period to the present time; with an Appendix, containing Notes, Historical, Ecclesiastical, and Miscellaneous; by Thomas Murray. This Work will contain detailed accounts not only of those scholars and Authors who were natives of Galloway, but also of those long connected with it by office and residence. In addition to several interesting Sketches of Ancient Biography, it will include minute and copious Memoirs of Mr Lowe, Author of "Mary's Dream;" of Mr Heron, the historian; of Professor Murray; and Professor Brown. It will also be interspersed with notices respecting the causes which, at one time, tended to promote, and, at another, to retard the progress of literature and liberal knowledge.—In the Notes, which are meant to form nearly a fifth part of the volume, there will be inserted, along with other curious illustrations, an account of the ancient Civil History of Galloway, from the earliest records until the middle of the 13th century.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

ANTIQUITIES.

THE Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, in a Series of 100 Etchings, representing exterior and interior Views, Elevations, and Details of the most celebrated and most curious Remains of Antiquity in that Country; by John Sell Cotman. With Historical and Descriptive Notices. Part II. royal folio. £3, 3s.

ARCHITECTURE.

Mr Pugin's Specimens of Gothic Architecture, containing 20 plates of Elevations, Sections, and Details. No I.

The Heraldic Origin of Gothic Architecture; by R. Lascelles, Esq. of the Middle Temple, royal 8vo. 7s.

Chronological and Historical Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain; by Mr Britton. No 6.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Part I. of a Catalogue of a small Collection of rare and curious Books in elegant Bindings; by W. Clarke, New Bond Street.

Lackington & Co.'s Catalogue of Dictionaries, Classics, and School Books.

Richard Baynes's Catalogue of Ancient and Modern Books. 3s.

Hurst, Robinson, & Co.'s Catalogue of engraved Copper-plates, by the most esteemed Artists; with an Index of the Subjects. 2s.

A Catalogue of Books in Theology and General Literature; by James Rusher of Reading.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Sketch of the Military Life of R. A. Wyville, late Major of the 3d Veteran Battalion, 8vo. 14s.

CLASSICS.

Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus; or, a Reply to the Notice of the New Greek Thesaurus inserted in the 44th Number of the Quarterly Review; by E. H. Barker, O. T. N.; to which are added, the Jena Reviews of Mr Blomfield's Edition of Callimachus and Æschyli Persæ, translated from the German. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Lucian of Samosata, from the Greek, with the Comments and Illustrations of Wieland and others; by W. Tooke, F.R.S. 4to, 2 vols. £5, 5s.

The Delphin and Variorum Classics, No XVII. and XVIII. (Tacitus) £1, 1s.

A General Index to the first 40 Numbers of the Classical and Biblical Journal. 6s.

EDUCATION.

A Lexicon of the Primitive Words of the Greek Language, inclusive of several Leading Derivatives; by Rev. John Booth, 8vo. 9s.

Popular Travels and Voyages throughout Europe; by Mrs Jamieson (late Miss Thurtle), Author of a History of France, &c. 12mo, with 13 views. 9s.

Popular Voyages in Asia, Africa, and America; by the same Authoress, 12mo, with 7 views. 9s.

A System of Education for the Infant King of Rome, and other French Princes of the Blood; drawn up under the Superintendence of Napoleon. In English and French, with a Portrait, 8vo. 8s.

The Biographical Class-Book, consisting of 500 Lives, with 150 Portraits; by the Rev. J. Goldsmith. 6s. 6d.

Early Education, or the Management of Children considered with a view to their future Character; by Miss Appleton, Author of Private Education, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Principles of Education, Intellectual, Moral, and Physical; by the Rev. Lant Carpenter, 8vo. 12s.

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Sketches, illustrative of the Manners and Costumes of Italy, Switzerland, and France; by R. Bridgens, royal 4to, No I. To be continued monthly.

Picturesque Delineations of the Southern Coast of England; engraved by W. B. & G. Cooke, from Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.R. Royal 4to, Part X. 10s. 6d.

Annals of the Fine Arts, No 17. 6s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Myers's New and Comprehensive System of Modern Geography. 4to. Part V. with Plates and Maps. 7s.

HISTORY.

The Parliamentary Debates, comprising the Session, November 23, 1819, to February 28, 1820, the close of the reign of of George III. Vol. XLI. Royal 8vo. £1, 11s. 6d.

Letters from Germany and Holland, during the years 1813, 1814, containing a detached account of the operations of the British Army in those Countries; and of the attacks upon Antwerp and Bergen-op-Zoom; by the Troops under the command of Sir Thomas Graham, K.B. 8vo.

The History of Spain, from the earliest Age, to the return of Ferdinand VII. in 1814, 12mo. 8s. 6d.

An Abridgment of the History of Ireland, 12mo. 5s.

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Milton's Doctrine and Description of Divorce, with a Preface; by an Eminent Civilian, 8vo. 12s.

Howell's Complete Collection of State Trials, Vol. XXVIII. £1, 11s. 6d.

An Abridgment of the New Insolvent Debtor's Act, passed 26th July, with a copious Index; by G. P. Andrew, Attorney at Law. 9d.

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Cases of a Serous Morbic Affection, chiefly occurring after Delivery, Miscarriage, &c. from various causes of Irritation and Exhaustion, and of a similar affection, unconnected with the Puerperal State; by Marshall Hall, M.D. F.R.S.E, 8vo. 4s.

Medical Jurisprudence; a Dissertation on Infanticide, in its relations to Physiology and Jurisprudence; by William Hutchinson, M.D. F.L.S., 8vo. 5s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Mineral Water or Askern, near Doncaster, Yorkshire; by T. Le Gay Brewerten, Surgeon, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

A Letter to a Professor of Medicine, &c. respecting the nature and properties of the Mineral Waters at Cheltenham; by Adam Neale, M.D., 4to.

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Posthumous Letters, addressed to Francis Colman, and George Colman the Elder, with Annotations and Occasional Remarks; by George Colman, the Younger, 4to.

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A Key to the Regalia; or the Emblematic Design of the various Forms observed in the Ceremonial of a Coronation; by the Rev. J. Dennis, 8vo. 7s.

Major Taylor's Hindoostanee and English Dictionary; by W. L. Smith, Esq. 8vo. £3. 3s.

The Hermit in the Country; by the Author of the Hermit in London, 3 vols. 18s.

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The London Journal of Arts and Sciences, No IV. 2s. 6d.

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The Pamphleteer, No XXXII. 6s. 6d.

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The Rector's Memorandum Book, being the Memoirs of a Family from the North, 12mo. price, in boards, 7s.

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The Natural History of British Quadrupeds, with Figures; by E. Denovan, F.L.S.A. 9s.

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MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—July 11, 1820.

Colonial Produce.—*Sugar.*—The market for Sugar continues in a very languid state, notwithstanding the decrease of the stock on hand, the very considerable consumpt that is now going on, and the certainty that there is of the quantity from the Islands being greatly short of last year. The price may be stated without any material variation since our last, though appearances rather favour a decline. Such, however, is the state of the market, and the crops in the colonies, that as soon as the extent of the supply is accurately known, we conceive that the prices must advance. As these at present stand, they will never repay the planter the expense of cultivation. Refined goods have declined in price, and molasses are steady. The crops in the Islands have been unusually late this season, and consequently their exact quantity has not yet been accurately ascertained. *Coffee.*—The demand for Coffee for some time was languid, and the prices declined, but during the last two weeks there has been a considerable revival both in demand and price. The demand from the Continent has of late greatly increased, and the deliveries for exportation have consequently become extensive. How long this may continue it is impossible to say, as every thing depends upon the Continental market. It is probable that the political convulsions with which several parts of the Continent are again threatened, may not only affect the Coffee market, but other markets also. *Cotton.*—The demand for Cotton for some time continued extensive, but, owing to the large Sales in Liverpool, the prices lately declined a little. Notwithstanding, there is every reason to believe that the Cotton market will keep steady, and that no great variation of price is likely to take place. The imports from the East Indies are greatly lessened, but those from other quarters are increased. If the demand continue as at present, which we see no reason to doubt, the Cotton market will remain steady, without any material fluctuation. *Corn.*—The unfavourable weather in the early part of last month, in some measure affected the grain market, but as it has since become warm and good, the markets are on the decline. The crops, though generally later than in former Seasons, are nevertheless represented as most abundant, and becoming every where fast ready for the hand of the reaper. The prices of grain, therefore, cannot increase. *Tobacco.*—The demand for Tobacco may be stated to have improved; with this exception, every other article of commerce continues in the usual languid and dull state, nor is there, in the general appearance of the commerce of the country, any appearance that forebodes any great improvement. Unless new markets are found out for our trade, we see no prospect of improvement from intercourse with the old, where the native manufactures every where are springing up, and must be encouraged and supported in preference to ours. We are happy, however, to know that the mind of the country, and of the government, are now strongly directed to a quarter of the world in which, and at no distant period, we anticipate a great outlet for almost every article of British manufactures and industry. If the nation loses it, the fault must be hers alone.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 3d to 24th July 1820.

	3d.	10th.	17th.	24th.
Bank stock,	—	222	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,	69 ⅛	69 ¼	69⅛ ¼	69⅛ ¼
3 per cent. consols,	—	68⅝ ¾	68¼ ⅜	69 8⅛
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	—	—
4 per cent. consols,	86¼ ¼	86⅜ ⅜	87 ¼	87⅜ 8
5 per cent. navy ann.	—	102¼ ⅜	102⅛ ⅜	103⅛ ⅛
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	67⅞	—	68	68⅛
India stock,	—	—	216¾	—
—— bonds,	26 pr.	26 25 pr.	19 20 pr.	22 pr.
Exchequer bills,	6 4 pr.	9 7 pr.	4 5 pr.	4 6 pr.
Consols for acc.	70⅛	70¼	70⅛	69⅞
American 3 per cents.	—	—	—	68
French 5 per cents.	78 fr. 15 cr.	—	—	—

Course of Exchange, Aug. 11.—Amsterdam, 12 : 6. Antwerp, 12 : 8. Hamburgh, 37 : 6. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Bourdeaux, 26 : 0. Madrid, 34½. Cadiz, 34½. Lisbon, 49½. Oporto, 49¾. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 46¾. Genoa, 43¾. Malta, 45. Naples, 38½. Rio Janeiro, 54. Dublin, 7 per cent. Cork, 8.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. New Dubloons, £3 : 13 : 6. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½. New dollars, £0 : 4 : 10½. Silver in bars, stand. £0 : 5 : 0.

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	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Musc.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60 to 65	58 to 62	56 to 62	59 to 61
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76 86	63 83	63 74	62 70
Fine and very fine, . .	84 96	— —	78 84	74 83
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . .	106 110	— —	— —	94 113
Single ditto, . .	103 112	— —	100 105	— —
Small Lumps . . .	94 98	— —	98 —	— —
Large ditto, . . .	92 96	— —	90 98	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	47 60	— —	48 50	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	29 30	29 29 6	30 —	26s —
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	116 124	114 122	114 122	100 128
Mid. good, and fine mid.	125 134	123 132	124 133	132 147
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	93 116	— —	95 116	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	118 129	— —	118 125	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	130 136	— —	126 133	— —
St Domingo,	120 123	— —	119 121	— —
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	7 8	8¼ 8½	8 8½	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 0d 3s 5d	2s 9d 2s 10d	2s 8d 3s 1d	2s 5d 4s 3d
Brandy, . . .	4 0 4 6	— —	— —	3 6 4 0
Geneva, . . .	2 6 9	— —	— —	2 0 2 2
Grain Whisky, . .	7 3 7 6	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				£35 65
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	— —	— —	50 54
Portugal Red, pipe.	35 46	— —	— —	— —
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 35	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, . . .	60 70	— —	— —	6 5 6 10
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£7 0 —	5 10 5 15	6 5 6 15	6 5 6 15
Honduras, . .	8 —	5 15 6 0	7 0 7 10	— —
Campeachy, . . .	8 —	6 10 7 0	7 15 8 5	8 0 9 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	7 —	7 10 8 0	7 10 —	1s 3d 1s 6d
Cuba, . . .	9 11	9 10 10 0	8 5 8 15	10 0 10 6d
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	7 6 8 6	8 0 9 0	— —
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6 1 8	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, . .	3 0 3 4	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 0 —	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	1 2 1 8	1 0 1 4	— —
St Domingo, ditto .	— —	1 4 3 0	1 3 1 9	21 0 —
TAR, American, . brl.	20 —	— —	16 17	19 0 —
Archangel, . .	22 23	— —	— —	8 6 10 6
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	— —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	58 —	58 60	61 —	— —
Home Melted, . .	62 —	— —	— —	£44 0 —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	48 —	— —	— —	42 0 —
Petersburgh Clean, .	44 —	— —	45 —	
FLAX,				
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	— —	— —	— —	59 61
Dutch, . . .	58 100	— —	— —	65 75
Irish, ...	48 54	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	75 80	— —	— —	3 15 —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 —	— —	— —	— —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	34 35	— —	— —	37s —
Montreal ditto, . .	41 46	37 38	37 6 —	39 40
Pot, . .	38 44	31 32	30 33	36 40
OIL, Whale, . . . tun.	33 —	33 34	— —	£35 —
Cod, . . .	34 (p. brl.)—	30 31	— —	29 —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	8 8½	9 9½	0 6½ 0 8	9d 9d
Middling, . . .	6¾ 7½	7 8	0 4 0 6	— —
Inferior, . . .	6 6½	4 5	0 3½ 0 3¾	— —
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 0 1 1	0 1¼ 1 1	1 0 1 0¾
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	2 0 2 2	2 0½ 2 4	1 7 2 0
Good, . .	— —	1 8 1 10	1 6 1 9	— —
Middling, .	— —	1 7 1 9	1 2 1 5	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 3 1 5	1 1 1 5	1 2 1 4
West India, . .	— —	1 0 1 1	0 11 1 1	0 11 1 1
Pernambuco, . . .	— —	1 4½ 1 6	1 3½ 1 4½	1 4 1 4½
Maranham, . .	— —	1 4 1 5	1 2½ 1 3¼	1 3 1 3½

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 10th of June and the 11th July 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Aikin, J. Liverpool, merchant
Ainley, J. Blackmoor-foot, Yorkshire, clothier
Ansel, W. Cambridge, upholsterer
Archer, T. Hereford, butcher
Ashby, W. M. Albury, Surrey, paper-manufacturer
Askey, W. Oxford-street, taylor
Aston, R. Red Marley D'Abbot, Worcestershire, dealer in corn
Aspinall, Blackburn, Lancashire, brazier
Austin, R. J. Rotherhithe, merchant
Bage, T. South Shields, joiner and builder
Bagnall, T. Birmingham, toy-maker
Bailey, J. Watling-street, merchant
Baker, E. Pope's Head-alley, Cornhill, broker
Ball, Albury, Surrey, paper-manufacturer
Bentley, R. jun. Liverpool, grocer
Betty, W. S. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, apothecary
Bibby, R. Liverpool, merchant
Bignell, J. Phœnix-place, Knightsbridge, carpenter
Blackburn, W. Blackburn, Lancashire, shopkeeper
Bleasdale, T. Chorley, Lancashire, ironmonger
Boucher, J. sen. Cheltenham, cabinet-maker
Boullen, P. Norton, Falgate, hosier
Bramall, J. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, worsted spinner
Brennand, T. Bread-street, Cheapside, warehouseman
Bubb, I. G. Grafton-street East, sculptor
Burlingham, T. Worcester, grocer
Butt, T. Southampton, shoe-maker
Cadogan, J. Water-street, carpenter
Carr, T. Chorley, Lancashire, ironmonger
Cassidy, T. Liverpool, feather-merchant
Chalker, R. North Walsham, Norfolk, scrivener
Chester, J. Doncaster, grocer
Clively, C. Lamb's Conduit-street, linen-draper
Cooper, Eagle-street, Red Lion-square, coal-dealer
Cooper, S. Tottenham-court-road, baker

Corf, E. Liverpool, butcher
Cragg, J. Empingham, corn-dealer
Crawshaw, B. and G. Birstall, Yorkshire, carpet-manufacturers
Crowson, I. Boston, innkeeper
Cruden, R. P. Gravesend, slopseller
Cryer, T. Siston, Gloucestershire, dealer in flour
Daniel, C. W. Bath, jeweller
Davis, T. jun. Little Baddow, pig-dealer
Davison, T. Hinckley, draper
Denson, R. & W. Chester curriers
Dickinson, J. Church-passage, Guildhall, warehouseman
Dorrington, W. Town Malling, collar-maker
Downing, F. Huddersfield, grocer
Dunkin, C. Shad Thames, lighterman
Dyer, J. Frome Selwood, cordwainer
Elliott, C. Cliffe, Sussex, grocer
Eveleigh, T. High Holborn, shopkeeper
Froggott, J. Leicester, brandy-merchant
Garlick, M. Halifax, Yorkshire, bookseller
Garrad, A. Downham Market, Norfolk, tanner
Gilson, T. Nottingham, lacemaker
Godden, J. F. & N. Wood, Gosport, mercers
Golding, H. Oxford, cabinet-maker
Haigh, J. Ley Moor, Yorkshire, cloth-merchant
Hale, W. Milton, Oxfordshire, carpenter
Hanne, J. Bath, cabinet-maker
Hardwick, W. Poynings, Sussex, farmer
Hawkins, D. Sheffield, innkeeper
Hellyer, E. Kennington-lane, master-mariner
Henderson, J. Rotheram, York, grocer
Hensel, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper
Hitchon, J. H. Kidderminster, factor
Holden, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, druggist
Holmes, W. Brimington, Chesterfield, flour-dealer
Hoyle, T. Wadsworth, Halifax, Yorkshire, manufacturer
Hyde, J. Stayley-bridge, Cheshire, merchant
Izod, J. Holborn-bridge, hardwareman
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James, G. Liverpool, merchant
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Langhorn, R. & W. Bradsford, Bucklersbury, merchants
Lee, R. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant
Littler, W. S. Eccleshall, schoolmaster
Macdonald, T. Rathbone-place, printseller
M'Farlane, A. Postern-row, toyman
Magor, M. jun. Truro, linen-draper
Mars. J. Snow's-field, Bermondsey, leather-dresser
Martin, J. Liverpool, merchant
Mee, W. Market, Harborough, spirit-merchant
Middlehurst, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, grocer
Morley, J. Liverpool, hatter
Moses, L. Great Prescott-street, merchant
Morris, T. Pitfield-street, Hoxton, brush-manufacturer
Muir, J. Liverpool, merchant
Needham, C. jun. Liverpool, merchant
Oakey, H. Mary le bone-lane, boot-maker
Oldham, W. Hop-gardens, St Martin's-lane, warehouseman
Paine, T. Banbury, hardwareman
Park, T. Dudbridge, Gloucester, wool-stapler
Peake, T. Rosehill, Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, miller
Perry, T. & J. Reading, iron-founders
Pettingor, W. Sculcoates, wood-turner
Pilling, J. Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer
Pittit, R. Eagle-street, Red Lion-square, oilman
Pocock, G. Tiverton, Somerset, butcher
Postans, M. Cheltenham, victualler
Prat, J. R. New London-street, corn-factor
Pratt, J. R. & W. R. Ravenscroft, New London-street, corn-factors
Robbins, E. & R. B. Muchall, Birmingham, merchants
Rood, J. Portsmouth, brewer
Royde, J. Newgate-street, upholsterer
Runcorn, R. Manchester, plumber
Ruspini, I. B. Pall Mall, medicine-vender
Sandbach, W. Liverpool, provision-merchant
Savery, F. Bristol, marine-insurance broker
Scott, J. Huddersfield, wool-stapler
Searle, J. Lower Grosvenor-street, bookseller
Shaw, W. Bleathgill, Westmoreland, cattle-dealer
Shaw, J. Wem, Staffordshire, victualler
Shelly, J. Hanley, Staffordshire, shopkeeper
Simpson, J. S. Elmstead, dealer in cattle
Skrine, C. Bath, grocer
Smith, J. Manchester, manufacturer
Smith, J. & T. Townley, Manchester, manufacturers
Spelman, W. Great Yarmouth, grocer
Stead, S. Huddersfield, corn-factor
Sugden, R. Halifax, Yorkshire, bookseller
Sugden, J. & J. W. Mitchell, Dorking, carriers
Swain, G. J. Mansell-street, warehouseman
Taylor, J. Shoreditch, corn-chandler
Tennant, W. Liverpool, tailor
Thompson, T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner
Tolson, R. jun. Dalton, Yorkshire, manufacturer
Triphook, T. St James's-street, bookseller
Tupling, B. Strand, silversmith
Vaughan, W. Pall Mall, tailor
Walker, W. Leeds, merchant
Warwick, J. Rotherhithe, ship-builder
Watson, R. Leyland, Lancashire, farmer
Welch, J. Nantwich, shopkeeper
Wilby, B. Ossett, Yorkshire, clothier
Wilcox, I. Towcester, innkeeper
Will, C. Hatton-garden, scrivener
Willis, T. Carisbrook, Isle of Wight, fell-monger
Withers, W. Cheltenham, coal-merchant
Woods, S. Havant, Southampton, grocer
Worth, T. Talbot-court, Gracechurch-street, haberdasher
Wright, W. Bellbroughton, Worcestershire, mercer
Wright, C. Old Ford, Middlesex, wharfinger

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 31st July 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Barrie, Thos. spirit-dealer, Cowgate, Edinburgh
Brownlee, John, baker and grain-merchant, Gorbals, Glasgow
Buchanan, Walter, flesher and cattle-dealer, Glasgow
Carswell, J. & W. wrights and builders, Glasgow
Duncanson, Edward, slater, Tradestown, Glasgow
Eadie, Robt. & Co. spirit-dealers, Glasgow
Finlay, Andrew, & Co. manufacturers in Kilsyth
Fletcher, Archd. baker, spirit-dealer, and merchant, Greenock
Gilchrist, Hugh, merchant, Glasgow
Gowans, Geo. merchant, Cawdor
Graham & Storar, merchants, Edinburgh
Menzies, Robt. distiller and grain-merchant, in Paisley
Ritchie, William, merchant, Edinburgh
Shaw, Robt. cartwright, Glasgow
Shirreff, Alex. merchant and commission agent, residing in Edinburgh, and sole partner of the concern, carrying on business near Bathgate as a gunpowder-manufacturer, under the firm of Alex. Shirreff & Co.
Smith, Thos. mason and builder, Glasgow
Thom, James, marble-manufacturer, Glasgow
Watt, James, merchant, Kelso
Wright, Francis, jeweller, Edinburgh

DIVIDENDS.

Caw, James, residing at Benchill, in Perth; a dividend on 5th September
Eddie, James, merchant, Forres; a dividend 14th August
Ewing, Thomas, & Co. soap-manufacturers, Ayr; a dividend 28th August
Hargreaves, James, iron-founder and carrier, Glasgow; a dividend 18th August
Merchant Banking Company of Stirling; a final dividend of 9d. on 1st September; and a dividend of 14s. per pound to such of the creditors who have proved their debts since the date of the second division
Petrie, James, jun. merchant, Aberdeen, a dividend of 2s. per pound after 12th August
Rhind, Jas. merchant, Leith; a dividend 24th August
Thomson, John, merchant, Edinburgh; a dividend 11th August
Walker, Chas. merchant, Glasgow; a dividend of 5s. on 4th August
Wallace, Robt. grain-merchant, Gateside, formerly at Hawkhead, near Paisley; a dividend, 16th August
White, Thos. late cloth-merchant in Edinburgh; a dividend of 5s. 9d. 18th August

EDINBURGH.—AUGUST 2.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....42s. 6d.	1st,.....31s. 0d.	1st,.....27s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.
2d,.....40s. 0d.	2d,.....29s. 0d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.
3d,.....35s. 6d.	3d,.....26s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 19 : 5 9-12ths per boll.

Tuesday, August 1.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 16d. to 0s.
Mutton	0s. 7d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 3d. to 0s.
Lamb, per quarter	2s. 0d. to 4s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone,	17s. 0d. to 0s.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 0s.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 9d. to 0s.
Quartern Loaf	0s. 10d. to 0s. 11d.	Tallow; per stone	8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.

HADDINGTON.—AUGUST 4.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....40s. 0d.	1st,.....30s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 6d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.
2d,.....38s. 0d.	2d,.....27s. 0d.	2d,.....23s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.
3d,.....37s. 0d.	3d,.....25s. 0d.	3d,.....20s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 18 : 7 9-12ths.

London, Corn Exchange, July 31.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red	58	to 68	Hog Pease	41	to 44
Fine ditto	68	to 73	Maple	44	to 47
Superfine ditto	75	to 79	White pease	44	to 46
White	65	to 7(	Boilers	48	to 52
Fine ditto	72	to 80	New do.	—	to —
Superfine do.	82	to 85	Small Beans	44	to 46
Old do.	—	to —	Old do.	—	to —
Foreign	—	to —	Tick do.	40	to 42
Brank, new	32	to 38	Old do.	—	to —
Rye	38	to 40	Foreign	38	to 40
Fine do.	40	to —	Feed Oats	22	to 26
Barley	36	to 40	Fine do.	27	to 28
Fine do.	41	to 42	Poland do	24	to 28
Superfine	—	to —	Fine do.	29	to 30
Malt	50	to 60	Potato do.	26	to 28
Fine do.	66	to 72	Fine do.	29	to 32

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown,	12	to 15	Hempseed	48	to 56
—White	14	to 15	Linseed crush.	56	to 63
Tares	8	to 9	New for. Seed	70	to 76
Turnip, White	17	to 20	Ribgrass	38	to 44
—New	0	to 0	Clover, Red	42	to 74
—Yellow	20	to 24	—White	50	to 106
Caraway, new	60	to 65	Coriander	16	to 20
Canary, new	84	to 88	Trefoil,	30	to 72

New Rapeseed, £38 to £40.

Liverpool, Aug. 8.

	s. d.	s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.		
Eng. new	10 6	to 11 0
American	9 9	to 10 9
Dantzic	10 3	to 10 8
Dutch Red	9 9	to 10 2
Riga	9 0	to 9 6
Archangel	9 0	to 9 6
Canada	9 4	to 9 7
Scotch	10 0	to 10 6
Irish,	9 5	to 9 8
Barley, per 60 lbs.		
Eng grind.	5 0	to 5 6
—Malting	0 0	to 0 0
Scotch	4 6	to 5 0
Irish	4 4	to 4 9
Oats, per 45 lb.		
Eng. pota.	3 8	to 4 0
Irish do.	3 9	to 3 11
Scotch do.	3 11	to 4 2
Rye, per qr.	40 0	to 42 0
Malt per b.		
—Fine	9 6	to 10 0
—Middling	7 6	to 8 0
Beans, pr qr.		
English	47 0	to 52 0
Irish.	45 0	to 47 0
Rapeseed, p. l.	£36	to £38

	s. d.	s. d.
Pease, grey	36 0	to 40 0
—White	48 0	to 56 0
Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	47 0	to 48 0
Irish	44 0	to 46 0
Ameri. p. 196 lb.		
Sweet, U.S.	37 0	to 40 0
Do. in bond	26 0	to 28 0
Sour do.	34 0	to 35 0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
English	34 0	to 36 0
Scotch	30 0	to 33 0
Irish	27 0	to 32 0
Bran, p. 24lbs.	1 2	to 1 4

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.		
Belfast	91	to 92
Newry	91	to 92
Waterford	87	to 88
Cork, pick. 2d,	90	to 92
3d dry	76	to 78
Beef, p. tierce	110	to 120
Tongu. p. firk.	75	to 80
Pork, p. bar.	70	to 80
Bacon, p. cwt.		
—Shortmiddles	57	to 58
Hams, dry	55	to 58

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 22d July 1820.

Wheat, 70s. 1d.—Rye, 44s. 7d.—Barley, 36s. 8d.—Oats, 26s. 6d.—Beans, 45s. 11d.—Pease, 46s. 3d. Oatmeal, 26s. 6d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 *lbs. Scots Troy, or* 140 *lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the* 15*th July* 1820.

Wheat, 67s. 6d.—Rye, 40s. 3d.—Barley, 32s. 0d.—Oats, 24s. 1d.—Beans, 37s. 1d.—Pease, 36s. 7d.—Oatmeal, 20s. 4d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

ON the 1st of July the Thermometer ranged between 66 and 49, and during the following week, the daily extremes did not differ much from these quantities. On the 10th the maximum and minimum were 71½ and 55, after which the temperature suffered a depression of several degrees, the maximum seldom reaching 66, and the minimum being frequently two or three degrees below 50. On the 30th, the extremes were 71½ and 50½, and on the 31st 71½ and 60. The average of the month is about 1½ degree lower than July 1819, and half a degree below the mean of the last four years. The fluctuations of the Barometer have been unusually small. During the first 17 days of the month, the weather was exceedingly dry. On the 18th there fell upwards of an inch of rain, and the remainder of the month was showery. The average of Leslie's Hygrometer is considerably above the mean of July for several years, and the absolute and relative humidities are both less. The point of deposition is fully a degree below the mean minimum temperature, in consequence of the prevalence of east, and north-east winds, during the first fortnight of the month. The mean of the daily extreme temperatures coincides exactly with the mean of 10 o'clock morning and evening.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

July 1820.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	64.6
.....cold,	50.6
.....temperature, 10 A.M.	56.6
....., 10 P.M.	54.6
.....of daily extremes,	57.6
.....10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	57.6
..... 4 daily observations,	57.6
Whole range of thermometer,	417.0
Mean daily ditto,	14.0
..... temperature of spring water,	56.8

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 63.)	29.818
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 63.)	29.824
..... both, (temp. of mer. 63.)	29.821
Whole range of barometer,	5.485
Mean ditto, during the day,	.052
..... night,	.063
..... in 24 hours,	.115

HYGROMETER.	Degrees
Rain in inches,	1.635
Evaporation in ditto,	2.480
Mean daily Evaporation,	.080
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	28.9
..... 10 P. M.	15.0
..... both	21.9
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	50.0
..... 10 P.M.	48.6
..... both,	49.3
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	72.0
..... 10 P. M.	82.2
..... both,	77.1
.....Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	.247
..... 10 P.M.	.235
..... both,	.241

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.		Degrees.
Maximum	30th day	71.5
Minimum,	3d,	45.0
Lowest maximum,	3d,	58.0
Highest minimum,	31st,	60.0
Highest, 10 A.M.	30th,	66.5
Lowest ditto	3d,	56.0
Highest, 10 P.M.	31st,	62.0
Lowest ditto	3d,	50.5
Greatest range in 24 hours,	30th,	21.0
Least ditto,	12th,	9.5

BAROMETER.		Inches.
Highest 10 A.M.	8th,	30.150
Lowest ditto,	18th,	29.225
Highest 10 P.M.	8th,	30.145
Lowest ditto,	18th,	29.330
Greatest range in 24 hours,	17th,	.475
Least ditto,	13th,	.000

HYGROMETER.		Degrees.
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M.	25th,	43.0
..... Lowest ditto,	17th,	4.0
..... Highest, 10 P.M.	2d,	24.0
..... Lowest ditto,	18th,	3.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M.	31st,	61.0
..... Lowest ditto,	4th,	38.0
..... Highest 10 P.M.	31st,	60.0
..... Lowest ditto,	2d,	41.0
..... Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M.	17th,	96.0
..... Least ditto,	25th,	54.0
..... Greatest, 10 P.M.	18th,	97.0
..... Least ditto,	2d,	70.0
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M.	31st,	.345
..... Least ditto	4th,	.165
..... Greatest, 10 P.M.	31st,	.330
..... Least ditto,	2d,	.185

Fair days, 22; rainy days, 9. Wind west of Meridian, 16; east of meridian, 15.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N. B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
July 1	M. 41	29.989	M. 63	Cble.	Sunsh. fore. dull aftern.
	E. 60	.939	E. 59		
2	M. 44	.856	M. 61	W.	Rain.
	E. 58	.758	E. 61		
3	M. 45	.702	M. 60	E.	Dull day, rain even.
	E. 54	.759	E. 57		
4	M. 41½	.785	M. 62	Cble.	Warm, clear sunshine.
	E. 55	.843	E. 58		
5	M. 40	.878	M. 64	E.	Ditto.
	E. 58	.889	E. 56		
6	M. 41	.930	M. 60	Cble.	Changeable.
	E. 56	.916	E. 59		
7	M. 45	.933	M. 60	Cble.	Dull foren. clear aftern.
	E. 54	.933	E. 59		
8	M. 45	.980	M. 63	E.	Ditto.
	E. 58	.967	E. 57		
9	M. 39	.956	M. 65	E.	Warm, clear sunshine.
	E. 60	.914	E. 65		
0	M. 44	.889	M. 68	E.	Ditto.
	E. 63	.840	E. 59		
11	M. 50	.821	M. 68	Cble.	Warm, but dull.
	E. 63	.790	E. 59		
12	M. 46	.736	M. 64	N.E.	Dull foren. clear aftern.
	E. 55	.651	E. 50		
13	M. 46	.662	M. 65	E.	Ditto.
	E. 59	.660	E. 57		
14	M. 45	.651	M. 59	Cble.	Ditto.
	E. 54	.651	E. 62		
15	M. 52	.688	M. 62	Cble.	Warm fore. dull aftern.
	E. 64	.747	E. 65		
16	M. 50	.727	M. 53	E.	Clear morn. foggy day.
	E. 57	.666	E. 63		
July 17	M. 48	29.552	M. 61	E.	Foggy day.
	E. 56	.495	E. 60		
18	M. 45	.101	M. 57	E.	Rain.
	E. 55	.150	E. 59		
19	M. 45½	.258	M. 62	E.	Dull, but fair.
	E. 57	.330	E. 63		
20	M. 53	.454	M. 66	E.	Warm fore. thun. aftern.
	E. 60	.535	E. 61		
21	M. 45	.603	M. 59	Cble.	Warm fore. Rain aftern.
	E. 51	.584	E. 60		
22	M. 43	.536	M. 58	Cble.	Rain morn. dull day.
	E. 53	.554	E. 62		
23	M. 45½	.586	M. —	W.	Dull, but fair.
	E. 55	.674	E. 64		
24	M. 42	.518	M. 50	W.	Dull, shwrs of rain.
	E. 59	.480	E. 65		
25	M. 43	.585	M. 62	W.	Dull, but fair.
	E. 55	.564	E. 60		
26	M. 44	.555	M. 57	W.	Dull, shwrs of rain.
	E. 53	.553	E. 60		
27	M. 49	.680	M. 61	W.	Dull, but fair.
	E. 60	.726	E. 60		
28	M. 43	.668	M. 65	W.	Dull, slight shwrs rain.
	E. 58	.640	E. 61		
29	M. 48½	.704	M. 61	W.	Rain morn. fair day.
	E. 59	.640	E. 65		
30	M. 49	.704	M. 68	W.	Fair.
	E. 65	.685	E. 68		
31	M. 48	.507	M. 70	E.	Very warm, fair.
	E. 65	.414	E. 70		

Rain, 1.297. in.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

I. CIVIL

Mr Pillans, rector of the High School, has been appointed Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh.

The Magistrates and Council of Edinburgh, on the 19th July, appointed John Wilson, Esq. advocate, to be Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.

On the 21st July, the Rev. Dr Robert Haldane, Professor of Mathematics in the United College of St Andrews, was admitted Principal of St Mary's College in that University.

II. ECCLESIASTICAL.

The Magistrates and Council of Glasgow, have unanimously elected the Rev. John Muir, minister of the parish of Lecropt, to be minister of St James' Church and parish in Glasgow.

Colonel Gordon of Cluny, has presented the Rev. Robert Urquhart to the church and parish of Cluny, vacant by the death of the Rev. Alexander Mearns, minister of that parish.

III. MILITARY.

Major J. G. Peters, to be Lieut.-Col. of Cavalry, 13 July 1820

R.H.G. Bt. Lt. Col. Hill, Major by purch. vice Thoyts, ret. 21st June

Bt. Maj. Drake, Maj. with the Rank of Lieut.-Col. vice Athorpe 22d do.

Lieut. Tathwell, Capt. by purch. 21st do.

—— Smith, do. 22d do.

Cornet Packe, Lieut by purch. 21st do.

—— Trent, Lieut. by purch. 22d do.

—— Simpson, fm. Dr. Gds. Cornet by purch. 21st do.

Henry Arbuthnot, Cornet by purch. 22d do.

Cornet Dashwood, Lt. by purch. vice Brander, ret. 6th July

2 Dr. G. L. Williams, Cornet, by purch. vice Simpson, R. Horse Gds. 21st June

Gent. Cadet W. P. Baird, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Cornet by purch. vice Barfoot, ret. 22d do.

13 Dr. Lieut. Turner, Capt. vice Blanckley, dead 13th Nov. 1819

—— M'Kenzie, fm. 24 F. Lieut. 3d do.

Cornet Hamilton, Lieut. vice Handcock, dead 9th do.

Lieut. Berwick, fm. 24 F. Lieut. vice Bebb, dead 29th do.

Cornet Dalzell, fm. 17 Dr. Cornet 9th do.

17 R. Lewis, Cornet, vice Dalzell 1st Jan.

19 Lt. Beauchamp, fm. 16 Dr. Capt. by p. vice Stewart, res. 6th July 1820

21 M. Daintry, Cornet by purch. vice Forward, pro. 22d June

Lieut Aitken. Capt. by purch. vice Underwood, ret. 6th July

Cornet Ganning, Lieut. by purch. do.

W. Underwood, Cornet by purch. do.

Capt. Jones, Major by purch. vice Bt. Lt.-Col. Bates, ret. 8th do.

Lieut. Elliott, fm. 8 Dr. Capt. by p. do.

1 F. Gds. Lieut. and Capt. Charleswood, Capt. and Lieut.-Col. by purch. vice Ramsden, ret. 6th do.

Ens. and Lieut. Fox, and Capt. by purch. do.

—— —— Hudson, fm. h. p. Ens. and Lieut. by purch. do.

1 Foot Ensign Blacklin, Lieut, vice Johnstone, dead 13th do.

J. Mullin, Ensign do.

3 Bt. Lieut.-Col. D'Aguilar, fm. h. p. Rifle Brig. Major, vice Balfour, 40 F. 22d June

6 Lieut. Everest, Capt. by purch. vice Dewguard, ret. do.

Ens. Eden, Lieut. by purch. do.

C. L. Martin, Ens. by purch. 29th do.

13 F. Lieut. Kelly, Adjut. vice Kemple, res. Adj. only 22d do.

—— Campbell, Capt. vice Staunton, 8. Vet. Bn. 6th July

Ens. Pyne, Lieut. do.

A. Shiel, Ensign do.

19 Ens. Bagshaw, Lieut. vice Taylor, dead do.

—— Rose, fm. 93 F. Ensign do.

21 Capt. Champion, Maj. by purch, vice Meyricke, 47 F. 29th June

1st Lieut. Sutherland, Capt. by purch. do.

2d Lieut. Peddie, 1st Lieut. by purch. do.

M. C. D. St Quintin, 2d Lt. do.

22 J. R. Majendie, Ensign by purch. vice Keppel 1st do.

24 Ens. M'Kenzie, Lieut. vice M'Kenzie, 13 Dr. 3d Nov. 1819

J. A. Campbell, Ensign do.

25 Lieut. M'Leod, Adj. vice Keens, res. Adj. only 22d June 1820.

27 Qua. Mast. Serj. Kennedy Qua. Mast. vice Doyle, dead do.

37 Hosp. Assist. Robertson, Assist. Surg. vice Trumble, pro. Staff do.

38 Ens. Cornwall, fm. 45 F. Ens. vice Dunlop, dead 29th do.

40 Bt. Lt. Col. Balfour, fm. 3 F. Maj. vice Bt. Lt. Col. Browne, h. p. Rifle Br. 22d do.

46 Qua. Mast. Serj. W. Barefoot, Qua. Mast. vice Macdonald, dead 13th July

47 Major Meyricke, fm. 21 F. Lt. Col. by p. vice Cheyne, ret. 28th June

Ens. Snow, fm. 66 F. Ens. vice Ridge, h. p. 6 W. I. R. do.

48 Hosp. Assist. Mitchell, Assist. Surj. vice Hamilton, dead do.

54 Lieut. Holt. fm. h. p. 8 F. Lieut. vice Manners, cancelled 13th July

66 Ens. Ward, fm. h. p. 6 W. I. R. Ens. vice Snow, 47 F. 29th June

67 —— Broom, Lieut. vice Hunter, dead. 21st Oct. 1819.

71 A. Jones, Ensign 13th July 1820.

86 J. W. Bouverie, Ens. by purch. vice E. Carroll, ret. 29th June

Lieut. Dolman, Adj. vice Leche, res. Adj. only do.

89 —— Redmond, Capt. vice St Leger, dead 28th May 1819

Ens. Kenny, Lieut. 1st Nov.

C. G. King, Ens. 2d March 1817

Lieut. Grant, fm. h. p. 2 W. I. R. Paym. vice White, dead 22d June, 1820

90 Surg. Morrison, fm. h. p. 12 F. Surg. vice Silcock, h. p. 13th July

93 C. H. Craigie, Ens. vice Spens, cancelled 22d June

M. Cassan, Ens. vice Rose, 19 F. 6th July

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Joseph Taylor, Physician to the Forces, vice Keating, dead 22d June 1820

Assist. Surg. Trumble, fm. 37 F. Surg. vice Taylor do.

—— —— Burton, fm. h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol. Assist. Surg. 25th do.

Hosp. Assist. Cannan, fm. h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Farquhar, dead do.

—— —— Freer, fm. h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Ward, dead

Chaplain's Department.

The Rev. R. G. Curtois, fm. h. p. Chaplain to the Forces, vice Arnold, dead

Barrack Department.

A. W. Durnford, Barr. Mast. in Great Britain 9th May 1820.

Exchanges.

Capt. Moore, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Captain White, h. p. 24 Dr.

—— Nixon, from 60 F. with Capt. Leslie, h. p.

Lieut. Oliver, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Lieut Clunie, h. p. 1 F.
—— Butler, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Temple, h. p. 14 F.
—— Hodson, from 54 F. with Lieut. Manners, h. p. 2 F.
—— Davidson, from 22 Dr. with Lieut. Cox, 46 F.
—— Cormack, from 19 F. with Lieut Durnford, h. p.
—— Matthews, from 43 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fraser, h. p. Rifle Br.
—— Luttrel, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Isaacson, h. p. 54 F.
—— Nowlan, from 50 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Briggs, h. p. 91 F.
—— Archbold, from 68 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hill, h. p. 43 F.
—— De Lancey, from 17 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lindsey, h. p. 10 Dr.
—— Campbell, from 18 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Roberts, h. p. 5 F.
Ensign Lodington, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Barkley, h. p. 53 F.
—— Ross, from 46 F. with Ensign Cumberlege h. p. 67 F.
—— Geddes, from 46 F. with Ensign Gleeson, h. p. 103 F.
—— Lewis, from 12 F. with Ensign Pounder, h. p. 73 F.
—— John O'Meara, from 39 F. with Ensign Joseph O'Meara, h. p. 5 W. I. R.
Paymaster Otway, from 12 Dr. with Lieut. Prior, h. p. 1 W. I. R.
Qua. Mast. Hutchinson, from 55 F. with Ensign M'Intosh, h. p. 63 F.
Assist. Surg. Lawder, from 29 F. with Assist. Surg. Dunlop, h. p. 66 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Col. Thoyts, R. Horse Gds.
—— Athorpe, R. Horse Gds.
—— Ramsden, Gren. Gds.
—— Cheyne, 47 F.
Major Stewart, 19 Dr.
—— Dewguard, 6 F.
Captain Underwood, 21 Dr.
Lieut. Brander, R. Horse Gds.
Cornet Barfoot, 2 Dr. Gds.
Ensign E. Carroll, 86 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Manners, 54 F.
The Exchange between Lieut. Chambre, 11 Dr. and Lieut. Boys, h. p. 21 Dr.
Ensign Spens, 93 F.

Deserted.

Paymaster O'Connor, 11 F. 12th May 1820.

Deaths.

Lieut.-Gen. W. Robertson, Edinburgh, 31st Jan. 1820.
Lieut-Col. Fehlsen, 53 F. Namuel, Madras, 19th Jan. 1820
—— Meadows, 15 F. London, 9th July
Major Stewart, 19 Dr. July 1820.
—— Weir, late of R. Mar. 11th June
—— Douglas, late 3 R. V. B. 8th July
Capt. Pardey, h. p. 56 F. 26th April 1820
—— Humphrys, 8 R. Vet. Bn. Aberdeen 22d June
—— Lechmere, h. p. Lucas's Dr. 30th July
—— Du Platel, h. p. Chass. Britan. 6th March
—— M'Queen, h. p. 78 F. Calcutta, 13th Nov. 1819
—— M'Lean, h. p. 97 F.
Lieut. Johnstone, 1 F. Mehenepoucsum, Madras 25th Dec. 1819
—— Hutchinson. 17 Dr. Kair, Bombay 27th Oct.
—— Hunter, 67 F. Bombay 20th do.
—— Tayloe, 19 F.
Quart. Mast. Johnstone, 65 F. Fort George, Bombay 27th Oct. 1819
—— Richards, 4 F. Grenada 23d May 1820
—— Doyle, 27 F.
—— Macdonald, 46 F.

Medical Department.

Dep. Insp. W. T. Taylor, h. p.
Dr. Keating, Physician
Hosp. Assist. Ward, Tobago 14th April, 1820

Commissariat Department.

Assist. Com. Gen. Lefevre, Africa 26th May 1820
Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Dwight, St Lucia 9th do.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

June 22. At the Manse of Cavers, Mrs Strachan, a son.

— At Brussels, the lady of Ernest Leslie, Esq. younger of Balquhain, a son.

24. In Hans Place, London, the lady of the Honourable James Stewart, a son.

29. At Springfield Cottage, Perthshire, the lady of Alexander Macduff, Esq. of Bonhard, a son.

30. At Troup House, Mrs Garden Campbell of Troup and Glenlyon, a son.

July 2. At Coats-House, Mrs Carnegie, a daughter.

4. At Edinburgh, Mrs Cowan, a daughter.

— Mrs Todd, Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, a son.

5. At Dundas-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Crauford, a daughter.

— The lady of Lieut.-Colonel Ross, 4th dragoon guards, a daughter.

— At Biggar Park, Mrs Gillespie, a daughter.

— At West Kirk Manse, Edinburgh, Mrs Dickson, a daughter.

— In George-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Wedderburn, a son.

7. At Knock Drin, county of Westmeath, the seat of Sir Richard Levinge, Bart. the lady of Captain Miller, royal horse artillery, a son.

8. In Great King-street, Edinburgh, the lady of William Mackintosh, a son.

10. In Albany-street, Edinburgh, Mrs George Robertson, a son.

— At her father's house, the lady of Murdoch Maclaine of Lochbuy, a daughter.

12. At Cockairny-House, Fifeshire, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Mowbray, a daughter.

— At London, the lady of Colonel the Honourable H. C. Lowther, M. P. a son.

— At Paris, the Right Honourable Lady Sinclair, a son.

13. At Haddington, Mrs Henry Davidson, a daughter.

— At Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, the lady of John Cay, Esq. a daughter.

14. At Beaumont Cottage, Chertsey, the lady of John H. Colt, Esq. a daughter.

16. At Castle-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Robert Cockburn, a son.

17. At Shandwick Place, Edinburgh, Mrs General Dundas, a son.

— At 54, Albany-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Gillespie, a daughter.

19. At London, the lady of Lieutenant-General Sir William Anson, K. C. B. a son.

21. At Culduthel, the lady of Affleck Fraser, Esq. a son.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Sillar, a son.

30. At Albany-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Paterson, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 16. At Madras, Henry Oaks, Esq. of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Harriet, daughter of the late Captain Ewen Macdonald of Griminish.

May 23. At St Croix, James Brown, Esq. merchant there, to Miss Krause, daughter of Colonel Krause, of the Danish service.

June 19. At Montrose, Captain George Bell, to Margaret Addison, second daughter of Thomas Dougal, Esq. banker, in Montrose.

20. At Bath, Captain Grant, of the East India service, nephew to the celebrated Mrs Grant, to Miss Griffiths Williams, daughter of Sir George G. Williams of the Cucus.

26. At Galashiels, Mr D. Ferguson, writer, to Ann, daughter of Mr John Sanderson, wood-merchant.

27. At Derby, Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Goodwin Keat, G. C. B. to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Francis Hurt, Esq. of Alderwasely, Derbyshire.

— At Inch Cottage, the reverend William Symington, Stranraer, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Robert Spiers, Esq. Paisley.

30. At St George's, Hanover-square, the Right Honourable John Bowes, Earl of Strathmore, to Miss Mary Millner.

July 1. At London, Henry Warren, Esq. of the Grove, Dedham, near Colchester, to Elizabeth Bruce, youngest daughter of the late James Hamilton, Esq. of Bangour.

— At St Petersburg, Sir William Crichton, M. D. to Sophia, daughter of M. Le Chevalier de Suthoff.

3. At Glasgow, Thomas Paterson, Esq. paymaster in his Majesty's 22d regiment of foot, to Margaret, eldest daughter of James Miller, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

4. At Edinburgh, Mr John Lizars, Hay's Court, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr George Black, merchant, Tobago-street.

5. At Berwick, James Peat, Esq. of the New Tanwork Company, Glasgow, to Mary, second daughter of John Morrison, Esq. merchant, Berwick.

6. At Aberdeen, Dr George Gordon M'Lean, to Frances Helen, daughter of John Angus, Esq. of Tillycorthy.

— At Edinburgh, Capt. James Stirling, R. N. of Glenlyon, fourth son of the late John Stirling of Kippendavie, Esq. to Mary, third daughter of the late Day Hort Macdowall of Castle Semple, Esq.

7. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant F. Beaumont, royal navy, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Dawson, Esq. of Graden.

10. At St James's Church, N. G. Gless, of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Jennette, eldest daughter of the late John Smith, Esq. of Edengrove, Fifeshire.

— At London, Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable James Hamilton Stanhope, to lady Frederica Louisa Murray.

— At Craiglockhart, Mr William Berwick, brewer, Edinburgh, to Miss Marion Scott, daughter of Mr A. Scott, farmer there.

— At Dairsie, Mr Alexander Webster, preacher of the gospel, to Miss Jessie M'Culloch, eldest daughter of the late Robert M'Culloch, Esq. collector of customs, Kingston, Jamaica.

11 At Leith, James Thomson, Esq. Stirling, to Jane, daughter of William Grinly, Esq. late merchant in Leith.

— At Edinburgh, John Dow, Esq. W. S. to Miss Margaret Russel, eldest daughter of the late William Russel, merchant in Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, John Livingston, Esq. of Shortridgehead, to Miss Mary Nielson, Charlotte-street, Edinburgh.

— At St Mary-la-bonne Church, London, Major-General Sir James Lyon, K. C. B. to Anna, eldest daughter of the late Edward Cox. Esq. of Hampstead Heath.

12. At Jedburgh, Mr William H. Lizars, St James's Square, Edinburgh, to Henrietta, daughter of Robert Wilson, Esq. surgeon, Jedburgh.

— Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, of the 5th (or Princess Charlotte of Wales's) dragoon guards, to Anne, daughter of the late Joseph Bilton, Esq. of York.

— At Treepland, John Sommerville, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, to Christina, daughter of William Sommerville, of Windales, Esq.

13. At Paisley, the reverend J. Bruce, Newmilns, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the reverend William Ferrier, Paisley.

— Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Halkett, K.C.B. &c. to Lætitia Sarah, widow of Major Taylor, royal artillery.

14. At Edinburgh, Anthony Bigot, Esq. of London, to Anne, daughter of William Macdougall, Esq. of Sloane-street, Chelsea, London.

17. At Kelso, Mr H. D. Brink Kisbue, foreign agent and commission merchant, Leith, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr John Winram, Terrace, Kelso.

— At Stirling, Lieutenant Lucius French, of the 67th regiment, to Mary, eldest daughter of Robert Young, Esq.

— At Ayr, Charles D. Gairdner, Esq. to Miss Cowan, only daughter of William Cowan, Esq. banker, and present provost of Ayr.

18. At Clyro, in Radnorshire, Thomas Francis Kennedy of Dunure, Ayrshire, Esq. M. P. to Sophia, only daughter of the late Sir Samuel Romilly.

— At Humble, Mr William Wyle, merchant, Leith, to Eliza, only daughter of Alexander Dudgeon, Esq.

— At Glasgow, Kenneth Bruce Stuart, Esq. of Annat, to Janet, youngest daughter of Æneas Morrison, Esq.

20. Captain Robert Melville Grindlay, of the Honourable East India Company's service, to Maria Susanna, eldest daughter of John William Commerell, Esq. of Lower Berkeley-street.

23. At St Madoes, Dugald Stewart, Esq. of Castle Gable, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr Alexander Wallace, horse post-master.

24. At Auldgirth, Dumfries-shire, James Martin, Esq. merchant in Glasgow, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr William Gordon, Hillend.

— At Colinsburgh, Lieutenant John Fowler, royal navy, to Margaret, only daughter of the late Mr Daniel Conolly, merchant in Crail.

25. At Leith, Mr Robert More, distiller, Underwood, to Susan, daughter of Mr John M'Leod, Leith.

— At Linlithgow, John Fife, Esq. to Margaret, daughter of James Smith, Esq. both of that place.

27. Mr Spencer Chichester, to Lady Augusta Paget, daughter of the Marquis of Anglesea.

31. At Laurieston Place, Edinburgh, Mr Edward Walkinshaw, merchant, Glasgow, to Mary, daughter of Mr John Crombie.

— At Edinburgh, the reverend Arthur Buist, of Charleston, South Carolina, to Susan Stewart, second daughter of the late Charles Ballantyne, Esq. of Bruntisland.

Lately—At Cargilfield, William Bell, Esq. of London, to Elizabeth, third daughter of George Kinnear, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

— At Hermitage Place, Leith Links, John M'Kean, Esq. W. S. accountant, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late John Thomson, Esq. Leith.

— At St Paul's chapel, York-place, Mr D. Houston, writer, to Eliza, second daughter of Mr R. Maclorinan, Hertford, and niece of John Gall, Esq. of the Excise, Edinburgh.

— At Portobello, Mr Robert Deuchar, solicitor at law, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr Charles Ritchie, merchant, Edinburgh.

DEATHS.

Jan. 7. At Fort William, Calcutta, Thomas Dingwall Fordyce, Lieutenant, and acting Adjutant, and Quartermaster of the Bengal artillery, youngest son of Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, Esq. of Culsh.

In February last, of a fever, after an illness of only three days, whilst on his return from the expedition in the Persian Gulf, Edmund, youngest brother of Sir Tyrwhytt Jones, Bart.

March 31. At Demerara, Mr Ranald Macallister, third son of Dr Macallister, Strathaird, Isle of Skye.

At Cape Castle, on the coast of Africa, in the month of April last, of a fever, occasioned by exposure to the effluvia from the marshes, when botanizing, Mr Joseph Wilson, surgeon of the ship Indian of Liverpool, son of J. Wilson, Middlemains of Salton.

May 6. At Point St Charles, near Montreal, Mr John Watson, son of the late reverend Mr Watson, of Glasgow.

18. At Mobille, West Florida, Roderick Gray, Esq. late of Liverpool, son of the late David Gray, Esq. of Millbrae.

23. Near Falmouth, Jamaica, aged 23, John Fraser, son of Mr Fraser, teacher, 24, James' Square.

25. On his passage from Lisbon, Thomas Stodart, Esq. Cardrona Mains.

— At Montreal, Captain Alexander Webster, of his Majesty's 50th regiment of foot.

— At his house at Greenock, Patrick Nicolson of Ardmore, Esq.

June 3. At his house in London, the Right Honourable John, Earl of Strathmore.

6. On his passage home from Demerara, Robert M'Laren, Esq. merchant, Demerara.

8. At Charleston, South Carolina, John Marshall, Esq. eldest son of the late Dr Hugh Marshall, Rothesay.

14. Clonfeefe Glebe-house, aged 80, the reverend William Richardson, D. D. well known to the literary world by his refutation of the Huttonian theory of the alternate decay and production of the earth; by his discovery of marine exuviæ in unformed basalt; and his curious researches into the whyn dykes of the north of Ireland; and the agriculturalist will long remember the zeal with which he brought into notice the valuable property of the florin grass, and promoted its cultivation.

20. At Leith Walk, Mr John Marshall sculptor.

22. At the Manse of Aberfoyle, Miss Mary Summers.

25. At her house, Buccleuch-street, Miss Lawrie.

21. At Bramling-house, near Wingham, county of Kent, Captain John Wood, of the royal navy.

26. At the Manse of Dyke, the reverend James Smith.

27. At Edinburgh, in the 22d year of his age, Alexander Duncan, the eldest son of Mr Alexander Dallas, W. S.

28. Mrs Raitt of Carphin died there.

29. At his seat, Hyde Hall, Hertfordshire, the Earl of Roden, K. St P.

30. At Edinburgh, after a long continued illness, William Griffith, umbrella-manufacturer, aged 56.

— At Redpath, Mrs Neill, aged 81.

— At Clyde Cottage, Richard Henderson, Esq. one of the city clerks of Glasgow.

— At Dunbar, Mr John Goudie, late manufacturer in Glasgow.

July 2. At Edinburgh, after a long and painful illness, Isabella, wife of Alexander Nicholson, Esq.

— At Brechin, Mr James Morris, bookseller there.

— At Barrock-House, Caithness, John Sinclair, Esq. of Barrock.

4. At Dovan, Mr Daniel Wardrop, aged 92.

— The infant son of John Tod, Esq. W. S. Charlotte Square.

— At his seat at Fulham, the Right Honourable Thomas, Lord Viscount Ranelagh.

5. At Wick, William Macleay, Esq. late provost of that burgh, in the 80th year of his age.

6. At Edinburgh, Ann, eldest daughter of James Moncrieff, Esq. advocate.

6. At Slateford Manse, John Houston, the infant son of the reverend Dr Belfrage.

— In Charlotte Square, George William, the infant son of H. St John Tucker, Esq.

7. At Pitliver, Robert Wellwood, Esq. of Garvock.

— At Montrose, Alexander Paterson, Esq. merchant there.

— At his house, Broomhill, near Lasswade, William Swanston, Esq. late of St Kitts.

8. At Balgonie Cottage, Fifeshire, Major James Douglas, late of the 7th royal veteran battalion.

8. At Parkhill, Stirlingshire, Mrs Catherine Miller, relict of Andrew Muirhead, Esq. Castle Ranken.

9. Mrs Morison of Greenfield, near Alloa.

— At Kippenross-House, Mrs Stirling, widow of the late John Stirling, Esq. Kippendavie.

10. At Larga, James, only son of George Stirling, Esq. Glasgow.

— At Kilsyth Manse, the reverend Robert Rennie, D. D.

11. At Glasgow, Mr James Bredie, aged 73.

— In Queen-street, Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Keay, sen.

— At Glasgow, Dame Robina Crawfurd Pollock of Pollock, aged 85, relict of Sir Hew Crawfurd, Bart. of Jordanhill.

— In Tobago-street, aged 29, Agnes Scott, wife of Samuel Wright.

12. At his Palace, in Chelsea, after a long illness and gradual decay of nature, the Honourable Brownlow North, D. C. L. Lord Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Order of the Garter, Provincial Sub-Dean of Canterbury, and Visitor of Magdalene, New Trinity, St John's, and Corpus Colleges, Oxford, F. A. and L. S. His Lordship was aged 79, having been nearly 40 years bishop of that diocese.

13. On his passage from Demerara, Francis James Adam, Esq. youngest son of the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court.

14. At Clayhall, near Windsor, Mrs James Lindsay, wife of Captain Lindsay, grenadier guards, aged 25.

16. At Beith, William Fleming, Esq. writer.

— In the 75th year of his age, the right reverend William Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne; a prelate most respectable for his learning, and most exemplary for his uprightness, benevolence, and piety. He was promoted to the see of Cloyne in the year 1790. The value of his bishoprick was estimated at nearly L.6000 per annum.

18. At London, John Anderson, Esq. of Fermoy, county of Cork, in the 74th year of his age, a native of Dumfriesshire. Every person acquainted with the history of Ireland, will long remember that he was the father of the mail-coach system in that kingdom, and like all other first improvers, he had great, and to a less energetic character, insurmountable difficulties to encounter in the accomplishment of that object. He lived, however, to see the effectual triumph of this, the great pursuit of his early life.

— At Clifton, Thomas Mackmillan Brown, aged 22.

20. At No 17, Shakspeare-square, in the 83d year of her age, Miss Graham, only remaining daughter of the deceased James Graham of Balquhapple, Esq.

— The infant son of Michael Stewart Nicolson, Esq. of Carnock.

— At Inverness, after a short illness, Mrs Susanna Macalister, wife of Norman Macdonald, Esq. Scalpa.

— At Montrose, Mrs Elizabeth Straton, daughter of the deceased John Straton, Esq. of Lauriston, aged 86.

21. At Portobello, John Mackintosh, late accountant of the Royal Bank.

22. At Mansefield, Hugh Humphrey Wilson, son of the reverend John Wilson, minister of Lesmahagow.

23. At Berwick, Mr Archibald Mackie, youngest son of the late Mr William Mackie, Ormiston, East Lothian.

24. James Towers, Esq. Professor of Midwifery in the University of Glasgow.

25 At his house, George's Square, Colonel Robert Baillie, late of the Honourable the East India Company's service.

Lately—At Horndean, in Hampshire, Edward Oliver Osborn, Esq. Vice-Admiral of his Majesty's fleet.

— At Bankfoot, near Dalkeith, Miss Ramsay.

— At Edinburgh, aged 17 months, Alexander, only son of Alexander Davidson, lecturer in natural philosophy.

— At St Croix, in the West Indies, in April last, George Allan, Esq. nephew of the reverend Alexander Allan, late Episcopal minister in Edinburgh.

— At Cuddalore, coast of Coromandel, East Indies, William Johnston, Esq. eldest son of Mr John Johnston, Ayr.

— Suddenly, near Armagh, supposed by apoplexy, in consequence of bathing when in a state of excessive perspiration and debility, John Stowbridge, Esq. formerly lieutenant in the 59th foot.

— At Eye, in Suffolk, in the 89th year of his age, the reverend Robert Malyn, who was chaplain on board the Prince Frederick man of war, at the taking of Louisburgh, and was present at the death of General Wolfe and the taking of Quebec in 1759. For the last 59 years this venerable clergyman had been rector of Kirkton, in Suffolk.

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BLACKWOOD'S

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No. XLII. SEPTEMBER 1820. Vol. VII.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, NO 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH; AND T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON;

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No XLII. SEPTEMBER 1820. Vol. VII.

ODE TO MARSHAL ——— ON HIS RETURN.

By an Irish Gentleman, lately deceased.

Sir,

I send another specimen of my deceased friend's poetry, and, mirabile dictu, it, as well as the former, bears a similitude to an Ode in Horace; indeed, I believe he wrote a set of parallel Carmina to the Horatian, and if Archdeacon Wrangham were to see them, I think he would give up for ever the idea of attempting to lay his versions before the public, for which reason I hope he never will see them.

I am working away arranging the papers, and in a month or so they will be prepared finally. Another month will be occupied in writing my friend's life, so that I shall be ready to face the booksellers by next October.

I should say more, but that I am in a hurry, being called away to attend a coroner's inquest over the body of one Timothy Regan *alias* Tighe a Breesh-tha, who was killed yesterday, fighting at a fair in a feud, a bellum intestinum, between the Shanavests and Caravats. I can only add, that I have procured fewer notes for this than for the former Ode. I remain, sir, your humble servant,

Philip Forager.

Drummanigillibeg, August 6th, 1820.

Hor. Od. 7. Lib. ii.

Ad Pompeium.

Felicem ex infelici militiâ reditum gratulatur.

O saepe mecum tempus in ultimum
Deducte, Bruto militiae duce,
Quis te redonavit Quiritem
Dis patriis, Italoque coelo,

Pompei, meorum prime sodalium?
Cum quo morantem saepè diem mero
Fregi, coronatus nitentes
Malobathro Syrio capillos.

Tecum Philippos et celerem fugam
Sensi, relictâ non benè parmulâ;
Cum fracta virtus, et minaces
Turpe solum tetigere mento.

MSS. No II.

To Marshal ——— on his Return; or, Congratulatory Address by Mons. ———.

1.

O welcome home, my marshal, my colleague true and good,
When under brave Napoleon we dabbled long in blood;
Who brought you back to Paris in Bourbon's royal days?
Was it Madame Bonaparte's man, our own Monsieur De Cazes?*

2.

With thee I robbed thro' Prussia, thro' Portugal and Spain;
With thee I marched to Russia, and then—marched back again;
With thee I faced the red-coats awhile at Waterloo;
And with thee I raised the war-song of jolly† sauve qui peut.

* Hodie Duc de Cazes, olim secretary to Madame Mere, the imperial mother of all the Bonapartes. P. F.

† Jolly! Quoi? Jolly! Ma foi, voila une epithete assez mal appliquè.
Marshal Grouchy.

Sed me per hostes Mercurius celer
Denso paventem sustulit aëre:
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit aestuosis.

3.

I took the oaths to Louis, and now with face of brass,
I bawl against the royalists all in the Chambre Basse;
But you, my lad, were exiled, a mighty cruel thing,
For you did nothing surely, but fight against your king.

Ergo obligatam redde Jovi dapem,
Longâque fessum militiâ latus
Depone sub lauru meâ, nec
Parce cadis tibi destinatis

4.

Then drink a health to th' Emperor, and curse Sir Hudson Lowe;*
And decorate with stolen plate your honest-earned chateau;
And merrily, my marshal, we shall the goblet drain,
'Tis a chalice† that I robbed one day out of a church in Spain.

Oblivioso levia Massico
Ciboria exple: funde capacibus
Unguenta de conchis. Quis udo
Deproperare apio coronas

5.

Fill, fill the bumper fairly, 'tis Chambertin,‡ you see,
The Emperor's favourite liquor, and chant in pious glee,
A song of Monsieur Parny's,§ Miladi Morgan's bard,
And curse the tasteless Bourbons who won't his muse reward.

Curatve myrto? quem Venus arbitrum
Dicet bibendi? non ego saniùs
Bacchabor Edonis: recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

6.

Then, with our wigs all perfumed, and our beavers cocked so fierce,
We'll throw a main together, or troll the amorous verse;
And I'll get as drunk as Irishmen, as Irishmen morbleu,
After six-and-thirty tumblers‖ in drinking healths to you.

---

* Sir Hudson Lowe is a very bad man in not letting the Emperor escape. LAS CASES. He is a man of no soul. The world cannot decide whether Bonaparte or Wellington is the greater general—I am sure the former is, without a second battle of Waterloo; and here we have a simple knight preventing the solution of the question. He is an imbecile. I am sure he never had the taste to read my Amyntas. LEIGH HUNT.

† It was an instrument of superstition; and I, therefore, although a water-drinker, approve of its being turned to any other use, just as I approved of the enlightened revolutionists of France turning the superstitious bells of Paris into cannon, although, on principle, a declared enemy of war. SIR R. PHILIPPS.

‡ Bonaparte was fond of Chambertin. Teste TOM MOORE. I prefer whisky. P. F.

§ A pet poet of Lady Morgan's. Vide her France. I wonder what the medical Knight, her caro sposo, says, when he catches her reading "La Guerre des Dieux." P. F.

‖ On this I must remark, that six and thirty tumblers is rather hard drinking. My friend, Rice Hussey, swears only to six and twenty, though he owns he has heard he drank two and thirty, but could not with propriety give his oath to it, as he was somewhat disordered by the liquor. There is not a Frenchman in France would drink it: I will lay any wager on that. In fact, I back Ireland against the world. A few years ago, the Northumberland, a very pretty English militia regiment, commanded by Lord Loraine, who endeared himself wherever he went in Ireland by his affable and social manners, arrived in the city of Cork. His Lordship gave a dinner to thirty officers of his regiment, who each drank his bottle. When the bill was called for, he observed to the waiter with a smile, that the English gentlemen could drink as well as the Irish. "Lord help your head, sir," said the waiter, "is that all you know about it? Why, there's five gentlemen next room who have drank one bottle more than the whole of yees, and don't you hear them bawling like five devils for the other cooper,——coming gentlemen!" P. F. In Horace it is Edoni, not Irishmen; but that is quite correct. The Irish are of Scythian descent, so were the Thracians. THOS. WOOD, M.D.

THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES;

Or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.

No IV.

On Sunday morning, before going to church, Mr Micklewham called at the Manse, and said that he wished particularly to speak to Mr Snodgrass. Upon being admitted, he found the young helper engaged at breakfast, with a book lying on his table, very like a volume of a new novel called Ivanhoe, in its appearance, but of course it must have been sermons done up in that manner to attract fashionable readers. As soon, however, as Mr Snodgrass saw his visitor he hastily removed the book, and put it into the table-drawer. The precentor having taken a seat at the opposite side of the fire, began somewhat diffidently to mention, that he had received a letter from the doctor, that made him at a loss whether or not he ought to read it to the elders, as usual, after worship, and therefore was desirous of consulting Mr Snodgrass on the subject, for it recorded, among other things, that the doctor had been at the playhouse, and Mr Micklewham was quite sure that Mr Craig would be neither to bind nor to hold when he heard that, although the transgression was certainly mollified by the nature of the performance. As the clergyman, however, could offer no opinion until he saw the letter, the precentor took it out of his pocket, and Mr Snodgrass found the contents, as Mr M'Gruel has fairly and entirely transcribed it, to be as follows:—

Letter XIV.

The Rev. Z. Pringle, D. D. to Mr Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session-clerk, Garnock.

London.

Dear Sir,—You will recollect that about twenty years ago, there was a great sound throughout all the West that a playhouse in Glasgow had been converted into a tabernacle of religion. I remember it was glad tidings to our ears in the parish of Garnock; and that Mr Craig, who had just been ta'en in for an elder that fall, was for having a thanksgiving-day on the account thereof, holding it to be a signal manifestation of a new birth in the of-old-godly town of Glasgow, which had become slack in the way of well-doing, and the church therein lukewarm, like that of Laodicea. It was then said, as I well remember, that when the tabernacle was opened, there had not been seen, since the Kaimslang wark, such a congregation as was there assembled, which was a great proof that it's the matter handled, and not the place, that maketh pure; so that when you and the elders hear that I have been at the theatre of Drury-Lane, in London, you must not think that I was there to see a carnal stage play, whether tragical or comical, or that I would so far demean myself and my cloth, as to be a witness to the chambering and wantonness of ne'er-du-weel playactors. No, Mr Micklewham, what I went to see was an Oratorio, a most edifying exercise of psalmody and prayer, under the management of a pious gentleman, of the name of Sir George Smart, who is, as I am informed, at the greatest pains to instruct the exhibitioners, they being, for the most part, before they get into his hands, poor uncultivated creatures, from Italy, France, and Germany, and other atheistical and popish countries. They first sung a hymn together very decently, and really with as much civilized harmony as could be expected from novices; indeed so well, that I thought them almost as melodious as your own singing class of the trades lads from Kilwinning. Then there was a Mr Braham, a Jewish proselyte, that was set forth to show us a specimen of his proficiency. In the praying part, what he said was no objectionable as to the matter, but he drawled in his manner to such a pitch, that I thought he would have broken out into an even down song, as I sometimes think of yourself when you spin out the last

word in reading out the line in a warm summer afternoon. In the hymn by himself, he did better; he was, however, sometimes like to lose the tune, but the people gave him great encouragement when he got back again. Upon the whole, I had no notion that there was any such Christianity in practice among the Londoners, and I am happy to tell you, that the house was very well filled, and the congregation wonderful attentive. No doubt that excellent man, Mr W**********, has a hand in these public strainings after grace, but he was not there that night; for I have seen him; and surely at the sight I could not but say to myself, that it's beyond the compass of the understanding of man to see what great things Providence worketh with small means; for Mr W. is a small creature. When I beheld his deminutive stature, and thought of what he had achieved for the poor negroes and others in the house of bondage, I said to myself, that here the hand of Wisdom is visible, for the load of perishable mortality is laid lightly on his spirit, by which it is enabled to clap its wings and crow so crously on the dunghill top of this world, yea even in the House of Parliament.

I was taken last Thursday morning to breakfast with him in his house at Kensington, by an East India director, who is likewise surely a great saint. It was a heart-healing meeting of many of the godly, which he holds weekly in the season; and we had such a warsle of the spirit among us that the like cannot be told. I was called upon to pray, and a worthy gentleman said, when I was done, that he never had met with more apostolic symplicity—indeed, I could see with the tail of my eye, while I was praying, that the chief saint himself was listening with a pleasant satisfaction.

As for our doings here anent the legacy, things are going forward in the regular manner, but the expense is terrible, and I have been obliged to take up money on account; but as it was freely given by the agents, I am in hopes all will end well; for considering that we are but strangers to them, they would not have awarded us in this matter had they not been sure of the means of payment in their own hands.

The people of London are surprising kind to us; we need not, if we thought proper ourselves, eat a dinner in our own lodgings; but it would ill become me, at my time of life, and with the character for sobriety that I have maintained, to show an example in my latter days of riotous living, therefore Mrs Pringle and her daughter and me have made a point of going no where three times in the week; but as for Andrew Pringle, my son, he has forgathered with some acquaintance, and I fancy we will be obliged to let him take the length of his tether for a while. But not altogether without a curb neither, for the agent's son, young Mr Argent, had almost persuaded him to become a member of Parliament, which he said he could get him made, for more than a thousand pounds less than the common price, the state of the new king's health having lowered the commodity of seats. But this I would by no means hear of; he is not yet come to years of discretion enough to sit in council, and moreover, he has not been tried, and no man till he has out of doors shown something of what he is, should be entitled to power and honour within. Mrs Pringle, however, thought he might do as well as young Dunure, but Andrew Pringle, my son, has not the solidity of head that Mr K*****dy has, and is over free and out spoken, and cannot take such pains to make his little go a great way, like that well-behaved young gentleman. But you will be grieved to hear that Mr K*****dy is in opposition to the government, and truly I am at a loss to understand how a man of whig principles can be an adversary to the House of Hanover. But I never meddled much in politick affairs, except at this time, when I prohibited Andrew Pringle, my son, from offering to be a member of Parliament, notwithstanding the great bargain that he would have had of the place.

And since we are on public concerns, I should tell you, that I was minded to send you a newspaper at the second hand, every day when we were done with it. But when we came to inquire, we found that we could get the newspaper for a shilling a week every morning but Sunday, to our breakfast, which was so much cheaper than buying a whole paper, that Mrs Pringle thought it would be a great extravagance, and indeed when

I came to think of the loss of time a newspaper every day would occasion to my people, I considered it would be very wrong of me to send you any at all. For I do not think that honest folks in a far off country-parish, should make or meddle with the things that pertain to government,—the more especially, as it is well known, that there is as much falsehood as truth in newspapers, and they have not the means of testing the statements. Not, however, that I am an advocate for passive obedience, God forbid, on the contrary, if ever the time should come, in my day, of a saint-slaying tyrant attempting to bind the burden of prelatic abominations on our backs, such a blast of the gospel trumpet would he heard in Garnock, as it does not become me to say, but I leave it to you and others, who have experienced my capacity as a soldier of the word so long, to think what it would then be. Meanwhile, I remain, my dear sir, your friend and pastor,

Z. Pringle.

When Mr Snodgrass had perused this epistle, he paused sometime, seemingly in doubt, and then he said to Mr Micklewham, that, considering the view which the doctor had taken of the matter, and that he had not gone to the play-house for the motives which usually take bad people to such places, he thought there could be no possible harm in reading the letter to the elders, and that Mr Craig, so far from being displeased, would doubtless be exceedingly rejoiced to learn, that the play-houses of London were occasionally so well employed as on the night when the doctor was there.

Mr Micklewham then inquired if Mr Snodgrass had heard from Mr Andrew, and was answered in the affirmative; but the letter was not read. Why it was withheld, our readers must guess for themselves; but the following copy was obtained by Mr M'Gruel, when, in the course of the week, he called at the manse, to inquire respecting the health and welfare of the reverend doctor and his worthy family.

Letter XVII.

Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Rev. Mr Charles Snodgrass.

London.

My dear Friend,

As the season advances, London gradually unfolds, like nature, all the variety of her powers and pleasures. By the Argents we have been introduced effectually into society, and have now only to choose our acquaintance among those whom we like best. I should employ another word than choose, for I am convinced that there is no choice in the matter. In his friendships and affections, man is subject to some inscrutable moral law, similar in its effects to what the chemists call affinity. While under the blind influence of this sympathy, we, forsooth, suppose ourselves free agents! But a truce with philosophy.

The amount of the legacy is now ascertained. The stock, however, in which a great part of the money is vested, being shut, the transfer to my father cannot be made for some time; and till this is done, my mother cannot be persuaded that we have yet got any thing to trust to—an unfortunate notion, which renders her very unhappy. The old gentleman himself takes no interest now in the business. He has got his mind at ease by the payment of all the legacies; and having fallen in with some of the members of that political junto, the saints, who are worldly enough to link, as often as they can, into their association, the powerful by wealth or talent, his whole time is occupied in assisting to promote their humbug: and he has absolutely taken it into his head, that the attention he receives from them for his subscriptions is on account of his eloquence as a preacher, and that hitherto he has been altogether in an error with respect to his own abilities. The effect of this is abundantly amusing; but the source of it is very evident. Like most people who pass a sequestered life, he had formed an exaggerated opinion of public characters; and on seeing them in reality so little superior to the generality of man-

kind, he imagines that he was all the time nearer to their level than he had ventured to suppose; and the discovery has placed him on the happiest terms with himself. It is impossible that I can respect his manifold excellent qualities and goodness of heart more than I do; but there is an innocency in this simplicity which, while it often compels me to smile, makes me feel towards him a degree of tenderness somewhat too familiar for that filial reverence that is due from a son.

Perhaps, however, you will think me scarcely less under the influence of a similar delusion when I tell you, that I have been somehow or other drawn also into an association, not indeed so public or potent as that of the saints, but equally persevering in the objects for which it has been formed. The drift of the saints, as far as I can comprehend the matter, is to procure the advancement to political power of men distinguished for the purity of their lives and the integrity of their conduct; and in that way, I presume, they expect to effect the accomplishment of that blessed epoch, the millenium, when the saints are to rule the whole earth. I do not mean to say that this is their decided and determined object; I only infer, that it is the necessary tendency of their proceedings: and I say it with all possible respect and sincerity, that, as a public party, the saints are not only perhaps the most powerful, but the party which, at present, best deserves power.

The association, however, with which I have happened to become connected, is of a very different description. Their object is, to pass through life with as much pleasure as they can obtain, without doing any thing unbecoming the rank of gentlemen, and the character of men of honour. We do not assemble such numerous meetings as the saints, the whigs, or the radicals, nor are our speeches delivered with so much vehemence. We even, I think, tacitly exclude oratory. In a word, our meetings seldom exceed the perfect number of the muses; and our object on these occasions is not so much to deliberate on plans of prospective benefits to mankind, as to enjoy the present time for ourselves, under the temperate inspiration of a well-cooked dinner, flavoured with elegant wine, and just so much of mind as suits the fleeting topics of the day. T———, whom I formerly mentioned, introduced me to this delightful society. The members consist of about fifty gentlemen, who dine occasionally at each others' houses; the company being chiefly selected from the brotherhood, if that term can be applied to a circle of acquaintance, who, without any formal institution of rules, have gradually acquired a consistency that approximates to organization.—But the universe of this vast city contains a plurality of systems, and the one into which I have been attracted may be described as that of the idle intellects. In a general society, the members of our party are looked up to as men of taste and refinement, and are received with a degree of deference that bears some resemblance to the respect paid to the hereditary endowment of rank. They consist either of young men who have acquired distinction at college, or gentlemen of fortune who have a relish for intellectual pleasures, free from the asperities of politics, or the dull formalities which so many of the pious think essential to their religious pretensions. The wealthy furnish the entertainments, which are always in a superior style, and the ingredient of birth is not requisite in the qualifications of a member, although some jealousy is entertained of professional men, and not a little of merchants. T———, to whom I am also indebted for this view of that circle of which he is the brightest ornament, gives a felicitous explanation of the reason. He says, professional men, who are worth any thing at all, are always ambitious, and endeavour to make their acquaintance subservient to their own advancement; while merchants are liable to such casualties, that their friends are constantly exposed to the risk of being obliged to sink them below their wonted equality, by granting them favours in times of difficulty, or, what is worse, by refusing to grant them.

I am much indebted to you for the introduction to your friend G———. He is one of us, or rather, he moves in an eccentric sphere of his own, which crosses, I believe, almost all the orbits of all the classed and classifiable systems of London. I found him exactly what you described; and we were on the frankest footing of old friends in the course of the first

quarter of an hour. He did me the honour to fancy that I belonged, as a matter of course, to some one of the literary fraternities of Edinburgh, and that I would be curious to see the associations of the learned here. What he said respecting them was highly characteristic of the man. "They are," said he, "the dullest things possible. On my return from abroad I visited them all, expecting to find something of that easy disengaged mind which constitutes the charm of those of France and Italy. But in London, among those who have a character to keep up, there is such a vigilant circumspection, that I should as soon expect to find nature in the ballets of the Opera-house, as genius at the established haunts of authors, artists, and men of science. B——k gives, I suppose officially, a public breakfast weekly, and opens his house for conversation on the Sundays. I found at his breakfasts, tea and coffee, with hot rolls, and men of celebrity afraid to speak. At the conversations there was something even worse. A few plausible talking fellows created a buzz in the room, and the merits of some paltry nick-nack of mechanism or science was discussed. The party consisted undoubtedly of the most eminent men of their respective lines in the world; but they were each and all so apprehensive of having their ideas purloined, that they took the most guarded care never to speak of any thing that they deemed of the slightest consequence, or to hazard an opinion that might be called in question. The man who either wishes to augment his knowledge or to pass his time agreeably, will never expose himself to a repetition of the fastidious exhibitions of engineers and artists who have their talents at market. But such things are among the curiosities of London; and if you have any inclination to undergo the initiating mortification of being treated as a young man who may be likely to interfere with their professional interests, I can easily get you introduced."

I do not know whether to ascribe these strictures of your friend to humour or misanthropy; but they were said without bitterness, indeed so much as matters of course, that, at the moment, I could not but feel persuaded they were just. I spoke of them to T———, who says, that undoubtedly G———'s account of the exhibitions is true in substance, but that it is his own sharp-sightedness which causes him to see them so offensively; for that ninety-nine out of the hundred in the world, would deem an evening spent at the conversations of Sir J—— B——— a very high intellectual treat.

G——— has invited me to dinner, and I expect some amusement; for T———, who is acquainted with him, says, that it is his fault to employ his mind too much on all occasions, and that, in all probability, there will be something, either in the fare or the company, that I shall remember as long as I live. However you shall hear all about it in my next. Yours,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

On the same Sunday on which Mr Micklewham consulted Mr Snodgrass as to the propriety of reading the doctor's letter to the elders, the following epistle reached the post office of Irvine, and was delivered by Saunders Dickie himself, at the door of Mrs Glibbans, to her servan lassie, who, as her mistress had gone to the relief church, told him, that he would have to come for the postage the morn's morning. "O," said Saunders, "there's naething to pay but my ain trouble, for it's frankit, but aiblins the mistress will gie me a bit drappie, and so I'll come betimes i' the morning."

LETTER XVIII.

Mrs Pringle to Mrs Glibbans.

London.

MY DEAR MRS GLIBBANS,—The breking up of the old parlament has been the cause why I did not right you before, it having taken it out of my poor to get a frank for my letter till yesterday, and I do ashure you, that I was most extraordinar uneasy at the great delay, wishing much to let you know the decayt state of the gospel in thir perts, which is the plea-

sure of your life to study by day, and meditate on in the watches of the night.

There is no want of going to church, and, if that was a sign of grease and peese in the kingdom of Christ, the toun of London might hold a high head in the tabernacles of the faithful and true witnesses. But saving Dr Nichol of Swallo street, and Dr Manuel of Londonwall, there is nothing sound in the way of preeching here, and when I tell you that Mr John Gant, your friend, and some other flea-lugged fallows, have set up a Heelon congregation, and got a young man to preach Erse to the English, ye maun think in what a state sinful souls are left in London. But what I have been the most consarned about, is the state of the dead. I am no meaning those who are dead in trespasses and sins, but wha are dead to this world, and all the miseries thereof. Ye will hardly think, that they are buried in a popish-like manner, with prayers, and white gowns and ministers, and spadefuls of yerd cast upon them, and laid in vauts, like kists of orangers in a grocery siller—and I am told, that after a time, they are taken out when the vaut is shurfeeted, and their bones brunt, if they are no made into lamp-black by a secret wark—which is a clean proof to me that a right doctrine cannot be established in this land—there being so little respec shone to the dead.

The wase point, howsomever, of all is, what is done with the prayers, and I have heard you say, that although there was nothing more to objec to the wonderful Doctor Chammers of Glasgou, that his reading of his sermons was testimony against him in the great controversy of sound doctrine; but what will you say to reading of prayers, and no only reading of prayers, but printed prayers, as if the contreet heart of the sinner had no more to say to the Lord in the hour of fasting and humiliation, than what a bishop can indite, and a bookseller make profit o'. "Verily," as I may say, in a word of scripter, I doobt if the glad tidings of salvation have yet been preeched in this land of London; but the ministers have good stipends, and where the ground is well manured, it may in time bring forth fruit meet for repentance.

There is another thing that behoves me to mention, and that is, that an elder is not to be seen in the churches of London, which is a sore signal that the piple are left to themselves; and in what state the morality can be, you may guess with an eye of pity. But on the Sabbath nights, there is such a going and coming, that its mae like a cried fair than the Lord's night—all sats of poor people, instead of meditating on their by-gane toil and misery of the week, making the Sunday their own day, as if they had not a greater Master to serve on that day than the earthly man whom they served in the week days. It is, howsomever, past the poor of nature to tell you of the sinfulness of London—and you may well think what is to be the end of all things, when I ashure you, that there is a newspaper sold every Sabbath morning, and read by those that never look at their Bibles. Our landlady asked us if we would take one, but I thought the doctor would have fired the house, and you know it is not a small thing that kindles his passion. In short, London is not a place to come to hear the tidings of salvation preeched, no that I mean to deny that there is not herine more than five righteous persons in it, and I trust the Cornal's hagent is one, for if he is not, we are undone, having been obligated to take on already more than a hundred pounds of debt, to the account of our living, and the legacy yet in the dead thraws. But as I mean this for a spiritual letter, I will say no more about the root of all evil, as it is called in the creeds of truth and holiness, so referring you to what I have told Miss Mally Glencairn about the legacy and other things nearest my heart, I remain, my dear Mrs Glibbans, your fellou christian and sinner,—

JANET PRINGLE.

Mrs Glibbans received this letter between the preachings—and it was observed by all her acquaintance during the afternoon service, that she was a laden woman. Instead of standing up at the prayers, as her wont was, she kept her seat, sitting with downcast eyes, and ever and anon her left hand, which was laid over her book on the reading board of the pew, was raised and allowed to drop with a particular moral emphasis, bespeaking the mournful cogitations of

her spirit. On leaving the church, somebody whispered to Mr R——n, the minister, that surely Mrs Glibbans had heard some sore news, upon which that meek, mild, and modest good soul hastened towards her, and inquired, with more than his usual kindness, how she was—her answer was brief and mysterious—and she shook her head in such a manner, that Mr R——n perceived all was not right.—"Have you heard lately of your friends the Pringles?" said he, in his sedate manner—"when do they think of leaving London?" "I wish they may ever get out o't;" was the agitated reply of the afflicted Lady. "I'm very sorry to hear you say so," responded the minister; "I thought all was in a fair way to an issue of the settlement—I'm very sorry to hear this." "Mr R——n," said the mourner—"Mr R——n, don't think that I am grieved for them and their legacy—filthy ware—no, sir; but I have had a letter that has made my hair stand on end. Be none surprised if you hear of the earth opening, and London swallowed up; and a voice crying in the wilderness, 'Woe,' woe.'"

The gentle priest was not much surprised by this information; it was evident that Mrs Glibbans had received a terrible account of the wickedness of London; and that the weight upon her pious spirit was owing to that cause. He therefore accompanied her home, and administered all the consolation he was able to give, assuring her, that it was in the power of Omnipotence to convert the stony heart into one of flesh and tenderness, and to raise the British metropolis out of the miry clay, and place it on a hill, as a city that could not be hid in the kingdom Christ; which Mrs Glibbans was so thankful to hear, that, as soon as he had left her, she took her tea in a satisfactory frame of mind, and went the same night to Miss Mally Glencairn, to hear what Mrs Pringle had said to her. No visit ever happened more opportunely, for just as Mrs Glibbans knocked at the door, Miss Isabella Todd made her appearance. She had also received a letter from Rachel, in which it will be seen, that reference was made likewise to Mrs Pringle's epistle to Miss Mally.

Letter XIX.

Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.

London.

My Dear Bell,—How delusive are the flatteries of fortune. The wealth that has been showered upon us, beyond all our hopes, has brought no pleasure to my heart, and I pour my unavailing sighs for your absence, when I would communicate the cause of my unhappiness. Captain Sabre has been most assiduous in his attentions, and I must confess to your sympathising bosom, that I do begin to find, that he has an interest in mine. But my mother will not listen to his proposals, nor allow me to give him any encouragement, till the fatal legacy is settled. What can be her motive for this I am unable to divine, for the Captain's fortune is far beyond what I could ever have expected without the legacy, and equal to all I could hope for with it. If, therefore, there is any doubt of the legacy being paid, she should allow me to accept him; and if there is none, what can I do better? In the meantime, we are going about seeing the sights, but the general mourning is a great drawback on the splendour of gayety. It ends, however, next Sunday, and then the ladies, like the spring flowers, will be all in full blossom. I was with the Argents at the opera on Saturday last, and it far surpassed my ideas of grandeur. But the singing was not good—I never could make out the end or the beginning of a song, and it was drowned with the violins; the scenery, however, was lovely, but I must not say a word about the dancers, only that the females behaved in a manner so shocking, that I could scarcely believe it was possible for the delicacy of our sex to do. They are, however, all foreigners, who are, you know, naturally of a licentious character, especially the French women.

We have taken an elegant house in Baker Street, where we go on Monday next, and our own new carriage is to be home in the course of the week. All this, which has been done by the advice of Mrs Argent, gives my mother great uneasiness, in case any thing should yet happen to the legacy. My brother, however, who knows the law better than her, only

laughs at her fears, and my father has found such a wonderful deal to do in religion here, that he is quite delighted, and is busy from morning to night in writing letters, and giving charitable donations. I am soon to be no less busy, but in another manner. Mrs Argent has advised us to get in accomplished masters for me, so that, as soon as we are removed into our own local habitation, I am to begin with drawing and music, and the foreign languages. I am not, however, to learn much of the piano; Mrs A. thinks it would take up more time than I can now afford; but I am to be cultivated in my singing, and she is to try if the master that taught Miss Stephens has an hour to spare—and to use her influence to persuade him to give it to me, although he only receives pupils for perfectioning, except they belong to families of distinction.

My brother had a hankering to be made a Member of Parliament, and got Mr Charles Argent to speak to my father about it, but neither he nor my mother would hear of such a thing, which I was very sorry for, as it would have been so convenient to me for getting franks; and I wonder my mother did not think of that, as she grudges nothing so much as the price of postage. But nothing do I grudge so little, especially when it is for a letter from you—why do you not write me oftener, and tell me what is saying about us, particularly by that spiteful toad, Becky Glibbans, who never could hear of any good happening to her acquaintance, without being as angry as if it was obtained at her expense.

I do not like Miss Argent so well on acquaintance as I did at first, not that she is not a very fine lassie, but she gives herself such airs at the harp and piano—because she can play every sort of music at the first sight, and sing, by looking at the notes, any song although she never heard it, which may be very well in a playactor, or a governess, that has to win her bread by music; but I think the education of a modest young lady might have been better conducted.

Through the civility of the Argents we have been introduced to a great number of families, and been much invited, but all the parties are so ceremonious, that I am never at my ease, which my brother says is owing to my rustic education, which I cannot understand; for, although the people are finer dressed, and the dinners and rooms grander than what I have seen, either at Irvine or Kilmarnock, the company are no wiser; and I have not met with a single literary character among them. And what are ladies and gentlemen without mind, but a well-dressed mob! it is to mind alone that I am at all disposed to pay the homage of diffidence.

The acquaintance of the Argents are all of the first circle, and we have got an invitation to a route from the Countess of J****y, in consequence of meeting her with them. She is a charming woman, and I anticipate great pleasure. Miss Argent says, however, she is ignorant and presuming; but how is it possible that she can be so, as she was an Earl's daughter, and bred up for distinction. Miss Argent may be presuming, but a Countess is necessarily above that, at least it would only become a Dutchess or Marchioness to say so. This, however, is not the only occasion in which I have seen the detractive disposition of that young lady, who, with all her simplicity of manners and great accomplishments, is, you will perceive, just like ourselves, rustic as she doubtless thinks our breeding has been.

I have observed that nobody in London inquires about who another is, and that in company every one is treated on an equality—unless when there is some remarkable personal peculiarity, so that one really knows nothing of those whom one meets. But my paper is full, and I must not take another sheet, as my mother has a letter to send in the same frank to Miss Mally Glencairn. Believe me, ever affectionately, yours,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

The three ladies knew not very well what to make of this letter. They thought there was a change in Rachel's ideas, and that it was not for the better; and Miss Isabella expressed, with a sentiment of sincere sorrow, that the acquisition of fortune seemed to have brought out some unamiable traits in her character, that, perhaps, had she not been exposed to the companions and temptations of the great world, would have slumbered, unfelt by herself, and unknown to her friends.

Mrs Glibbans declared that it was a waking of original sin, which the iniquity of London was bringing forth as the heat of summer causes the rosin and sap to issue from the bark of the tree. In the meantime, Miss Mally had opened her letter, of which we subjoin a copy.

Letter XX.

Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.

London.

Dear Miss Mally,—I greatly stand in need of your advise and counsel at this time. The doctor's affair comes on at a fearful slow rate, and the money goes like snow off a dyke. It is not to be told what has been paid for legacy duty, and no legacy yet in hand; and we have been obligated to lift a whole hundred pounds out of the residue, and what that is to be the Lord only knows. But Miss Jenny Macbride, she has got her thousand pound, all in one bank bill, sent to her; Thomas Bowie, the doctor in Ayr, he has got his five hundred pounds; and auld Nanse Sorrel, that was nurse to the Cornal, she has got the first year of her twenty pounds a-year; but we have gotten nothing, and I jealouse, that if things go on at this rate, there will be nothing to get, and what will become of us then, after all the trubble and outlay that we have been pot too by this coming to London.

Howsomever, this is the black side of the story; for Mr Charles Argent, in a jocose way, proposed to get Andrew made a Parliament member for three thousand pounds, which he said was cheap, and surely he would not have thought of such a thing, had he not known that Andrew would have the money to pay for't; and, over and above this, Mrs Argent has been recommending Captain Sabre to me for Rachel, and she says he is a stated gentleman, with two thousand pounds rental, and her nephew; and surely she would not think Rachel a match for him, unless she had an inkling from her gudeman of what Rachel's to get. But I have told her that we would think of nothing of the sort till the counts war settled, which she may tell to her gudeman, and if he approves the match, it will make him hasten on the settlement, for really I am growing tired of this London, whar I am just like a fish out of the water. The Englishers are sae obstinate in their own way, that I can get them to do nothing like Christians; and, what is most provoking of all, their ways are very good when you know them, but they have no instink to teach a body how to learn them. Just this very morning, I told the lass to get a jiggot of mutton for the morn's dinner, and she said there was not such a thing to be had in London, and threeppit it till I couldna stand her; and, had it not been that Mr Argent's French servan' man happened to come with a cart, inviting us to a ball, and who understood what a jiggot was, I might have reasoned till the day of doom without redress. As for the doctor, I declare he's like an enchantit person, for he has falling in with a party of the elect here, as he says, and they have a kilfud-yocking every Thursday at the house of Mr U——, where the doctor has been, and was asked to pray, and did it with great effec, which has made him so up in the buckle, that he does nothing but go to bible soceeyetis, and mishonary meetings, and cherity sarmons, which cost a poor of money.

But what concarns me more than all is, that the temptations of this vanity fair have turnt the head of Andrew, and he has bought two horses, with an English man-servan, which you know is an eating moth. But how he payt for them, and whar he is to keep them, is past the compass of my understanding. In short, if the legacy does not cast up soon, I see nothing left for us but to leave the world as a legacy to you all, for my heart will be broken—and I often wish that the Cornal hadna made us his residees, but only given us a clean soom like Miss Jenny Macbride, although it had been no more; for, my dear Miss Mally, it does not doo for a woman of my time of life to be taken out of her element, and, instead of looking after her family with a thrifty eye, to be sitting dressed all day seeing the money flying like sclate stanes. But what I have to tell is wase than all

this; we have been persuaded to take a furnisht house, where we go on Monday; and we are to pay for it, for three months, no less than a hundred and fifty pounds, which is more than the half of the doctor's whole stipend is, when the meal is twenty-pence the peck; and we are to have three servan lasses, besides Andrew's man, and the coachman that we have hired altogether for ourselves, having been persuaded to trist a new carriage of our own by the Argents, which I trust the Argents will find money to pay for; and masters are to come in to teach Rachel the fashionable accomplishments, Mrs Argent thinking she was rather old now to be sent to a boarding-school. But what I am to get to do for so many vorashous servants is dreadful to think, there being no such thing as a wheel within the four walls of London, and if there was, the Englishers no nothing about spinning. In short, Miss Mally, I am driven dimentit, and I wish I could get the doctor to come home with me to our manse, and leave all to Andrew and Rachel, with kurators; but as I said, he's as mickle bye himself as ony body, and says that his candle has been hidden under a bushel at Garnock, more than thirty years, which looks as if the poor man was fey; howsomever, he's happy in his delooshon, for if he was afflictit with that forethought and wisdom that I have, I know not what would be the upshot of all this calamity. But we maun hope for the best, and, happen what will, I am, dear Miss Mally, your sinsare friend,

JANET PRINGLE.

Miss Mally sighed as she concluded, and said, riches do not always bring happiness, and poor Mrs Pringle would have been far better looking after her cows and her butter, and keeping her lasses at their wark, than with all this garavitching and grandeur. "Ah!" added Mrs Glibbans, "she's now a testifyer to the truth—she's now a testifyer; happy it will be for her if she's enabled to make a sanctified use of the dispensation."

THE ELDER.

I.

Of old, in Scottish land, a Sire there lived,
Whose toil in youth had stores prepared for age,
Who now from care, though scarce from toil reprieved,
With earthly thoughts an easier war could wage,
And less of fear or favour felt the edge:
His children grown, had sought employment round,
As different toils their various tastes engage,
And he, though scarce by need to labour bound,
Yet loved to tend his team, and till the fruitful ground.

II.

On slope of sunward hill his cot was placed,
In cultured holm, 'mid furze-surrounded scene,
Where isles of corn were gained from Alpine waste,
And 'mid enclosing rocks were pastures seen;
Before his door was spread the daisied green,
Where browzed the cottage nurse, his brinded cow,
By grandchild led, the furzy knolls between,
Who sought the spots where sweetest daisies grow,
And lesson conned the while, along that mountain's brow.

III.

That wealthy cot of rude exterior seemed,
Its charms the dwellers, not the gazers, found;
In eyes romantic scarce befitting deemed,
To grace the blooming wilds that laughed around:
And all within to antique modes was bound;
The hearth amid the central floor was placed,
Where sire and sons might sit in circle round;
And up the spacious vent, with wicker braced,
Might school-boy grandchild mark each zenith star that passed.

IV.

One southward window looked adown the green,
Where wont his daughter young her wheel to ply,
And view the roses round her casement sheen,
Or tulips bright in tidy garden nigh,
Whose flowers might Sunday's ornament supply,
Or lie, for mark, beside her pastor's hymn;
Here too, when snowy loured December's sky,
She lov'd to see, through window frosted-dim,
The blackbirds peck her crumbs, or round her garden skim.

V.

To fairy lake was there a streamlet spread,
Whose grassy banks were bright with purest green,
And here, when June his brightening influence shed,
The housewife's pearly webs were bleaching seen,
From seed to cloth that still her care had been;
There, too, the maid betrothed might stranger view,
In satin snood and kilted kirtle clean,
Her linen stores prepare, of lilied hue,
Pure like her virgin self, the married couch to strew.

VI.

Apart, on airy knoll, his stacks were seen,
Y-thatched with broom, with twisted sedges bound;
And garden here was stretched in chequered green,
With ranks of leafy trees protected round;
And here his leisure hours employment found—
To tend the sunny hives, the soil to feed,
For various plants to fit the equal ground,
To trim the walk, to root the envious weed,
Or rill, by sedges choked, in purer stream to lead.

VII.

Here, too, on Sunday morn, in corner green,
Where branching lime her shadowy arches raised,
He loved to sit: where through the leafy screen
The humming bees, with honeyed blossoms pleased,
Like hymn from distant church, innumerous praised
The God to whom his morning prayers were said;
And here, at times, from weekly tasks released,
Around his knee, his youthful grandsons played,
Or glad in sacred lore their infant skill displayed.

VIII.

This wight's fair fame the Elder's charge had won,
And well his equal life such trust approved—
By haughtiest wealth as independent known,
By poorest toil as fellow-labourer loved;
His praise was dear to all; if he reproved,
Nor frowned the rich, nor jealous railed the poor:
From him whose life in equal toils has moved,
Will poverty severest truths endure,
And who, nor needs nor fears, with wealth shall chide secure.

IX.

The reverend man my earlier years have seen,
On Sunday morn the church-way gate beside,
(An antique porch, with ivy mantled green,
By beech's earliest boughs o'ershadowed wide,)
There stood the Patriarch gray, and near his side
The entering peasants laid their friendly mite
For brethren's wants: while each, with grateful pride,
From his applauding eye the warm delight
Received, of charity "twice blessed," of kindness done aright.

X.

I've seen him, too, at times the boon divide,
By pitying brethren thus collected kind,
Yet few were those, I wot, whom kindred's pride
To general pity careless then resigned—
For not as now was wealth to few confined,
Who owned no kindred tie with lowlier toil—
But far diffused; each peasant then could find,
(While smaller farms left free th' enriching soil)
Some kind relation near, whose wealth relieved his coil.

XI.

Yet those whom poverty reluctant sent,
With kindest care the Elder's hand relieved,
As patriarch old within his evening tent,
The pilgrim's wearied footsteps glad received;
No fears were there, lest charity deceived,
Should nourish listless vice with boon prepared
For humble want; in equal toils had lived,
Both he who dealt and he the boon that shared,
And wasting idler there, of welcome still despaired.

XII.

Bright from his cottage lay, far stretched below,
A chequered valley, rich in woods and corn,
Where many a hamlet's light was seen to glow
At darkening eve; where soft at earliest morn
From many a cot the spiry smoke was borne,
First mark of man a-stir; a village wide,
Where gardens broad the straggling cots adorn,
Was near below; shone verdant down beside,
Where lowed the milky herd, the hamlet's common pride.

XIII.

How sweet at eve, when loom and anvil's sound,
That thro' that village day had ceaseless rung,
Was hushed; when forth from busiest sheds around,
Their tasks performed, the eager tradesmen flung,
To drink the breeze of heaven in joyous throng,
And pleasure seek in healthful change of toil:
Some feed their cherished cows; with hatchet strong
Some fuel-store prepare; in softer moil
Some prop the blooming pea, and court the genial soil.

XIV.

And some, when now those leisure cares are done,
Beneath some elm on western slope convene,
Where name-carved bench is placed for evening sun,
And northern grove protects the quiet scene;
There many a rustic theme consumes the e'en,
And all of ill or good that peasants feel
From laws and wars and kings is heard between;
Some tell their wrongs, the cause would some reveal,
And some, sagacious more, propound the means to heal.

XV.

And here the Elder too might oft be found,
Here loved at eve to list the eager theme,
To hear the peasants deal their praises round,
Or cast on "ruling powers" their whispered blame;
Could oft, with word revered, allay the flame
Of vexed complaint: his glance, with anger fired,
Could break the young declaimer's airy dream
(By lawless books, those whispering toads, inspired)
That soars to freedoms wild, of slow experience tired.

XVI.

Yet small the charm declaimer's theme can bring
(If public wants not pinch the peasant's store,
And teach him jealousy) to village ring,
That meets to tell the rustic business o'er
And themes of home. Their fond attention more
Was won (while yet such kindred theme was given)
While Elder scanned th' assembled preachers' lore,
Whose rival eloquence had fondly striven
To win the hearts of men, and deck the rites of heaven.*

XVII.

They loved to hear how 'mid some mountain dell
Where emerald grass with pearly daisies shone,
And blooming furze diffused its fragrant smell,
While o'er some neighbouring grove on hillock lone
By ancient church the wandering eye was won—
How mingling here with breeze's fading sound,
Was heard in cadence mild, like hermit's tone,
The preacher's voice; and how innumerous round
Delighted hearers sat, in fond attention wound.

XVIII.

How there that preacher stood, like him of old,
Who, 'mid the wilds of Judah's desart plain,
To gathering thousands awful warning told
Of high Messiah's dread approaching reign;
How there, like him he poured his eager strain
'Mid lonely dell of far sequestered height,
Repentant hearts for christain life to gain,
And trembling souls to fit for awful rite,
Where Saviour's dying love bursts full on mortal sight.

XIX.

When rose their choral hymn's aerial tide,
How sweet the mellowed sound apart to hear,
Beneath some mountain grove's o'ershadowing side,
Like songs of Eden poured on Adam's ear
From groves where angels walked; while, listening near,
By hillock green, young wedded pair was seen,
Who soothed, with fond caress, their infant's tear,
Lest childish wail invade the listening scene,
And break those sounds of praise where angels hearken to men.

XX.

Such theme the peasant loved: such scene sublime
By grandsire's foot he oft had tripped to see,
And recollections fond of earliest time,
And charms beloved of native scenery,
Were mingled there with rites that holiest be;
And round the Elder oft, such tale to hear,
They eager thronged beneath their village tree;
To them than senates' lore that tale more dear,
Or all of war and fight that fills the city's ear.

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* The celebration of the sacrament in country parishes was, till of late, always accompanied by a "field preaching," which drew together great numbers of hearers. Religious ceremonies, performed under the open heaven, are always peculiarly impressive; and this being the only relict of them left in Britain, it had its full effect on the minds of the people; affording, likewise, a much more eligible subject of conversation than those political matters, which the utter abolition of all festivals, &c. has now left as the only topic of their leisure hours. It were to be wished that ridicule were always as successful in curing real abuses, as it was here in removing both the abuse and the thing abused.

XXI.

So passed their eve: and then would Elder stray
To neighb'ring cot, where, lov'd and welcome guest,
He whiled in rural talk the hours away:
The father's serious tale, the youngster's jest,
The damsel's song, the child in frolic blest;
Each gay, by turns amused the cheerful sire:
The young enjoy their mirth, the old their rest,
And all to please their honoured guest conspire,
While, mid the jovial ring, gleams bright their bickering fire.

XXII.

And might, at times, misfortune's frown severe
Such gladsome scene to hopeless sadness turn;
Did pinching want extort a murmuring tear,
And bid their wearied hearts in silence mourn,
Or urge despair in angry words to burn;
While stranger's kindness half-degrading seemed,
And tore their wounded pride with newer thorn:—
The Elder's step was ne'er intrusive deemed:
Familiar oft before, for kindness still esteemed.

XXIII.

And oft when frightened wealth in vain had tried
Each wonted art the peasant vexed to sooth,
Had smiled, and glozed, and half-concealed his pride,
And mingled promise fair and speeches smooth,
Yet met but sullen looks in every booth;
The Elder's voice, in all its words sincere,
Could lull to peace his brethren's passions wroth;
Their sufferings just in patience taught to bear,
Or shewed by rightful path to reach their ruler's ear.

XXIV.

Even she, that maid, around whose youthful breast
Consumption's serpent coils were firmly wound,
Whose feverish heart each visit now oppressed,
While shrunk her startled ear from every sound,
The Elder's converse still delightful found;
While he, to win her ear, would cheerful tell
Of evenings spent her parents' hearth around,
Where friend to friend was joined in social spell:
Then led her thoughts from earth on bliss supreme to dwell.

XXV.

How different he, the haughty pastor, sent
Amid this humble flock "the Word" to preach!
Who ne'er within such humble threshold went,
Save (yearly task) some stern advice to teach,
Or, called perchance, at death's impending breach:
Can dying men of such regard the care,
Whose tardy steps with death the port but reach?
A signal known, his visit speaks despair,
Alarms the feverish heart, and thought bewilders there.

XXVI.

When reapers keen on harvest fields were met,
This wight for many an useful deed was loved:
Disjointed limb his ready skill could set,
And wound from sickle rough his salve removed;
Whene'er the youngster's mirth too freely roved,
One little word from him its flight restrained;
And maid that, blushing, half that flight approved,
Yet blessed his care for purer mirth regained,
And youth in freedom met—thus age preserved unstained.

XXVII.

At Harvest-home he loved the mirthful feast,
Where master's welcome servants' cares beguiled,
Where met the youth in mutual kindness blessed,
Who late in rival strength had eager toiled:
When down the dance the maiden grateful smiled
On him whose care her harvest's toil had eased;
When rustic mirth flung round in antics wild,
And youth rejoiced from yearly toils released,
While age sat gladsome near, like guardian angel pleased.

XXVIII.

And much he wont th' ungenerous pride to blame
Of masters stern, to mushroom riches grown,
Who thus to mix with labour deemed it shame,
And gave for wonted feast the sordid boon;
'Twixt youth and age the bait for discord sown,
That neither pleased, and both with strife defiled;
For careful age will hoard the pittance thrown,
And youth, of age's decent care despoiled,
Will seek unsanctioned mirth, to sinful joys beguiled.*

XXIX.

With bitterest smile the Elder oft would list,
When men of wealth, in piteous mood, complained
Of peasants now depraved, of virtues ceased,
And rural manners old, with vice distained,
And schemes of pride where simplest order reigned—
Alas! themselves the cause! their pride of shew
To mix with lowlier toil has long disdained—
Each jealous rank repels each rank below,
Familiar guardian once, a stern inspector now.

XXX.

How far the ill descends! the farmer's hall,
Where lived the servants once, beneath the care
Of master kind—the friend, the guide of all—
Is changed and lost; reigns pride unbending there,
And forth to cheerless booth must servants fare,
Their hasty mess unblessed, alone to snatch,
And meet unguarded every youthful snare;
While master's stern advice, or hated watch,
But fires their rival pride, his wealthier vice to match.

XXXI.

Yet why in bitter words thus speak severe?
Thus ne'er the Elder's voice would harshly chide;
Oft stubborn vice would draw his secret tear,
And oft his care would indignation hide,
Lest stern reproof might wake the sinner's pride,
And shut the angry ear to all approach:
By kindness still he loved the heart to guide,
On sad remorse would careful ne'er encroach,
And jealous pride could lull, yet waken self-reproach.

XXXII.

As through the western pane of mountain cot,
Where maiden sings and plies her evening wheel,
Across the floor is sunny raylet shot,
Where child pursues the atoms' glittering reel,
And grand-dame loves the sunny warmth to feel;
While sparkling light the beamy wanderer throws

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* It has of late been customary to discountenance the old Saturnalian festivities of *harvest home*, &c. under pretence of economy; which has only caused the spirit of conviviality among the lower classes, to seek for other, and certainly not less objectionable modes of enjoyment.

On all that housewife's care would fain conceal,
And o'er her dusky shelves resplendent glows,
And playful pleases still, while every speck it shews;

XXXIII.

Thus playful still his kind reproof was shed,
Thus unoffending every fault could shew:—
Nor less to generous deeds his precepts led;
As when at dawn from orchard's blooming bough
Some feathered songster's notes melodious flow,
And sleeping maid awake to cheerful toil,
Who trims her parent's cot ere forth she go,
To milk her cows or join the harvest's moil;—
Thus he to deeds of worth, the heart could wakening wile.

XXXIV.

No words sarcastic e'er defiled his tongue,
Those poisoned arrows shot by ambushed pride;
Such oft in sly rebuke the heart have stung,
Oft driven the penitent his faults to hide,
But wanderer ne'er regained to virtue's side;
From lily fallen he dried remorseful shower,
Nor let the worm despair beneath it bide;
And oft with kindly touch revived the flower
That cold neglect or scorn had thrown to vice's power.

XXXV.

No angry satire guided e'er his speech
On class of men a general blame to throw—
Of kings or mobs, or good or ill to teach:—
For men, he said, in common frailty grow,
By weal corrupted some, and some by woe;
As mid some rocky cavern's darksome hall,
Where stalagmitic veins exuding flow,
Wild shapes arise as drops incessant fall,
Thus men unconscious change, thus custom works on all.

XXXVI.

Such truths the Elder taught; but most he loved
Of wayward youth the devious paths to guide;
Their generous warmth to duteous deeds he moved,
And lured their pride of heart to virtue's side:
And many a wanderer bears his memory wide,
Thro' distant lands where Scotia's sons are loved,
And tells on Indian shore with grateful pride,
How first the Elder's praise, to deeds approved,
Amid his native hills, his youthful bosom moved.

XXXVII.

But if from roamings far such wanderer come,
And bend his path the Elder's cot to find;
Alas! no more is there the sage's home;
Along the hill all lonely sweeps the wind,
Nor mark is there of social humankind;
Of scattered sheep is heard the tinkling bell,
And shivering lad is there, by rock reclined,
To watch his flock, that seeks on desert fell,
Some spot of greener sward, or kindlier sheltered dell.

XXXVIII.

That shepherd points afar the sacred ground,
Where now the Elder sleeps in silent grave;
And leaves his flock, to guide the wanderer round
The site, where once the cot its shelter gave;
Where now some lonely trees their branches wave,
Sole remnant left of all that there had been,—
Which he who crushed the rest had deigned to save,
To deck, perchance like ancient tomb, the scene,
To wanderer's grieving heart, memorial sad I ween.

EXTRACTS FROM THE "HISTORIA MAJOR" OF MATTHEW PARIS, MONK OF ST ALBANS.

(Continued from vol. vi. p. 276.)

Adventures of King Richard 1st, on his return from Palestine.

I. In the autumn of the year 1192, the ships being prepared, and every thing rightly disposed of, King Richard, with his queen, his sister Jane, Queen of Sicily, and the rest of his nobles, crossed the Mediterranean, all of whom were subjected to unusually tempestuous weather at sea, and to various evils when they touched the land. Some escaped to the shore almost naked, with the destruction of their ships, and the loss of their treasures, and but few gained the port destined for their safety. Those who escaped the dangers of the sea, beheld everywhere hostile forces arising against them. Many had a heavy ransom set upon their heads; nor had they any means of escape, as though sea and land had both conspired to punish the deserters from the cross; whence it is manifest, that their retreating before the accomplishment of their pilgrimage was displeasing to the Lord; who had decreed that they should prosper in the Holy Land, subduing their enemies for them, and delivering to them that land for which they had undertaken so grievous a pilgrimage; for on the feast of Quadragesima following their departure, Saladin, the invader of Christendom and of the Holy Land, finished his accursed life by a miserable death; and had they been present, they might easily have recovered the country, during the quarrels and disputes maintained by the sons and neighbours of the aforesaid Saladin for the possession of his kingdom.

II.—As to King Richard, he having, with several of his followers, been afflicted for six weeks by grievous storms at sea, and as he approached the coast of Barbary, (being three days' sail distant from Marseilles) having heard the growing rumour, that the court de S. Gilles and the other princes, through whose territories he had to pass, had, with one accord, conspired against him, and laid snares for him, determined to return to England by way of Germany, in disguise. And having changed his course accordingly, landed with a few of his followers, namely, Baldwin de Bethun, and Master Philip, his clerk, and Anselm, his chaplain, and a few Templars, at a certain sea-port in the territory of Sclavonia, by name Zara; and sending forthwith a messenger to the nearest castle, demanded a safe conduct and undisturbed passage from the lord of the province. The king, on his passage, had bought three precious stones, namely, carbuncles, vulgarly called rubies, of a certain Pisan, for 900 byzants; one of which, set in a golden ring, he sent to the lord of the castle by the aforesaid messenger, who being asked by the said lord, what persons they were who demanded safe conduct, answered, that they were pilgrims returning from Jerusalem; and being asked their names, he replied, "one of them is called Baldwin de Bethun, the other Hugh, a merchant, who also hath sent you this ring;" but he, having inspected it for some time, said, "his name is not Hugh, but King Richard;" and added, "although I have sworn to lay violent hands on all pilgrims who return from those parts, and not to receive any presents from them, yet, regard being had both to the value of the gift and the giver, in that he hath so much honoured me, who am unknown to him, I both return the jewel, and give him license to depart." The messenger on his return related these things to the king, who, with his companions, having bought some horses, departed from the city in secret, and proceeded some way undisturbed. But the aforesaid lord had privately sent a messenger to his brother, that he might seize the king in passing through his territory, which lay on his road. At which territory, when the king had arrived, and had entered the city where the brother of the aforesaid lord was lying in wait for him, the latter immediately called to him one of his most faithful adherents, of Norman parentage, by name Roger de Argenton, (who had remained with him twenty years, and had given his niece in marriage to him,) and ordered him diligently to examine the houses where those pilgrims might sojourn, and, if possible, to discover the king either by his speech, or by any other token, promising him half the city for a re-

ward, if he could intercept him. Roger, having examined the lodgings of the pilgrims, at length found him whom he sought, who for a long time would not discover himself to him, but at length, forced by the importunity and entreaties of his faithful examiner, confessed who he was. He, urging him with many tears to make instant escape, furnished him with an excellent horse for the purpose, and then returning to his master, told him that the report of the king's arrival was but an idle rumour; and that it was only Baldwin de Bethun and his comrades, who were returning from pilgrimage; whereat his lord being enraged, commanded them all to be seized. But the king departing secretly with William de *Stagro (de la Pole?)* and a slave, who understood German, continued on his road without food for the space of three days and three nights. Then, being compelled by hunger, he turned himself towards the city of *Grab* in Austria, hard by the Danube, where, to crown his misfortunes, it chanced that the duke of Austria was at that time abiding.

III.—King Richard being thus compelled by necessity, sent his slave to the market-place of the city to buy some food to satisfy their hunger. The slave, when he arrived at the market-place, bearing himself with a pompous and haughty demeanour, and dealing about his byzants somewhat too largely, was apprehended by the citizens, and commanded to give an account of himself. He answered, that he was the slave of a certain rich merchant, who would reach the city within the space of three days; and being thereupon discharged, he returned to the king in his private abode, and exhorted him to make his escape instantly, relating what had happened. But the king, after his sufferings on the sea, was resolved to rest a few days in that city. Meanwhile, as the aforesaid slave was often in the market-place going backwards and forwards, it happened that, on the festival of St Thomas the apostle, he chanced incautiously to carry thither the king's tablets under his girdle; which the magistrates seeing, again caused him to be apprehended, and tortured him in divers modes, threatening that they would cut out his tongue unless he immediately confessed who was truly his master. At length, being compelled by the force of his torments, he informed them of the whole truth; whereof having immediately apprised the duke, he ordered the king's lodgings to be surrounded, and himself peremptorily summoned to make his surrender. The king, nevertheless, remained unterrified by the host of Barbarians against him; but being aware that his valour would not long prevail against their force, commanded them to bring the duke, saying that he would render himself prisoner to him only. The duke immediately approaching, the king marched out to meet him, and delivered up his sword to him, together with himself. The duke in great joy took him along with him in an honourable manner, and then committed him to the custody of some trustworthy soldiers, who guarded him closely both day and night with drawn swords. The which lamentable misfortune is not to be supposed to have occurred without the peculiar judgment of God, although not manifest to us, whether it were to chastise the youthful errors of the king, or the sins of his subjects; or that the same king might be recalled to penitence by being deservedly punished for the violence with which he besieged his fleshly father, Henry, when lying on his sick-bed, in the city of Mans, with the assistance and counsel of the king of France. And although he did not actually slay him with the sword, yet, by frequent assaults, he forced him to leave that place; all which things, beyond doubt, contributed to his death.

IV. During the year of our Lord 1193, King Richard remained in the custody of the Duke of Austria, who sold him to Henry, Emperor of the Romans, for sixty thousand pounds of silver, after the measure of Cologne. The emperor, on receiving him (which was the third week after Palm-Sunday), ordered him to be placed in close custody; and for the purpose of obtaining from him an unreasonable sum of money for ransom, he ordered him to be carried *into the land of the Triballi*, out of whose prisons no one who had entered was ever known to return—of whom Aristotle speaks in his fifth book, saying, "It is reckoned right to slay one's father among the Triballi;" and of whom elsewhere it is written,

"Sunt loca, sunt gentes, quibus est mactare parentes."

In this confinement he never was allowed to rest, except under the custody of a multitude of soldiers and attendants, some of whom accompanied him night and day with drawn swords. A body of guards surrounded the bed of the king, and did not permit any of his followers to pass the night with him. Yet none of these things could in the least degree disturb the countenance of that most serene prince; and he ever appeared both cheerful and free in words—bold and daring in deeds—as the time, place, or occasion required. How many jokes he passed on his guards—how often he derided them when intoxicated—how often he measured his own strength with that of such gigantic forms—I leave to others to relate.

V. The emperor, displaying an angry and implacable disposition towards the king, would never demean himself so far as to call him into his presence, or to converse with him; but, preferring many grievous accusations against him and his people, he spread various calumnies respecting him. But at length, through the mediation of friends on both sides, especially of the Abbot of Clugny, and William, the king's chancellor; the emperor, having convoked his prelates, dukes, and counts, ordered the king to be brought before him, and accused him on various charges before them all. In the first place, namely, that by his counsel and assistance he had himself lost the kingdom of Sicily and Apulia, which descended to him, by hereditary right, after the death of William its king: to gain which he had procured a large army, by means of an infinite sum of money; while he had also faithfully promised him assistance to wrest that kingdom from Tancred. He then accused him concerning the king of Cyprus, who was united to him by relationship, whom he had unjustly deprived of his kingdom and thrown into prison, and had by force made himself master of his lands and treasures, and sold the island to a foreigner. He then brought against him the death of his heir, the Marquis of Montferrat, who, through his machination and treachery, had been slain by the *Persians;* and, moreover, that he had suborned persons to assassinate his liege lord the king of France, to whom he had not preserved his faith pledged, as had been solemnly agreed between both in their common pilgrimage. He also complained, that he had ordered the standard of his relation, the Duke of Austria, to be cast into the common sewer, on account of their quarrel at Joppa, and had every where dishonoured those of the German nation in the Holy Land, in word and deed. To answer these, and other such calumnies, the king was cited before the emperor—whereon, standing in the midst of the assembly, he so well and clearly replied to each objection separately, so as to excite admiration and reverence in the minds of all men; and so as no farther suspicion of the things whereof he was accused remained in the breasts of his hearers; and so clearly did he prove the truth of his assertions by probable arguments, that he destroyed all those false suspicions which were brought against him; especially denying all manner of treachery, or contrivance, as to the death of any prince whatsoever; asserting, that he was at all times ready to prove his innocence against such accusation, as the emperor's court should think fit. And when he had for a long time thus eloquently defended himself before the emperor and his barons, the former admiring the force of his arguments, first having called him, then arose and embraced him; and from that moment began to ac more mildly towards him, and to honour him with his familiarity. Accordingly, by the mediation of the friends of both parties, the treaty was carried on for a long time for the redemption of the king. At length they agreed to this—that the emperor should receive 140,000 merks for the king's ransom, according to the measure of Cologne—all which he was to pay before he should be set at liberty. All the bishops, dukes, and barons of the empire, then promised upon oath, that as soon as the king had paid the aforesaid sum, he should be permitted to return to his kingdom in peace. The conditions of this agreement were promulgated in England by William, Bishop of Ely, chancellor of the king, who brought with him the king's letter, and the golden ball of the emperor; and immediately an edict was published by the Royal Justiciaries, that all bishops, clerks, counts, and barons, and all abbeys and priories, should contribute the fourth part of

their revenue towards the ransom of the king; and for that pious end, they collected all the gold and silver chalices. The order of the Cistercians, which had hitherto been free from all exactions, gave its whole stock of wool towards this loyal purpose. No church or order, no age or sex, was omitted; but all were forced to contribute towards the liberation of Richard.

Legend of the Wandering Jew.

In 1228, the Metropolitan of Armenias, on his travels, arrived in England, and was interrogated of many things respecting the churches under his jurisdiction.

Among other things, being asked as to that Joseph (concerning whom there is much talk among men), who was present at the passion of the Lord, and spoke with him, and who yet lives as a witness to the truth of the Christian religion, and whether he had ever seen or heard of him, seriously affirmed the truth of such report; and a certain knight of Antioch, in his retinue, who was his interpreter, and who was also known to one of the abbot's servants (by name Henry de Spigournel), spoke in the French as follows: "My master well knows that man, and a little before he journeyed to the west, the said Joseph ate at his table, whom he had often seen and heard speak." And being afterwards asked respecting what passed between our Lord Jesus Christ and the said Joseph, he answered thus: "In the time of the passion of Jesus Christ, when, having been taken by the Jews, he was brought before the Governor Pilate in the prætorium, to be judged by him, Pilate, finding no cause of death in him, said to them, 'Do ye take him, and judge him according to your own law.' But as the Jews continued to clamour yet more loudly, he dismissed Barabbas according to their petition, and delivered to them Christ, that he might be crucified. While the Jews were drawing Christ without the prætorium, and when he had come to the gate, and was passing into it, Cartaphilus, porter of the prætorium to Pontius Pilate, struck him on the back with his fist in a contemptuous manner, and, mocking him, said—'Go, Jesus, go quicker—why do you delay?' Whereupon Jesus, looking back on him with a severe countenance, said—'I go, and thou shalt wait until I return:' it is said according to that saying of the evangelist. Therefore, by the word of God, the aforesaid Cartaphilus is still waiting, he having been aged about thirty years at the time of the passion of our Lord; and ever, as soon as he arrives at the age of an hundred, he is seized, as it were, with an incurable infirmity, and is ravished in a sort of ecstacy; and upon recovering his senses, finds himself again returned back to the same age at which he was in the year when our Lord suffered—so that he may truly say with the Psalmist, 'My youth is renewed like that of an eagle.' When the Catholic faith increased, this same Cartaphilus was baptized by that Ananias who baptized Saint Paul, and was called Joseph. He frequently sojourns in either Armenia, and in other regions of the East, living among the bishops, and other heads of the church—a man of holy conversation and piety, speaking little, and with circumspection—saying nothing, except when required by the bishops and holy men; and sometimes he relates concerning the things of antiquity, and the circumstances of the passion and resurrection of Christ, and of the witnesses of the resurrection—those, namely, who arose with Christ from the grave, and went into the holy city, and appeared to many. He also speaks concerning the apostles' creed, and their division and ministry; and this without any laughter or levity, or any sign of disbelief—being rather occupied by grief, and fear of the Lord, ever expecting the advent of Jesus Christ in fire, and the judgment of the world, and fearing lest, at the last trial, he should find him still angered against him whom he had provoked by derision. Many men come to him from the most distant parts of the world, rejoicing to see and converse with him—among whom, if there be any worthy, he briefly answered their questions. He refuses all presents that are offered to him, being content with moderate food and clothing; and he places all his hope of safety in this, namely, that he sinned

in ignorance, and that our Lord prayed that his Father might pardon his murderers, as unknowing what they did; and that St Paul, also sinning in ignorance, nevertheless deserved pardon; as also Peter, who denied the Lord through frailty; while Judas, who through iniquity (that is, through avarice), betrayed the Lord, hanged himself, and, his bowels gushing out, thus ended his wretched life without hope of salvation. For these reasons only Cartaphilus hopes for salvation."

Refutation of the Power of Mahomet to work Miracles.

MAHOMET confessed, with his own mouth, that he never had worked miracles, and never should work them, so that the miracles which the Saracens relate concerning him are to be reckoned false: for they assert that a wolf once met him on a journey, whom he put to flight by lifting up three fingers against him. They relate also concerning an ox, which once spoke with him: they say that a fig-tree, by his command, prostrated itself before him, and then advanced towards him; and that the moon was cleft by him into two parts and again joined together: also, that poison was once placed before him, which had been infused into the flesh of a lamb, by a certain woman (by name Zeineb, daughter of Acharith, wife of Zelim, who was the son of Muzilum, a Jew), at the time when one of his comrades (by name Abara) was seated at table with him; whereupon the lamb spoke to Mahomet, saying, "Take care not to eat of me, for I am poisoned;" whereupon the aforesaid Albara ate thereof and died. Eighteen years after that day, Mahomet himself died by poison, who, had he been a true prophet, might have prayed for his dead companion, to recall him to life; or, at least, might have guarded himself and his companion, before-hand, against the poison, even as it is written that Elijah and Elisha did of old, saying, "There is death in the pot."

Fable concerning Christ's raising Japhet the Son of Noah.

MAHOMET being questioned respecting Noah's ark and the deluge, and the general extermination caused by it, whether these things were true, and to be believed according to the narration of Moses in Genesis, answered and said to his disciples, "When the Lord Jesus was walking about the confines of Jerusalem preaching; being asked by his disciples concerning the said deluge, he thus certified the fact to their doubtful minds. Finding a piece of turf lying before him, he struck it with his foot, and said, 'Arise, Japhet, thou son of Noah!' whereupon Japhet arose, springing, as it were, out of the turf; a man of goodly aspect, aged, but sorely astonished. Jesus asked him wherefore he was affrighted, whereupon he answered and said, 'Lord, hearing the trumpet of thy voice, I feared, for I thought that I was called to the general judgment of the resurrection.' Jesus answering, said to him, 'Fear not, for the hour of judgment (or resurrection) is not yet come. But I have called thee from the grave that thou, who wast in the ark with thy father, mightest relate the whole truth respecting it to these who are here by-standing.' Japhet, thereupon taking up the parable, thus began his relation: 'During the inundation of the deluge, we were in the ark, (to wit) the men apart, and the animals in their stable, which was on one side of the ark, and the hay and corn on the other side. When four months had elapsed, the ark began to shake, as it were tottering, and to lean towards that side in which the beasts were. For the animals, accumulating their dung, while they continually consumed the food which produced it, gradually preponderated. One side of the ark, therefore, (namely, that which contained the corn) became elevated, while the other (wherein were the animals) was depressed in proportion, so that we were in some danger, and feared greatly. Nor did we dare to perform any thing of moment without first consulting the Lord. Having therefore performed a sacrifice with prayer, the Lord was appeased, and

said to us, "Make yourselves a heap of the dung of men and camels, instead of an altar, and when you have sacrificed on it, you shall have a remedy for your tribulation." Which, when, we had done, a great sow issued forth out of the heap, and, by scattering abroad that great quantity of filth, whereby the ark had before been nearly overset, saved us. But, after a few days, the sow, having performed its duty, and being no longer serviceable to us, we judged it too unclean an animal, and some amongst us thought even of casting it into the sea; but, being the gift of God, and through him the instrument of our safety, we still supported its presence, although unwillingly. In consequence of which trespass, the Lord sent upon us the following chastisement: The sow, in snorting, emitted from its nostrils a troop of large famished mice, which, running about the ark, destroyed (by nibbling) its beams, its tackle, and all our provisions; and thus, this same sow, which was sought by us, and given to us, as a remedy, became (through our transgression) a great calamity; whilst we therefore repented, and cried out to the Lord in our tribulation, the Lord being appeased, said to us, "Ye have with you a lion—strike him on the forehead with a hammer, but not unto death, and he shall be your deliverer;" whom, when we had so stricken, according to the command of the Lord, he roared aloud, and, in roaring, emitted out of his mouth a cat, which pursued the mice until it destroyed them, and freed the ark from that pest. And to the end that you may not doubt the production of the sow from the dung of the men and camels, an evident argument proves it: for the sow, in its interior parts, is assimilated unto man; and, in its exterior parts, being a quadruped, it does not differ much from the camel, and always delights in digging into, and scattering about, heaps of filth. And, that you may believe that the mice proceeded from the nostrils of the sow, ye may know that mice always delight in digging and inhabiting holes in the earth, whence they are so called from the moisture of the earth (μυω). And, that you may not call in question the truth of the cat's issuing from the mouth of the lion, the cat is like the lion, and as one of the same family, in the form of its body, and in its disposition to prey and rapine. From thenceforth the ark was borne in safety until the inundation ceased." —These things Mahomet affirmed that Japhet related to Christ and his disciples when they inquired of him concerning the ark; but the same will appear to every man frivolous, and altogether differing from the truth.

SEMIHORÆ BIOGRAPHICÆ.

No I.

To Christopher North, Esq. Edinburgh.

Leighton Buzzard, 6th July, 1820.

SIR,—Since the affront which the "Author of Waverley" put upon Captain Clutterbuck, touching the manner by which he obtained the papers on which The Monastery is founded, it has been hardly worth while to aver any thing relative to singular discoveries of literary documents. Suffice it then, that the *supellex necrologica* which I herewith transmit to you, belonged to a deceased friend, who was a man of letters and industry. I shall henceforth designate him by the initials Q.Z.X.; and this *notulæ quædam* will be so subscribed;—not pledging myself, however, that such either were or were not the introductory letters of his name, for I am bound to secrecy. I was not aware of his ambitious intentions before his writings came into my possession; but it seems evident that he was making collections for the completion and enlargement of the Biographia Britannica. Now, that the more valuable of his labours may not be hidden from the world, I am content that the public should gratify a laudable curiosity by seeing them in the pages of your Miscellany; and I can assure you, it is the quality of veraciousness which decides my choice in your

favour, when there are so many vehicles of publicity*— * * * * * * It seems that my friend rummaged every accessible hoard of printed or MS. information, and was indefatigable in personal research and epistolary application. You will observe, from the various dates of his *adminicula*, that my predecessor must have been years about the task he undertook. The method which he prescribed to himself will be very evident from the annexed example; not that he was always so amply furnished with evidence, since the main document in the present instance has all the value of autobiography, being a letter from the individual herself, whose actions he helps to rescue from oblivion. Where no link is wanting, his digest always begins (as below) with a summary, or table, of principal events, having a text of the documents, either in print or manuscript, on which it is founded, as a colophon to the synopsis. Then follow the contents of all the evidence alluded to, and in the order prescribed; and all were fairly copied out by him. Among this immense mass of literary treasure, I do not find any one life thoroughly developed. My friend appears to have past his time in accumulating materials and constructing a frame-work; but he never set about the building itself. Perhaps, with all tenderness to his fame, it may be said, that his strong point did not lie in argument, nor had he any very perspicacious insight into the intricacies of character. Nevertheless, the subjoined specimen will demonstrate with what valuable accuracy he proceeded, and with what conscientiousness he admitted nothing into his collection which did not bear the stamp of authenticity. Confidently, then, do I commit this proof of my friend's travails in the cause of literature to the observation of a discerning public; and most happy am I to make you, Mr Christopher, the instrument of spreading Q.Z.X.'s renown: and I am, learned sir, in the cause of letters, your brother and servant to command, GILES MIDDLESTITCH.

MRS WINIFRED CLINKER, ALIAS LLOYD, CI-DEVANT JENKINS.

SYNOPSIS. Winifred, born of David and Martha Jenkins, 3d of November, 1730, (day of St Winifreda,) at Brambleton, Co. Monmouth—herded goats and knitted stockings till twelve—entered service of Mrs Tabitha Bramble, and remained in it till her marriage—espoused to Mr Matthew Lloyd, commonly called Humphry Clinker, parish-clerk of Brambleton—became a widow in 1797, died 1804, leaving two sons and three daughters—age on tomb-stone, 84.

DOCUMENTS. TYP. Adventures of Humphry Clinker, 2 vols. London. 1766.—Walk through Monmouthshire, by the Rev. R. Plodder, M.A. 1 vol. Bath. 1802.—MSS. Letters from Mrs Clinker, Mr Nichols, Mr Kirby, Certificate of birth and burial, and epitaph. (quôrum quicque exemplar penes me. Q.Z.X.)

[Here follow mere transcripts from a well-known work, with which our facetious countryman, Dr Smollett, long ago gratified, and still continues to gratify, every man, woman, and child, in his Majesty's dominions. We subjoin, however, our correspondent's note.]

I conceive that the autographs of the letters, which Smollett used in drawing up the biography of Mrs Clinker's husband, are preserved among the "Bramble Papers," wherever they may now happen to be. When he edited them, they were in the possession of the Rev. Jonathan Dustwich, as appears by the preface. Now Smollett deserves thanks for having published them so faithfully, not correcting the spelling, as Ellis, Scott, and other injudicious editors have done. In fact, if this practice prevails, there will be no such thing as what may be called *idiosyncratic orthography*. The lamented Q.Z.X. would never alter a tittle when he transcribed a writing for publication. G. M.

Extract from Plodder's Walk through Monmouthshire, pp. 121, 122.

[As the same objection of notoriety and popularity does by no means lie against this work, as against Smollett's, we give the extract, even though it is from a printed book.]

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* Here Mr Middlestitch's periods become very complimentary to us, but not very relevant to the topic in hand; so, though highly gratified, we must positively keep his donation of *bonbons* to ourself. C. N.

——"I descended a hill which afforded me a view of Brambleton-Hall on another eminence; it is now in the occupation of a Mr Melford, but formerly belonged to squire Matthew Bramble. Leaving it on the right, I went to the village of Brambleton, and there met with a curiosity. This was a widow Clinker, a little shrivelled old woman, with more smartness about her than the general run of cottagers have. She turned out to be the identical Winifred Jenkins, whose part in the tour which goes under the name of the Adventures of Humphry Clinker, is not the least amusing; and indeed, her topographical remarks therein inserted are by no means despicable, though couched in singular phraseology. I ascertained that her husband could not establish in the neighbourhood his more ennobling name of Matthew Lloyd, so was fain to be called Clinker to his dying day, though he kept up a right to sign Matthew Lloyd on formal occasions, as it pointed out his alliance by blood, even if it were not by affinity, to the great folks at the Hall. The most edifying information I obtained from the old dame (who retained all the Abigail-propensity to be loquacious) was, that she found it more difficult, at her time of life, to walk to the Hall, which was on an ascent, than to return from it, which, by consequence, was on a down-hill road. She owned that she was in easy circumstances; and shewed, with some pride, many articles of use and ornament, which Miss Lydia Melford gave her at the time of her marriage. I noticed an inlaid spinning wheel which had been kept in constant use, and which was one among these bridal presents; but the old lady evinced more satisfaction in parading before my eyes two or three trinkets of an antiquated shape, and of which the use is almost forgotten in the present day."

Letter from Mrs C. to Q.Z.X.

Brambiltun, 19th Gully, 1799.

Sir,—I am groan very howld, and my mimmery is not so good as it have a bin. You aks me vare I vas born, and says you intend to cumpleat my bigrophagy,* vich I hop you vill, if there is von belonging to me, and pleas to lit me know what sort of a think it is, and vether any boddy left it to me by lecksy in thur vill. As you minchin my burth, praps I should send a sortofagut afore I can receve it, vich I can git from Pasin Heavens for ayteen pins, thof I should be loth to throe away my munney for wot is not munney's wuth, so I shall wait for your ancer fust. As to your hinkwiries about my life, that is anuther mater, but Ile give you awl the settisfackshun as I can. I heird as how von mister Tubby Smallhat rit a print book all about my pore deer huzbeen, and I no as how he giv Molly Jones a nice inchey ankercher, spick and span new, all over rid flours on a yalow groun, to let him hav the litters as I rit ven I was travailing vith our howld master, mister matthu Brambil eskwire. Mister Smallit called it a *rummewnyrashun*, but we calls it a ankercher in Vales. I thot I ott to have had it, as I had all the trubbil of righting, but Molly maid the best of her market vile I vas avay, and vares the ankercher to this day a sunddays. I vas burn and bread vare I lives, sins you vant to know; and I tented ninny gots vile I vas a yung think, til Mistress Tapifa Brambull tuck me to luck after her pulltree, and then I vas Miss Lidcher Millfurt's one made; but ven I marred, I roes in the whirl for my pore deer Umfry Clinker, (thof his naim was, by rites, Mistir Mathew Loyd), was a sun of Esquewer Brambil, but not on the write side of the blenkit. The skwire vas verry kind to him, and maid him clarck, and giv us the cottidge I am living in stil. My pore man dide of a cuff he got from a hevvy shore saven ears agun last micklemace, and I liv upon an anuaty which Mister Squeer Brampill

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* I am almost in doubt whether Mrs C. thoroughly understood the term biography, which cometh from two Greek words, *life*, and *to write*—not that there is any reason to believe she held a different theory of its etymology. Q.Z.X.

left us, and I oanly spin a litil for pasttum and rackwryhessian. My sun Mathew, who is marred, manges our litil bit a land, and Jussuf is prentussed at Munmeth. Nin is mary'd, Pol izzent, but livs at the hall, and is lick to be huzkeeper; and Jenny is dearymeed at Sqiar Owen's farm, and the bayleaf lucks sweat upon her, so she will sun be pervaded for. I reckalex nothing more pettickler. So no more at present from your humble sarvant, to commend,

WINIFRED CLINKER.

Posecribb. Pleas dont forgit to let me know vot the big ruffagee is that you say is to be finnicht for me, and it may cum by Jo Rice, who is always carrion partials to Abberjenny, and after its cum, I'le send you a jar of unicum mad by my one biz.

Extract of a Letter from John Nichols, Esq. F.A.S. Lond. Ed. and Perth.

* * * All that I can add to your store of information concerning W. Jenkins, relates to the shape of her monument alone, and this I derive from a contributor to the Gent. Mag. The curiosity of the tombstone is, that it is precisely after the same pattern as all the gravestones which have been generally used in Wales for the last two centuries, and differs in no respect whatever. This induced me to have an engraving made of it, which you will see in plate CCCLVI. of Gent. Mag. between a view of the broad nibbed pen, which Sir Isaac Newton is supposed to have writ with, and a weapon found near an old farmhouse, and which finally proved to be an ancient sacrificial cultrum, although it has been not more irreverently than absurdly stigmatised as a modern pigknife. * * *

I am, your's, &c. J. N.

(I gather from the appearance of the above, that Q. Z. X. had written to Mr N. on other points also of a similar nature, and so Mr N. had probably satisfied him on many in the same letter, wherefore only a portion is here given, and the rest is distributed where the various parts tally with the subjects of inquiry.*—G. M.)

Letter from Mr R. S. Kirby, of London-House Yard, St Pauls, Publisher of the Wonderful and Eccentric Museum.

London-Ho. Yard, 17 March, 1806.

SIR,—I can't say as how I know any thing about that there Mrs Winifred Jenkins, *alias* Clinker, *alias* Lloyd, as you ask about; but suppose she was a swindler, as most of the women in my museum, who have *aliases* to their names, are no better than they should be. There is a life of the famous Henry Jenkins, who lived to be 169, (see vol. 5. p. 92.) and also a full and true account in vol 3d., how that Mery Jenkins, of Warminster, slept day and night for a month. Now, if this Winifred is any kin to them, you are welcome to copy out any part of their lives—though, for doing so, it is only fair that you recommend my publication (the Wonderful and Eccentric Museum, in 6 vols 8vo, and a 7th nearly ready), to any body likely to buy it. But indeed it is a work that recommends itself, for it not only gives lives and true reports of all the most astonishing and notorious characters living or dead, but authentic portraits of many; and indeed I do not scruple to say, that it is quite at the head of all the works in the *amazing line.* The Newgate Calendar sinks before it, and is, besides, a vulgar compilation; whereas, I admit nothing ungenteel. As for the pamphlets set forth by Mr Thomas Tegg, of Cheapside—a word is enough, when I say, that he indulges a fiction, sir—*magnas est verity*—I can assure you, that his measurements of the Eynesbury giant, and of Lady Morgan, the least woman in the world, were most incorrectly stated; and his portrait of her ladyship was a mere fancy likeness; now, mine is done by the same artist, who was univer-

* [We hope our worthy friend, Mr Nichols, will be pleased, as we ourselves have been, with our Correspondent's communication. Though we are no great lovers of antiquarian pursuits, we have a great veneration for the Gentleman's Magazine, which, for nearly a century, has been the repository of much that is valuable as well as interesting. C. N.]

sally allowed to have been so successful in Sir John Dinely, and Mr Martin Van Butchell. It has just come into my head, that there is a paragraph in the Life of Dr Katterfelto,* (see my 4th vol.,) which may perhaps relate to the Mrs Jenkins you desire to know about. It states, that the Dr's deceptions were so marvellous, that people were often frightened out of their wits by them; and especially, it happened to one Miss Jenkins, that she fainted away, and remained in a swoon five minutes; and when she came to herself, she said, "Oh Doctor Flatterandkilltoo, you knows more than you should—shall I ever be married to Humphry?" taking him for a fortune teller, as it should seem. This is all I know:—but if you should have any curious accounts of monsters, or of bigger or littler folks than common, or can let me into the rights about the Sampford ghost, by shewing that it either was or was not a ghost that pinched Sally, and beat Mr Chave, or any such like, I should be glad to treat with you for it—but a gratis communication is what many gentlemen are in the habit of making to the museum, and is thought more gentlemanlike. However, I am not unreasonable, nor above giving a proper consideration for any real original, extraordinary, and singularly surprising and incredible matters of fact, that are undoubtedly true. I am Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,
R. S. K.

P. S. Please to pay the postage of your letters, unless they contain an order for some copies of the museum.

Certificate of Birth and Decease of W. C.

Brambleton Co. Monmouth.
Baptisms. 12. Nov. 1730. Winifred, da. of David and Martha Jenkins.
Burials. 6 Dec. 1804. Winifred, Widow of Matthew Lloyd. Aged 84.
Truly extracted from the Registers, by me,
RICE EVANS, CURATE.

Inscription on her Tombstone in Brambleton Church-Yard.

Here lies Winifred,
The Wyfe of Humfry Clinker, who was
Clark of this Parrish. She
Dyed, 3. of December, 1804.

My dear Humphry Clinker, or rather, Matthew
Lloyd—for that was your name—I am come again to you.
We lived together many years, but you fell asleep first—
But we shall wake at the same time, and rise from the dust.

(* I presume that Dr K. is the same person who is mentioned by a Mr William Cowper, in a copy of verses, called the Task, which was obligingly pointed out to me by a young gentleman, who hath a turn for poetry. He saith, there is

——— Katterfelto, with his hair on end,
At his own wonders wondering for his bread.—G. M.)

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LESS FAMILIAR CLASSICS.

No I.

Propertius.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—The following Elegies are the commencement of a short but select series of translations from the less familiar classics. I begin with Propertius. This author has been unworthily treated. He is no doubt an unequal writer; but he has been too exclusively neglected for his rival Tibullus, to whom, after all, he is not very inferior. Your acquaintance with the original will enable you at once to detect me in some trifling liberties of translation. Many of them, however, were not easy to be avoided, and all I trust are venial. —I am, &c. &c.

T. D.

ELEGY III. BOOK I.

She look'd as Ariadne, when she lay
Beside the waves that traitor Theseus bore
Far from her straining eyes and voice away,
Lost in a trance of grief, upon the shore;

Or like Andromeda, when soft she slept,
In safety, from the fatal rock unbound;—
Or like the wearied nymph, who light hath stept,
The livelong day, first in the festive round.

And bending o'er my Cynthia's slumbers calm,
Late from the joyous throng, and flush'd with wine,—
I felt her breathe around a heav'nly balm,
And borrow'd fragrance from her lips, for mine—

One hand beneath her quiet head was plac'd,
The other seem'd to shade her sleeping eyes,—
And kneeling by the couch, in silent haste,
Near and more near, I drank those fragrant sighs;

And then my flame those gentle breezes fann'd
So high, and such deep draughts of bliss I drew,
That fain I would have mov'd that guardian hand,
To kiss the lips from whence they issued, too.

But Love upon mine arm his finger laid,
And fear forbade the daring wish to rise—
So, Argus-like, I gaz'd upon the maid,
Till all my soul was living in mine eyes.

And sportively the Chaplets from my head
I took, that still were twin'd, forgotten, there,—
"Roses to Roses," inwardly I said,
And hung them by her cheek, and in her hair.

My lilies her soft-heaving bosom grace,
I see their snowy leaves—less white—expand;
I wreathe her slender arm, and flow'rets place,
Idly, in her unconscious sleeping hand:—

And if, perchance, a deeper sigh she draws,
I stop and gaze on her more fixedly,
And read her face, and image forth the cause—
Oh! can she dream—and dream of aught but me?

When lo! th' admiring moon, with amorous rays,
In sudden splendour thro' the casement breaks,
They kiss the lids where I dare hardly gaze,
She opes her eyes, and murmurs as she wakes.

"Ah! Ingrate art thou here? False one—but how—
With riot flush'd, thy shameless orgies o'er;—
Nay, and methinks I scarce should see thee now
Wast thou not exil'd from another door.

"Let her, at least, enjoy oblivious rest,
Who but to grief and vain regret must wake;
Cruel—wouldst thou forsake me quite, 'twere best,
And scorn the heart thou only wait'st to break.

"Long had the kindly, hovering sleep prepar'd
To lend my cares the cordial they require,
But with the teazing spindles' noise I scared,
Or charm'd him from his purpose with the lyre.

" And still I watch'd, and wept, and thought of thee,
And still upon my couch he would attend,
Till in his gentle arms he folded me,
As if aware he was my only friend."

ELEGY XII. BOOK II.

WHATE'ER the man, who first thy portrait drew,
Oh, Love! his hand and eye were true, I deem;
And well thy moonstruck worshippers he knew,
Who live in air, and perish in a dream.

In happy hours, those fragile plumes he gave,
For truly is the God with wings design'd,
Whose vot'ries are more restless than the wave,
The common pastime of the wanton wind.

With fatal grace that polish'd bow he bears,
His arrows on a Gnossian quiver lie;
But, Parthian-like, they strike us unawares,
And ere we know our enemy—we die.

I felt his darts—e'en now I feel their stings,
Too well my heart the wayward Boy displays;
But, oh! in me the God hath lost his wings,
And leaden sorrow on my spirit weighs.

Love, wilt thou ever lacerate my breast?
There are thy pow'r who never yet obey'd—
Strike them—and let my wearied bosom rest,
Nor wage inglorious warfare with a shade.

Oh! spare thy Bard—what poet of the quire
Like him, who cold and silent soon must be,
Shall sing thy triumphs? for his trembling Lyre
Could hardly softer sound, e'en touch'd by thee.

ELEGY XXVII. BOOK II.

O, FOOLS, with foolish hopes elate,
Who seek to trace the paths of Fate,
And stare into Phœnician skies,
To see if happy stars arise!

For whether ye with Parthia war,
Or cross the main, to Britain, far,
By desert sand, or hostile bark,
Your deaths are blind, your fate is dark.

Go bravely, nor inquire your doom,
Nor when nor whence the blow may come;
Endure whate'er the pow'rs require,
Be it or poison, steel, or fire.

Alone, the boding lover sees
The end—all of his destinies;
And meets, with no repining sigh,
The chosen death that he shall die.

All other perils he defies
Of deadly foes or hostile skies;
His lov'd one only moves his mind;
Not stormy war nor stormy wind.

E'en should he tread those ghastly shores,
And hear that Phantom's coming oars,
His voice could snatch him from the wave,
Pow'rful or to destroy or save.

ELEGY II. BOOK III.

ORPHEUS, 'tis said, thy ancient lyre
Could sooth the parched lion's ire;
'Tis said that thy persuasive lays
The listening waves would calm or raise.

Amid the rocks the music crept,
And from their stubborn base they leapt,
And stood obedient to the call
Around thy Thebes, a rocky wall.

E'en Polypheme, thy song to hear
Would Galatea bend her ear,
And bridle her impatient steeds,
To listen to thy plaintive reeds.—

When wine and Phœbus aid the strain.
Then, Cynthia, can I sing in vain;
Or is it such a wondrous thing
That maids are melted when I sing?

No gold around my cornice gleams—
No marble walls—no cedar beams—
No orchard mine like forest wide—
No grot with silver rill beside.

But with the muses I rehearse
The gentle magic of my verse,
And bright Calliope inspires
The music of my trembling wires.

Embalm'd in this my living line,
Cynthia, a lasting name is thine,
And all thy charms shall flourish long,
Reflected in as soft a song.

Nor tow'rs, nor pyramids sublime,
Can 'scape the crumbling touch of time,
Nor fanes that emulate the sky—
Nay, e'en our very tombs must die.

The ponderous arm of Age shall thrust
Their proudest honours in the dust;
Their boasted splendour shall expire,
And blacken in remorseless fire.

The name the poets' lips can give,
Amid the wreck alone shall live;
And all whereon they breathe, that breath
Enfranchise, and redeem from death.

ALEXANDER RESTORES TO ATHENS THE SPOILS CARRIED OFF BY XERXES.

A Poem which obtained the Vice-Chancellor's premium in Trinity College, Dublin, in February 1819.

Raise, Athens, raise thy loftiest tone!
Eastward the tempest cloud hath blown,
Vengeance hung darkly on its wing,
It burst in ruin—Athens ring
Thy loudest peal of triumphing;
Persia is fallen; in mouldering heaps
Her grand, her stately city sleeps,
Above her towers exulting high,
Susa has heard the victors' cry,
And Ecbatana, nurse of pride,
Weeps where her best, her bravest died.
Persia is sad, her virgins' sighs
Through all her thousand states arise;
Along Arbela's purpled plain
Shrieks the wild wail above the slain:
Long shall her widows curse the day,
When, at the voice of despot sway,
Her millions passed o'er Helle's wave,
To chain, vain boast, the free, the brave.
Raise, Athens, raise the triumph-song,
Yet, louder yet, the peal prolong;
"Avenged at length our slaughtered sires,
Avenged the waste of Persian fires!
And these dear relics of the brave
Torn from their shrines by Satrap slave,
The spoils of Persia's haughty king
Again are thine—ring, Athens, ring!"
O Liberty! delightful name,
The land that once has felt thy flame,
That loved thy light, but wept its clouding,
Oh! who can tell her joys' dark shrouding;
But if, to cheer the night of sorrow,
Memory a ray of thine should borrow,
That on her tears and on her woes
Sheds one soft beam of sweet repose,
O, who can tell her bright revealing,
Her deep, her holy thrills of feeling?
So Athens felt, as fixed her gaze
On her proud wealth of better days.
'Twas not the tripod's costly frame,
Nor vase that told it's artist's fame,
Nor veils high-wrought with skill divine
That graced of old Minerva's shrine,
Nor marble bust, where vigour breathed,
And beauty's living ringlets wreathed;
Not these could wake that joyous tone,
Those transports long unfelt, unknown;
'Twas memory's vision, robed in light,
That rushed upon her raptured sight,
Warm from the fields where freedom strove—
Fresh from the wreaths that freedom wove—
This blessed her then, if that could be,
If aught is blest that is not free.

But did no voice exulting raise,
To that high chief, the song of praise?
And did no strain exulting ring
For Macedonia's conquering King?
Who wide o'er Persia's prostrate might,
On victory's pinion winged his flight—
Who from the foe those spoils had won,
Was there no shout for Philip's son?
No warrior! what's thy vaunted name?
What is thine high career of fame,
From its first field of boyhood pride,
Where valour failed and freedom died,
Onward by wild ambition fired,
Till Greece beneath its march expired?
Let the vile herd, to whom thy gold
Is dearer than the rights they sold,
In secret to their lord and king
That foul unholy incense fling;
But let no slave exalt his voice
Where hearts in glory's trance rejoice;
O breathe not now her tyrant's name—
O wake not yet Athenæ's shame!
Would that the hour when Xerxes' ire
Had wrapt her ancient walls in fire,
All, all had perished in the blaze,
And that had been her last of days,
Gone down in that bright shroud of glory,
The loveliest wreck in after story.
Or when in exile forced to roam,
Freedom their star, the waves their home,
Near Salamis' immortal isle,
Her sons had slept in victory's smile;
Or Cheronæa's fatal day,
While fronting slavery's dark array,
Had seen them bravely, nobly, die,
Bosom on weltering bosom lie,
Piling fair freedom's breast-work high,
Ere one Athenian should remain
To languish life in captive chain,
Or vassals wield a freeman's sword
Beneath a Macedonian lord.

Such then was Greece; though conquered, chained,
Some pride, some virtue yet remained;
And as the sun, when down he glides
Behind the western mountains' sides,
Leaves in the cloud that robes the hill
His own bright image burning still,
Thus freedom's lingering flushes shone
O'er Greece, tho' freedom's self was gone.

Such then was Greece, so fallen, so low,
Yet great even then—what is she now?

Who can her many woes deplore?
Who shall her freedom spoiled restore?
Darkly above her slavery's night
The crescent sheds her lurid light;
Upon her breaks no cheering ray,
No beam of freedom's lovely day;
But there—deep shrouded in her gloom,
Their urn is Greece—a living tomb:
Look at her sons and seek in vain
The haughty brow, the high disdain,
With which the proud soul drags her chain.
The living spark of latent fire,
That smoulders on but can't expire,
That, bright beneath the lowering lashes,
Will burst at times in angry flashes.
Like Ætna, fitful slumbers taking,
To be but mightier in its waking.

Spirits of those, whose ashes sleep
For freedom's cause in glory's bed,
O! do ye sometimes come and weep,
That that is lost for which ye bled!
That e'er Barbarian flag should float
O'er your own land in victory's pride!
That e'er should ring Barbarian shout,
Where wisdom taught, and valour died.
O, for that Minstrel's soul of fire
That breathed, and Sparta's arm was strong;
O, for some master of the lyre
To wake again that kindling song.
And if, sweet land, aught lives of thee,
What Helles was, what Greece could be,
Freedom—like her to Orpheus given,
Might visit yet her home—her heaven.

J. J. C.

ON THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

It might naturally seem a great recommendation of any study, that it is agreeable to those who pursue it; and we should expect, that when a kind of knowledge was in our possession which every child catches at with delight, all parents, and all who have the care of children, would be eager to seize on such an instrument of education, for the equal relief of the child and his teacher. Yet look to experience, and you will find that this consideration has scarcely a place at all among the principles that regulate education. Look at what history tells us of the studies of early enlightened nations; look at the numerous, wealthy, and venerable establishments which, over all Europe, have at this day the charge of rearing the human intellect; —nay, look into the bosom of every family, where you would imagine that nature had some chance of making herself heard, and you will wonder what the principle can be that has dictated to men the studies of childhood. In all these institutions, and parents copy them, you will find that the preeminent pursuit, the pride of the place, is some sort of cold and barren knowledge, to which there is no natural propensity in a young and growing mind, which is sought after by none of its early desires, which, in its full acquisition, supplies the mind with no powers, and which, to acquire, is a toil and suffering, that shuts the heart for ever after of more than half the learners, to pursuits into which they have purchased admission with the best years of their life.

Why should this be? Is it that we know not where to look for more delightful knowledge? or is it that pain is the only salutary discipline for a growing mind? or that nothing seems precious but what is purchased by sacrifices? I will not attempt to investigate the causes in which this system has originated; but shall undertake the more agreeable occupation of considering at some length one species of knowledge which is a good deal neglected in our own country, and which, it appears to me, is full of profit to the student, from childhood to hoary years, —and which would require, I believe, no other compulsion to its pursuit, than the delight it brings with it, in overflowing abundance. The study of which I speak is that of living nature; the most interesting part of what is commonly understood by the name of Natural History.

I shall not say much of the facility of engaging children in this study—for this should not be argued of, but seen—and the opportunity of seeing it, of seeing the strong and early feeling with which the natural mind is carried to this knowledge, will not fall in every one's way. For our lives are too much withdrawn from nature; and the lives of our children have their character from ours. To know what is their natural mind, you ought to see them more as children of nature, not imprisoned in houses and towns, fixed by their place, their employments, or the pleasures that are prescribed to them, in seclusion from nature. Where the instruments of all a child's occupation and amusement are of your making—where all the objects on which his eyes can fall are creations of human art—where all the pursuits he

sees going on about him among those he is emulous to imitate, are artificial altogether, how is it possible you should see what native bent there is in his mind to those pleasures and thoughts which lie among the scenes and beings of the natural world? If you would know from your own observation, if you would see with your own eyes, the strong self-born impulses there are in the mind of man, carrying it to the love and knowledge of this beautiful world, in the midst of which it is placed, to live and grow by feeling and thought, you must see him, at the season in which his senses are opening upon the world—placed in natural life. You should see him a child sporting his native liberty among fields and woods, trying his new powers at his will, and choosing his own delights from amidst the profusion of nature; where earth, and air, and water, the grass under his feet, and the trees over his head, are all teeming with objects that allure his curiosity, or oppress him with wonder.

Would you so place a child with a mind of any native spirit of exertion, you would soon find him busy in the elements of natural history—you would find his mind in some way or another strongly engaged among the multitude of living creatures that surrounded him on all sides. That redundant activity of childhood, which may be tired out, but cannot be suppressed, would turn to them for its employment, and you would see him, in the first place, connecting his occupations with them. He could not be long among them before he would begin to find, that he could make himself pursuits out of them; and you would see him making them the objects of his thoughts, his desires, his affections, his exertions: with these, as an eager enemy, hunting, and ensnaring, and way-laying them; and with these, as a friend, feeding, and managing those he has got into his possession. And, in either case, you see plainly that his mind is engaged among them, and that he is driven by a strong personal interest to the study of their ways of life, their manners, their natural history. For it is only by adapting his own proceedings to their nature that he has any chance of success. But you would see more than this: you would sometimes see him suspended in his pursuits and plays, led away by some of the numberless interesting appearances about them, to observe, and study, and understand, from curiosity and wonder alone. I should have great pleasure in pursuing the history of such a boy, and in tracing through the pleasures, and occupations, and incidents of his early years, the working of those growing feelings, which, in their maturity, are the power that impels genius through the investigation of nature. *I* should have to trace that history from conjecture; but nothing could be of more force for the improvement of the science of education, than such a history told by those who had opportunity of recording it from real observation.

I have said, that, in the present form of society, there are few who have the means of watching the working of such feelings in children to any extent. All those who by their affluence can shape their life to their own will, may see it, and ought to see it, in their own children. And slight indications of the same will be familiar to every one who attends at all to the ways of children. You may see it, mixing in the interest they take beyond what we can easily sympathize with or conceive, in the animals about the house. I know you will easily discover other causes for this interest in animals, besides their propensity to the study of animal manners. I merely say, this propensity does make a part of the interest, and sometimes you may observe it working alone. If you hear a child make a remark on the mode of growth of a plant, comparing it with others, or on any thing singular or interesting in the manners or conduct of his animals, you may say, "This is the real study. His curiosity and wonder are in action. It is his understanding that is interested here; and the boy looks with those feelings on the works of nature, which, if indulged, will make him one day wise in the ways of nature."

This mode of attaining the rudiments of natural history would, I suppose, have a natural attraction for almost all children. But I think that great numbers also would be drawn to it, in its less interesting, because lifeless form of representations of the creatures, and books relating such parts of their manners, their character, their history, as are within the

compass of a child's wonder. These surely ought to be tried, where the means of those better rudiments are wanting. This chance, at least, should be given to the child of proving his capacity to be affected with what is interesting in the living works of nature.

The history of which I spoke, tracing the progressive feelings of a mind engaged in the observation of living nature, from the first childish affections to the matured philosophic love of truth, and reverential study of creating wisdom, would be a most effectual argument for the utility of the pursuit: since it would shew in full and clear light, its whole influence on the mind of the student. In the absence of such a history, I will mention, in succession, a few of the principal advantages, as it appears to me, so be derived from the study of natural history.

In the first place, To consider the utility of the study in the most practical sense, for the advantage which every one may find in the regulation of life, from adding to the occupations imposed on him by necessity, one avocation of pleasure, one pursuit taken up and followed for its own delight merely. If this pursuit is to be furnished by the mind, if it is to be a study, what is the good to be expected from such a study? It is, that it is an innocent employment of time: It is, that it keeps the mind in health by continued activity: It is, that it refreshes the mind from its cares, and its labours of duty and necessity. This study then is useful, which will furnish endless employment of time, for it is infinite in its variety, and for ever unfolding such new scenes to the student, that there is no fear lest it lose the power of engaging, and leave the mind again to the burden and danger of unoccupied time. It must be effectual for keeping the mind in health by continued activity, from the same infinite variety, which is for ever tempting the mind to new investigations, and requiring of it more extensive and complicated speculation. And must it not be of power, for refreshing and renovating the spirits from their harassing cares, since it leads at once away to the most elevating and tranquillizing of all contemplations, the majestic order and calm happiness of the world of nature?

Let me illustrate a little, what I have said of the advantage of this study, for drawing on the mind through infinite variety of speculation. It is not enough to shew that the matter is infinite, but it should appear, that to him who is once engaged in it at all, there will be fresh interest continually arising, and impelling him to extended inquiry. It should appear that there is an intimate connexion among these infinite parts, so that he will pass naturally from one to another; so that, I should rather say, if he is bent to understand one, he will be required to study many others. Suppose you begin with a single bird. At once how much you are required to know! Take it in its connexion with other living creatures. With these it is on both sides at war. It has enemies whom it dreads. It has those to whom it is itself an enemy, on whom it preys. How much of its habits of life will depend on these; whom therefore you must know. Especially on its prey: for this varies with the varying seasons. Why does it vary? Here is a fresh region for inquiry. Why does one brood of insects come forth for its prey, at one season—another at another? You are drawn unconsciously to look to the habits of these insects, and the multitude of circumstances on which they are dependant. Some of these feed perhaps on particular species of plants, and their birth, therefore, is timed to the season of those plants. Again, these plants love a particular soil; tribes of insects are confined to a particular soil. Those that feed on them, will be attracted to the soil in which they abound. Here is new connexion, and another part of nature offered to your curiosity. But your bird migrates. He comes from a colder, or he seeks a milder sky. He leads your imagination with him, to study him in his new situation; to see him adapting himself to new enemies, new prey, new seasons, a new world.

But to regard it under the higher consideration of its influence on the character of the mind—another great recommendation of this study, is the nature of the facts and speculations among which it engages the mind. It

is a study of life, enjoyment, and, in a certain degree, of mind. It is a study of life. "I am fearfully and wonderfully made:"—so is every creature that lives. Though in none does it so impress us as in man, because none is so well known to us, none is formed to such high purposes. But this feeling, more or less strong, must attend the whole study of life. To contemplate the great powers of self-continuance, and self-reproduction, with which it is every where accompanied; to observe all the functions which minister to these great purposes—to know the endless varieties of structure, by which the same functions are effected in different species—this is to study life. A study which cannot but be of deep interest to man, who sees in all other creatures, in a less perfect form, what is perfected in himself:—who searches in all the rest of nature the secrets—as far as they may be revealed to him—of his own existence.

It is, besides, the study of enjoyment. It is a great part of the business of the naturalist, to understand the happiness of the universe. In every creature in whom he is concerned, this is a main object of his inquiry. What are its pleasures? What the provisions for its happiness? For on their pleasures depends much of their habits and character. But I should rather have said it is the study of sensation:—for what he has to make himself acquainted with, are desires and affections in which are blended intimately pleasure and suffering. I will not attempt to speak of the many appearances in the manners and conduct of animals, which can only be understood by understanding, and, I will say, by sympathizing with their feelings; but I will just mention what must be uppermost in every one's thoughts when this subject is spoken of, I mean the maternal love which is so conspicuous in so many species. Take this alone. Imagine all the feelings and thoughts that must pass through the mind of a man, who applies himself earnestly to understand this one feature in the lives of unreasoning creatures. How often —(for it is little that can be done by gathering the facts that others have recorded)—how often must he have gone and looked at these mothers employed in their care of their litter or their brood! How long must he have stood watching the endlessly varying manifestations of her love! now solicitous and diligent for their sustenance, now changing her nature to ferocity for their defence, now merely uttering itself in caresses, and now rising into endeavours for their instruction. And these affections which he is to study, what are they but the same affections which make up in part the soul of man? This then is momentous in his inquiry—to compare the same affections in different creatures, resting in these on instinct, and in one on reason.

I have ventured to say, that it is in some sort a study of Mind; by which I mean, of intellect distinguished from feeling. If you wish to search and understand the wonders of the human intellect, you should be careful, I think, not to begin with those wonders. The faculties and attributes of that mind are too high for the rudiments of speculation; they are oppressive by their greatness; they are bewildering by their infinite variety. But go where you can find a part of these faculties, and a moderated operation of their powers. Go to the inferior creation. Study *their* mind; and you may find intellect in a form which is within your grasp. The mind of man studying the mind of man, is like a giant wrestling with a giant. When it takes under its speculation the intellect of inferior creatures; it is the same giant dallying with a child.

Am I to add, that far the highest consideration which I should urge, which almost commands us to the investigation of nature, is, that from every part of nature there speaks one voice, the voice of religion! that the whole universe is but a manifestation of the attributes of its Creator! that to look on the works of that Power, fills the heart with love; to know them, constrains heart, mind, and soul to adoration!

A SEA-SIDE REVERIE.

"The voices of the dead, and songs of other days."—HEBER.

Is there a place where the souls of the just,
Forsaking mortality's loathsome dust,
In purity rest till that awful day,
When this sorrowing world shall pass away?
When after this short life's terrible close,
And after death's icy and dark repose,
The good and the guilty that trump shall hear—
A summons of joy, or a sound of fear—
That last loud trump, whose awakening call
Shall proclaim the eternal doom of all.

Is there a place where the spirits of bliss
Can look down on a world so sad as this?
Where, with purest love, they behold the worth
Of the faithful hearts whom they left on earth?
Or can the soul's intellectual flame
Lie torpid and cold with man's mortal frame,
Like *that* in corruption's arms to await,
An endless pain, or a happier state?
Can the mind of man, the immortal soul,
Which on earth seems bounding from earth's control—
Can that spirit by death to flesh be linked,
All its ardour quenched, and its hope extinct?
Oh, no! there's a bright and a blissful sphere,
Where it soars when freed from its bondage here;
And it soothes the mourner's heart to think,
While in tears he bends o'er the cold grave's brink—
It soothes his sorrowing heart to know,
Though the *form* he loved may moulder below—
The *spirit* he loved—the immortal part—
The truth, and the love, and the goodness of heart,
And the faith which raises the mind to God—
These never can rest in death's dark abode:
And though mortal eyes cannot pierce the gloom,
The mysterious realms beyond the tomb—
Though we know too well, that when life is o'er
The loved ones depart, and are seen no more—
Yet we feel (and there's comfort in feeling thus)
They live, though unheard and unseen by us;
And we think, though freed from all earthly ill,
They hover in pity around us still.

Oh! who that has roved by the pale moon's light,
In the deep repose of a summer's night—
When the gray mist rests on the meadows green,
And the distant mountains are dimly seen—
When the sea in its rage resounds no more,
But in murmuring whispers seeks the shore,
As calm, as if ever at rest, it flows,
The faithless calm of a lion's repose—
When the tranquil wind is so soft and weak,
That there's warmth in the breeze that fans your cheek—
When nothing is heard but the sea-bird's note,
Or a lively song from a fisherman's-boat,

Or the rills which, gushing through arching caves,
At intervals drip in the dark blue waves:—
Oh! who that has roved in a night like this,
And thought of the phantoms of boyish bliss—
When every thought must have caused a sigh,
And a burning tear for days gone by—
Oh! who has not gazed on the clear sky then,
With thoughts never uttered, though felt by men,
Till his heart was sad, and his eyes were dim,
And the scenes of this world were lost to him;
And, unaided by sight, he seemed to view
Realms deep in the sky's dark beautiful blue—
Realms brighter than all he had thought most bright—
Delightful, exceeding this world's delight;
With all that his youth thought purest and best,
Made purer and better—by angels blest.

With feelings like these, I have often stood
Near the ocean, in night's calm solitude,
And gazed from the beech and its sounding surge,
To the misty horizon's utmost verge,
Where one softened tint is perceived alone,
And water and sky seem to melt in one;
And then while the tremulous moonbeams shine
On the waves, in a dazzling and golden line,
Which, unquenched and glowing, appears to glide
Like a lava stream through the darker tide:
Then, whilst on the waters I mutely gaze,
I think of the pleasures of other days;
And the faces and forms so sadly dear;
And the words I heard, but no more can hear;
And the tales that can never again be told;
And the pressure of hands that now are cold;—
'Tis then we encourage the fond belief,
That those whom we grieve for behold our grief;
That from them we receive the Hope, which takes
The severest pang from a heart that aches;
And when we remember that *they* are blest,
And that *we* are in sorrow, we feel 'tis best
To follow their steps in Death's awful track,
Without one selfish wish to call them back.

N. T. H. B.

STANZAS,

On Reading an Account of the Re-Interment of King Robert Bruce.

Alike the mean and mighty fall,
The prince and peasant die;
Time, like a tyrant, levels all,
And sweeps unheeding by!
Down to oblivion and decay,
The countless thousands pass away,
For one, whose honours high
Remain—a morning star—to shine,
With light undying, and divine.

True—that the world is sunk in crime;
That error walks abroad;
Yet Virtue ever soars sublime
O'er every pressing load.

A cloud may veil the lord of Day,
But glows he, when it glides away,
  Less brightly than he glowed?
Or can opposing tempests bend
The giant from his journey's end?

Thus is it with the great in soul,
  The mighty of our race,
Who onward pant to glory's goal,
  Their only resting place.
Amid the sapient, and the brave,
Thy destiny survives the grave,
  Nor e'er shall time efface
The halo round thine honoured urn,
Immortal chief of Bannockburn!

Five centuries have rolled along
  In silence o'er mankind,
Since thou, in youthful vigour strong,
  As danced upon the wind
Thy war-crest on the battle eve—
Did'st to the chin De Bohun cleave,
  And all the hosts behind
Shouted, and hostile camps did view
With wonder, and with trembling too!

But yet thy fame hath nobly stemmed
  The cataract of years;
In Honour's sacred temple gemmed
  Thy kingly worth appears;
For thou wert not of those, who take
Delight in impious war, and slake
  Their wrath with human tears;
So, when the sword was sheathed, thy mind
Was gentle as the summer wind.

Thy Scotland shall forget thee not,
  Brave champion of her right!
Thou art her praise; to every Scot
  A glory and delight;
And countless thousands yet to come,
Shall kneel in reverence at thy tomb,
  And kindle at the sight,
To think that there the dust remains
Of him that broke his Country's chains!

A.

YOUTH.

How beautiful the scenes of youth
  Awaken to the mind!
Scenes, like the summer ocean smooth,
Serener—fairer far, than Truth
  On earth shall ever find!

Time is a tyrant—months and years
  Pass onward like the sea, that leaves
A solitary isle, which rears
Its passive bosom, and appears
  Between the rolling waves.

In life there is no second spring—
  The past is gone—for ever gone!
We cannot check a moment's wing;
Pierce thro' futurity; or bring
  The heart its vanished tone!

Resplendent as a summer sky,
When day-light lingers in the west,
To Retrospection's loving eye,
The blooming fields of childhood lie,
By Fancy's finger drest.

A greener foliage decks the grove;
A brighter tint pervades the flower;
More azure seems the heaven above;
The earth a very bower of love,
And man within that bower!

And ever, when the storms of Fate
Come darkening o'er the star of life,
We backward turn to renovate
Our thoughts with freshness, and create
An antidote to strife.

Thus dead and silent are the strings,
As legends say, of Memnon's lyre;
Till, from the orient, Phœbus flings
His smiles of golden light, and brings
Life, harmony, and fire!

Δ.

THE WILD ROSE.

From cloudless skies, the sun o'erhung
With crimson fire the western main;
In shadows deep and verdure young,
The woods and fields smiled back again;

It was a luxury to breathe
The very air, so pure and clear;
Vales, like a map, were spread beneath,
And far withdrawing hills seemed near.

Afar from paths of men I strayed,
With raptured eye and glowing heart;
And felt, that every field and glade
Could fresh delight and love impart;

The running stream, with flowers o'erhung;
The trees that seemed to woo the air;
The bees that humm'd, the birds that sung,—
'Twas too much for the mind to bear!

The city's noise was left behind,
Remote its azure spires appeared;
And human strife, thus brought to mind,
The rural quiet more endeared.

Beside the stream, I threw me down
Amid the flowers all fresh and fair,
And, shooting from its banks of brown,
A wild rose spread its boughs in air;

Its leaves so beautifully green,
Its cups so delicately blue,
Awakened thoughts of many a scene,
Far banished from my vacant view!

Thoughts, that have long been veiled in sleep;
Hopes, that allured but to depart;
And recollections buried deep
Within the shut and silent heart.

Wrapt in the mournful reverie—
Of shadowy thoughts a crowding throng,
Before the glass of Memory,
Like restless sprits, trooped along;

And, for a while, absorbed in thought,
From prospects drearily o'ercast,
A solace and relief I sought
Amid the sunshine of the past!

Frail beings are we! following still
The rainbow hopes that lure afar;
By night and day, for good or ill,
With others, or ourselves at war!

We cannot stop—we will not try
Contentment in our lot to find;
We dare not rest; *tranquillity*
Is worse than discord to mankind!

Well—'twill be over soon!—the strife
Of being, and the fond regret;
The visions of exalted life
We cannot reach, nor yet forget.

Chained down, and fixed to present care—
Like exiles to their native shore
We look behind us; but despair
To find the bliss that charmed before!

Then come the rack—the searching pains—
The rankling of the poisoned wound—
And, like Prometheus, from the chains,
With many a coil, that gird us round,

We strive to rise—or, like the bird,
That beats in vain against the wires,
Until no more its wings are heard,
And, palsied with its toil, expires!

A.

WINTER MORNING.

Throughout the watches of the night,
The feathery snow, in silent flight,
Has left the regions of its birth,
And, falling, sought the realms of earth:
The mantled mountain heaves on high
Its forehead to the morning sky,
On which the distant lord of day
Shoots forth a horizontal ray;—
The fields, that lately bloomed and smiled,
Are flowerless, desolate, and wild,
Cold as Despair's unceasing tears,
And silent as departed years.

With bending branches hangs the wood,
A lonely, leafless solitude;
The Spirits of the North have swept
Its pride away, the snows have leapt

On every dark outstretching bough;
And if the passing bird alight,
With fearful, fluttering pinions, lo!
Comes down a frequent shower of white,
Which falls within the roaring stream,
That rushes on, and hears the call
That urges to yon waterfall,
Down, from the inland mountains, down,
With swelling tide, and waves of brown.

Look up unto the rocks, on which,
Beyond the power of mortal reach,
Falls dashing down the drisly spray,
And works along its foaming way,
Thro' clefts, and o'er the rocks, where sprung
The water-lilies, bright and young,
Beneath the willow-boughs, which hung
Their pendant tresses, like a mother
Above the cradle of her child,
When one fond thought succeeds another,
And Fear is hushed, and Wo beguiled;
Behold the crags, the rocks, the shore,
With icicles are crusted o'er;
Ten thousand crystal pillars bright,
Tinged with the lovely morning light,
Pendant and twining glitteringly,
Like amethysts of purple dye;
From bank to bank—from rock to rock—
In rows they stretch, as if to mock
The meagre range—the narrow span—
The pride of art—the hand of man;
A passing smile—a holy shrine—
By Nature's finger wreathed divine;
Reared in the lapses of a night,
And, as the morning chill relents,
Dissolving in meridian light,
And mingling with the elements;
So, fostered in seclusion, rise
The dreams of youth—so quickly dies
The magic rainbow, that o'erhung
The days to come, when life was young,
Receding, and illuding ever,
Like fairy climes by poets sung,
But in existence welcomed never

Δ.

THE AUTUMNAL EVE.

We met and parted on an autumn eve,
When moonlight, with its beauty, steeped the vale,
Silent, and not a cloud was seen to sail
Athwart the azure firmament. Believe,
Ye who have felt the ecstasies of love,
What were my feelings, when I gazed on her,
Whom—absent—life had nothing to confer;
Whose presence rendered earth like heaven above!
Upon a rock, above the murmuring sea,
Linked arm and arm, in thoughtfulness we stood;
And, as I marked our shadows on the flood,
I dream't that Fate intended us to be
United always—'twas a dream; and, lo!
Between us mountains rise, and oceans flow!

A.

THE SNOWY EVE. A SONNET.

'Tis night, and Darkness o'er the land and sea
Outstretches gloomily her ebon wings;
Downward, with biting breath, the tempest flings
The whirling snow-flake, dancing giddily.
What is my thought?—the traveller on the moor,
Benighted, lonely, urging on his steed,
Where all is solitude, and none to heed.
What is my thought?—the ocean's awful roar
Recalls the wandering mariner, afar
Upon the rayless deep, whose flashing gun,
The signal of distress, is heard by none,
Save Him, who placed in heaven the evening star.
What is my thought?—that feeling is distress,
And human life a wintry wilderness.

Δ.

SONNET. TO ——

Oh! I have loved thee with a boundless love,
Through all the wayward changes of my fate!
Thou wert the star, whose rays could dissipate
My gathered gloom, and bid all clouds remove:
Our passion grew from childhood; with our days
It strengthened, and it prospered, and became,
Within our souls, an Ætna of pure flame,
Warm as the sun, and quenchless in its blaze:
The master-current of my mind was bowed
To thine—like rainbow o'er a mountain-stream,
When Evening shines upon the silvery cloud,
Stealing, and lending beauty in its beam;
Thou wert the idol of my heart avowed,
And life, without thee, was a troublous dream!

Δ.

NOTE FROM DR MORRIS, ENCLOSING A LETTER FROM MR COLERIDGE.

DEAR NORTH,

I trust there is no impropriety in my sending to you for your Magazine, (which, by the way, is not sent to this region so speedily or so accurately as we could wish,) a very characteristic letter of one whom I well know you agree with me in honouring among the highest. You will laugh, as I did, at some little mistakes into which our illustrious and excellent friend has fallen; above all, that highly absurd one about your humble servant's *personality*. On no account, however, omit one word of the letter, and I will be answerable to Coleridge for the making public thereof. My compliments to Mr Blackwood, and believe me ever yours affectionately, Peter Morris.

Rhayader, August 15th.

P. S.—We are all well at Ystiadmeirig. John Williams has been preaching a sermon that has set the whole clergy of this diocese into a ferment. He does not know what a nest of hornets he has raised about his ears. But the man is incurable. It was clever beyond imagination, however, and shall be sent you as soon as printed. The old girls are much as usual.

LETTER TO PETER MORRIS, M.D. ON THE SORTS AND USES OF LITERARY PRAISE.

DEAR SIR,

If I have but little appetite for literary applause, I have not however cheated myself into mistaking a weak stomach for strength of mind, nor made a merit of an indifference which it is a misfortune to feel, and the sickliest vanity to affect. But there is a sympathy, that, in its conscious independence on person and accident, dares disclaim all individuality, and confers on us, or seems to confer, a right of demanding the same feeling from others; and to *Praise*, that springs up from such a root, to the buds and blossoms of such a judgment, God forbid that I should be otherwise than alive. I understand its value, my dear Sir, even from the desiderium which its rare and transient possession has left behind; and I know that, without its support, the hopes and purposes of genius sink back on the heart, like a sigh on the tightened chest of a sick man. What then should we think of those who feel the full worth of such a tribute in their own case, yet withhold it in that of others? Such is *Atticus;* for Mr Pope's was not the last any more than he was the first of the breed. An eager, a fervid sympathy, is an indispensable condition of his regard. The admiration of his writings is not merely his guage of men's *taste*—he reads it as the index of their *moral* character. And yet in his commendations of friend or contemporary, this same Atticus is as nice and deliberate a *balancer* as if his judgment were at that moment passing its ordeal before the eye of the whole world,

> And to o'ercross a current, roaring loud,
> On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

With the same comfortless discretion does he communicate to the author his opinion, grounded on the specimens of an unfinished work. The *ideal* of the art, or the giants who have approached nearest to its attainments, the foci of whole centuries of Nature's energies, are brought forwards—to enlighten? to enkindle? No! but to wither and dry up. The phrase is not too strong. There are different tempers in genius; and there are men richly gifted, who yet, after each successive effort of composition, lose the inward courage that should enable them to decide rightly on the degree of their success, and who seek the judgment of an admired friend with a timid and almost girlish bashfulness. On such a temper, and in such a mood, this chilly, doubting, qualifying *wiseness* may check and inhibit the infant buds of power for months—nay, should the hapless wight continue so long under the spray, for the whole summer of his life! Principles of criticism drawn from philosophy, are best employed to illustrate the works of those whose fame is already a *fatum* among mankind, and to confirm, augment, and enlighten our admiration of the same. The *living*, on the other hand, ought always to be appreciated *comparatively*—their works with those of their contemporaries, each in its kind, and in proportion to the kind. We will not equal the wren with the nightingale in song, nor the sparrow with the eagle in flight; yet both shall take precedence of the ostrich, who can neither sing nor fly—though he manages his wings so adroitly, and so well helps out his natural prose with his *analogon* of poetic power, as to make no worse speed in the world's eye, and perhaps a greater figure. It should not be forgotten, too, that one *characteristic* beauty outweighs a score of imperfections, which latter are of importance only as far as they interfere with the effect of the former. But, above all, and as of especial interest in the case supposed, let it be considered, that for the unhatched egg the blindest admiration, if ensouled with genial warmth, is of more worth than all the *mere* light in the universe, though the satellites of Jupiter and Saturn should club their moonshine. Oh, what a heartless, hopeless, almost wishless barrenness of spirit, may not an affectionate and believing mind be reduced to by another, not perhaps the superior in the total sum of their gifts, but whom he has accustomed himself to idolize—because, only too conscious of the baser mixture in himself, *he* had separated that friend's excellencies from their dross or alloy, in the glow of his attachment, and then recast them into a whole, in the mould of

his own imagination. It is a downright *Marattan*, my dear Sir! a sandblast from the desert, that in its passage shrivels up the very marrow in a man's bones, like the pith in a baked quill! And then, to blend the ludicrous with the bitter, the vinegar with the gall, comes (too late!) the reflection, that our Atticus's *capacity* of this moral heat (if praise and sympathy may be so called), is in the inverse ratio of his disposition to *radicate* the same: tam capax quam maligna laudis.

I will not suppose it possible, that among our acquaintance, unknown and nameless, but not quite unconjectured friend! I will not, I say, distemper my own habit of contemplation, by recalling the practical comment, which more than one literary man's experience has supplied, on the paradox, — = +: i. e. that the negative is occasionally the most effective form of the positive—the silence of a supposed friend the most decisive confirmation of an enemy's slander—No! I will rather find an explanation in my own hypochondriacal fancies and fretfulness, than believe that men of *original* genius can play the part of luminous clouds, that retain their lustre no longer than they can conceal its source, and shine only by intercepted light. Ει δὲ τίς αν τοῦτος ἦ, Λόγου ἀξιος μηδαμῶς εἰη! As to my unfriends, they are foreign to my present purpose. The object of their articles is to prevent or retard the sale of a work, and this they seem to pursue with most inveteracy where, from the known circumstances of the author, the injury will fall heaviest: as in the case of Mr Montgomery and others, in addition to my own. Still the injury is such as ought not to affect, directly at least, the heart of a man of genius—though I have heard of one melancholy case, in which a bee from the muses' hive was stung to death by these literary hornets, who, unable to collect honey from the flowers, destroy and deform the fruits. The allegory is more perfect than I intended. For compare the criticism with the moral doctrines advanced in the 1st, 2d, or 3d volumes only, of the Edinburgh Review, and let sense and common honesty decide, whether they do not bear evidence against the writers, as men who, without power to collect, or skill to elaborate, the fair and innocent means of gratifying the public taste, from the fancy and feeling, from the flower and fragrancy, of our natures, have shewn themselves only too well armed, and too successful in attacking and stealing away, piecemeal, the main truths and principles by which the moral being is to be fed and supported. But peace be with them—though I do not know, indeed, what right I have to wish the good lady such quarrelsome company.

But there is one class of literary *besetters*, who, like an ancestor of the tribe immortalized by Horace, are highly amusing to all but the unlucky patient himself; and perhaps to him too, except while under the operation. I mean your advice-mongers; whose requests to hear your last finished MSS. must be complied with, if you would not have them *sorry* in all companies, really sorry that they should have forfeited your regard by their sincerity. Gil Blas and the archbishop should have taught them, &c. &c.; and whose critical minimism, when the attempt is made to read the poem, too impatient to wait even for the next semicolon, might remind one of those tiny night-flies, that, as they hurry across one's book, contrive, with self and shadow, to cover a word at a time.

I trust that the purport of these remarks will not escape you. I would at all times have my feelings deduced from my opinions rather than from my professions; while the painful reluctance with which I connect the former with the individuals whose manners and conduct had raised them from opinions into experiences, and the sensation and perplexity with which I shrink from all *personal* recollections, have, I find, by casting a hasty glance over the preceding scrawl, beguiled me into a whimsical medley of similes and metaphors, that will probably start a doubt in your mind whether ever the masquerade eloquence of that pre-eminent figurante, Counsellor Philipps himself, presents common-place thoughts in a more lunatic variety of masks and fancy-dominos. Never mind. It is enough, if I have but conveyed the fact, that I not only feel, but appreciate, the honours I have received from you. To my warmest well-willers, you will appear to have so brimmed the cup of praise, that scarcely a rose-leaf could be added without risk of

loss by overflow. It is to your pleasure in accuracy, and to the experienced friendliness that will render the correction of a mistake not the less welcome, if my character should be interested in the same, that I dare appeal, if I presume to make a second or third letter to you the vehicle of some remarks, which various passages, both in Peter's Letters and in the eloquent and too partial critiques on my Christabel, Ancient Mariner, &c. in Blackwood's Magazine, have suggested to me; and if, through the same channel, I attempt to rectify some mis-statements, both concerning my opinions and the events of my life, which have recently appeared in other periodical works. Surely this will be deemed no symptom of vanity, or of a jealous egotism? It were hard indeed, if strangers may take upon them the public office of a man's judges and biographers, and the man himself be condemned for furnishing a table of errata. But even in this *unpleasant* task, (for so, believe me, it is, as far as I am personally interested) the support and elucidation of these truths of public interest, to the absence or rejection of which I have (wisely or erroneously) attributed, and still do attribute, much of what is most alarming in our present times, will form no secondary object. It will be something gained, if, like the poor Irishman who passed off a light guinea between two halfpennies, I can win an introduction for PRINCIPLE, though but as the umbra or humble companion of PERSONALITY. In the meantime, I intreat your acceptance of all my works, of which I possess a copy. I flatter myself their value will not be diminished by their having been corrected, and, I hope, sometimes amended, by myself, or by the number of MSS. comments, and other *ανεκδοτα*. Of the Wallenstein and the Remorse I have no copies, nor of my first and almost juvenile volume of poems. Excuse "A Father's Tale," if, with respect to the later collection, I cherish the belief, that the mood and the time will come when the Ode on the Departing Year, that entitled Dejection, the Hymn at Chamouny, and three or four of the meditative blank-verse Poems, will stand at a less distance from the Mariner, the Christabel, and the Love, in your good opinion, than they do at present. I am, dear sir, your's truly,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Highgate.

P.S. The ill health, and other distractions and discomforts, which have so strangely delayed the completion of this letter, and the despatch of the parcel, I have not troubled you with. Cuique sufficit sua spina Philomelæ.

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE LIFE AND CHARACTER.

"Si natura negas, facit indignatio versum."

The Village Politician.

THRICE happy land, where order keeps the rein,
Tho' faction fret, and fierce sedition strain,
Where "public weel," regardless of her ire,
Sees private discontent in fumes expire;
Where every meanest subject, Briton-born,
May hold his Prince's ministers in scorn,
Canvas their measures, praise or censure lend,
Attack, refute, investigate, defend;
In chair of judgment seated, fix the doom
Of *Whig* and *Tory*, Castlereagh, or Brougham,
On King and Queen, as whim or conscience draw,
Impress the "*καλα*" and the "*αγαθα*."

Far hence the time when *turbulence* shall cease,
And terror's death-like silence shall be *peace*,
When all the foul fire damp of rage shall ly
In muttered threats, and vengeance-sparkling eye,
And Britons shall be Frenchmen—dark and still—
(Like thunder cloud that hung upon the hill
In breathless silence lours), till waked at once
The wasting passions howl—the murderous weapons glance.

A Galen's head, amid the rotten thatch,
Exalted thus for "customers" to watch,
The window stoned with vials red and green,
Where lizard, snake, and swimming fish are seen,
These emblems speak, than "lettered board," more clear,
That "Allan Breck" is "surgeon druggist"—*here.*

He is the Horn-book of this village small,
Itch, rheumatism, bats, he cures them all,—
For rats and other vermin, mixes doses—
For coughs and colds, a pectoral pill composes—
And thus, so great the reach of Allan's skill,
He can, as suits you best, or cure or kill.

The "Scotsman" here by nightly guest is read,
And proofs of state-delinquency are led.—
"Our king has servants, harbingers of woe,
To whom, so he decrees it, we must bow;
Our means they basely pilfer, we must say
God bless the hand that reaves our means away.
Our freedom is disposed of, we must stand
To see corruption subjugate the land,—
Or if we dare to murmur, underneath
Oppression's load, 'tis banishment and death;
They tell us of our rights—and will they feed
Our starving children that implore for bread;
They boast of their protection!—thus the Ass
Is kept for drudgery and fed on grass.
Base beast of burden, loaded, beat, and starved,
And only for its usefulness preserved.
The harvest comes; o'er many a fruitful field,
Whose labour taught, the sullen soil to yield?
The splendid mansion proves the right of those
By whose laborious art the mansion rose;
Let us withdraw our labours, we shall find
The great more humble, and the rich more kind.

"Where mere 'equality,' blest state of man,
Primeval state ere misery began,
Ere princes, lords, and ministers combined
To mar the happiness of human mind.
Ere 'wealth' erected high her pillared dome,
And 'power' declared the stately hall his home,
Drove o'er the free-born soul his hateful way,
And cursed mankind with 'an imperial sway.'

"Our priests are leeches swelling into blood;
Where now the spare thin 'holy man of God?'
They fatten on our ignorance, and speak,
Just what they think will *gull* us, week by week;
Whilst we, dull fools, with lengthened visage hear,
Subjected to their purposes by fear
Of hell—by hope of everlasting bliss—
What madness half so desperate as *this*—
'Tis time we stir us powerfully, and thus,
As I this stopper, cast their cords from us;
Who would not die, oppression's bonds to break—
Who would not!—let him die," says Allan Breck.

Thus reasons "Allan Breck," whilst every eye
Beams "insubordination" in reply;
The grinding teeth, and trembling lip compressed,
The curse and furious rap, proclaim the rest.

"YOUNG HOPEFUL,"—THE VILLAGE BOY.

You mark the plan of God, in "mercy" laid,
That plan in Heaven devised, on earth displayed,
You see the Saviour meek, and low, and mild,
In power a Deity—in heart a child;
You drink his words in "meekness" as they flow,
Breathing compassion for a world of woe;
"Forgive"—the lesson ever taught by Heaven,
"Forgive," vindictive man, and be forgiven—
"As you by God's free proferred "mercy" live,
"Oh learn the heavenly wisdom to "forgive;"
"In harsher bosoms pain shall never cease,
"But mercy's ways are pleasantness and peace."
Thus from the cross, the words of mercy fall
On all mankind, for they were meant for all,—
But "vengeance" steps between, and high in air
Exultant waves the signal of despair,
O'er dale and heath her fiery steps have passed,
More swift than cataract, or mountain blast,
Nor stops *she* short, till through the peaceful vale,
Of horror burst the scream, of death ascend the wail!
Beneath that fading beam, what deeds are done,
To startle solitude, and veil the sun!
Around that livid flame, what shapes of hell,
At studied interval repeat the yell!—
Here stalks the Indian in his native garb,
Armed with the scalping knife, and poisoned barb,
Around the broiling captive takes his walk,
And deep in "Vengeance" bathes his tomahawk,
The spirit of his Father smiles on high,
Beams from his fleecy cloud, and passes by!—

Beneath our eyes, amidst the "village crew,"
What *kindred characters* arise to view.—

"A Lusty Boy!"—the midwife hands him round,
The listening gossips chuckle at the sound,
And to augment a fondling mother's joy,
Each "queasy dame" repeats,—"*A Lusty Boy.*"

Now twelvemonths old, this lusty little man,
To stand erect, and mark his feet, began—
Anon he walks, with veering trembling pace,
Now forward shooting, falls upon his face,
Laments his woes in sorrow-breathing squalls,
And for "commiseration" loudly calls:
Commiseration is a mother's part,
'Tis her's to sooth the grief, to heal the smart,
'Tis her's to *punish* what can feel no pain,
'Tis her's to *strike* what cannot *strike again*,
And thus with thoughtless cure, and method strange,
In her own infant's breast implant "*revenge*,"
Thus early sow the thistle seeds of strife,
And make a howling wilderness of life.
Not quite an infant, and not quite a boy,
How will this tiny youth his hours employ?
Let him remain in combat, game, or race,
The little boisterous tyrant of the place.
O'er cats and kittens daringly prevail—
Of drowning puppy laugh to hear the wail—
Of chirping sparrows' brood arrest the breath,
Rejoicing in the agonies of death!—

And should he scorn his mother, where's the *crime*,
These " little errors"—will correct in time,
One cannot always *beat*, and if one could,
Eternal beating, might do little good.

And now to school he plods his noisy way,
To spell, to count, to trifle, and to play,
To scorn the teacher, disregard the laws,
" *Revenge*" to meditate beneath the " *taws*,"
To combat fiercely, his address to shew,
And fairly prove his talents by " *a blow*."

Determined, bold, impetuous, and strong,
His youth like mountain-torrent sweeps along,
O'er Nature's sweets the poisoned waters flow,
And where the daisy bloom'd unseemly briars grow.

Now is he smith apprenticed, and he knows
On heated iron to descend in blows—
The bellows pour their breath, with brightening glow
The metal softens into wax below.
Awhile his youth and inexperience bind
The native darings of a restless mind ;
Awhile his couch in nightly sleep is pressed,
And, tired with ten hours' work, he sinks to rest ;
Awhile he bears reproof, nor risks reply,
Beneath the lourings of a master's eye ;
But nature will return, although you strive,
With fork to ward her off, with force to drive.

A " cock-fight" was announced, and caught the ear
Of one to whom all " cruelties" were dear.
The distance great—but then such sports were rare ;
The day was short—his master had a mare ;
His master saw no cause, nor would he lend
Consent or aid to such unworthy end.
" Denial in my need !—but time shall try,
Who shall repent this usage—you or I."
These accents struggled in the swelling throat,
Nor was this lowly-muttered threat forgot ;
For scarce three weeks had passed, when, with a glare
Of dumb affright, a horror-speaking stare,
The master's eye bespoke " his mangled mare !"

We may not reach perfection in a day—
The moon of night succeeds the twilight ray—
And, step by step, the ladder we ascend,
Whether to *heaven* we rise, or towards a *scaffold* tend.

Our hero—what's his name ?—(why, that is true,
'Tis fit he had a name—so call him " Hugh,")—
Hugh stood amazed : " The act he would not deem
A human act—did he behold, or dream ?
Some wandering miscreant sure, some Irish rogue,
He marked indeed last night, a surly dog ;
He did not like his aspect at the time,
But little thought he then of such a crime."
And thus the villain's wondering part he plays,
By downright artifice his guilt betrays ;
Disgraced, dismissed, where can he now repair !
He seeks a secret pass, and " murders" there
His master—basely " murders"—shrieks, and flies ;
Is taken—tried—convicted—shrieved—and dies !
Dies on a scaffold, cursing, in his death,
The breast that gave him strength, the hour that gave him breath!

THE VILLAGE FUNERAL.

Long had the cheek, by seeming health o'erspread,
Through parent's breast, delusive pleasure shed;
The fevered pulse, the spirit-lacking eye,
Had swelled, in that sad breast, the stifled sigh;
By hope and fear her soul alternate swayed,
Had lingered in decline the "village maid."

The wedding-day was fixed the mother knew;
The secret joy had whispered to a few;
And all the village, all the country near,
Had joyed or grieved the whispered tale to hear.

Consumption crept with silent pace amain,
She felt no sickness, and she owned no pain;
Yet listless passed the lately joyous day,
And all her roses hastened to decay.
At each successive step become more bold,
The spoiler now unveils his deadly hold;
Life's vitals grasps, till all the boiling blood
Pours o'er the burning cheek its crimson flood.

I met her noon-day steps along the plain,
She moved with heaviness, and breathed with pain;
And ever and anon, with "blade of knife,"
Upturned the grassy sod in quest of life,
Inhaled the fresh'ning influence with care,
Nor of the passing stranger seemed aware.

There needs no more the features to pourtray
Of youth and beauty hastening to decay;
A parent's grief suppressed, a lover's wail,
Sum up the burden of my mournful tale;
Whilst Recollection, o'er the passing bier,
In silence stoops again, and drops a tear.

The hour is twelve—but few, and far between,
Th' invited mourners slowly gather in,—
Await the "Service" with attentive eye,
And prove their sympathy by many a sigh.
Now Elder Jonathan, with bonnet blue,
Veils his devotion meekly from the view—
In accents slow—lugubrious—loud—and long,
Pours the discursive fervours of his song.

This mournful prelude past, the circling glass,
Short-bread and bun, in quick succession pass;
A while in pairs, with whispering tone, they tell
How harvests ripen, and how cattle sell;
What accidents last market evening knew,
How "Sutor John" was beaten black and blue,—
Till all its power resumed, the loosened tongue
With rustic jest and merriment is hung.

"They *lift*"—the bed resigns its coffined clay,
Which, in slow moving march, is borne away;
And now, with bending step, and starting tear,
The father takes his station at the bier—
Once more supports his daughter's drooping head,
And lowers it gently to its narrow bed.

The closing grave resumes its promised trust,
And all a parent's hope returns to dust.
Meanwhile the village dames in crowds repair,
The female grief and female *pint* to share—
O'er Jenny's fate sad lamentations raise,
And *fuddle* all *their* senses *in her praise.*

"THE DYING VILLAGER."

APPROACH the bed—the doors wide open throw—
Give air, and light—give all thou canst bestow;—
The chamber clear of every cottage breath,
And watch the features of approaching death.

Does age expire, whilst o'er the placid eye
The shades of death in softened twilight lie?
Thro' all the youthful frame does fever hold
His fitful revelry of heat and cold?

Alas! the sufferer's years forbid decay—
Insulted reason still maintains her sway;
'Tis "Conscience" holds her grasp, and thrusts her dart,
In grinning triumph to the sinner's heart.

"How many Sabbaths—ah, how many tell,
Did I my time and better reason sell
In worse than folly—worse than madness live,
Forgive, oh God of mercy, yet forgive.

"The hour of pardon past—all hope is fled—
My sentence sealed—the messenger has sped!
Before my aching eyes I see him stand,—
My condemnation waving in his hand.

"My wife—my dearest wife—withstand his power—
Oh children, shield me in this fearful hour.
My God protect. They may not—cannot come.
I am, oh fearful thought, I am UNDONE.

"Deserted—dragged to never-ending night,
Unseemly darkness ever on my sight.
I know—I hear—I feel the vengeance due,
And hell unfolds her horrors to my view.

"Expectant shapes attend in dread array,
To bear me in their closing fangs away.
No longer can I breathe, no longer live.
Forgive, oh God of mercy—yet forgive."

JUVENALIS JUNIOR.

SIMPLICIUS ON THE STATE OF IRELAND.

(We make the following extracts from a small pamphlet,* which lately issued from a provincial press in Ireland. It has probably never met the view of any of our readers, at least in Great Britain. The copy we have before us was sent by a friend, who wished to point out a complimentary passage in it with respect to ourselves. As the author, on transferring from our pages to his a few sentences that bear on a part of his argument, has mentioned us under the flattering and alliterative description of "one of the most able and popular productions of the periodical press," it might be expected that we should return the compliment in kind; but, though we are obliged to him for his complimentary phrase, we have not time to imitate it.

This little work consists of a series of Letters, in answer to a pamphlet by a Roman Catholic priest, against what he, with rather irreverent irony, styles, "the *blessed* effects of Bible-reading" and the diffusion of Scriptural education, mixed with some attacks on the leading points of Protestantism. To these the answer appears very well executed; but we have no stomach to take any part in the so often fought battle between the friends and enemies of Popery; nor would it be fair, as we have not seen the work of our author's antagonist, to attempt any decision on this occasion. But the last letter is curious *per se*, as it gives a picture of the state of manners among the lower classes in Ireland, and some details with respect to the state of education in that country, which derive a character of authenticity from being written and published on the spot, and must be new to many of our readers. Believing as we do, and as we have often expressed, that the vital interests of a country depend, in a most material degree, on the education of its people, it grieves us to perceive that the Roman Catholic clergy have made such a point of opposing every effort to diffuse its blessings among the population of Ireland. We are, however, strong in the hope, that it is not in the power of any men or body of men to defeat its progress ultimately, however successful they may be in retarding it; nor can we divest ourselves of the idea, that the Roman Catholic clergy, who are daily becoming a more respectable and enlightened order of men, will eventually of themselves put their shoulders to the good work, instead of using their influence to hurt it. We think, in fact, that they pay themselves but a sorry compliment in thus tacitly admitting, that their power is supported by the ignorance of their flocks. It is idle to talk of proselytizing efforts being made to diminish their numbers, and of education being the stalking horse to further such efforts. Whatever might have been formerly the case, no such spirit now exists in Protestant Ireland. While the Whigs had domination, indeed, forcible or invidious methods to obtain proselytes, and to root out the Roman Catholic religion by the sword of the law, were certainly resorted to, but on the downfall of Whig power such projects were abandoned. And yet, with this undeniable fact staring us in the face—with the fact, equally undeniable, that all the heavy penal laws imposed on the Roman Catholics by the Whigs were repealed by the Tories on their return to power, we hear the worthy lights of the worthy faction of "all the talents" putting themselves forward as the champions of Catholic Ireland, and stigmatizing as its enemies the very party which relieved it from the galling yoke imposed on it by the men, who are boastfully quoted as the political ancestors of its noisy advocates. But we shall perhaps find another opportunity of contrasting Whig and Tory conduct, with respect to this celebrated question; and it is time to let Mr Waugh, for such we understand is the author's name, speak for himself. We think it will be allowed that he does so in a manner highly creditable to him, and we are happy to bear testimony to the truth of his observations with respect to Scotland. Edit.)

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* Six Letters, addressed to the Right Hon. Charles Grant, occasioned by "Remarks on Methodism, and the blessed effects of Bible-reading." By Simplicius. Cork. Bolster. 1820.

"Those best acquainted with the description of men who earnestly and constantly make the Scriptures of truth their study, know well how very few are the instances in which ought but good, real and substantial good, results from the practice; and even suppose that a few should grow into enthusiasts and religionists, how much preferable is their folly to the madness of mortals who sicken at seriousness, delight in riot, and spurn the oracles of God? Bible-reading naturally produces self-knowledge, the fear of God, a desire after information, industry, and regular habits, charity to man, and obedience to the laws. In what countries do civil liberty and religious tolerance most abound? Undeniably where the Bible is most read; and to the light and influence derived from that book, even our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects owe it that they are saved from the blessed tyranny of their own spiritual government. And to what are we to ascribe it, that thousands, heretofore beheld as the outcasts of the human race, have been raised to the rank of men, and enjoy the blessings of religion and civilization? Look to our settlements in Africa, &c." (p. 42, 43.)

After quoting the examples of order and religion introduced into regions where they were before unknown, by the agency of the Bible, he proceeds:

"If all this be so, can the practice commence, or the habit be acquired, too early? Scotland answers, NO. In her instance, we behold the effects of Bible-reading and Bible-education upon a great people. In what other country is the system so universally acted upon, and what nation presents an aspect so intelligent, manly, and moral? In Scotland, it has long been the custom for the pastors to examine the inhabitants of their respective parishes publicly and pointedly as to their acquaintance with the word of God, preparatory to their being admitted to the sacramental table for the first time. To neglect that sacred ordinance, after a certain age, would be accounted highly indecent, and to be found destitute of information, when examined, as highly discreditable; so that the Scriptures are not only read in early life by all classes, but studied; and will any enemy to Bible education be kind enough to point out the mischievous effects of such a procedure, or will he venture to contradict me when I assert, that no nation upon earth can bear a comparison with North Britain? I care not for the objection that may be raised on the ground of existing agitations in parts of that country. These have arisen in manufacturing districts, where the early education of the younger part of the working classes has been prevented by their being employed at labour almost from infancy, and where they are exposed to infection—shall I say it? from the inhabitants of *other lands*, who by thousands have obtained employment in Glasgow and Paisley. There are counties in Scotland, however, where extensive manufactories exist, and the national character has not been tarnished; but in these the settlement of *strangers* is not encouraged, and the manufacturers work in their respective houses. I instance Forfar. The humane and excellent Gurney, in his remarks on the state of the Scotch prisons, tells us, that he found in the county jail of Forfar no criminal, nor had there been any execution from the county for twenty years. In Kinross county-jail, there was only one debtor, (and he continued there by preference) and not a single criminal. At Cupar in Fife county-jail, one offender, a poor girl for stealing a few potatoes out of a field. In Montrose, only one person, a deserter. In Dunbar, no prisoner! these are the fruits of widely extended "Scripture education." What a contrast does this form with Catholic Ireland, and its boasted morality, for * Lynesius boasts of it. *We* have no manufactories to debauch, no association of thousands of both sexes to produce demoralization, and yet how does iniquity, the fruit of ignorance and neglect, abound in many of the Southern counties? is not turbulence become a character and assassination a trade? † Our own county, which has not been disgraced by riot and outrage like its neighbours, could nevertheless afford twenty-five victims to the violated laws during our late

* The nom de guerre of our author's opponent.

† It is but fair to state, however, that the population of the county of Cork is over half a million, and that of the city at least 90,000.

assizes. In this county, so "*well taught*," how awful is the profanation of the Sabbath. Is it not the day of all the seven more particularly employed in sports, and gambling, and drunkenness? even in the streets of this city how many hundreds of the Catholic population are to be found engaged in a variety of wickedness, and encouraging each other in every species of profaneness, without hindrance or interference on the part of those who should attend to their moral culture, and who could speedily find them out at, and drag them from, a Sunday school, or detect them in the use of a Bible, did they venture to go to the one, or to procure the other, but who appear to regard with the completest indifference that awful violation of God's holy day, which prepares for the prison, and ultimately feeds the gallows.

"But farther, how lightly is the obligation of an oath regarded. I question, sir, whether many things could shock the feelings of a peasant more than to affirm, that a false oath should not be taken to save a fellow creature from death. In this country that proper feeling which leads to shudder at the idea of connection with crime hardly exists. In Scotland, or the north of Ireland, the poorest individual would feel it a disgrace to be known as the relation of a person who had been confined in a prison on whatsoever account; and whole families have been known to emigrate, that they might avoid the shame consequent upon the capital conviction of some of their connexions;—but how different is the case with us! Here crime and its punishment produce almost no sensation except that which leads sufferers and survivors to glory in their shame. Could the scandalous procession which disgraced Limerick a few days ago have taken place in any other quarter of the united kingdom? A villain, who had been executed for an outrage on a female, of the most abominable and degrading description—a crime almost too foul to bear even an allusion to it, after having been waked with all possible formality, *was preceded to the grave by a number of young women, dressed in white, bearing garlands of flowers!!* Sir, if Bible reading can raise the tone of moral feeling, if Scriptural education can produce the virtues in which we are thus lamentably defective, let us, in despite of every opposition, have both one and the other.

"I should have spared these observations, had they not been called forth by the assertions that are hazarded respecting the superior morality of the Roman Catholic population, and their information as to all things necessary for salvation, in which it would appear "they are well instructed." Some of them may be so, but, alas! every one at all acquainted with the moral situation of the south of this kingdom, must lament that ignorance, superstition, and intolerance, gross and glaring intolerance, abound. If ever general education, and religious knowledge were wanting to a country, Ireland is that country. Our author after all confesses, that their means cannot reach to the wants of the whole of their people who require instruction, and that consequently great numbers continue ignorant, which too frequently is but another word for vicious. But this, we are told, as well as their other sufferings, must be laid at the door of Protestant domination, for so are affairs ordered by their rulers, that there is "no alternative but ignorance or protestantism," which latter is, without question, infinitely worse than ignorance and all its vices. You however know, sir, with what disinterested and liberal feeling, wealthy and benevolent protestants have come forward to afford the blessings of education to our general population, and you cannot be ignorant of the spirit in which these offers have been met by the apostolic pastors of an apostolic people. * I need hardly refer you to

* I told him, (the priest, whose co-operation in the establishment of a school was anxiously desired) that our only object was to instruct the little idle girls of the town and neighbourhood in reading, writing, needlework, &c. He asked if the Testament was to be introduced? I replied, *only* for the use of the Protestant girls. On his objecting to this, I made that offer to which he alludes, of allowing both a protestant and a Catholic mistress to attend and instruct the children in their respective Bibles. This being also rejected, I proposed what would have obviated, as I thought, all difficulties, namely, that the Protestant girls should meet at nine in the morning, and read their religious books until ten, at which hour the others should assemble; and, after their entrance, that no reli-

the examination of Dr Poynter,* the vicar apostolic, before a committee of the House of Commons in 1816. p. 44-49.

"That an improvement has taken place in Ireland as to education, and that the Roman Catholic clergy are exerting themselves to promote this, I am glad to hear. I have no doubt, but that the increase of Protestant Bible-reading, and the growth of religious feeling consequent upon it, have had their effect. Protestant exertion may have called forth Roman Catholic energy, and Protestant information caused a number of superstitions and follies that formerly were avowed and gloried in, to hide their heads. In whatever way reformation is effected, let it be but achieved, and we rejoice.

"There is another circumstance on which I must beg leave to dwell for a moment before I conclude; and that is, the credit taken to the Roman Catholic priesthood by the Remarker, for what he calls the peaceable state of Ireland. Are the Roman Catholic inhabitants of this kingdom quiet and peaceable? Would not the state of several of our counties be accounted anarchy and rebellion in England? But we are accustomed to such things, and a little matter does not alarm us. Indeed some bigotted people affect to trace our disturbances to a particular source; and I do confess, that how such a remonstrance as was forwarded to Rome, and widely circulated through this nation in 1815, could tend to promote conciliation and secure peace, is a little puzzling to me. In that document it is asserted, that the Catholics maintained their devotion to the Holy See, notwithstanding the most sanguinary and unrelenting persecution that ever aggrieved a Christian people!!! *The most sanguinary and unrelenting persecution!* Alas, sir, what must not Ireland have suffered during this horrid persecution, which exceeded that of the Hugonots in France, when 30,000 were murdered within a few days; or the subsequent religious commotions, which, according to Puffendorf, in thirty years cost about 1,000,000 of human lives; or that of the Netherlands, when the Duke of Alva boasted, that within a few years he had despatched to the amount of 36,000 heretics by the hand of the common executioner; or the various tortures of the Inquisition, by which 150,000 were destroyed in the space of scarcely thirty years—not to say any thing of the Irish Protestant massacres. Perhaps, sir, if you have not seen the document, you may find it difficult to believe that a falsehood so notorious should have been put forth in the very place where it was well known no such cruelties ever had existence; but this was intended to produce an effect at Rome, and to dispose the population of Ireland to peace." P. 52.

"I have no inclination at present, sir, to follow the gentleman into the region of politics; yet I would just observe, that all these horrible acts of oppression, of which, on behalf of an injured and insulted people, he complains, amount simply to this:—not that the liberty of worshipping God according to their creeds and customs is denied them—*that* they enjoy under this free government in the fullest manner, Lynesius himself being judge—but that certain places of trust, honour, and emolument, are kept from a description of persons whose faith instructs them to deny all liberty of conscience, or freedom of religious worship, to Protestants, when practicable. In proof that what I now assert is true of popery at this hour, I appeal to the famous letter of the present Pope to his Cardinals, dated the 5th of February 1808, in which the head of the church thus expresses himself—'It is proposed that all re-

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gious book whatever should be read. This proposal was equally unfortunate, the Doctor insisting that no religious book whatever should find its way into the school. This, I observed, was a condition, which were I even to consent to, would justly be thought inadmissible by others, as it was in effect nothing less than making the exclusion of the Bible from the Protestant pupils, the express condition of the school's establishment." Letter from T. Pool, Esq. to the Rev. H. Townsend. See Townsend's admirable Reply to Dr Copinger. *Author.* We have not seen the reply, but we have seen his Survey of the County of Cork, and a most excellent work it is. Edit.

* Dr Poynter declared, among many other surprising matters, that he could not sanction the reading of select passages of Scripture in schools, *even though these passages should be the same, word for word, as in the Roman Catholic translation.*

ligious persons should be free, and their worship publicly exercised; but we have rejected this article, as contrary to the canons, to the councils, to the Catholic religion, and to the tranquillity of human life. Out of the Catholic church there is no salvation. The French system of indifference or equality, with regard to all religions, is utterly opposite to the Catholic, which being the only one of divine institution, cannot form any alliance with any other any more than Christ can league with Belial. It is false that the concordat has recognised and established the independence of the church of France, or that it has given a sanction to the toleration of other modes of worship.'" P. 54.

"Nothing can be injured by national education, but ignorance—nor by the spread of God's most holy word, but immorality. But on this particular subject it would be presumptuous in me to insist, when addressing you, sir, who have publicly given the weight of your authority to the sentiment—that religion must form the basis of all political happiness and social order—a truth plain and palpable, sanctioned by the wise and good in all ages, and on which the associations for spreading the word of God are built; and who have not shrunk from expressing your conviction, 'that as Christians, believing the sacred volume to contain the character of our salvation, and that in the contents of that volume are involved the immortal destinies of our fellow beings, you could not separate from that belief the obligation to diffuse that volume;' adding—'That if in other cases we possessed the antidote or the remedy for any evil, we made no pause in offering it, why should we hesitate when the hazard is greatest, the misery deepest, and the remedy most certain?'*

"Having had such opinions thus expressed, by such authority, and beholding our institutions strengthened by such sanction, in despite of all the ridicule of the Remarker, and the hostility of all who directly or indirectly think and act with him, I venture, under the divine blessing, to anticipate the time, when Ireland, through the instrumentality of the word of God, and religious education, shall present a moral and social aspect far different from what she does at present, and 'when the wilderness shall indeed blossom as the rose.'"

ON SWEETNESS OF VERSIFICATION.

"——— Words, that rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless. ———"

JULIUS CÆSAR.

MR NORTH,

MANY of your correspondents, I dare say, and amongst the rest myself, would be glad were you to invent some general title or head under which might be collected such observations as seemed either too minute or too insignificant to be wiredrawn into an essay, and yet too good to be thrown away. Your Editorial ingenuity could not fail to hit upon some motto, at once appropriate and catching—such, for instance, as the unaffected one of "Pensèes," or the elegant one of "Hodgepodgiana," or the unpedantical one of Ετια Πτιροντα." But this by the way.—

It is with some hesitation that I hazard the following short remarks upon a subject which must, at least to very many readers, appear sufficiently trifling: still by readers of poetry, I know that few observations relative to the art, however fanciful in their nature, will be considered as absolutely nugatory or unimportant. Upon them therefore I must rest for my defence against the possible sarcasms of such as with Hotspur

"Had rather be a kitten and cry "mew,"
"Than one of those same metre ballad-mongers."

It has often happened to me, and probably to you, Mr North, to hear the term "sweetness of versification" used as expressive of some unknown or indescribable power of imparting melody to verse. Of this faculty we are led to believe, that it is beyond the ability either of the author or his

* Speech of the Right Hon. Charles Grant.

readers to give any definite account. We are told of the peculiar sweetness of Virgil amongst the ancients; and amongst the modern English writers, of Milton, of Rowe, and of Langhorne, and others whose names it is needless to adduce.* Nor is this property ever mentioned but in general terms, as a sort of shadowy something which can neither be regulated nor taught. When we ask for a definition, and the arguments upon which it is founded, we are answered by a summary reference to the poetry of the authors themselves, after the manner of sundry treatises on matters connected with taste and the minor metaphysics, which might easily be mentioned, and which have had, aye, and still retain, their credit with the world. Mysteries, especially about trifles of this sort, are teasing things; and, which is worse, they are not only teasing themselves, but the cause of teasing in others. Upon a gossamer of this description, have I known suspended as much talking "about and about," as much description not meant to describe, and argument never intended to convince, as would fill a moderate volume. There are some people who, for some unaccountable reason or other, seem desirous to have a puzzle for ever in their mind's eye, just as a painter's sky must always have something of a cloud, because, as he luminously tells you, a cloud is *picturesque*. To such, the term "sweetness of versification" is a comfort—a very luxury—a nice little instrument for raising a mist—a sort of intellectual censer, in which are consumed precious arguments that, like frankincense, end in nothing but smoke.

Sweetness of versification, if it be any thing, must be an affair of sounds, and the arrangement of sounds upon which it depends must be, in itself, definable, and capable, where it exists, of being pointed out. To see if something feasible cannot be made out of this nice matter is the object of the following remarks.

Repetition of some kind or other, seems evidently to be that from which the pleasure obtainable from verse or metre is derived. The recurrence of lines of certain length, and of accents in certain places, or of accents in certain places alone, constitutes *Rythm*. *Rhyme* is the recurrence of sound, that is to say, vocal sound, expressed or recollected. The vowels are the principal instruments of sound. The consonants are minor and more delicate tools. It is hardly necessary here to note their division into half-vowels, liquids, and mutes. They modify but cannot destroy the sounds dependant upon the vowels. In short, they preserve the essential identity, and at the same time, impart a palpable variety. The vocal sound seems to spring from the consonant like an organized product from its matrix; and the same vowels from different consonants are like persons of different families who happen to resemble each other almost to identity—they are precisely *alike*, but not *akin*.

The repetition of the accented vowel at the end of each line is, confessedly, the foundation of the pleasure afforded by rhyme. If we examine a few of the lines of those poets who are most remarkable for the sweetness of their versification, the peculiar pleasure derivable from them, will, I believe, be found to depend upon the same principle. This principle, in its broadest and most tangible exhibition, is rhyme. A little modified it is "alliteration." Applied with consummate art and delicacy, it is "sweetness of versification." It must be observed, that there is sometimes a little difficulty in distinguishing, and separating in the mind, that sweetness which arises from a gentle and delicate sentiment expressed in appropriate language, and that which is entirely the effect of the artful collocation of sounds; and that when the two are united, the effect is, of course, the most striking. But these matters are best explained from examples.

The poet most remarkable for the possession of sweetness, both of sentiment and rythm, is probably Virgil. I have more than once heard the following lines quoted, as manifesting, in a wonderful degree, the union of the

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* Euripides, Anacreon, and other Greek Poets, have been called sweet; I cannot help thinking, however, that the continual recurrence, in that language, of the *υ* and the compounds, *αι*, *ου*, and *ει*, gives a breadth and strength of sound which, however majestic, ill accord with our idea of the word *sweetness*.

most dulcet versification and delicate sentiment. They are from his tenth Eclogue.

" Hic gelidi Fontes hic mollia Prata, Lycori !
Hic nemus, hic ipso, tecum, consumerer œvô."

Here the sweetness, which is embodied, in a greater or less degree, throughout the whole passage, attains to its most exquisite intenseness in the concluding line. Let us analyze this line, and it will be found to consist of thirty-three letters which compose the different words; the dipthong in "oevo" being called one letter only, that is to say, E. The repetition, both of vowels and of consonants, will be found to be very remarkable; only thirteen out of the twenty-five Latin alphabetical characters being employed throughout the whole line. E, which is the principal vowel, and which bears the accent three times out of the five, is five times used. C is used four times, S, M, I, U, and O, three times each; and H, N, and R, twice each; there being only three insulated characters in the whole.

A friend of mine once repeated the following passage from "As You Like It," as being in every respect equal to these celebrated Hexameters. It seems to me, however, that its sweetness springs much more from the beauty of the epithets and of the general expression than from the rythm—gentle, smooth, and judicious as it is. The lines occur in the address of Orlando to the banished Dukes' company.

"——— Whate'er ye are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time—"

In the versification of Pope's favourite lines,

" Lo ! where Mœotis sleeps, or hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,"

the principle of repetition is sufficiently evident; and if the following most musical periods from Milton and Langhorne be rigorously examined, they will be found to be similarly constructed.

" Can any mortal, mixture of earth's mould,
Breathe such divine, enchanting ravishment ?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence;
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of Silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall, smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smil'd ! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Sirens three,
Amid the flow'ry kirtled Naiads
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention;
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause;
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and homefelt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now.———" COMUS.

" 'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
That purple grows the primrose pale,
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sat in his eye,
The sun his golden tresses gave
The north's pure morn her orient dye
To him who rests in yonder grave !

Beneath no high historic stone,
Though nobly born, is Owen laid,
Stretch'd on the greenwood's lap alone,
He sleeps beneath the waving shade"
OWEN of CARRON.

It is needless, and would be tedious, to go into further analysis. The artful repetition of the softer vowels and liquid consonants is tolerably plain, on an examination, in almost every line. I may, however, perhaps be allowed to quote four lines from Rowe, which, in a certain degree, exemplify the same principle, and then quit this part of the subject.

" O death ! thou pleasing end of human wo—
Thou cure for life—thou greatest good below,
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave."
PHARSALIA.

Should the foregoing extracts be insufficient to shew that repetition is the soul of sweetness in verse, the following lines from the uncouth Donne afford an additional argument *e converso*. The contrasted, broad accents, harsh consonants, and straggling syllables, almost set one's teeth on edge.

" I sing no harm, good sooth, to any wight,
To lord, to fool, cuckold, beggar, or knight,
To peace-teaching lawyer, proctor, or brave,
Reformed or reduced captain—knave,
Officer, juggler, or justice of peace,
Juror or judge.———"
ELEGY XVI.

It is evident that the successful concealment of all art and design, in the management of repetitions, which occur at uncertain intervals, and most frequently in the intermediate syllables of a word, constitutes a great part of the merit of the examples which have been given. It is equally plain, that the principle of repetition, awkwardly and injudiciously applied, has given rise to the disgusting habit of alliteration, which is more or less common to every period of English poetry. To say the truth, these latter times have given birth to much the worst specimens.

Mason has eagerly adopted, as a fine thing, what Shakspeare, Fletcher, and the earlier writers, have made a subject of frequent and extravagant ridicule, and classed amongst the literary vices of their age. To talk of

"Apt alliteration's *artful* aid,"

is a solecism. It is enough to refer to the Two Noble Kinsmen of Fletcher, Ancient Pistol, and the Tragical-Historical-Pastoral, as Polonius would call it, written and enacted by that worthy, Bottom the weaver, and his illustrious companions. In the first mentioned play, the pedagogue thus addresses Duke Theseus:

"O! dainty duke, whose doughty, dismal fame,
From Dis to Dedalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad!"

How Mason, after this, could imagine he had *made a hit* in writing such a line as,

"I spyed the sparkling of his spear,"

is inexplicable; and yet he seems to go into this egregious and palpable affectation with all the confidence of a conceited drummer, who thinks he confers additional grace upon his music by a regular flourish of his stick preparatory to every rumble upon his kettle-drum. Perhaps, like his friend Gray, he contented himself with Horace Walpole's account of the old dramatists as barbarians, and preferred "eternal new French Romances." It were to be wished that Mason's unconscious burlesque had put an end to this wretched practice: that it has not done so, is, as must be conceded with all tenderness for the feelings of the "genus irritabile," not much to the credit of the *fineness of tact* usually attributed to that respectable and touchy body. It is certain that no additional smoothness is gained by it; smoothness, unlike sweetness, being independent of either contrast or repetition, and consisting for the most part in the use of the liquid consonants, and the natural collocation of pauses.

It would look too like trifling, were I even inclined to insist further on this topic. I should inevitably subject both you, Mr North, and myself, to the animadversions of those who discover that such disquisitions tend to nothing useful in life. That would be a pity. I have sometimes thought it singular, how little scientific men, and even those of generally contemplative minds, seem to be aware of the ultimate effects of all human pursuits. But it is not unnatural. That speculation, which would reduce the end of all to the simple consideration of the gratifying of that which may be called the *pleasurable principle* of our nature, is too abstract to be familiarly remembered or taken into account. He who produces a physical effect, however small, produces something tangible, something which may conduce to immediate bodily comfort. The pointer of a pin, nay, the polisher of a button, will every where be admitted as a useful member of society. The turner of an epigram or a sonnet may not always fare so well. I am, &c. &c. T. D.

Aug. 30*th*, 1820.

FRAGMENT OF AN ESSAY ON ELOQUENCE.

The essential end of eloquence in him who speaks or writes to men, appears to be not the declaration or enforcement of truth, but the bowing their minds to a purpose which he has at heart; and therefore the wicked purposes to which eloquence has been applied, are as consistent with its proper nature as the purest and best. For eloquence has in itself no moral nature—it is an art or a power—equally capable of any application. But, as it is a power, it draws with it a duty to him who holds it, to use it well for their sakes over whom it reigns; as it is an art in which the highest faculties of the mind are engaged, it owes to those faculties not to degrade and dishonour

them, by yielding itself to serve unworthy uses.

The end of eloquence is to bow the minds of others to the will of the speaker. If his own mind be subjected to the truth, he will be sincere; and his purpose will be to persuade the truth. If he be insincere, he will seek to persuade that which he disbelieves himself, but which he assumes as truth for the moment, that he may establish it as truth in the minds of those that hear.

Thus, then, the first principle of eloquence is an intellectual principle. It aims to sway the intellectual faculty of men—to take possession of their judgment. And perfect eloquence is the most intellectual—never resting on feelings alone—but in its deepest pathos, and strongest agitations of passion, preserving to reason its natural sovereignty: and sustaining, even in the wondering and agitated mind, the consciousness of its own clear and steadfast obedience to reason. Yet that perfect eloquence may be sincere or false. It may speak truth in the power of reason; or, with words clothed in reason's garb—it may seduce the faculties of intellectual and immortal spirits.

But, inasmuch as the judgment and conviction of all minds is accessible in part by their feelings; the highest minds being opened by feeling only to the highest truths; and minds of a lower order, yielding up their understanding altogether to their emotions—it is as essential to the highest eloquence to possess the feelings as the understandings of men; while a lower, and indeed a spurious eloquence, has been able to rest itself altogether upon their passions.

Thus, the characters of high eloquence, whether morally sincere or false, will be at once intellectual and pathetic; and there can be no just consideration of the art of eloquence which does not regard it in this its twofold character.

But, although it be true that eloquence has not in itself any necessary determination to be either sincere or false, but may maintain, in either case, alike its own perfect character of powerful art, yet, it is to be observed, that in the history of mankind these two kinds of eloquence have found a very different fortune. For eloquence, corrupt or false in its purpose, has held the dominion of men's minds but for a moment: but eloquence, breathing from the depth of the heart, has blended itself with the very life, it may be said, of mankind—becoming incorporated, as an inseparable part, with their existence.

For the general and permanent convictions of mankind are towards the truth: and although the passions of individuals separate them violently from all good, yet those feelings in which all men are in sympathy, are for good. And thus the whole power of the universal spirit of men through continual time, embraces the eloquence of Truth, while it throws off from itself, at every moment, that of Falsehood.

For it is probable that the sway which has indeed been exercised by eloquence over the minds of men in society through successive ages, is of a magnitude of which we commonly have no conception. And yet, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that it should be great, when we consider what speech is. For it is nothing else than the expression of the mind itself: and whatever power the highest and greatest of human spirits may entirely possess over others, may subsist in speech: since the height and vastness of thought, and the deep and inextinguishable force of boundless affection and desire, which constituted that power, have all their adequate and lasting expression, an ever-subsisting reality in the words of speech.

I will not speak now of the highest purposes in which the words of human language have been employed. But departing from these, and confining our thoughts within the sphere of mere human power, let us endeavour to entertain some just conception of the extent to which the power of the human mind may be embodied in speech, and to which, through speech, it may act even to distant ages.

The minds of power which rise up amongst men, exercise their natural ascendancy among them, in various ways. All exercise dominion. Some govern them as states; ruling, or legislating: Some lead them in war: Some prescribe, by invention and discovery, a course to their individual energies: Some command, by the example of their life, the acts of their daily lives, and the temper of their souls:—Some gather up all their power

into their intellectual spirit; and severing themselves from participation in the active life of men, they hold dominion over them, merely by the manifestation of their intellectual powers. They put the power of their minds into speech: and their voice goes forth among men, and dwells in permanent life among them, instructing, kindling, and controlling.

But, what is it then that such a mind can know and do?—What are the conceptions of its own, that can be so important to men?—That which was important to them from the beginning. Their own life, quickened, as it is, by their own souls. The mind that looks upon their life, and from its vast and various aspect, frames within itself a living world—the mind that reads within their souls, and from their inmost spirit brings forth its hidden mysteries in light before their eyes,—that mind holds over them, by power of its conceptions, the dominion which their life has over them, the dominion which lies over their life, in their own spirits. By their living selves he wields them. His mind is the mirror of their life—a spell over their being.

It is no new created power, but a natural power exalted to its height, and made permanent.—For in ourselves, no power is permanently exalted. But the changes and depressions of life—minute cares, and lower desires—are continually rising upon the spirit, and oppressing and displacing its higher powers. It is not itself. Though it have greatness and purity, it is neither great nor pure. It is stained, humbled, disabled. But the voice of that mind, which, in the midst of the humiliations and pollutions of men, has kept its own majesty, has guarded its pure and undefeated power, reaches to their ear in the very midst of depression and dishonour—awakens, rekindles in it the consciousness of itself—arouses its native inherent life—lifts it up by its own force, and restores it for a moment to its original dignity and power.

If it be true, then, that there are such minds; if men have lived, who in sympathy with men have yet kept themselves apart—who, with large and comprehensive love, have received into their hearts the whole life of men—who, with capacious and mighty intellect, have surveyed all relations of their existence—and who, more faithful to themselves, have preserved their power entire in the sanctuary of their own breasts—then, there is reason enough why such men should have dominion over the minds of their fellow-men: and if speech be a means by which such minds can leave the lasting resemblance of themselves, their undying power among men; then, there is reason sufficient, why there should be found in eloquence the means of permanent and most powerful dominion.

But if we should consider, more particularly, what has been in civilized nations the history of civilization, we should find that the dominion thus exercised, has been important in the highest kinds of influence on the condition of society. For civilization has essentially subsisted among men, neither in the security of law, nor in the invention of the arts of life, but in the condition of the minds of those who have held the highest places of society. But the state of their minds has been determined at all times, in its highest respects, by the instruction that has subsisted in the society. But that instruction has been essentially embodied in language, subsisting in its essence in the treasured words of the greatest minds, either written, or conserved in tradition. If the words have been lost, the knowledge has decayed; but in the words the spirit has lived.

If we inquire more narrowly, we find that at every moment the actual instruction has subsisted not merely in such written or oral records, but more generally in the living discourse of the instructors of each generation. But it is not the less true, that such instruction subsisted essentially in the transmitted words: to which all such living discourse had reference, being indeed, in some sort its commentary: and every tongue that spoke instruction, having been itself fed from those sources.—And if, with these views we go back to civilized Greece and Rome, or to ancient Persia or Egypt,—or keep ourselves to the consideration of the countries in which we ourselves have known civilization, separating as well as we can in imagination, whatever in these last is not human—we shall easily be disposed to conceive, that whatever, in any of these countries, was at any time subsisting,

written, or in tradition of discourse held by exalted and powerful minds of preceding time, was the durable foundation, or rather the strong and ever-living spirit of their high civilization.

But such instruction, it will easily be understood, was not confined to such discourse, whether written, or orally transmitted, as treated expressly of philosophical and moral knowledge. But in whatever language, under whatever form, the conceptions of high, pure, and comprehensive minds were preserved, they were such instruction. They subsisted in the poetry of Homer, as much as in the doctrines of Zoroaster. They live in the writings of Shakspeare, as in those of Cicero.

In all, the same purpose is effected. The conceptions of the highest mind in its highest state of power, are in some sort made to be the permanent conceptions of ordinary men. There is a power raised up in them, at war with their ordinary life. As in the midst of the darkened and disordered life of men conflicting in society, those single minds held themselves apart in their own calm power, so in every bosom in the midst of its own troubled and agitated life, the same power rises up in the same strength, like a sanctuary in the land of war, like a star rising upon a stormy sea. There is a durable strength, and acknowledged sovereignty given to the higher faculties of our nature, in the midst of a life, which often tends to confound the highest and the lowest.

Such a power, as much as it can exist among men, is not to be conceived, it is evident, as limited to the very few minds of pre-eminent distinction among men, which never can be forgotten by their own people, or by mankind, although in these it is most conspicuous:—but it has its energy also in numberless minds, which, inasmuch as they share in the same spirit, are fountains of good to men; in all whose voices survive them, although they should cease at last in time. And especially if we would estimate in countries of high civilization, the force which is continually exerted by the written record of the minds of past time, we must be careful not to limit our imagination to such influence as we can trace perhaps of the works of individual minds, but must endeavour rather to apprehend what may be the power, as we have witnessed and known it, of that great body of written discourse, in all the forms of language, which subsists, accumulating from age to age among a people, and is a permanent power among them controlling their minds, and having part in determining their character. And whatever we may see among ourselves, and in nations like ourselves, to subsist as a power by the written record of speech, we must understand to have subsisted in nations of less art, in more or less degree, in the primitive form of faithful and powerful tradition.

I have thus endeavoured briefly to point out some of the principles of reasoning, by which we must guide inquiry into the real power which it is possible for speech, as it is left consigned to faithful records, to hold among men. If it have such magnitude of importance, as I conceive, then it will follow as a simple necessary consequence, that those who feel in themselves the talent of eloquence, and are cultivating it, are preparing themselves to exercise, not an idle art, but one which, by its greatness, lays them under obligation to look anxiously upon the mind that is to speak by that voice.

The seductive reputation of skill, of mastery in a splendid art, may be obtained, without any care of the dignity of that power which is exerted in its practice. But if, to the mind that loves reputation, there is a fame dearer than present applause, if it grows precious as it spreads and lasts, then is there, even for the sake of the *fame* of eloquence, a motive to cherish the inward honour of the mind, that is to speak in eloquence: that when it gives forth its voice, while the ear listens with pleasure, the heart may approve its own delight:—that the charm which is felt may not pass away with the breath, but be received by the heart into its life, and yet steal from one heart to another, gliding down the stream of time, like a sweet sound on the bosom of a mighty river.

RUINS.

THE memory of the past ages of a people hangs over the present life of each generation with a brooding power; like love fostering its offspring by its overshadowing presence.

Our life draws strength from the obscurity that gathers on its cradle. If we could look back to its origin, our powers and hopes would suffer by the limitation of the past. We have a part in the ages that have rolled away, for the spirit of their might descends upon us—our blood is from old heroes. Life indeed is shrunk; it has waxed feeble in the wane of time. But what we feel and behold is not ALL our power; there is something that slumbers within us—of the waters that flowed in pomp, there are streams that yet wind in their buried channels;—though the flame has fallen, there is yet, beneath the ashes, smouldering of the unextinguished fires.

If there be indeed a power in the past, if its spirit has a sway in our life, not merely by the thousand-fold unconscious derivation from age to age, but by conscious recollection, not as we are united to it by life as its offspring, but as we stand apart from it contemplating;—then the memorials of the past are important to our life, for in them its shadowy presence hovers over us.

The towers and mouldering fanes, the reft dwelling places of state, and war, and sanctity, now naked to the clouds, or mantled with the unbidden luxuriance of overgrowing nature—What are these to our present life?—Are they more than the vestiges of a dream, to which other dreams may cling?—Are they more than decaying magnificence and vanishing beauty?—And the gleam of recollection that lingers upon them, is it other than the glory on the mountain's head, when the sun has sunk from the sky? They are indeed more than these. They bind the present to the past by links of strong realities. Weak as our imaginations are, and easily loosing all things from their unsubstantial grasp, it is not enough for us to *know* that things have been or are. We know, and yet they disappear from our belief. Our mind, blended with sense, lives more in sense than thought. Our knowledge is only strongly present while it is vouched by sense, and the substance of reality fades as it grows distant to our eye.

The records of men tell us what they have been; these testify and explain how variously the spirit of humanity has dwelt in its changing body. In these our intelligence of the past lies; and by these we draw down upon ourselves influence from the life of generations that are gone. But the knowledge which reasoning thought is able to build up for itself out of these memorials is yet insufficient; it wants a living presence to our breathing life. We cannot feed on the airy forms which memory yields to imagination.

How powerful is the dominion of one age over another, while all the forms with which its life was filled survive in unimpaired, unblemished beauty; while its temples and statues, its groves and gardens, towers, palaces, and habitations of men remain; and those that are born seem to walk only upon the grounds of their ancestors. How is that dominion changed when the face of the land changes, when the old habitation of the people is erased from its surface, and the generation that rises sees only around it what it has built and planted for itself on the changing earth. The might of the Druid fell with his oaks.

If we could be transported into distant ages, and could understand the secret laws of their life, we should know in what power the memory of the past remains in its immutable monuments. We should discern how the mound over a dead warrior could eternize his glorious fame, how a stone set up, or a rock marked only on the tongues of the people with a name, were able to bow their spirit in awe to the might of the departed, and to hold fast to the earth recollections that were else winged for their shadowy flight to the realms of forgetfulness.

Even to us, to whom so little remains of the awful might of the past, to us its monuments have their power, and we may trace it in our own bosoms. Even to us, changed on our changed earth, the few and decaying memorials of older time still speak with a living voice. We KNOW, as we stand on the piled stones of the feudal tower, that a race, warlike and mighty

dwelt in the land; that the sun which rolls above us shone on their glorious arms. We know what vigour was in human breasts when danger and death might ride abroad; and yet the pride of life was undimmed—its joy untamed. Here was the hall of their feast, and there the forest of their chace. Here knights justed, here minstrels sung. The strain of the harp is silent, and the dust of the hoofs is laid. But we feel how that strain once thrilled through eager hearts, whether the song of battle rang in the warrior's ear, like the note of the trumpet, or a softer lay, stealing round the silent board, drew hearts to hearts, blending under the sway of its controlling unison. Here love, and courtesy, and loyal faith, and lofty valour met. Here the young boy bounded in the strength that reared him to future fight. Here the hoary sire taught his son the scorn of death, the dread of shame, and poured down to the future descendants of his loins, the unvanquished spirit of the race.

Surely, it is not idle imagination alone, that thus gathers fantastic illusion on our thoughts, when we seem to bring back the past to the spot where it once was acted. It is our knowledge kindling into reality, by the yet surviving realities of this long-departed time.—Let *him* speak, and tell us, who has recalled to our own age the visions of those that are gone, whether these scenes and their impress are in vain for our belief of the past; or what we owe of the splendid dramas of vanished existence that have passed before our eyes, to its yet extant memorials on the hills and vales of his native land, how much of his song is but sounds caught from the echo that still lingers round their mouldering stones.

ODE,

Composed while the Sun was under Eclipse, 7th September, 1820.

The *sun*
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations.—PARADISE LOST.

LIGHT wanes; dark clouds come hovering o'er
The bosom of the silent sky;
And harvest fields, a yellow pride that wore,
In twilight shadow lie.
A gloom o'erspreads the forests green;
The sullen river, with a roll,
Rushes to the sea, its goal;
And the far distant hills are seen,
As if the fleecy robes of Eve were strewed between!

The breezes are asleep; the world at rest;
And silence to the east and west
Gazes, but in vain, to see
One leaflet moving on one single tree!
The birds forsake their singing, and around,
Nought but the cattle's low—a lonely sound,
Disturbs the solitude. Behold,
Withdrawn from human eye—
Far in the sullen solitary sky,
The sun hath quench'd his radiant orb of gold.
A deeper, and a deeper gloom
Succeeds, as if the day of doom
Were come, and earth should quake around,
At the angel's trumpet sound!
As if at once, like molten glass,
Earth and Heaven away should pass;
And to darkling chaos roll,
Crackling like a folding scroll!

Oh! Thou, that far beyond the starry sky,—
Thy glances piercing through eternity,—
Omniscient,—and invisible,—alone,—
Sittest on thy jasper throne,
Hearken to us, frail mortals, when we cry!
Hearken to us,—although but for a day—
We are—and pass away!
Hearken to us—although we have preferred
Sin's darkness to truth's light;
And, wandering from thy sight,
Have in the paths of folly ever erred:
Hearken to us, although ungrateful we,
Like prodigals, have wandered far astray
From virtue's everlasting way,
And in our pride of heart forgotten thee!

A deeper gloom, a darker dye,
Mantles o'er the dismal sky;
Sailing o'er its breast, like phantom ships,
The severing clouds revolve, and lo!
With a faint and feeble glow,
Looks out the mighty sun in dim eclipse;
Like a lunar crescent beaming,
And a ghastly splendour streaming
Upon the broken clouds, in many a fold,
Around, like pillars of a ruined fane,
In awful wildness rolled!

Hearken again, oh! Thou whose boundless power
Extendest far beyond our limited thought,
Through worlds, that in a twinkling thou hast wrought,
And in a twinkling can in wrath devour!
Thou that hast made, and can command;
Thou that the depths of chaos broke—
That touchest mountains, and they smoke;
And takest, in the hollow of thy hand,
The heaving and immeasurable main,
As if it were a drop of rain!
Hearken to us, and hear,
With unaverted ear,
Our supplications, as with faces prone,
And folded hands, we bow before thy throne!

Because, with quenchless light, and daily force,
Brightening the orient, from his chamber starts
The red-haired giant, whose proud looks are darts
Of living fire—rejoicing in his course—
Because the pale-eyed moon, with silver smile,
Walks forth in beauty through the evening dim,
And round her path the constellations swim,
Shorn of her beams, with fainter light the while;
Because, with regular pulse the ocean throbs,
Covering, and leaving wastes of yellow sand;
Because the green-rob'd spring o'erspreads the land;
Because the summer's cheek is russet brown—
And autumn's features waxing to a frown,
Melts into winter's age with tears and sobs;
Because a thousand gifts are daily poured
By thee, oh Father, mighty, and adored,
(If in our warmth of spirit we may call
Thee, Father, who art sovereign over all;)

Because thou givest us, from thy liberal hand,
Raiment, and food, and health, and all
We ask, or can enjoy, our hearts expand
With insolent pride, and to rebellion fall.
Forgive us! oh, forgive us! turn not thou
With anger stamped upon thy brow,
But look towards us, and relent,
As thus in dust and ashes we repent!

Not in the hour of pleasure are we borne
To thee, in gratitude,—thou mak'st us mourn,
Hiding thy face, and then our spirits fall,
And on thy name imploringly we call:
On earth the muffled sun looks down
With dim and melancholy frown,
Opaque and dismal, of his glories shorn,
In crescent shape, with sharp and pallid horn;
A type of that tremendous day,
When sea, and earth, and sky shall pass away,
And when the angel, 'mid the tempest's roar,
Shall swear by heaven that "time shall be no more!"

Awful and solemn is the hour!
Foreboding gloom, and doubtful fear,
O'er the throbbing bosom lower,
And tell how weak we are, how mighty is Thy power!
Oh! may not, unimproved,
This hour of warning fleet away,
And like the clouds that paint an April day,
Pass, and from memory ever be removed—
But, graven on the mind, oh, may it bring
Thoughts that are high, and feelings that endure,
To keep, 'mid tainted paths, the bosom pure
Which grief can reach not, nor repentance sting:
And, walking 'mid mankind, oh, may we be
From wickedness and wayward errors free,
And rising o'er the ills that mock us here,
Think on the splendours of a happier sphere,
Where, veiling, with their wings, their faces bright,
Amid insufferable light,
The seraphim and cherubim adore
Thy glory evermore!

RECOLLECTIONS.

No VIII.

Mark Macrabin, *the Cameronian.*

JANET MORISON'S LYKE-WAKE.

(Continued from Last Number.)

"Thou shalt live with me,
For one kind shepherd brings me ewe-milk cheese—
Another comes with the dried flesh of lambs—
A third doth bring me new baked bread, and begs
A mild green winter for his wooly flocks—
And a fourth comes with blankets, and warm rugs—
Blesses himself, and begs I'll make his sheep,
Now worth scarce thirty-pence, worth thirty shillings
By the lamb-fair o' Lockerby."——Old Play.

"While Madge Mackittrick, with a voice rivalling in melody that of the night-raven, chaunted over the fragments of the ballad of the ancient house of Morison, the last of the name turned away her face, clasped her

hands, and slight shiverings shook the bed clothes which covered her. Madge still, with 'wicked speed,' pursued the broken tale—supplying the gaps which time had made in the verse, with singular comments of her own—all unfavourable to mankind in general, and the house of Morison in particular. At the conclusion of the wild and unequal rhymes, upstarted the hoary hag, exclaiming, 'Hegh, sirs!—are ye deaf—heard nae ye the lang drawn death-sough—the death-sough o' the Morisons is as hollow as a groan frae the grave'—so saying, she touched the body of Janet Morison, now motionless, and mute for ever, and proceeded—'Aye, aye, the spirit has flown, and left auld cummer's carcase as empty as a drunkard's cup, when the simmer sun makes the hill-tops crack, and the wee dubs simmer—what do ye croon and crood there for, ye Cameronian corbie, when the fire o' the house is burnt out?—Can ye bring back the spunk o' life to that fizzenless carcase—na! na! trouth atweel that cowes a' your gifts—wha can sweeten sour ale in the heat o' simmer, or fill this breathless vessel o' clay with the blessed water o' life? Hoot, away with ye—gang an' clash yereself down on the knocking stone at the door, and lay yere douce noddle up to the lugs in this timmer quaigh—and if red wine can cheer ye, e'en sigh and souk away, and leave me to straughten this crooked bouk, and stove and fume the haddin with my medicinal herbs. And when I have smoothed down and snodded a', if she binna as dink and as lady-like a corse as ye ever looked upon, say Madge Mackittrick's skill has failed her in daikering out a dead dame's flesh.'—The Cameronian elder, more from a natural sense of propriety than in compliance with the order of the loathsome hag, arose from his knees, and, taking his daughter by the hand, stood gazing with me for one moment on the body of Janet Morison. The dimness of death was visible in her eye; and her face, rigid and sharp, had already caught the waxen hue of the grave. Her forefinger remained in the act of tracing the Redeemer's sign on her withered brow. 'There she lies,' said John Mackmukle, 'in the throes of the last mortal agony—and the wicked love o' popery has been strong at her heart, even as she sobbed awa—see, the forefinger has been making the blessed sign—waes me, for the outward sign will do small marvel for a sinking sinner, if it binna weel crossed on the heart by the winsome forefinger of faith and repentance.' 'Havering bodie,' interrupted Madge Mackittrick, 'think ye I kenna the cause whilk crooked that forefinger—the blessed sign, quoth I—an' the saving o' a precious soul, quoth I—deel claw me at kirking time, an' that's an Annandale saying, if ye ken ought at a' anent it—It was to ward off the foul and the unholy forms that ever haunt the dying eye of a Morison—I'll tell ye, there's nae truth like *seen* truth—a word I have said a thousand times, when fowk wanted to win me to the kirk, wi' legends o' saunts' miracles—I mind weel, owre weel, truly, when auld Lord Ronald died, the priest had been clavering about washing red hands white, and had sung me fairly asleep; when I awakened, the priest had departed, and there lay the dying Lord, gaping, and glowering, and signing his sweaty brow—'Deel hae me,' quoth I, 'gin the donard lord disnae see something that nae other body can see.'—'Madge,' quoth he, 'my bonny woman, he wad hae been far gane when he didnae speak lovingly to a weel-faured face—Madge,' quoth the auld lord, 'canna ye ask that dark figure, in the black garment, to a seat.'—I kenned owre weel what it was to question the bidding o' a Morrison, whether living or dying—sae I rose, and said wi' a shudder—for to the four naked walls spake I—nought else was visible—'It is the lord's will,' quoth I, 'dark figure, that ye be seated'—and sae saying, I pushed a seat, wi' a spread Bible, out toward the eastern corner, where I saw something like a black shadow—I canna say that I heard ought, but the chamber, that was dark as doomsday the one minute, became as light as a May morn the other; and Lord Ronald said, 'praise be blest, he's gane—so spirit part in peace.'—'Sae my certe it's not for nought that a Morison crosses the brow.'—To all this John Macmukle answered not one word, but with sore head—shakings and looks of deep compassion, he left the cottage, accompanied by his daughter and me, leaving the last of the noble name of Morison in the graceless clutches of Madge Mackittrick.

"We stood for a moment on the green sward platform before the door; on the threshold stood bread and a quaigh full of wine, which the Cameronian elder leaving untasted, suddenly dived into the bosom of the neighbouring grove; and the sound of his voice, in loud and earnest devotion, gave token of a full hours absence—for that was the measure of his common prayers—Brevity he sometimes practised on remarkable occasions. The beautiful Cameronian maiden and me seated ourselves on the smooth grassy margin of the pool, into which the river descended in one perpendicular and unbroken leap—foaming and raging in the wide basin, which its waters had fashioned in a dizzy depth below. It is said there is something poetically sweet—some have gone so far as say, delicious and divine, in sitting by the side of a lovely woman beneath the round bright moon; and many whom sunshine kept mute, have poured out melting discourses under the influence of this noble planet. It was not so with me—to be seated by the haunted stream of Ae, with a winsome lass at ae side, and the corse of an uncannie witch at the other; with unembodied spirits playing their pranks by land and by water—there will be more of awe than love reigning at the time. And yet, surrounded as I was by objects of terror, it was impossible to gaze at the beauteous face of the Cameronian damsel, as it appeared meek and composed, with its fine outline pictured on the clear blue sky, and feel her white and innocent hand, surrendered so sister-like to my clasp, without losing all sense of supernatural alarm in the unbounded bliss of such a moment. Such a situation 'might, from the wisest, win their best resolves,' and might well overpower me; but pure and unmingled love could only reign by fits in such a region as the haunted glen of Ae.—The terrible realities around crushed and confounded my spirit—and though I strove to utter something of love, it was in a strain of such pure wo and dolour, that my fair companion, conceiving it to be an apostrophe to the spirit of Janet Morison, entered at once into this uncongenial subject—'Oh Mark,' said she, 'the woman that's gane was a fearful woman, and a wise—but the wisdom she possessed above others, was more a misery than a blessing. I have small doubt, but that through the intercession of the souls of good men made perfect, she will find grace—for grace canna weel be withheld from a spirit stricken and blighted with an ancient curse. But I maun speak lowne,' continued the cautious maiden, dropping her voice to something like a half-audible whisper—'I maun speak lowne—for the Morisons return—and walk the earth for a time and a season—the auld saye and the auld sang, called Sir Allan's Wooing, is no for nought'—and laying her cheek to mine, and seating herself closer to my side, she repeated, in an under tone of melody, the old and imperfect ballad.

SIR ALLAN'S WOOING.

I.

'Nor shroud can hap, nor the marble hide,
For the Morisons dust has a living one's pride;
They walk the earth, and they seek i' the flood,
To cleanse their right hands from the red red blood.
And if ye maun wi' a Morison wed,
Frae nae mortal lips shall yere doom be read;
Sir Allan look'd thrice to the lift and the linn—
Come forth and appear ye shapes o' sin.

II.

'Sir Allan looked thrice to the rushing flood,
And the stream seemed changed to a stream of blood;
Sir Allan looked thrice to the lift aboon,
And a dark shape sailed between him and the moon;
Again he gazed down to the torrent beneath,
And the stream lay as quiet and mute as death;
Sir Allan stood there to ask and to prove,
If May Morison and he would be blessed in their love.

III.

'The linn seem'd changed to a mourning hall;
The rough rocks gleamed like a marble wall;
The Morisons forms were ranked around;
And their looks were of wrath and their dark brows frowned.
A deep groan came from the dark deep flood—
The shuddering river all bubbled with blood—
And Sir Allan's true love, in a wreath of reek,
Sailed past with a wave of her hand, and a shriek.

IV.

'And then a grim form, from the haunted linn,
Came up with a stride—'twas a shape of sin;
And brave as he was—yet its shape and its look,
Were such as Sir Allan did shudder to brook;
For it seemed so like his true love's brother,
And it took one long stride after another.
But for every mute stride that the vision took,
Lord Herbert took one, and his dagger he shook;
For he sought the fair lady with love all unholy,
To cast her pure spirit to sin and to folly.

V.

'Cold, dark, and disdainful, and fierce in its pride;
The spectre sprung up, and stood stern at his side—
Sir Allan all dauntless—dark vision, he said,
I am a true knight, and I love a leal maid.
With an eye streaming light, waxing fiercer of mood,
And raising its dagger, the dread vision stood;
And raising his dagger as fierce and as fell,
Lord Herbert stood near, with an aspect of hell.

VI.

'Sir Allan knew not his love's brother was near—
Now vision, tell me, is my bride's bed or bier
The meetest—Yet, oh, but its blissful to wed,
If maid, like May Morrison, blesses my bed.
The vision's bright dagger came down with a gleam—
And down came Lord Herbert's—The fair moonlight stream
Ran moaning, and heaven waxed dark, while his blood
Reeked up to the stars, as it mixed with the flood.

"The Cameronian maiden, while she repeated this rude and mysterious ballad, glanced frequently round, casting the scrutiny of her beautiful dark eyes on all suspicious places; but probably, the powerful intercession of her father, which resounded loud and louder from the adjoining grove, kept the troops of phantoms at bay, with which traditionary belief peopled the vale of the Morisons. I partook very largely of the maiden's fear, and began to meditate an early flight from an ominous place, where every rood of ground had its tradition of murder, and its ballad of blood.

"At this moment approaching footsteps became audible, and I never heard a more welcome sound. Presently two rustics appeared, and elevating their heads above the green bank, held the following singular consultation:—'Aweel, Willie, what you say may be true enough—but by my conscience man, an' that's a black oath—though we have had mony a merry blink at the wauking of a corse—no a living corse in lily white dematy, with a pair o' Willie Daes' shoon on its feet—but just the auld empty husk that contained the ripe kernel o' man—Od I never lent my leisure to the wauking o' a warlock's or a witch's corse a' my life—they maun have well sained lips, and lucky anes too, that lick a witch's ladle.—Sae be advised, lad—and rather let us wag our ways to wauk the bouk of Bauldy Moffat the Cameronian, wha ran short o' breath in an attempt to sing the hundred and nineteenth Psalm to the tune of the Bangor—he's no half such a kittle subject as this auld farrand and fearfu' beldame.' 'Was there ever

such a gowspittle extant,' said William Dargavel—a joyous plowman from the holms of Nith—' 'od if I wadnae plough down an acre o' better fallows than thee without ever halting my horse to reserve ane as a specimen! Leave the cannie and sponsible carline to wauk the corse of a Cameronian? Leave red wine and meikle pastime for lang prayers and continued fasting? What comfort could ye hae—for I'm out o' the question—in sitting on the bare ground, till the living clay grows as cauld as the dead, hearkening a lang loud sermon into the lug o' a lifeless man—or sit and skirl and scraich at the psalms till ye grow as hoarse as a howlet, and as dry as a sandbank in summer? Ye see, Samuel, my man, it wad never do; and though we might gain a great name doubtless, and be meikle looked to whan a dreigh prayer lacked a listener, and a strong voice was wanted for a lang psalm—and though we might have a chance o' becoming elders, and hearing sappy tales at the session—yet take my council, sic things wad never do—it wad be the hardest o' a' names to maintain. O, man, the self-denial! the self-denial! I'm no certain that Andrew Wilson's brandy wad let thee keep thy name for a full week; and I'm fearing too, that Jenny Haining wad spill my eldership afore the coming o' simmer—sae even let us lend our gifts to a mair sinful subject; besides, I'm tauld that witches' wine gives ye a' the glory o' gude drinking, without the sorrows o' drunkenness—a pleasant thing for thee; and I have heard it whispered that bonny Cameronian Mary is ane o' the waukers of auld Cummer, a pleasant thing for me; sae, Samuel, e'en let us buckle to the darke.' And slowly towards the cottage door proceeded these two hopeful rustics to volunteer to wake the corse of Janet Morison, according to the ancient usage of Caledonia. The Cameronian maiden seemed much incensed at the manner in which the ploughman had introduced her name; and, anxious to shew how little he had to hope, she said, loud enough to be heard, ' Aye, poor woman, the ancient name o' the Morisons has got a sad downcome, when twa sic graceless ne'er-do-goods as Sam Wamphray and Will Dargavel minister at its last rites.'—Round on us turned the two voluntary mourners, ' Aye, and are ye here, my lovely lass, and a leal,' said the ploughman; ' faith, ye're come as ready to ane's lips as a drap ripe cherry.' ' And whare come ye from, my sonsie saft simpleton,' said his companion to me; ' Willie, man, canna ye catch a kiss frae kimmer there till I have a swoom wi' simpleton in the Morison's pool—he will streak alang bonnily amang the siller water and the siller moonlight.' And, suiting the action to these deriding words, he attempted to lay hold of me, while the other caught my Cameronian sweetheart in his arms. The hot blood of the whole house of Macrabin came to my veins at this twofold outrage—and I have often thought much of the ancient strength too—for full on mine adversary I flew, seized him round the waist, and, exerting my whole force, suddenly and effectually, I fairly measured him his full length on the ground, and there he lay half-stunned by the fall, and me uppermost to keep him from rising, with the bloody wrath burning in my brow and temples. He made an ineffectual effort to rise—and down I kept him, though he swore by the three lakes of Lochmaben, and the winged spur of the house of Johnston—current oaths of Annandale—that unless I quitted his throat, he would infallibly regale Janet Morison's ravens with me—body and spirit. Quitting the Cameronian maiden, the ploughman came and looked on his fallen companion, and I shall never forget the lamentation which he poured over him. ' Haud him harder down, my young Cameronian slip, for he is an uncannie corse, and may come again; oh, sirs! wha wad hae thought that sinfu' Samuel Wamphray, the best psalm-singer and stouptoomer in a' the holms o' Dryfe, a pious man at paste, and yule, and daimen times, wad hae made sic a sudden an' sweet hinderend—aye, but he makes a lang and a comely corse. I wish I could fee some sponsible man to pour a becoming prayer owre him—I wad do't myself, sinner as I am, but I never can say even a brief grace to an end without a cough, and then, wi' the cursed cough, comes a fit o' hard swearing—a sad mixture—sae prayer frae me's out o' the question; but if I dinna gaur Elder Crombie, the mortality head-stane maker, cover ye owre wi' a handsome *trough*, and on the same shall be cut—a peeled scull

wi' a shank-bane atween its teeth;—De'il hae me gin the corse binna wakening as I speak, and sae my sorrow gangs for an auld sang.' 'Fiend make a fiddle-board out o' my spule-bane,' said Samuel Wamphray, gin I fail to make ye sing a sang o' sorrow for this—whan I win to my feet, my cannie man, ye sall tine the power o' thine for thae bonnie taunts;' and struggling furiously to be free, he addressed me in a soothing tone: 'I say quat thy grips, Mark, my man, and see if I disna make Willie Dargavel's noddle as saft as his aunt's woo-creel—else I'se give ye leave to bait foumart traps wi' my maist precious flesh.' Pleased with the prospect of immediate strife between those rustic visitors, I relinquished my hold, and up leaped the man of Annandale to his feet, and flew on his friend the ploughman with an aspect of the fiercest hostility. Blows were rapidly interchanged, but the interference of a third person closed the fray. This was Madge Mackittrick, who, with her remaining hairs uncovered and unbound, her girdle loose, her feet unshod, and her long yellow arms naked to the shoulder-blades, came running forth with a blazing torch of dried herbs in each hand—more like a fury fresh risen from the lake of darkness than a human being, and uttering a shriek as she came, thrust the torches under their chins—and so the strife ceased. Back leaped the two friends, affrighted at this unusual and effectual interference, and stood on either side staring on this fearful apparition, which I, accustomed as I was to the sight, could not regard without amazement. Madge looked on the one and looked on the other, and exclaimed, 'Gowks and gomerals, yoke till't again—fight awa, hinnies, fight awa—I thought it was auld feckless Francie and dour and donard John that had grown weary o' their drap drink, an' e'en took a tulzie to make life lightsome—an' there's no as meikle breath extant atween them baith as gangs to the cheep o' a cuttie-wren—sae faught awa, my bonny lads—clour brows and crack ribs, for eh! it's a pleasant thing to see strife afore a Morison's door ance again—it brings back byganes to my auld een. Francie Mackittrick, my man, quat your comfortable cup an' come here—here's a bonnie battle. I wish I could find them bits o' sharp cauld steel, it's a red metal when life's in the road, and does its darke cleverly—sickerer far than flint and powder, and sonsier than rowed neeves.' This exhortation to battle damped the ardour of the men of Nithsdale and Annandale; the latter seemed ready to sink to the ground, while the former, with a look in which more humour than apprehension lurked, addressed himself to the hoary Amazon. 'May I never touch a lass's white loof again—waur than banishment to me—gin this binna my ain auld cozie and cantie cummer, mensfu' Madge Macmurdy—preserve me, cummer, where in the creation caught ye thae wanchancie looks? If I didna just take ye wi' that fearful look and that hemlock candle for the gyre carline herself, collecting witchmail amang the wise men o' Cotimpon, or the auld marble statue wi' the curled brow and the burning torch on the monument of Andrew Morison come daun'ering down the glen for the sake o' the sweet moonlight.' The old beldame's wrath subsided as he spoke, and before he had finished his address, it was evident he stood high in her favour. 'An' can this be my ain auldfarrand sonsie fere, Willie Dargavel o' Gowkspittle? Mony's the time I have wished myself a sappy saft young kimmer for thy sake—sae come awa, my winsome chield, here I'm lady for the while, o' a feal free haddin wi' a cozie corse in lily-white linens, and bruntith in the kindly shape o' burial cheer; and here too, will be younkers belyve, cannie and cunning hands, and maidens too, my man, baith leal and rosie—mair tempting than the buckram cheeks and lucken brows o' thy ain auld Madge Macmurdy.'

"In obedience to the beldame's greeting, the rustic mourners, dropping their wrath, entered the cottage, and were soon followed by the Cameronian elder, interrupted in his prayer by the din of their quarrel; and interrupted too, when he was putting up a pithy remonstrance against the partiality of Providence to the destroyers of Israel, at the brig of Bothwell. The cottage on which Mary Macmukle and I now gazed, wore an altered look. It was clean swept and trimmed—the walls hung with linen—and four large candles—each flanked by a bunch of herbs and flowers—illuminated the apartment, and rendered it fit for the

appearance of the rustic actors in this Caledonian drama—the Mysterious Lyke-Wake. The manner in which the whole was arranged, did no small honour to the hereditary skill and ancient knowledge of this provincial undertakeress. She showed a deep acquaintance with the lingering forms of heathen sepulture, which a person, ambitious of interment in the primitive style of his ancestors, might expect in vain, from the self-sufficient mechanical undertaker of the city; nor were the arrangements for the Lyke-Wake confined to the ancient pomp and circumstance of burial preparation—a care for the spirit and the body of the deceased, borrowed from the affectionate rights of Christianity, had not been forgotten—visible tokens everywhere appeared, of respect for the eternal welfare of the departed. The floor strewn, ancle deep, with rushes—and every chink and outlet from the cottage, hermetically sealed by muttered charm and blessed cloths, conveyed a deep and a mysterious import to the bosom of every beholder. A hearth fire heaped with wood, and occasionally fed with handfuls of dried herbs, together with the torches of Madge, diffused a thick and fragrant smell throughout the chamber; and a table covered to the ground with linen, and heaped with the richest bread, and bearing flagons and cups full of the purest wine, betokened a care and a taste, which, extending to the sublimest mysteries of interment, reached down to the comprehension of those limited capacities into which the spirit of Antiquarianism had disdained to pour her light. The door alone stood open, and from it a strong stream of light shot over river and plain, visible from the elevated situation of the cottage at a great distance, and serving as a kind of Lyke-Wake beacon, while it afforded full egress to the spirit which Scottish belief allows to hover over the body, loath to leave its earthly mansion. The bed where the body of Janet Morison lay, was shrouded wholly in white linen—a slight gathering of the drapery into something like a Gothic recess, distinguished it from the wall—and there sat Madge Mackittrick, fitting her figure to the niche, like the personification of discord on an ancient monument. I could not avoid remarking the social though sedate look which even the Cameronian elder assumed as he seated himself with the two voluntary mourners at the table. Even Francie Mackittrick, from whose brow the darkness of anger had not wholly been removed; and which, with the razure which the clasped Bible of the Cameronian occasioned, gave to his envious and mistrustful visage, the look of a baffled demon—seemed willing to rejoice at the dainties which death had brought—and rolled off the huge flapped cuffs of his coat, with a vigilance of preparation worthy of a wedding feast.—'Now hinnies,' said Madge Mackittrick 'saw ye ever sic an array o' daintith's at either a baptism or a bridal—and where's there an auld dame frae the hip o' Criffel to the height o' Queensberry, wad dish ye out sic ferlies as red wine and weel spiced cake? Yell no preive the samen at a lady's, let alane at a witch's lyke-wake?—Ah, ha! hinnies, ye may glower, but the fiend hae me for his hallowmas leman, gin I think it be ony waur than if it had been baked by a lady's lily fingers, and drawn frae a bishop's binn. Eh! William Dargavel, tout at the dribble o' wine warily—my man, ye seldom synd yere sinfu' lips wi' sic precious dreepings—Od, ye tout it owre like spring-well water—an' yet, ill wad set my sark—an' I hae but ane—that ye kenna how cummer that's gane came by this gude livin'.' John Macmukle, to whose lips a cup of the sparkling liquid had been presented, and that by his own right hand, set down the beverage untasted, and looked at the beldame with an eye in which suspicion shared a place with fear. 'Its a very odd thing, woman, said John, that ye canna tell a plain straight tale—Gin this dribble o' drink ye ca red wine—and this heap o' cake, polluted wi' superstitious spices, whilk ye denominate burial-cake, be dishonestly come by, canna ye say sae at ance, and save an honest body's lips frae melling wi' stown gear. I sall e'en put in my declinator, as douce Adam Watson does in his prayer, till I hear mair anent it—wi' this reservation, however, if it has been stown frae an open fae, sic as him o' France, or him o' Rome—or that lopped off limb o' popery the Pretender—poor chield—I had amaist gane off wi' him i' the forty-five mysel'—or the bishop o' Lincoln, or ony other o' the main props o' persecuting Episcopacy—I.

sall then discuss it cannily and quietly.' Madge seemed in no haste to satisfy the Cameronian's scruples on this delicate point—Willie Dargavel and his companion laboured under no such impediments of conscience—and the very doubts of the beldame seemed to lend the wine increase of flavour, and sharpen the thirst of the consumers. 'Stolen frae our faes, said the ploughman, Willie Dargavel—weel I wat was it no—it was never pressed in the wine presses of France—And if ye lack the history on't, I'm the lad can red it up to ye, wi' the brevity o' a Cameronian grace, and the sincerity of a sermon.' John Macmukle, with a look of austere but arch penetration, lent his ear to the tale, and laid his right hand on the flagon, lest the story should be measured by the indurance of its contents. The ploughman, disconcerted with this necessary precaution of the Cameronian, made up his mind to abridge the tale which he inwardly hoped would strengthen John's scruples about the wine, for he knew the mountain saint was somewhat thirsty amid his devotion. 'Aweel, ye see,' said William Dargavel, imitating the protracted drawl and draunt of a hill preacher, 'ye ken the river Nith, and ye ken that godless place, called Dalswinton—aweel, there, in auld times, dwalt that chief wizard Walter Comyne, wha built a castle wi' walk o' wind—necromantic wind, I mean—through whilk nae baptized thing could penetrate—an' he made his gowd coffers and his wine presses in the hollowest pool o' Nith; and owre the hall he placed a captive fiend, in the semblance o' Tam Johnstone's lang black toom tyke o' Lochmaben—and the spell that keeps him watching, dissolves nae till the day of doom.—Aweel, the wizard gat his weazend nicked, and left the poor fiend-tyke to sit licking his lips owre mickle glorious wine, whilk he lacked the power to lap—and owre heaps o' minted gold, of which nane can undo the spell.—Now ye think a' this a liesome like tale, but bide ye—it happened on a bonny night of July, that I sat under an auchen pear tree, keeping tryste for that jilting limmer Meg Moran, that did the thing that was nae right wi' the young goodman o' Dingledoosie—the moon, round and bonnie, was aboon me, and the Comyne's coffer pool was at my feet; and what should I see, but fearfu' thing—mair like a woman than a lang necked haron—and down into the pool it dived, wi' a squatter and a scraich—and oh, what a sad toolye it had wi' the black fiend tyke; and ere I could bless mysel', wha' should come up wi' a bubble and a bell, like a seventy pund kipper salmon, but e'en her wha lies streeked there, auld cummer Morison, bearing twa bonny bottles o' the wizard's wine, whilk she held up atween her and the moon, an' it shone like red blood. Sae ye see this is the red wine o' the auld enchanter; and it's no for the lips that pride themselves in prayer to be moistened wi' sic suspicious liquor.'—The Cameronian, during this traditional story, which the ploughman pressed into his service to raise the scruples of the pious man, had leisure to make up his mind; and before the imaginary visit of Janet Morison to the demon-dog, he had taken his resolution.—'Now,' said John to Madge Mackittrick, 'ye hear the testimony of this honest youth; and since the wine has been redeemed frae the strang clutch o' the fiend-tyke, nae doubt it has been sae permitted, for the especial welfare o' mankind; and sae, since it seems o' the redest, and smells o' the rarest, I sall e'en prieve't; an' o', it maun be a halesome thing that has been sae wonderously reprieved frae the very girnals o' the hollow heugh.' So saying, he elevated the wine flagon to his lips; and 'long, and deep, and zealously,' he quaffed the vintage of Walter Comyne—while Willie Dargavel wished him, and all the retainers of Richard Cameron, in the hottest latitude he could think off. The Cameronian replaced the flagon on the table, and thus he was greeted by Francis Mackittrick, whose whole face was reddened with wrath on seeing the rapid diminution of the wine, 'Mahown! but I wish it had been some o' the fiend's bottled brunstane, that cummer Morison hained to simmer in thy dry Cameronian crapin'—and snatching up the flagon, as he spoke, he looked at the remaining wine with an eye that lessened it to a drop, and magnified what was drank, to something equivalent to the produce of the richest wine-press in Brabant.—'And thou too, Willie Dardeevil, or what's yere name, od, sir, gin ye tell anither tale here, to open that preaching man's parched lips on my wee

drib wine again, Mahoun! but I'll fling this auld whittle at yere craig, and mar its destiny wi' hemp—and sorry shall I be to step atween thee and thy family promotion.' At this allusion to kindred mishaps, for the ancient name of Dargavel had justified, in sundry periods, by means as distant, various acts of outrage and appropriation, which the harsh laws of Caledonia had provided secure remedies for—the ploughman started to his feet, and the flagon on which he seized would doubtless have encountered the bald head of Francie Mackittrick, had not the Cameronian with one hand clapt his own bonnet on the old man's head, and with the other stayed the uplifted vessel on the point of descent. 'Fiend hae me,' cried old Madge, 'but the spirit o' blood and discord whilk marred the might o' the name o' Morison, is still extant among us, an' I think it winna low nor deval till it has levelled us low, young and auld. O hinnies, will nought be a lesson—gree, gree—for grim death has been but this blessed minute at yere elbow, and I kenna but the gruesome visitor is ahint the hallan yet. There, on that bed-head, he sat caressing an auld frail creature out o' her breath, and think nae ye but he would rather mop and mell wi' safter bosoms, and and mair youthfu' flesh and blude. Sae gree, hinnies, gree—an' e'en take a fule woman's word on't, death never takes ae life, but he plays pouk at anither, to keep it company.' And removing, as she spoke, the curtain from the bed, the corpse of Janet Morison lay stretched before us, attired with all the care and skill of her ancient retainer. The Cameronian gazed on her with a calm and contemplative look, and the dark eyes of his daughter became bright with tears; even the ploughman and his hoary antagonist allowed their wrath to subside, under this consummate dramatic management of Madge, who was famed through the district for her skill in guiding the most intractable intellects during the carnival of a lyke-wake, though it was humiliating to remark, that she failed to carry this power into the daily pursuits of life. The whisper of tongues, and the tread of feet on the threshold, occasioned the curtain to be dropt, and the following greeting served for an introduction to two moorland mourners, habited as shepherds, followed each by his particular colley, with staffs in their hands, on the ends of which they bore their bonnets. 'Peace be here, Madge Macmurdy, peace be here. So our cunning and cannie cummer has mounted the black broomstick o' death at last—eh woman, but she'll be sadly missed—haith, but she has stood the kittle customar with the scythe and leister a bauld bensel—Od but she'll find he'll lead her an auld-farrand hallowmass rade—there's a dooms odds atween louping to the sound o' bagpipe and dulcimer on the green hip o' Lockerby-hill, among the midnight moonshine, wi' twa wanton young warlocks babbing aside her, and lying in a cauld kirk-yard, wi' twa ell deep o' gude red mools aboon her, wi' some fule body's rotton banes at her elbow. Sae here am I, Mungo Manderson, and here's a saft simpleton, wha haunts me like my shadow, and answers to the name o' Jamie Dobie, anxious to render honour meet, and reverence due, to the lyke-wake o' our auld cummer, though I'm no saying that sponsible fowk should lend their kirk-gawn faces to the dredgie o' a desperate witch.' And without farther greeting he seated himself, and assailed the cake and the wine with an avidity that betokened the sharpening influence of open mountain air. The other shepherd hardly reckoned it necessary to add any thing to the account given of himself by his companion, and merely said, as a confirming testimony: 'I say whatever Mungo Manderson says, and whatever Mungo does I do the same—we gang thegither like a pair o' birds abreast—or rather, as he is tall and comely, he flies forth as the gowk, and, as I am scrimpit in stature, I follow as the titlin! Sae here's a' your healths—and I wish a saft lying-down and a sonsie rising to Janet Morison, the auld lady-witch o' Ae.' To this free offer of the shepherds, Madge Mackittrick replied by welcoming them with that frank open-handed hospitality which renders Caledonia so renowned for her joyous lyke-wakes. 'Weel has the tane spoke, and weel has the tither—ye're birds o' the happy feather, and I like to hear the chirp o' sic chickens o' the blue hen. Wha wadna welcome the sang o' the lark, though his coat be a dusty grey, sooner than the song o' the hoodie-craw, though his coat is o' the douce priest-black. Oh, hinnies,

mony's the menafu' matron, an' the mim maid, that Madge has straughtened the limbs o', an' she aye wished for the presence o' some mirthsome man wha could drive away eerie thoughts. Oh, hinnies, ye may mind Adam Macgowan o' Laughyerelane, he was a dainty chield, and could hae extracted mirth frae atween the rotten-teeth o' a kirkyard-scull, when the beddle's spade was dadding the mools frae its chaft-blades. Aye, aye, he was a dry, smooth, sleek, slaw-tongued, auld-farrand chap, and had sic a graceful way o' sliding out a graceless story, I'll never meet his like again, that's certain—naebody but Madge e'er did the lad's merits justice—e'en the priest wha scribed the epitaph aboon him, wrote uncoly at random when he called Adam a saunt—he was muckle mair than a saunt. Now, hinnies, I shall e'en speak my mind, and what I say shall stand as lyke-wake law—gude auld has-beens should aye be uphauden. For a keen pithy prayer, that claps the healing salve o' the covenant to our sinfu' sairs, whare could ye find a happier hand than our ain canny Cameronian, John Macmukle; but, hinnies, whare's the lack o' sic gifts at a dredgie. Nae doubt at a bridal or a baptism, or the joyous fag-end o' a hill-preaching, when the cup o' joy is running owre, there needs some sic grave admonisher to sober and haud down the daft end o' human life: but at a lyke-wake, whare the foot-marks o' death are but newly imprinted—whan the mind darkens down into seriousness, an' ane is apt to grow eeriesome wi' nought save a sarkfu' o' cauld flesh aside ane—commend me to the company o' the man whase spirit rides aboon a' thae black rebukes o' kindly life, and lends a merry lift to the mirksome hours o' midnight; and that minds me, Mungo Manderson, o' the natural gift ye hae for saying a cannie word anent the merits of them whase cauld tongues canna speak for themselves. I want nae cauld rife jingle o' ballad-rhyme, unless words winna deliver themselves cleverly without it—sae just stand up my kindlie man—I ken ye'll say nought ahint her happed-head ye wad hae scrupled to say to her face—an honest method.' I had heard of the poetical gifts of this mountain shepherd, and I determined to pay close attention to the rustic oration he was expected to pour over the dead.

THE LYKE-WAKE SONG.

1.

'The corn may shake owre ripe on the rigs,
The Queensberry gimmers may rot on their legs,
The swan forhoo the flood and the lake,
The elf-shot crummie may die at the stake,
The maiden may moil in vain at the kirn,
For gruesome death has won us a pirn—
We have paid the grave a golden kain,
The life o' the land, our cummer, is gane.

2.

'Frae the pulpit we weel might spare the priest,
And spare the black-cock frae the mountain-crest—
Spare the sweet May wind, though it decks our bowers,
And showers us lilies and rains us flowers—
Spare the sang o' the thrush, though its sang is sweet—
Lend a month o' winter to summer's heat—
Bid the singing burnie do nought but mane—
The life o' the land, kind cummer, is gane.

3.

'And o' her wanton tricks and her pranks,
How the flooded burns leaped over their banks—
How the bonny sloops on the Solway faem,
Through the sundering brine, came snoring hame;
But dule to the ship that sailed the saut sea,
And broughtnae cummer her bountith and fee—
Now the waves whelm, and the widows mane,
The ruler o' waves, our cummer, is gane

4.

'She's sained, and shrouded, and doomed to the mools—
Now wanton hizzies and cutty stools
Will swarm i' the kirks, and there will be wailin',
For cummer, in cottage, in manor, and mailen;
The dainty bridegroom may stint in his pride,
Wha will dish out in lily-white linens the bride,
And whisper a cannie kind word in her ear,
When she's blushing blude-red wi' maidenly fear,
And spae the fate o' the braw knave wean,
Since kind and cantie auld cummer is gane.

5.

'When the brown bees on the braes are swarming,
And the early maid and the lark sing charming;
When the summer moon 'mang the clouds is roaming,
And sees me musing on some sweet woman;
When my purest thoughts on a loved one tarry,
On thee, my mild Cameronian Mary;
Oh! then I shall miss thee as autumn wad summer,
My kind, and cantie, and cannie cummer.

6.

'Let John Macmukle love still to be sighing,
That Quarrelwood's more like Gomorrah than Zion,
And Francie Mackittrick mourn that the lord
O' creation's as steeve as the steel o' his sword;
Let Willie Dargavel sigh on to be sinning
Wi' a rosie lass in landered linen;
And wee Jamie Dobie like to be roaming
Whare the cakes are brown, and the flagons foaming;
And Mary Macmukle's bright eyes cease to rain
Love owre the wide earth, and make silly man vain;
And Annan, and Nith, and the sweet simmering stream
O' Ae, be as mute and gone by as a dream;
Birds may leave the pure air, fish may fly the clear river,
But my cummer's proud name lives for ever and ever.

"The rustic grace and carelessness, and the half-serious and half-comic tone, in which he poured forth this rude effusion, form a prominent portion of the character of the Caledonian peasant. He delivered it, too, without the least visible embarrassment or effort, and resumed his seat and intercourse with the wine-cup, willing that his verse should sleep in silence. But this could not well happen; for its mixed matter, and free allusions to the world's woes, and beliefs, and enjoyments, had darkened the brow of the Cameronian elder; and a person capable of reading in the human face the character of its passing emotions, would have observed in his looks something of the mixed and dubious character of the ballad itself. He sat a perfect picture of indecision; and whether to pour forth a keen rebuke, or a gentle admonition, or a moderate eulogy, or all together, he seemed unresolved; something he did say after a long pause—'this world, after all, is a sad mixture; and for a' that ha' been preached and printed, ilka man wears the belt of religion his ain gait—we had better take the corn and the weeds together, than lack the cake and the croudy. Though the bee has a sad taste that seeks honey in hemlock, and horse-flesh be good enough for hemlock kail, I wad counsel thee, Adam Mackgowan, no to make mouths at the grave, nor mirth amang marrowless banes; nor connect things sanctified with things profane; nor mingle the sublime soarings of the spirit with the dark gropings of impure clay. Ye have spoken, too, anent the predilections and the passions o' sinners, as matters for mirth rather than repentance. I have nae doubt that ye are a skilful hand amang tarred fleeces, and I am tauld ye can cure the moorain and the couping-illness better wi' herb-surgery than Cubbie Colin can with spell and charm.

These be gifts, my bairn, goodly gifts; I wish a' your gifts were graces—for ye have a sinful leaning to loose rhymes, and wad rather hear a hizzie skirling an idle sang than listen to the hallelujahs o' the chosen on the side o' Carmichael hill. Ye're in a sad way, young man.' To this admonition, the poetical shepherd turned an attention equally meek and grave, and thus, with a tone of submission and humility, he addressed the Cameronian:

"'Sair, sair, and sad have I striven against the evil spirit o' rhyme with which I am possest; but the fiend o' ballad-making wad win their best resolves from the wisest, and may weel o'erpower me. To the admonitions o' man, and the wiser counsels o' woman, I utter responses in rhyme; and when I call my colley on the hill-side, or tell the hour o' the day, or speak about clipping gimmers and smearing gimmers, or whisper a saft word in a lassie's nearest lug, I accomplish all in rhyme; and the deep vows that I make against sinning, in metre, have a harmony and a jingle that show the vanity of my attempts. I count it a sair drawback on human prosperity, and I hope in time to be able, by trusting to the counsel o' critics, and lippening to my ain nature, to write such verses as no one will endure to hear; for eh! man, but the fiend o' rhyme is strong and powerful when he finds a good listener.' The Cameronian, with an eye of the purest sympathy, regarded the man possessed with the demon of poesy, and certainly meditated some wholesome counsel, had he not been interrupted by the forward tongue of William Dargavel. The accuracy for which I am ambitious to be distinguished obliges me to narrate a tale, which doubtless fails to harmonize with the grave matters which surrounds it. 'May I never lout atween the stilts o' a plough, if the gowk o' verse hasna biggit her nest in ye baith;—a body canna hae a mouthfou o' gude work-day warld prose, for the idle clank o' tongues about rhyme. Counsel! ane canna sup their brose before a Cameronian, without hearing a sermon on the gracelessness o' opening ane's mouth to a sonsie horn spoon; nor can ye jouk ahint a whin bush wi' a quean in her teens, but the Cameronian corbie cries croak! croak! and the kirk corbie cries craw! craw! and to the black stool ye maun gang. Ye sall hear. Ae morning I gaed out a gliff with the gun, and ae hare played whid, and anither played whid, and up Barfoggan brae gaed I, bent on burning powder. God be my helper! when I looked down the glen, wha should I see but the black priest daun'ering awa' to the kirk wi' twa or three hundred auld and young afore him. I watna what made them think it was Sunday, but Sunday they called it, and auld Johnny Towancroon sware till't wi' his bell. Sae I may even let it stand for nae waur a day than Sunday. Quoth I, since I canna have a shot at a moorhen, I shall even try to get a glimpse o' grace—its a black road that doesna lead to something gude—sae down the hill sauntered I to the sermon. They were all lilting at the psalm like lavrocks; and de'il swoop the Kirk o' Kipplekimmer with his blackest besom, if I could find ony seat but ae bare beggar's bench, and down sat I, and down sat a saft sappy young lass aside me. Thoughts of hauding a tryste with her amang the kirk-yard birks brought me to the hinder end o' the sermon. And up got the parson, and up got the sonsie young quean at my elbow, covering herself, frae buckling-kame to slipper, with her cloak, and standing amid the congregation like a web o' blue duffle. Conscience! I sall never forget it. The parson shook his lint-white locks, and may the de'il weave them into braid claith, and sark sinners wi't, if he canna find an honester use for them than shaking them at a sonsie young quean. "Mattie Mackleg, ye limmer," quoth he, "ye are a sad and sinfu' fautor; ye hae louped owre the fauld-dyke o' grace wi' black Andrew Tamson, and a bonnie loup ye have made o't." I could haud my tongue nae langer; sae up I gat and said, "It's a black burning shame, it is't, to abuse ony honest man's daughter this way." The parson glowred, and cried, "Depart, depart, Rabshakeh;" and ere I could escape out o' the kirk, the auld wives groaned out, "Scoffer, scoffer!" and threw their psalm-books and bibles at me. And that's as true a tale as if it had been measured out into exact quantities, called metre, and sung to the tune of Clout the Cauldron.'—The Cameronian, when the ploughman began his characteristic story,

took up his broad blue bonnet, and, at the end of the second period, placed it on his head, assuming a particular austerity of look, like a judge about to pass sentence. His brow darkened, and his bonnet was lowered on his brow, as the tale proceeded; and by the time that it closed, the tip of his nose, and that become fiery red, was scarcely visible under the broad and drooping circumference of bonnet. 'Mary Mackmukle, my bairn,' said the Cameronian, 'arise and let us retire; and come thou also, Mark Macrabin, though I witnessed a graceless laugh in thine eye as the scoffer spoke; arise and leave this doomed house. It has been prophesied, that the house of Morison would have a fiery conclusion; and whether fire falls from heaven, or what seems more likely, is kindled by the folly of man, its doom is alike certain and sure. Arise, therefore, and depart speedily, for the extreme wickedness of that, you will be followed by something that is fearful. We shall have light to walk home by, no the lovely light o' the harvest moon, but light frae the flaming habitation of the last of the Morisons. Adam Macgowan, there be signs and symptoms of grace about thee; arise, then, and forsake the company of such sinners by nature and sinners by practice. It is too grievous a punishment, even for the sin of song-making, to have the reward prepared for the transgressions of others upon thee. Be wise, and depart.' And away marched the Cameronian elder, followed by his beauteous daughter and me. The poetical tender of flocks seemed willing to abide the event, and the following was the greeting of William Dargavel as we descended into the vale of Ae: 'Conscience! but we are well rid o' ye. I planned my tale mainly to get rid o' this cursed Cameronian; he drank our wine, and hung like a millstone round the neck of our mirth. Now, Madge Macmurdy, my winsome woman, fill this empty flagon—heap the table, and beet the fire till the mice cheep wi' the heat o' the riggan-tree, and let us have a gallant lyke-wake for the last of the name o' Morison.'"

EXTRACTS FROM MR WASTLE'S DIARY.

No III.

Aug. 12.—Being threatened with some goutish symptoms, I leave my friends to enjoy this fine plashing day on the moors, and amuse myself after a less ambitious fashion, with a small wood-fire, a tall-backed elbow chair, and a bundle of new books. And, first, *Tentamen, or an Essay towards the History of Whittington, &c.*—This is a very amusing squib on poor Alderman Wood—but the joke is tinkered on rather too long. It is dedicated, very appropriately, to "His Royal Highness Augustus Frederick Duke of Sussex—Earl of Inverness—and Baron Arklow—Vice-President of the Bible Society—and of the Infirmary for Asthma, Artillery Street, Bishopsgate—Patron of the *original* Vaccine Pock Institution, Broad Street, Golden Square—President of the Society for the relief of the Ruptured Poor—Vice-President of the Lying-in Hospital, Lisson Green—President of the General Central Lying-in Charity, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's-inn-fields—Knight of the Garter—President of the Beef-Steak Club—&c. &c. &c. and so forth for a page more—"*more plusquam Hispanico*"—a prince who, as the author asserts, "gives *great personal* weight to the chair of all those associations;" but whose worst enemies, as he asserts with equal confidence, "cannot accuse him of having ever given any thing else to any one of them."

To this royal person, so intimately connected with the city of London, Dr Vicesimus Blinkinsop feels himself imperatively called upon to dedicate a work which has for its object the throwing of new light on the history of the illustrious "feu Lord Maire de Londres." Wood is Whittington, and her Majesty Queen Caroline is "Whyttingtonne hys Catte." The best part of the whole Tentamen is, perhaps, the ballad at p. 33. It is said to be from an ancient MS. in the British Museum. (*Messalina* 2.)

1.

Ye citizens of London towne,
And wyves so faire and fatte,

Behold a gueste of high renowne,
Grete Whyttingtone his Catte.

2.

The king hathe ynn hys towre of state,
Beares Lyons and alle thatt—
But hee hathe notte a beste so grete,
Ass Whyttingtone hys Catte.

3.

This Catte doth notte a Catte appeare,
Beeyng too bigge fore thatt,
But herre attendants all do weare
Som tokyn off a Catte.

4.

The one hath whyskerrs thicke as burres,
Most comelye to looke atte—
Another wears a gown of furres,
The liverye of the Catte.

5.

She doth not creep along the floors,
But stands, or else lies flatte,
Whyles they must gamebol on all foures,
Whoso would please the Catte.

6.

A cunning monkey of the law,
As by the fire he satte,
To picke hys nuts out, used ye paw
Of Whyttingtone his Catte.

7.

But Whyttingtone discovered plain
What this vile ape was atte—
Who failed thus his nuttes to gain,
And only singed the Catte.

&c. &c. &c.

It is the opinion of many antiquaries that Whittington's Cat was, in reality, a lady—and the learned Mr Hallam is pleased to say, that she was called by that name in consequence of her being descended from the *Catti*, a tribe who anciently inhabited what is now called Brunswick. Vide History of *Middle Ages*, vol. 6. p. 345. There are a hundred excellent puns scattered up and down the whole of this little book, and as might be expected, Brougham (the future Lord Under-wood) and Boghouse, (i. e. Hobhouse,) are not spared. So much for "letting the cat out of the bag.' I suspect the author of the New Whig Guide has been at work again.

Aug. 18.—I have been amused beyond measure with a tolerably large volume of *Indicators*. Little as I am disposed to agree with "gruff old General *Z.*" in some of his positions, I must confess, I can scarcely imagine that even he has laughed more heartily over this new production of his victim than myself. Only think of the conceit of the two mottos, both explanatory of the title of the work.—"There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy Land—but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey-hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found, &c. This is the Coculus Indicator of Linnæus, otherwise called the moroc, bee cuckoo, or honey-bird." Anon. But this is nothing to the second from Spenser.

"There HE (that is Leigh Hunt) arriving round about doth fly,
And takes survey with busie curious eye—
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly!!!"

I am of opinion that in spite of all their absurdities, the Cockney writers will really be known to have existed a considerable number of years hence, and assuredly in those days much mirth will they occasion to such as look into their books. Only think of a sensible man, about the year 1920, reading a dissertation, by a little vulgar Sunday-paper-witling of 1820, on the propriety of calling children by *fine* names. Indeed, there are no less than two most elaborate dissertations on this notable subject in this volume—without doubt, the one of them should have been dedicated to the Lady Amelia Augusta Willelmina Skeggs, and the other to Dr Smollet's friend, the sieur Charles Pepin Lothaire Louis Francis Philippe Henri Montmorency de Fumier. Mr Hunt himself has, we doubt not, followed this fancy to its full length in the christening of his own children—indeed, he is candid enough to mention, that one of his little Cocklings writes himself Maximilian, and another Orlando Hunt.—The girls, it is fair to imagine, have not been less magnificently dealt with. We can, with difficulty, imagine any thing better in its way than this elaborate system of euphonism must be. Nothing but *Unar* and her doll, and *Violar* a-looking out at the vinder, and caudle for *Cordeliar*, and so forth. O Prince of Cockneys! what a creature thou art! As a specimen of the reasons for which he inculcates the use of particular names, what think you of this under "Dorothea," "*it was the name of our late cordial actress, Mrs Jordan!*" or of *Guy* being recommended on account of "Guido Reni, and Guy, Earl of Warwick"—a most glorious juxta-position;—or of that "sweet, unaffected, and feminine name," Mary, to be honoured for the sake of whom?—Why, "Queen Mary, that married Charles Brandon." In the next edition we shall probably

find *Caroline* exalted in something of the same fashion. He sums up all with this grand saying, "it would be well for parent as well as for child if the former would think what he is going to do with the latter, when he is afraid of giving him a good name!"—Why, truly, we think a decent citizen may, without any reflection either upon his sense or his taste, scruple some little about calling his son *Sylvanus*, or *Lionel*, or *Launcelot*, or even *Maximilian*, or *Orlando*, notwithstanding both the precept and example of His Most Cockney Majesty. All this is quite of a piece, however, with the general strain of this illustrious school. Mr Benjamin Haydon, and all his pupils, wear their hair in long curls—and truly, I doubt not, their chance is better of resembling Raphael that way than any other.—The Cockney School in Germany are exerting themselves excessively after the same sort of method. You see all their students going about the streets with open necks and pointed ruffs—short doublets, black bonnet, and small feather, &c. and this they call reviving the true old German style of feeling. Her Majesty, Queen Caroline, also had something of this spirit about her, for I remember she had Bergami and all the rest of her suite dressed out to the admiration of all Naples in black velvet, Spanish hats, and feather *a la Henri quatre*, buff wrinkled boots, &c. &c. There is a certain still older style of dandyism frequently mentioned in Shakspeare, that I wonder she did not think as worthy of her patronage.

In another of these Essays "on Hats," Leigh Hunt makes an affecting apostrophe to the little "worsted wonder" he himself used to wear when at a charity school. "Ill befal us," quoth the poet, "if we ever dislike any thing about thee, old nurse of our childhood." "How independent of the weather used we to feel in our old friar's dress—our thick shoes, yellow worsted stockings, and coarse long gown or coat. Our cap was oftener in our head than on our head, let the weather be what it would. We felt a pride as well as a pleasure when every body else was hurrying through the streets, in receiving the full summer showers with uncovered poll, sleeking our *glad hairs* like the feathers of a bird," (the *coculus Indicator* of Linnæus of course.) The whole essence of the gospel part of cockneyism seems to be concentrated in what this man says about the unhappy affair of the queen. "*The subject of sexual intercourse wants great regulation!*" This is quite consistent after all in the poet of Rimini.

Aug. 16. It is a pity that this young man, John Keats, author of Endymion, and some other poems, should have belonged to the Cockney school—for he is evidently possessed of talents that, under better direction, might have done very considerable things. As it is, he bids fair to sink himself entirely beneath such a mass of affectation, conceit, and Cockney pedantry, as I never expected to see heaped together by any body, except the Great Founder of the School. What in the name of wonder tempts all these fellows to write on *Greek* fables. A man might as well attempt to write a second Anastasius without going into the east. There is much merit in some of the stanzas of Mr Keats' last volume, which I have just seen; no doubt he is a fine feeling lad—and I hope he will live to despise Leigh Hunt, and be a poet—

——"After the fashion of the elder men of England"——

If he wants to see the story of the *Lamia*, which he has spoiled in one sense, and adorned in another—told with real truth and beauty, and explained at once with good sense and imagination, let him look to Weiland's life of Peregrinus Proteus, vol. first, I think.

September 3*d.*—I have had a long letter from my friend P——, on the subject of the new novel of the ABBOT, and I agree with him in admiring it much more than the MONASTERY. The novel of the Abbot has three principal divisions in the story—first, the adventures and education of the page at Avenel Castle—then his adventures in Edinburgh—and lastly, the imprisonment of the queen, and her escape. The first part has no close connection with the two last; but some parts of it are very striking, such as the scene in the chapel, where Mr Warden preaches at him. But probably, the finest part in the first volume, is where Halbert Glendinning returns, after a long absence, and holds a conversation

with his lady, which is full of dignity, and has a fine antique gravity and stateliness. But all that precedes Roland Grahame's turning out from the castle, seems too little connected with the rest of the story. Nevertheless, as it comes first, and has the grand requisite of interest in itself, no reader need find fault with it. But after Roland leaves the service of the lady of Avenel, I think his first encounter with his grandmother, the old Catholic devotee, will scarcely be relished by any body—Meg Merrilies was worth a thousand such. After that, however, a very pleasant comical effect is produced, by his interview with Catharine Seyton, while the two matrons are walking to and fro past the window. There is more of sweetness in the character of this young lady, than in that of Diana Vernon, but the ground of both characters is similar. Catharine Seyton always excites interest throughout the novel, when she appears. Yet the reader is much startled, when he finds a person, whom he supposes to be her, dancing in the court yard of an inn, in male attire. The discovery of the brother's resemblance comes in too late at the end of the story; for the reader, long before then, has made up his mind that it was the young lady who appeared at the inn, and has considered that adventure, all along, as a trait in her conduct. I strongly suspect the brother was an after contrivance, to account for what was considered too bold in the antecedent part of the story. But no, this could scarcely be so, either, for the scene of the country wake, on the borders of Loch Leven, evidently implies that the young man Seyton was already an actor in the drama. The mistake of the persons would have an excellent effect upon the stage, if the small spectator were let into the secret before hand, and saw Seyton disguising himself in woman's attire. The behaviour of Roland, and his astonishment at her conduct, and the suppressed anger of Seyton at finding the page behave with such forwardness to him as his sister's representative, would then be understood by the small spectator, and followed throughout, as highly diverting. There could not be a situation better adapted for the theatre. In the meantime, this scene, at the wake, seems most unaccountable in the reading; nay, when the real Seyton stabs Dryfesdale at the inn, the reader is still afraid that it is Catharine Seyton who has committed the atrocious act, and it is luckily that the true explanation comes in there, for otherwise the reader would have lost all sympathy with her. It is very difficult to judge whether this interchange of the characters be a good contrivance or not; for, although the heroine's conduct is followed throughout with great interest, and the pleasantries of her behaviour are made to express some of the most captivating graces of women, and the most difficult to represent in a book, yet these occasional appearances of the character verging into what is disagreeable in virago boldness, produce more pain than pleasure, as the reader has then no salvo for them—nor any doubt of their being such as appears. Perhaps the interest may partly depend upon the anxiety and disapprobation so excited.

Now, to speak of the part relating to Edinburgh and Holyroodhouse, this strikes me as the most lively of the whole. The minute description of the dresses then seen in the streets, and the persons who wore them, brings the scene at once before the eye. What admirable touches there are in the audience, given by Regent Murray to the young page! The youth, after his education of hawking and hunting, appears with a fine freshness in these solemn state chambers. It is a pity that his business had detained him no longer in Edinburgh, for what is given concerning it as a city at that period, awakens a keen desire for more.

The last part, which relates to Queen Mary, seems to me not so productive of remarkable scenes, as some readers will expect, when they hear that the novel relates to so illustrious a character. The confined situation prevents a change of actors, and grief and the desire of liberty are monotonous movements of the mind. The signing of the papers is the best scene —and next to that, the changing of the keys, previous to Mary's escape. The poisoning has less effect—but Dryfesdale's speeches on the subject of fatalism, produce a transient emotion of deep gloominess. His character seems to represent strong hatred and revenge, sobered into a sort of contemplative feeling, by the life he led in Lochleven Castle. Hatred and revenge are perhaps rather too predominant throughout the story, for the sarcasms

that pass between Mary and Lady Lochleven, are but bitter crusts. There are, however, some strokes of great tenderness also, as when the heart-broken and hopeless Douglas says, "Queen Mary needed Rosabelle, and Rosabelle is here."

What valuable books his are, in a historical point of view! It is not saying too much of them to assert, that they have already thrown more light on the real genuine moving spirit of our forefathers and their times, than all the formal histories our island has produced. A man of genius like his, without his accuracy of information, would have done portentous mischief. Such a one would have marred and misinterpreted the venerable legend of the old musty manuscript, and substituted something of his own for it, which it must have been impossible for us ever to dismiss sufficiently from our mind, in forming our judgments concerning the actual doings of the eras described. The present writer preserves the legend, and beautifully illuminates the margin. One is almost sorry when one finds a great historical personage restored to life and breath by the touch of his genius, that he should ever handle any thing less dignified. But light, and air, and genius, are of universal influence, grudging nothing, missing nothing, fearing nothing.

In regard to the lower class of Scottish characters, the present novel has nothing new. For Old Magdalen has no effect whatever as a character, although having an important part in the plot. There is little contemplative humour in the novel of the Abbot, nor much contemplative feeling of any kind, but it keeps the mind in a state of active expansion, and consequently fills the reader with strong consciousness of his existence.

People should really give up reviewing these books. The fact is, that the author of Waverley is quite as well entitled, as any man alive, to that established courtesy which saves one periodical writer from the censure of others. He conducts a very entertaining journal, which appears every quarter of a year in the shape of three or more volumes. And long may he continue to do so—for it is paying him no great compliment to say, that one of his volumes is well worth all the volumes published by his brother periodicals during the year.

Sept. 16. Mitchell's Aristophanes. I find from my friend P——, that I had fallen into a great error in accusing Mr Mitchell of having borrowed his versification from Mr Frere. He turns out to be the author of those articles, and those specimens of Aristophanic version, which appeared *very long ago* in the Quarterly Review, and which I had always thought to be by Frere. This is a little matter after all. They both write in a manner worthy of the great original—and in him there is "ample room and verge enough" for them both.

Sept. 17. B——— writes, that in the House of Lords, when one of the Italian witnesses said, "it was not their custom to speak much about the Queen's affairs among themselves," Lord ——— whispered to his neighbour, "Then I wish to God I were admitted into your society, for it must be much more agreeable than any I have lately been in."

REMARKS ON TABELLA CIBARIA; OR, THE BILL OF FARE*.

It is a pleasing reflection, that, in the midst of all their disputatiousness, there are still a few subjects on which all our professional critics appear to enter with the same kindly spirit—a few resting-places of universal harmony where the Edinburgh and the Quarterly are content to dwell together in unity—where, more wonderful still, Ebony himself has no scruple about shaking hands with both of these, his only rivals. Among these peace-invested topics, Cookery unquestionably holds one of the first places. A good dinner is the *facillime princeps* of reconciliators; but even a treatise, treating of good dinners, is a thing not to be sneezed at. Authors, conversant

* Tabella Cibaria. The Bill of Fare: a Latin Poem, implicitly translated and fully explained in copious and interesting notes, relating to the Pleasures of Gastronomy, and the mysterious Art of Cookery. London: Published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, &c.

with such matters, are accordingly the only ones that seem to be universal favourites among the Reviewers of our time—in so much, that the Cookery School and the Cockney School may be said to stand precisely at the two opposite extremes—unmingled contempt being on every occasion and from every quarter showered on the latter, while the former receives nothing but good words. Critics have often been compared to cats; but we are not aware of any circumstance in which the resemblance is so striking as in this their common favour and affection for all the masters and mistresses of the Cookery School. The moment a new cook-maid comes to any house, you may see puss making advances in a style that may be called any thing rather than cautious—mewing and fawning herself into all sorts of lucrative familiarity; and from the zeal with which we and all other brothers of the trade are sure to pay our devoirs to any new work such as the present, one might almost conclude, (we freely confess it) that we had an eye to a few real tidbits by way of remuneration. Without a joke, how happy should we be could we imagine that some of our friends who are in the habit of exercising a profuse rather than a perite hospitality, might be induced, by our recommendation, to turn to the work in hand with true practical intent—mindful, among other matters nearer at hand, of the

"Domus exilis Plutonia, quò simul mêàris
Non regna vini sortiere talis." &c.

This volume consists of a short Latin poem, which is little more than a very elegant versification of a common French bill of fare, and a copious body of notes, in which the antiquities of most of the dishes commended in the text are fully and satisfactorily explained. The quantity of information conveyed in this last part of the work is really quite astonishing; and we are sure Gourmand, Gourmet, and Glutton, must be equally grateful to the author. The first note, or rather dissertation, is occupied with some sketches of the Roman luxury of the kitchen; after which the writer passes into the following judicious remarks:

"However extravagant and foolish the whims of those rich personages of ancient Rome may appear to a sober and sensible mind, we must, in justice to their taste, cursorily observe, that there exists a material difference between a *gormand* and a *glutton*. The first seeks for peculiar delicacy and distinct flavour in the various dishes presented to the judgment and enjoyment of his discerning palate; while the other lays aside nearly all that relates to the rational pleasure of creating or stimulating an appetite by the excellent quality of the cates, and looks merely to quantity. This has his stomach in view, and tries how heavily it may be laden without endangering his health. The *gormand* never loses sight of the exquisite organs of taste, so admirably disposed by Providence in the crimson chamber where sits the discriminating judge, the human tongue. The *glutton* is anathematized in the scripture with those brutes, *quorum deus venter est*. The other appears guilty of no other sin than of too great and too minute an attention to refinement in commensal sensuality.

"We find besides a curious shade between the French appellations *gourmand* and *gourmet*. In the idiom of that nation, so famous for indulging in the worship of Comus, the word *gourmand* means, as we stated above, a man who, by having accidentally been able to study the different tastes of eatables, does accordingly select the best food, and the most pleasing to his palate. His character is that of a practitioner, and answers to the appellation of an *epicure* in the full sense of the word, as we use it in English. The *gourmet* on the other hand considers the theoretical part of Gastronomy; he speculates more than he practises; and eminently prides himself in discerning the nicest degrees and most evanescent shades of goodness and perfection in the different subjects proposed to him. In fact, the word *gourmet* has long been used to designate a man who, by sipping a few drops out of the silver cup of the vintner, can instantly tell from what country the wine comes, and its age. This denomination has lately acquired a greater latitude of signification, and not improperly, since it expresses what the two other words could not mean.

"From the foregoing observations we must conclude that the *glutton* practises without any regard to theory; and we call him *Gastrophile*. The *gormand* unites theory with practice, and may be denominated *Gastronomer*. The *gourmet* is merely theoretical, cares little about practising, and deserves the higher appellation of *Gastrologer*.

He then descends to the cook, whose history through Egypt, Greece, and Rome, down to the Palais Royal and other celebrated eating places of modern day, is very accurately described. After listening to the high and judicious praises he bestows on the expert practitioner of the cooking art, it is melancholy to find, that, according to the authority of a certain great French author, "Cooks, half-stewed, and half-

roasted when unable to work any longer, generally retire to some unknown corner and die in forlornness and want." But it is added most emphatically, that "Corneille, *le grand Corneille*,—had no better fate, since he also died in obscurity and distress, a similarity which ought to contribute to their consolation." Among other curious particulars relative to the history of the cook, we find, that in the time of the first Roman emperors, his salary was very commonly about £1000 per annum—that Mark Antony once presented a cook with the unexpected gift of a whole corporate town, or municipium, solely because he had dressed a pudding to the satisfaction of Cleopatra—and, lastly, that the French, in all things ungrateful, have derived from this profession their name for a rascallion, *Coquin*.

As for the dishes themselves, the soups are of course first of the first. *Sorbilla*, the Latin name, means nothing more than *that which may be swallowed*; but that which may be *most easily* swallowed, came not unnaturally to be always understood by it. The author's definition is complete *secundum regulas*. "A secretion or dissolution of the various juices contained in the muscles and fat of animals, as bullocks, calves, sheep, chickens, &c. in a menstruum of boiling water." "The soup," says a gastronomic author, "may be called the portal of the edifice of a French dinner, whether plain or sumptuous." It is indeed the *sine qûa non* with that ingenious people. Upon it the whole fabric of the repast reposes, as earth does on the bosom of ocean. It is the great substratum destined to support, with the association of the natural gastric acids, the whole mysterious work of digestion. "*Cest la soupe*," says one of the best of proverbs, "*qui fait le soldat*. It is the soup that makes the soldier." Excellent as our troops are in the field, there cannot be a more unquestionable fact, than their immense inferiority to the French in the business of cooking. The English soldier lays his piece of ration beef at once on the coals, by which means the one and the better half is lost, and the other burnt to a cinder. Whereas six French troopers fling their messes into the same pot, and extract a delicious soup ten times more nutritious than the simple roti could ever be. It would seem, by the way, as if anciently *leeks* had been the principal ingredient in soups, for *porridge* is evidently derived from *porrum*. The love of the Romans for that vegetable is well known—hence Nero's nickname of the *leek-eater*, or *Porrophagus*.

Under this head of leek soups, our author says,

"Rabelais, the humorous vicar of Meudon, distinguishes, in his jocose way, two sorts of soups. *Soupe de Prime*, Prime-soup; and *soupe de levriers*, soup good for hounds; the meaning of which stands as follows: The first designates that premature delibation of broth which the young monks in the convent used to steal, when they could, from the kitchen, in their way to the choir at the hour of "Prime," a service which was performed at about seven or eight in the morning, when the porridge-pot, with all its ingredients, had been boiling for the space of one or two hours, (the dinner was served at eleven) and when the broth, full of eyes swimming gently on the golden surface, had already obtained an interesting appearance and taste. It was a sort of beef-tea, the lusciousness of which was enhanced by the pleasing idea of its being stolen—*nitimur in vetitum semper*. On the contrary, *Soupe de levriers*, greyhound's soup, means that portion of the porridge which was served to the novices after an ample *presumption* in favour of the *Magnates* of the monastery. This was good for nothing, and monks of inferior ranks were ready to throw it to the dogs. The French call *rain* "soupe de chien." The egg-broth of the miser, who fed his valet with the water in which eggs had been boiled, comes under the denomination of the said "soupe de chien," or harrier's broth.

From leeks he proceeds to cabbages —of which he says—

"Cabbages of all species, playing a principal part in the porridge and other dishes, and holding eminent situations among the *Dramatis Personæ*, from the first act to the catastrophe, in the interesting entertainment of a good dinner, deserve to be particularly mentioned.

"The Romans are said to have brought into Gallia the use of the green and red ones which they had received from Egypt. But, upon looking more intimately into the case, it appears that the white *brassica* migrated from the northern regions to Italy. Indeed the horticular art of obtaining that round and close form, which distinguishes some species of this useful plant, does not seem to date farther than the age of Charlemagne. The bigness and rotundity of that head gave origin to the name. *Cabus* from *Caput*, and *Cabbage* evidently from *Cabus*, with the Italian augmentative, *accio* or *aggio*—*cabbaggio*.

"Chrysippus, a famous physician of Cnidos, wrote upon the multifarious qualities of this

Olus, not a single chapter, but a large volume. Galenus and Matthiolus have been very loud in its praise. Pliny, in reckoning the various kinds of *cabbage*, gives a long account of its virtues, but says little upon its use in cookery, as a noted plant among the esculent ones. Cato is very lavish in his encomiums upon this cruciferous vegetable; and, with Pythagoras, holds it as a general remedy for all diseases.

"The red cabbage stewed in veal broth is accounted, upon the continent, a specific cure against pulmonary complaints, and what is called here consumption. Pistachios and calf's lights are added to it. For this purpose red cabbage is especially cultivated in French kitchen-gardens. This reminds us of an anecdote which passed current at the time we heard it:—A young clergyman, rector of a country parish, was called upon to preach a sermon upon a grand solemnity, at which the bishop of the diocese, who was a cardinal, appeared in the Roman purple, surrounded by his clergy in their white surplices. The preacher performed his task to the approbation of every one. After the ceremony, his eminence, meeting him, seemed to wonder at his not having been abashed when in the presence of a cardinal in the full blaze of his red paraphernalin. The simple and honest clergyman replied: "Your eminence will cease to wonder, when you know that I learnt my discourse by heart in my garden, and used to practise declamation before a plot of *white* cabbages, in the centre of which stood a *red* one."—A preferment was the reward of this answer.

"Were we to attend scrupulously to the Greek adage often quoted and never rightly understood, Δὶς κεφάλη θάνατος, "Twice cabbage brings death," we might be afraid of using it freely in soups and other dishes; but after hunting most strenuously the sense of this saying through the intricate meanders of the *Delphini* and *variorum* notes, and other commentators, concerning the following line of Juvenal, Sat. vii. 154.

'Occidit miseros *crambe repetita* magistros,'

we must confess that we see no harm in it, and would boldly advise the whole fraternity of snips to go on, undauntedly as they do, in their daily and furious onset upon this, their most favourite, mess.

"The signification of the adage remains still unenucleated. Our opinion is that, in the numerous Greek schools erected at Rome, the first declension of substantives was κεφαλη, ης, η; *crambe, crambes, crambé*, as we have here *musa, musæ, musæ*, a song, of a song, to a song, as a specimen. The daily repetition of this noun by the hesitating, stammering, simpering school-boys, must have been exceedingly tiresome, and enough to kill the disgusted masters—*experto crede Roberto*. Gifford in his translation of Juvenal, eludes, or rather misunderstands the sense; for he says:

'Like hash'd cabbage served for each repast,
The repetition kills the wretch at last,'

however, Juvenal, who points at the Greek proverb, does not explain it.

Innumerable varieties of the soup species are subsequently introduced, amongst which the turtle is not forgotten.

Callipash hinc gustum languentem provocat; indè
Novum ministrat appetitum *Callipee*.

Potages à la Reine, à l'Ecossaise, à la Xavier, à l'œil de perdrix, &c. &c. &c. all follow in due order, but on these we must not enter. Of all these, beef is, or ought to be, the ground-work—and so no wonder that our author should favour us with a dozen pages all about BEEF. He hints that the ox was worshipped in the proud temples of Memphis, under the name of Apis, solely or chiefly on account of the excellence of the dishes which are formed at his expense—and exhibits a great deal more learning of the same sort. He also appears to have some feelings of regret, in observing how many animals, not unworthy of sharing in these bovine honours, are altogether excluded, in consequence of the foolish prejudices of John Bull. Young ASSES,* he informs us, were served upon the table of Mæcenas himself, when he entertained Augustus and Horace. The Roman epicures, however, certainly delighted, according to the testimony of Pliny, (book 29, chap. 24.) in the flavour of young and well-fattened puppies—which dainty, by the way, still continues to be in vogue among the Chinese and the Esquimaux. Plump and well roasted bats are, at this day, laid on a bed of olives, and served up, to the joy of the Gourmands of the Levant; and Scaliger remarks, that their flavour is sweeter than that of the finest chickens. Frenchmen, we all know, say the same thing of frogs. Hedgehogs *were* fricasseed in Greece. Hamster rats *are* fricasseed in Brandenburg; and, for ought we know, at Brandyborough-house too. Laplanders feed on fried squirrels. We ourselves once betted five shillings, that a certain dear friend of ours† would *not* eat a mouse-pie—and lost. In short, *chacun à son gout*.

* Quere—Whether, had they lived in these days, they would not have been satisfied, like ourselves, with cutting up young WHIGS?

† Viz. The Adjutant. He got through the task with great ease, and offered, when

It is a sad mistake in the arrangement of British dinners, that certain of the most precious dishes are invariably introduced at a period when no gastrologer, who does not unite something of the practical powers of the Gourmand with his own theoretical skill, can do them any thing like justice. Among these, game of all sorts may be mentioned—and with reverence be it spoken—a roasted goose, although his claim may be dubious to be classed among *game*. They manage these things better in France. There the goose after his kind, and the partridge after his kind, are sure to make their appearance at a more early stage of the procession—but there the roasted goose, amidst his flood of apple sauce, never appears. The thighs and liver of the goose, however, are learnedly made into pies, and properly truffled, " patés a foies gras," are reckoned a most delicate article, well worthy of entering almost at the threshold of the feast. Shocking stories are told of the means resorted to by the French gourmets, for the production of that enormous size of liver in which the chief charm of this dish is supposed to consist. But indeed, we need not go so far from home—for we were very well acquainted, not long ago, with a humane gentleman in the west of Scotland, whose kitchen constantly exhibited a shelf of geese, nailed to the wood by the webs of their feet—quite close to the fire. In that situation, there is no doubt they had almost as fair a chance for the liver complaint as the master of the house himself. Spallanzani, as we all know, made a series of experiments to discover how many pins and bullets, &c. a *hen* could swallow. We think he and our west-country friend ought to have been both of them subjected to some little touches of the LEX TALIONIS. Had Dante known of them, there can be no doubt he would have lodged them together by the side of the main oven of the infernals—the one nailed to a shelf, that his liver might swell—the other devouring cork-screws and metal tooth-picks, *ad infinitum*.

We have no intention of going regularly through the long string of topics embraced by the annotatory plan of our author. Let our readers be satisfied with a few of the crumbs that fall from his table, such as the following. Talking of pheasants, he says,

" The beauty of this bird when alive, the flavour and quality of his flesh when properly dressed, are too well known to claim a long description in this note. Gastronomers, who have any sort of aversion to a peculiar taste in game properly kept, had better abstain from this bird—since it is worse than a common fowl, if not waited for till it acquires the ' fumet' it ought to have. Whole republics of maggots have often been found rioting under the wings of pheasants; but being *radically* dispersed, and the birds properly washed with vinegar, every thing went right, and every guest, unconscious of the culinary ablutions, enjoyed the excellent flavour of the Phasian birds."

Of the *Tetrax*, *Tetras*, or *Cocq de bruyére*.

" Heath-cock is the real name of the *moor-cock*, and the rest of the black game so well known in the hyperborean parts of Great Britain. Several naturalists of easy credulity have believed and propagated as probable, if not indisputable, that the great Tetrao, or Tetras, the monarch of the wood, perched on the branch of a tree, calls to him his wandering hens; and that, after having dropped some mysterious liquid from his beak, he sends them away, properly fit to propagate his royal breed. This bird is also called Gor-cock, red or black game. The following lines allude to the fable hinted in the poem:

Where smooth, unruffled by the northern blast,
The crystal lakes, in Alpine rocks enshrin'd,
Reflect the verdant scene, and gently bathe
With silver waves around, the grass-grown feet
Of woody hills; there to his cackling dames,
On blooming heaths and secret lawns dispers'd,
The *Gor-cock* calls, the sultan of the grove—
On eager wings they fly——

Of herrings he remarks, that when *fresh*, the French always serve them up with melted butter and plenty of *mustard* in it—a hint worth attending to—*experto crede Roberto*.

He then goes on thus about mustard.

" The etymology of mustard ought to be recorded here. In 1382, Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, going to march against his revolted neighbours, and Dijon having furnished for that expedition its *quantum* of 1000 armed men, the duke, in kind acknowledgment, granted to the town, among other privileges, the permission of bearing his armorial ensigns with his motto, *moult me tarde*, ' I long, I wish ardently.' In consequence of this mark of princely condescension, the Dijonese municipality ordered the arms and motto to be beauti-

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the pie was done, to eat a mouse roasted in the fur with butter, and oat cake-crumbs, for the same sum—but we declined indulging the standard-bearer in any more such experiments.

fully sculptured over the principal gate of the city, which was done accordingly. But time, *tempus edax*, and that incessant drop of water which causes the destruction of the hardest stone, *non vi sed sæpe cadendo*, or some particular accident, having obliterated the middle word *me*, the remaining ones, *moult, tarde*, gave occasion to the name in the following manner. For a long lapse of time, the merchants of Dijon have been, and are still, great dealers in *sénévé*, or *sinapi*, (mustard seed); and have a method of grinding it with salt, vinegar, and other ingredients, in order to preserve it, and send it to all parts of the world. On their *sénévé*-pots they used to paste a label, ensigned with the Duke of Burgundy's arms and the motto as it accidentally remained then over the gate of the city, *moult-tarde;* hence the name which the sinapi composition has preserved to this day. It might be observed, that the natural pungency of this little seed, expressed in Latin by *multum ardet*, and in old French by *moult arde*, 'it burns much,' might be taken as the real *thema* of the word. But it does not appear that the Dijonese were ever scholars enough as to borrow from the tongue of Cicero a denomination for the object of their trade. However, in latter times, an eminent mustard-manufacturer of that place proved himself somewhat acquainted with Latin, since he wrote jocosely over his shop-door, *Multum tardat, Divio rixam;* that is, *Moult-tarde, Dijonnoise;* 'Dijon-mustard.' Pliny pretends that mustard is an antidote against venomous mushrooms. B. xix. ch. 8. & 22."

Of oysters, he says—

"The Athenians held oysters in great esteem. They were not common at Rome, and consequently fetched there a very high price; yet Macrobius assures us, that the Roman Pontiffs never missed to have them every day on their tables. From the fourth century to the reign of Louis XIV. they were nearly forgotten; but they soon came again into vogue, and from that time have kept up their reputation. Gastronomers, we know, can swallow three or four dozen before dinner, and then sit down to eat heartily, and perhaps better than if they had abstained from them. They clear the stomach of accidental phlegm, increase the gastric juices, and, by their natural coolness, condense the air which may be fixed in the organs of digestion. When good, they are wholesome, but poisonous when bad."

Of lobsters.—

"This crustaceous fish, which, when in season, is delightful for the taste, purity, and firmness of its flesh, grows to a large size, if, concealed in the rocky caverns of the deep, it can avoid the rapacity of its enemies, among whom the fisherman is not the least dangerous. Lobsters sometimes measure two feet and upwards; but Olaus Magnus, Hist. L. 21. c. 34. and Gesner *de Piscibus*, L. 4. pretend, that in the Indian seas, and on the shores of Norway, lobsters have been found twelve feet long and six broad, seizing mariners with their gigantic claws, and dragging them along into the deep to devour them!!! The French proverb says, 'a beau mentir qui vient de loin.'"

The pike he styles "the tyrant, the terror, the destroyer of the fish-pond," and then proceeds:

"The poet represents him dressed, as the French style it, 'au bleu.' Boiled in wine, with onions, carrots, parsley, pepper, and salt, he is allowed to get cold; and then, laid on a napkin in stateliness, supported by a tray, he takes his situation on the table. It is deservedly reckoned by all Gastronomers very excellent eating. The flesh is white, firm, and tasteful, and the bones (which the French, in all fishes, properly call *arrête*, from 'arreter,' to stop, because they stop the voracity of the eater) are, in a large subject, so slender, so pliant, that they can easily be put aside, or, if accidentally swallowed, do no harm. Pikes grow to an astonishing size. The skeleton of one, which weighed 350 pounds, has long been preserved at Manheim. Thrown in a pond by the Emperor Barbarossa, with a brass elastic collar, he was taken up in 1497, at the surprising age of 267 years. On the collar was engraved the following inscription in Greek:

'I am the first fish which was put into this lake by the hands of the governor of the universe, Frederic II. the 5th of October, 1230.'

Lacépede (Hist. des Poissons) pretends, that the existence and bulk of fishes and amphibious animals may increase to an incalculable extent."

Next comes *asparagus*, or *sparrow-grass*, or, as it is sometimes called for brevity's sake, *grass*.

"This vegetable possesses great volatility of parts, and peculiar diuretic powers. The name is of Greek origin, and alludes to its sprouting entirely naked from the ground; that is, without cotyledons or leaves.

"It reminds us of a curious trick which a wag played once upon a countryman, who had no knowledge whatsoever of the existence of such a production as asparagus. They were travelling together, and arrived, on a Friday, at an inn in a small town near Arras, in France, intending to sup and sleep there. The wag asked the landlord what he had to give them? There was nothing in the house but plenty of asparagus and eggs. 'Well, then, let us have first an omelet, and whilst we are eating it, boil us some of your best asparagus.' It was done accordingly: the omelet was served up in a few minutes.—'If I cut it in two,' said the knowing one, 'you will draw your share to your plate, and I the other half to mine.' The countryman bowed assent, the omelet was divided, and declared exceeding-

ly good. Then comes the asparagus. ' I do not remember to have ever seen these sort of things before,' said the countryman, ' how curious they look—are they peculiar to this part of the world ?'—Without answering this preliminary question, ' We will do,' said the wag, ' as we did before ;' and he severed the whole bunch in two. By an unperceived whirling of the dish, the white part became the lot of the peasant, who, beginning to tear and chew and masticate to no purpose, declared, with a solemn oath, that as this was the first, it should be also the last time he would attempt to make a meal of asparagus. The wag, of course, enjoyed the whole of the verdant and tender heads of the vegetable."

From a whole treatise about eggs, we extract a few hints which, we think, may be useful.

" Sometimes eggs are positively roasted. In countries where wood-fire is constantly used, the cottager half-buries his eggs in an upright position in hot ashes upon the hearth ; and when a clear dew-drop oozes on the top of the shell, the eggs are fit to be eaten. Ovid was not ignorant of this practice, for he says, Met. viii. 667.

Ovaque, non acri leviter versata favilla.

—New-laid eggs, with Baucis' busy care,
Turn'd by a gentle fire and roasted rare.
DRYDEN.

Gastrologers are of opinion, that, done in this way, eggs have a much better flavour than when boiled. Fancy goes far in matters of taste.

" After all, the most extraordinary manner of cooking eggs is, as it stands recorded, to turn them round in a sling till they appear slightly boiled. This was, we are told, an Egyptian custom. A more credible assertion is, that long eggs contain a male sperm, but this we also doubt ; although Horace declares that the same opinion was indisputably held by the epicurean ' bon-vivants' in his time. However, the *Schola Salernitana* gives a good precept as to the choice of eggs :

Si sumas ovum molle sit atque novum.

If thou takest an egg, let it be soft and new"

" The surest mode of trying an egg is to apply the tip of the tongue to the blunt end ; if it feels warm, and the acute end cold, it is a proof that no fermentation has yet taken place."

There is a very entertaining little appendix on the subject of wine, which sets out with observing, that the words, *wine*, English, *wein*, Germ. *vin*, Fr. *vinum*, Lat. and *οἶνος*, Gr. are all sprung from the Hebrew יין. He says—

" Before, and even since the introduction of ' Gascoygne' wine into this island, vineyards were well cultivated and thriving in several parts of the kingdom ; for we find, that a certain quantity of wine is ordered to be paid instead of rent to the chief lord of a vineyard—*Vinagœium*, i. e. *Tributum a vino*. Mon. Angl. 2 Tom. 980. But, in course of time, Bacchus courteously gave room for the pursuits of Ceres, and the golden harvest of corn superseded the purple produce of the vintage.

* * * *

" It is an erroneous idea to suppose that white wine is exclusively the produce of white grapes. Fermentation alone determines the colour. The juice contained in both the white and red grape is nearly as colourless as water ; except in one peculiar species, which is called the dyer, ' raisin teinturier,' the liquor of which is of a purple hue, as deep as that of the mulberry. It is used as an auxiliary to deepen the tint of red wine. If the juice of the grapes, which have been gently pressed by the feet of men in the tub at the vineyard, is drawn off in casks, and allowed to ferment without the skin, the seeds, and the stalks, which contain the colouring elements, the wine will certainly be white. On the contrary, if the liquor is left to ferment with them, the wine must be red. If the fermentation of the white liquid is stopt in proper time, the wine becomes brisk and sparkling, on account of the quantity of fixed air which is confined within it : if this air, a sort of gas, is permitted to evaporate, the wine becomes still and quiet ; in this, with a few practical exceptions, consists the whole mystery. Wines require more or less time to ripen in the casks, in order to let the lees settle at the bottom ; and the art principally lies in the knowledge of the proper time to bottle the wine. A thick crust does not always show that the wine is good, but often that it has been bottled too soon. White wines produce no crust ; a proof that the grossest parts are lodged in the skin, seeds, and stalks of the grapes.

" The practice of clarifying wine before it is bottled off by means of whites of eggs, was known to the ancients. But Horace, though a practical *gourmet*, was not well acquainted with the theory of the art, for he mistakes, Sat. 2. 4. the yolk for the white as used for this purpose.

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" Several authors of tried knowledge have, in other countries as well as in this, written scientific and interesting dissertations upon the wines of the ancients, to which we refer the Gastronomic reader, confining ourselves to the names of some of those which are particularly esteemed in our days.

" As to the product of the grapes, it cannot be denied, that France has long borne the palm in the contest ; and the wines of that fruitful kingdom may be classed under three principal heads, Burgundy, Champagne, and Languedoc, or Meridional wines, which may be also sub-

divided into three species, *mousseux*, *tranquille*, and *sucré*;* brisk, still, and sweet.

CHAMPAGNE.	BOURGOGNE.	GASCOGNE, &c.
Ai	*Avalons*	*Bergerac*
Arbois	*Beaune*	*Bourdeaux*
Epernay	*Chablis*	*Cateau-Margot*
Haut-villiers	*Chambertin*	*Claret* §
Langres	*Clos de Vougeot*	*Condrieux*
Montagne de Rheims †	*Coulanges*	*Grave* ‖
	La Romanee	*Hermitage*
Ricey	*Macon*	*Lafitte*
Sillery	*Migrenne*	*Pontac*
Tonnerre	*Nuits* ‡	*St Peray*
Versenay	*Pomard*	*Sautern*

"So great was the repute of some of these wines, that in 1652 a public *Thesis* was held at the Faculty of Medicine, to decide the mighty question, which of the two was best, 'Bourgogne or Champagne.' As for the 'vins de Gascogne, Bordeaux, Provence,' &c. the quantity which is exported has always been so considerable, that, according to Froissart, as early as 1372, upwards of 200 ships were annually and exclusively freighted with this commodity.

"Besides these, several 'vins de liqueurs' are imported from France; as *Ciotat*, *St Laurent*, *Lunel*, *Frontignac*, &c. Spain, Portugal, and the island of Madeira, offer us a considerable supply; and the banks of the Rhine and the Moselle enliven, with their produce, the tables of the Gastronomers of all polite nations."

So much for this very clever little work, which the extracts we have made cannot fail to recommend in particular to our classical and travelled readers. We have seldom met a greater display of elegance and ingenuity, than the versification of the poem itself exhibits; nor with a more easy vein of amusement than in the notes. The book appears to have been written a long while ago, and is anonymous. But we dare say the author must be well known at one or other of the universities.

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* "*Languidiora vina.*—HOR.

† "Part of the produce of this famous hill was exclusively kept for the table of the king of France.

‡ "The celebrity of this wine dates from the illness of Louis XIV. in 1680.

§ "This denomination originates from '*Claretum*, a liquor made anciently of wine and honey, clarified by decoction, which the Germans, French, and English, call *Hippocras*; and it is for this reason that the red wines of France were called Claret." Cowel's Interp.

‖ "This name is generally applied to the white wines of Gascony."

HORÆ SCANDICÆ.

No II.

The Palace of the Lamp.

LETTER FROM OEHLENSCHLAEGER, THE DANE, TO MR —— ——.

Translated from the Danish.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your attention in sending me the * publication emanating from the purlieus of Bond-street; but you certainly must have been a perfunctory reader of my dramatic compositions, and not heartily impressed with the great leading features of my style of writing, did you believe, that the translation it contains of the scene of my Aladdin into gigantic, and (to my foreign ears at least) unreadable verse, was a fair copy of my language. In order to shew you how unfortunate a version it is, I send you the drama, by our mutual friend, Mr A. A. Feldborg, Professor of Languages, who will pass through Edinburgh in a few days. I look to you, my dear friend, to do me justice! You are not an unpractised wooer of the Heliconian deities. In your soul there is an abiding place for poesy—a deep, an inexhaustible well of those holy and reverential ideas which the mere men of surface, the wits, the review-critics cannot ever conceive. Rise up, then, from your too long continued slumber, and if your diffidence still continue to prevent you from taking that place among the great poets of your own father-land, which you could instantly claim, yet for a friend exert yourself, that *his* place may not be set too low. Rise up, I say, and put an end to the paltry tribe of parodists and mistranslators, a crew, of whom I recollect you expressing your just disdain, in one of those soul-stirring conversations which I enjoyed with you at your lodgings in Altona, in company with the loved, the lost Novalis. You remember those days: So do I. They are treasured up in my memory as the most golden

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* Ollier's Literary Miscellany, No I.

period of my existence. His musical countenance, beaming with enthusiasm, still sparkles before me. Even the inanimate objects, trite and trivial as they were, that filled the little blue parlour in which we sat, are still seen by me as though in vision beatific. Blessed, though mournful, is this elementary feeling, this simple impression on my imaginative faculty, this mental spectrum, which brings before my inward optics the forms of other days, brightened by the hues thrown over them by memory. To speak in the harmonious words of a great Scald of your own country,—

> Oft, when on my couch I lie,
> In vacant, or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye,
> Which is the bliss of solitude.

But, to return to my Aladdin:—translate, in a manner creditable to me, the scene which the London men have mistranslated, and having done so, publish it in some respectable work. If you be acquainted with the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, I wish you to transmit it to him, and at the same time return him my most sincere thanks for his splendid article on my Hakon Jarl.

My opinion of the state of parties in England entirely coincides with yours. As for the Whigs, they are impelled in their insane course by destiny. The grim, awful, and inflexible goddess, urges them forward, the blind instruments of her decrees, to their destruction. An ancient curse hangs over them, the consequences of which they cannot avoid. "The Fall of the Whigs" would be a fine philosophical subject for a deep tragedy, exemplifying the dark mysteries of the punishment of Guilt, and the operations of Fate. But I have not time to amplify sufficiently on this subject at present, and turn with pleasure to domestic inquiries. [The rest of the letter is of a private nature.]

With sentiments of love and esteem, I am your devoted friend,

OEHLENSCHLAEGER.

P. S.—Send me the Magazine, whatever it be, (Blackwood's, I hope), in which your translation appears. Best compliments to the intellectual companion of your Scandinavian journeyings.

THE BUILDING OF THE PALACE OF THE LAMP *.

From the Danish of Oehlenschlaeger.

Speakers, 1st Genius—Attendant Genii.

1*st Genius.* Deep in the earth the foundation is planted,
Gaily I work, but more blocks here are wanted.
Two others. Here they are, master, here they are plenty,
We can supply them twenty on twenty;
Hither we waft, on our high-soaring pinion,
The very best blocks of the Cockney dominion.
Here's Hunt, with a crown of a scattery irradiance,
Which holds all the bards of Bow-bell in allegiance.
This, studded with pimples, is Lecturer Hazlitt,
Stinking and sparkling, as if 'twere with gas lit.
Here's Corny Webb, and this other, an please ye,
Is Johnny Keats;—how it smells of magnesia.
Here is a block, and few blocks can be greater,
Mr Leslie, the glorious refrigerator.
Here is another, in shape of a bullock,
By his dim dirty eye you may know 'tis M'Culloch.
Here's Parr (alias *Pore*) a block of much merit;
This low-looking lump is poor common-place Terrot;
This little bunch, by its weight, seems a bailie;
And here is a hamper that never will fail ye,
The hardest, the heaviest blocks ever seen, sir,
For I've brought all the beasts of John Scot's Magazine, sir;

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* Or, as it might be rendered, of the ILLUMINATI.

But we are losing our time in describing,
Here at a slap we throw the whole tribe in;
We tried their value while hitherward flitting,
For in London, by luck, were the Aldermen sitting.
There, with our lumber, a short time we stood, sir,
To weigh it 'gainst Aldermen Waithman and Wood, sir;
But the blocks of the Row, to all others superior,
To the weights of Guildhall I own are inferior;
And a by-standing Irishman, one Patrick Deasy,
When he saw us comparing them, cried out, Be easy,
Your blockheads are very good blockheads, but faith man,
They will ne'er be such blockheads as Wood or as Waithman.
1st Gen. Ho! bring me mortar, my building to fasten.
Two others. Here, with a compost, we merrily hasten;
'Tis a mash of the gin-bibbing clubs' resolutions,
Which in alehouses meet, to concoct revolutions.
Here are the oracles too of the sots, man,
Statesman, Examiner, Black Dwarf, and Scotsman,
Republican, Register—all of the rabble
Who in country or town spit their venomous gabble.
Hunt threw in, to season this worshipful mash, a
Hamper of coculus, gentian, and quassia;*
† Sir Dick gave the dung that he ventures to mute on
The glories of Europe, our Wellesley and Newton;
Wax was added by Preston, that patriot of leather,
And pestleman Watson then brayed all together.
1st Gen. Ho! a stone from the north! a strong stone for the corner!
Two others. Here is a stone which, when wrought by a Horner,
Sparkled in colours of yellow and azure,
As the best bit of glass you e'er bought from a glazier:
But now 'tis grown cloudy; I much am afraid, it
Mourns its brilliancy gone, and its fine colours faded,
And the lip of contempt has been showering its spittle
Upon it of late, which has wet it a little.
1st Gen. Ho! for the cornice bring ornaments suiting!
Two others. We, in the shape of reviewers went rooting,
And here have brought up, from the modern Parnassus,
The principal flowers of its principal asses;
False figures, false tropes, false language, false reason,
True venom, true blasphemy, very true treason,
Mixed with true affectation, true *mimini pimini*,
In fact, what you find in Endymion and Rimini.
Here's Apoller, and Windar, and Hannar, and Laurar,
And phrases which strike all the muses with horror.
Here's a gay whistling brine, and ships swirling upon it;‡
And here's a jerked feather that swales in a bonnet.
Come, stick them up, you will find them as fine a',
As gingerbread-gold, copper-lace, or cracked china.
1st Gen. Who brings me diamonds, or emeralds, or rubies?
Two others. Here's what's as good for bedazzling the boobies;
We bring a thousand impressions so proper
Of his Majesty's visage in good-looking copper;
We were attending a radical meeting,
Where nine-tenths were gulls, whom the one-tenth was cheating;

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* These were Hunt's great expedients for reforming beer when he was a brewer. Mr Accum, *alias* Mr Death-in-the-pot, acknowledges, with due gratitude, his obligations to this great man in giving him hints for his magnum opus.

† Sir Richard Phillips, Knt. who has utterly overthrown Sir Isaac Newton, and trampled on the Duke of Wellington.

‡ Vide Leigh Hunt's Rimini for these precious verses.

At the end, says the chief, in dispersing the poison,
" Come, come, subscribe, 'tis to carry the cause on,
Down with your cash, all I ask is a penny ;"
And the pence were put down by the chucklepate many.
We genii, you know, in a moment detected
The laugh-in-the-sleeve of the rogues who collected,
And followed unseen, 'till we saw them all seated,
Full of hopes of the spoil, but these hopes were soon cheated,
For among them we swooped, and away in a minute
We whipt with their box, and the coppers all in it,
And left them all dumb, both with grief and amazement,
Looking, some up the chimney, some out of the casement ;
At last, off they sneaked, puzzled, thirsty, and hungry,
And swore this was worse even than base boroughmongry.
1st Gen. Who brings me pictures of dainty devising ?
2d Gen. Here they are friend, far superior to pricing.
This sketch of a woe-begone gang of banditti,
Whose looks more you fear, yet incline you to pity,
Is the famed ALL THE TALENTS, the great opposition,
The Tory's contempt, the Reformer's derision ;
How well done is each face ! Indeed 'tis well known, Sir,
* That Methuen and Freemantle painted their own, Sir,
Look, there's Peter Moore ! He is wisely pourtrayed in
The part of great Bottom by greasy-pate Haydon ;
The ass-head is so like in expression and feature,
You must see it was Peter who sat for the creature.
Here's—but in describing my talent is scanty,
Go send to Auld Reekie to fetch Dilletanti.
1st Gen. Who brings me gold for the purpose of framing?
Two others. Patience ! Here's gold ! Yellow gold ! see 'tis flaming,
With a bright shining lustre. 'Tis I who was lucky
In following Birkbeck beyond far Kentucky ;
The wealth of old Crœsus, the wealth of the fairies
Is nothing compared with the wealth of the prairies.
Though the climate is sickly, the land foul and swampy,
The day-hole you live in, cold, dirty, and dampy,
The society vile, the mere scum of creation,
A fraudulent runaway base population,
'Tis the country of gold—gold grows on its mountains,
Gold paves all its streets†—and it springs from its fountains ;
You must own it is true, for friend Birkbeck declares it,
Flower vouches the fact, Mr Madison swears it,
Then believe it, my lads, or confess you are asses,
When you see in our hands such huge native gold masses.
1st Gen. Silk ! bring me silk to bedeck the interior !
Two others. Here's paper, an ornament vastly superior,
Here's a ton of petitions, and, what can be sager,
Drivelled forth by the dam of reform, the old Major;
Here's a speech full of ignorance, nonsense, and blunders,
By that great rhetorician‡ feu Lord Maire de Londres ;
Here's another by Becher,§ which snapt in the middle
Like Hudibras' tale of the bear and the fiddle ;
Here's a bundle of sheets (from a snuff-man we got 'em)
Filled with only four words from the top to the bottom,

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* See New Whig Guide.

† Query—Are there any in friend Birkbeck's Arcadia ? *Note by the Translator.*

‡ So Alderman Wood designated himself on his cards in Paris. Londres is to be pronounced as the worthy Alderman pronounces it, that is, as rhyme to blunders ; such being the etiquette of Cockney French.

§ M. P. for Mellow, who carries his speeches in his hat, and occasionally breaks down.

You scarcely need ask who had wind to invent 'em,
For 'tis plain at a glance it was Jeremy Bentham:
And here are some thousand unsaleable numbers,
Whose weight Mr Constable's warehouses cumbers.
1st Gen. Who for the palace-gate brings me fit pillars?
Two others. Astride of *M'Culloch we pranced from Bob Miller's,
And galloped in paces most lubberly antic
To our beast's favourite pasture across the Atlantic,
O'er the grave of Tom Paine, we saw going to rob it,
The Atlas of England, P. Porcupine Cobbett;
He broke it all up in as sad a condition
As he broke in his grammar the head of old Priscian,
And he trotted away with the bones and the coffin
†Of him against whom he so long had been scoffing;
‡But we tore them away from the back of the schemer,
And have brought you the bones of the brandy blasphemer;
So stick up for your pillars each mouldering dry bone,
Backbone, and breastbone, shankbone, and thighbone.
And here are some grinders, a fit decoration,
Which we tore from the jaws of the Whig population;
The party is now just as mumping and toothless,§
As it always was heartless and faithless and truthless;
We called to untooth them your friend the gay dentist,
Dr Scott, the best poet that ever was 'prenticed.
1st Gen. I must beat the curst grinders as strait as an arrow.
Ho! of brass for the roof bring me quick a whole barrow.
Two others. Here's a cartload of brass of the very best colour,
Which we gleaned from the faces of Hunt, Hone, and Wooler;
Here's another, which we with much science have taken
From the front of a certain chirurgical deacon;‖
From their patrons in parliament, too, we have some, Sir,
Got from Lambton and Tierney, small Newport, and Brougham, Sir.
Poor devils! since now all their brass is abstracted,
How shabbily each of their parts will be acted!
But on crossing the channel, if great Dan O'Connell,
¶Or Oriflam Dromgool, or ** Neas M'Donnell,
Will indulge them by rubbing their foreheads to theirs, Sir,
They soon will resume their superb brazen glare, Sir,
For so touched every face will shine forth, aye will it,
As bright as the base of a new copper skillet.
1st Gen. Who a fit spire for the turret has got to carry?
Two others. We, from the hands of a cockney apothecary,††
Brought off this pestle, with which he was capering,
Swearing and swaggering, rhyming and vapouring;

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* In the original, Astride of Taurus. I have taken the liberty of substituting M'Culloch. The reader will, I am sure, pardon the introduction of a word almost synonimous.

† See Peter Porcupine of old times, and Cobbett's life of T. Paine.

‡ Ever since poor Cobbett has been showing the bones of a baboon as those of Paine, but 'tis all one, only the unfortunate monkey is sadly libelled thereby.

§ How refreshing is Lord John Russel's confession in his semitical letter to Mr Wilberforce, that the Whigs are now entirely powerless—weak in parliament, contemptible out of it. So be it.

‖ An unfortunate man who in Edinburgh is looking for the fame of Alderman Waithman in London—a noble ambition. It is hard to decide which is the greater ass, but the linen-draper is certainly the most famous.

¶ A great Roman Catholic speaker in Ireland, who made a fine speech formerly about bringing the inflame of Catholicity into the scattered ranks of heresy.

** An Irish orator, Aeneas *quasi* Aeneus (*i. e.* brazen-faced) M'Donnell.

†† I would not insult my readers by insinuating, that this means *Johnny* Keats, who, like Apollo, practises poetry and pharmacy. The blasphemous language of the Cockney School is, with reluctance, imitated here.

Seized with a fit of poetical fury,
(I thought he was drunk, my good sir, I assure ye)
With this he was scattering, all through the whole house,
Gallipot, glisterbag, cataplasm, bolus;
While the poor 'prentices at him were staring,
Or perhaps in their minds a strait waistcoat preparing,
Loud he exclaimed, "Behold here's my truncheon;
* I'm the Marshal of poets—I'll flatten your nuncheon.
Pitch physic to hell, you rascals, for damn ye, a—
I'll physic you all with a clyster of Lamia."
Scared at the name, in a moment we darted,
Whipt the pestle away, and from cockney-land parted.
1*st Gen.* Here on the top of the palace I place it,
Such a building requires such a finish to grace it.

The rest of this scene is only an advice to have this building puffed in the Times by old Walter himself, and to make him † swear to the execution of it in person.—*Translator.*

* Only Marshal. Hunt being king.

† "I'll swear it like old Walter of the Times."—*Whistlecraft.*

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND.

WHATEVER may be the difference of men's opinions concerning the measure of Mr Shelley's poetical power, there is one point in regard to which all must be agreed, and that is his Audacity. In the old days of the exulting genius of Greece, Æschylus dared two things which astonished all men, and which still astonish them—to exalt contemporary men into the personages of majestic tragedies—and to call down and embody into tragedy, without degradation, the elemental spirits of nature and the deeper essences of Divinity. We scarcely know whether to consider the *Persians* or the *Prometheus Bound* as the most extraordinary display of what has always been esteemed the most audacious spirit that ever expressed its workings in poetry. But what shall we say of the young English poet who has now attempted, not only a flight as high as the highest of Æschylus, but the very flight of that father of tragedy—who has dared once more to dramatise Prometheus—and, most wonderful of all, to dramatise the *deliverance* of Prometheus—which is known to have formed the subject of a lost tragedy of Æschylus no ways inferior in mystic elevation to that of the Δεσμωτης.

Although a fragment of that perished master-piece be still extant in the Latin version of Attius—it is quite impossible to conjecture what were the personages introduced in the tragedy of Æschylus, or by what train of passions and events he was able to sustain himself on the height of that awful scene with which his surviving *Prometheus* terminates. It is impossible, however, after reading what is left of that famous trilogy,* to suspect that the Greek poet symbolized any thing whatever by the person of Prometheus, except the native strength of human intellect itself—its strength of endurance above all others—its sublime power of patience. STRENGTH and FORCE are the two agents who appear on this darkened theatre to bind the too benevolent Titan—*Wit* and *Treachery*, under the forms of Mercury and Oceanus, endeavour to prevail upon him to make himself free by giving up his dreadful secret;—but *Strength* and *Force*, and *Wit* and *Treason*, are all alike powerless to overcome the resolution of that suffering divinity, or to win from him any acknowledgment of the new tyrant of the skies. Such was this simple and sublime allegory in the hands of Æschylus. As to what had been the original purpose of the framers of the allegory, that is a very different question, and would carry us back into the most hidden places of the history of mythology. No one, however, who compares the

* There was another and an earlier play of Æschylus, Prometheus the Fire-Stealer, which is commonly supposed to have made part of the series; but the best critics, we think, are of opinion, that that was entirely a satirical piece.

mythological systems of different races and countries, can fail to observe the frequent occurrence of certain great leading Ideas and leading Symbolisations of ideas too—which Christians are taught to contemplate with a knowledge that is the knowledge of reverence. Such, among others, are unquestionably the ideas of an Incarnate Divinity suffering on account of mankind—conferring benefits on mankind at the expense of his own suffering;—the general idea of vicarious atonement itself—and the idea of the dignity of suffering as an exertion of intellectual might—all of which may be found, more or less obscurely shadowed forth, in the original *Mythos* of Prometheus the Titan, the enemy of the successful rebel and usurper Jove. We might have also mentioned the idea of a *deliverer*, waited for patiently through ages of darkness, and at last arriving in the person of the child of Io—but, in truth, there is no pleasure, and would be little propriety, in seeking to explain all this at greater length, considering, what we cannot consider without deepest pain, the very different views which have been taken of the original allegory by Mr Percy Bysshe Shelley.

It would be highly absurd to deny, that this gentleman has manifested very extraordinary powers of language and imagination in his treatment of the allegory, however grossly and miserably he may have tried to pervert its purpose and meaning. But of this more anon. In the meantime, what can be more deserving of reprobation than the course which he is allowing his intellect to take, and that too at the very time when he ought to be laying the foundations of a lasting and honourable name. There is no occasion for going round about the bush to hint what the poet himself has so unblushingly and sinfully blazoned forth in every part of his production. With him, it is quite evident that the Jupiter whose downfall has been predicted by Prometheus, means nothing more than Religion in general, that is, every human system of religious belief; and that, with the fall of this, he considers it perfectly necessary (as indeed we also believe, though with far different feelings) that every system of human government also should give way and perish. The patience of the contemplative spirit in Prometheus is to be followed by the daring of the active Demagorgon, at whose touch all "old thrones" are at once and for ever to be cast down into the dust. It appears too plainly, from the luscious pictures with which his play terminates, that Mr Shelly looks forward to an unusual relaxation of all moral *rules*—or rather, indeed, to the extinction of all moral feelings, except that of a certain mysterious indefinable *kindliness*, as the natural and necessary result of the overthrow of all civil government and religious belief. It appears, still more wonderfully, that he contemplates this state of things as the ideal SUMMUM BONUM. In short, it is quite impossible that there should exist a more pestiferous mixture of blasphemy, sedition, and sensuality, than is visible in the whole structure and strain of this poem—which, nevertheless, and notwithstanding all the detestation its principles excite, must and will be considered by all that read it attentively, as abounding in poetical beauties of the highest order—as presenting many specimens not easily to be surpassed, of the moral sublime of eloquence—as overflowing with pathos, and most magnificent in description. Where can be found a spectacle more worthy of sorrow than such a man performing and glorying in the performance of such things? His evil ambition,—from all he has yet written, but most of all, from what he has last and best written, his *Prometheus*,—appears to be no other, than that of attaining the highest place among those poets,—enemies, not friends, of their species,—who, as a great and virtuous poet has well said (putting evil consequence close after evil cause).

" Profane the God-given strength, and *mar*
the lofty line."

We should hold ourselves very ill employed, however, were we to enter at any length into the reprehensible parts of this remarkable production. It is sufficient to shew, that we have not been misrepresenting the purpose of the poet's mind, when we mention, that the whole tragedy ends with a mysterious sort of dance, and chorus of elemental spirits, and other indefinable beings, and that the SPIRIT OF THE HOUR, one of the most singular of these choral personages, tells us:

I wandering went
Among the haunts and dwellings of mankind,
And first was disappointed not to see
Such mighty change as I had felt within

Expressed in other things; but soon I looked,
And behold! THRONES WERE KINGLESS, and men walked
One with the other, even as spirits do, &c.

Again—

Thrones, altars, judgement-seats, and prisons; wherein,
And beside which, by wretched men were borne
Sceptres, tiaras, swords, and chains, and tomes
Of reasoned wrong, glozed on by ignorance,
Were like those monstrous and barbaric shapes,
The ghosts of a no more remembered fame,
Which, from their unworn obelisks, look forth
In triumph o'er the palaces and tombs
Of those who were their conquerors: mouldering round
Those imaged to the pride of kings and priests,
A dark yet mighty faith, a power as wide
As is the world it wasted, and are now
But an astonishment; even so the tools
And emblems of its last captivity,
Amid the dwellings of the peopled earth,
Stand, not o'erthrown, but unregarded now.
And those foul shapes, abhorred by god and man,
Which, under many a name and many a form
Strange, savage, ghastly, dark, and execrable,
Were Jupiter, the tyrant of the world;
And which the nations, panic-stricken, served
With blood, and hearts broken by long hope, and love
Dragged to his altars soiled and garlandless,
And slain among men's unreclaiming tears,
Flattering the thing they feared, which fear was hate,
Frown, mouldering fast, o'er their abandoned shrines:
The painted veil, by those who were, called life,
Which mimicked, as with colours idly spread,
All men believed and hoped, is torn aside;
The loathsome mask has fallen, the man remains
Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed, but man
Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself.

Last of all, and to complete the picture:—

And women, too, *frank*, *beautiful*, and *kind*
As the free heaven which rains fresh light and dew
On the wide earth, past; gentle radiant forms,
From CUSTOM's evil taint exempt and pure;
Speaking the wisdom once they dared not think,
Looking emotions once they dared not feel,
And *changed to all which once they dared not be*,
Yet being now, made earth like heaven; nor pride,
Nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,
The bitterest of those drops of treasured gall,
Spoilt the sweet taste of the Nepenthe, Love!

It is delightful to turn from the audacious spleen and ill-veiled abomination of such passages as these, to those parts of the production, in which it is possible to separate the poet from the allegorist—where the modern is content to write in the spirit of the ancient—and one might almost fancy that we had recovered some of the lost sublimities of Æschylus. Such is the magnificent opening scene, which represents a ravine of icy rocks in the Indian Caucasus—Prometheus bound to the precipice—Panthea and Ione seated at his feet. The time is night; but, during the scene, morning slowly breaks upon the bleak and desolate majesty of the region.

Pro. Monarch of Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits
But One, who throng those bright and rolling worlds
Which thou and I alone of living things
Behold with sleepless eyes! regard this Earth
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requitest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,
And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
Three thousand years of sleep-unsheltered hours,
And moments aye divided by keen pangs
Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
Scorn and despair,—these are mine empire.
More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
From thine unenvied throne, O, Mighty God!
Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
Of thine ill tyranny, and hung not here
Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured; without herb,
Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!
No change, no pause, no hope! Yet I endure.
I ask the Earth, have not the mountains felt?
I ask yon Heaven, the all-beholding Sun,
Has it not seen? The Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing Shadow, spread below,
Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?
Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, for ever!
The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
Of their moon-freezing crystals, the bright chains
Eat with their burning cold into my bones.
Heaven's winged hound, polluting from thy lips

His beak in poison not his own, tears up
My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
Mocking me: and the Earthquake-fiends are charged
To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds
When the rocks split and close again behind:
While from their loud abysses howling throng
The genii of the storm, urging the rage
Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.
And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-coloured east; for then they lead
The wingless, crawling hours, one among whom
—As some dark Priest hails the reluctant victim—
Shall drag the cruel King, to kiss the blood
From these pale feet, which then might trample thee
If they disdained not such a prostrate slave.
Disdain! Ah no! I pity thee. What ruin
Will hunt thee undefended thro' the wide Heaven!
How will thy soul, cloven to its depth with terror,
Gape like a hell within! I speak in grief,
Not exultation, for I hate no more,
As then ere misery made me wise. The curse
Once breathed on thee I would recall. Ye Mountains,
Whose many-voiced Echoes, through the mist
Of cataracts, flung the thunder of that spell!
Ye icy Springs, stagnant with wrinkling frost,
Which vibrated to hear me, and then crept
Shuddering thro' India! Thou serenest Air,
Thro' which the Sun walks burning without beams!
And ye swift Whirlwinds, who on poised wings
Hung mute and moveless o'er yon hushed abyss,
As thunder, louder than your own, made rock
The orbed world! If then my words had power,
Though I am changed so that aught evil wish
Is dead within; although no memory be
Of what is hate, let them not lose it now!
What was that curse? for ye all heard me speak.

First Voice: *from the mountains.*

Thrice three hundred thousand years
O'er the Earthquake's couch we stood:
Oft, as men convulsed with fears,
We trembled in our multitude.

Second Voice: *from the springs.*

Thunder-bolts had parched our water,
We had been stained with bitter blood,
And had run mute, 'mid shrieks of slaughter,
Thro' a city and a solitude.

Third Voice: *from the air.*

I had clothed, since Earth uprose,
Its wastes in colours not their own,
And oft had my serene repose
Been cloven by many a rending groan.

Fourth Voice: *from the whirlwinds.*

We had soared beneath these mountains
Unresting ages; nor had thunder,
Nor yon volcano's flaming fountains,
Nor any power above or under
Ever made us mute with wonder.

First Voice.

But never bowed our snowy crest
As at the voice of thine unrest.

Second Voice.

Never such a sound before
To the Indian waves we bore.
A pilot asleep on the howling sea
Leaped up from the deck in agony.
And heard, and cried, "Ah, woe is me!"
And died as mad as the wild waves be.

Third Voice.

By such dread words from earth to Heaven
My still realm was never riven:
When its wound was closed, there stood
Darkness o'er the day like blood.

Fourth Voice.

And we shrank back: for dreams of ruin
To frozen caves our flight pursuing
Made us keep silence—thus—and thus—
Though silence is a hell to us.

The Earth. The tongueless Caverns of the craggy hills
Cried, 'Misery!' then; the hollow Heaven replied,
'Misery!' And the Ocean's purple waves,
Climbing the land, howled to the lashing winds,
And the pale nations heard it, 'Misery!'

Pro. I heard a sound of voices: not the voice
Which I gave forth. Mother, thy sons and thou
Scorn him, without whose all-enduring will
Beneath the fierce omnipotence of Jove,
Both they and thou had vanished, like thin mist
Unrolled on the morning wind. Know ye not me,
The Titan? He who made his agony
The barrier to your else all-conquering foe?
Oh, rock-embosomed lawns, and snow-fed streams,
Now seen athwart frore vapours, deep below,
Thro' whose o'ershadowing woods I wandered once
With Asia, drinking life from her loved eyes;
Why scorns the spirit which informs ye, now
To commune with me? me alone, who check'd,
As one who checks a fiend-drawn charioteer,
The falsehood and the force of him who reigns

Supreme, and with the groans of pining slaves
Fills your dim glens and liquid wildernesses:
Why answer ye not, still? Brethren!

THE EARTH. They dare not.

PRO. Who dares? for I would hear that curse again.
Ha, what an awful whisper rises up!
'Tis scarce like sound: it tingles thro' the frame
As lightning tingles, hovering ere it strike.
Speak, Spirit! from thine inorganic voice
I only know that thou art moving near
And love. How cursed I him?

THE EARTH. How canst thou hear
Who knowest not the language of the dead?

PRO. Thou art a living spirit; speak as they.

THE EARTH. I dare not speak like life, lest Heaven's fell King
Should hear, and link me to some wheel of pain
More torturing than the one whereon I roll.
Subtle thou art and good, and though the Gods
Hear not this voice, yet thou art more than God
Being wise and kind: earnestly hearken now.

PRO. Obscurely thro' my brain, like shadows dim,
Sweep awful thoughts, rapid and thick. I feel
Faint, like one mingled in entwining love;
Yet 'tis not pleasure.

THE EARTH. No, thou canst not hear:
Thou art immortal, and this tongue is known
Only to those who die.

PRO. And what art thou,
O, melancholy Voice?

THE EARTH. I am the Earth,
Thy mother; she within whose stony veins,
To the last fibre of the loftiest tree
Whose thin leaves trembled in the frozen air,
Joy ran, as blood within a living frame,
When thou didst from her bosom, like a cloud
Of glory, arise, a spirit of keen joy!
And at thy voice her pining sons uplifted
Their prostrate brows from the polluting dust,
And our almighty Tyrant with fierce dread
Grew pale, until his thunder chained thee here.
Then, see those million worlds which burn and roll
Around us: their inhabitants beheld
My sphered light wane in wide Heaven; the sea
Was lifted by strange tempest, and new fire
From earthquake-rifted mountains of bright snow
Shook its portentous hair beneath Heaven's frown;
Lightning and Inundation vexed the plains;
Blue thistles bloomed in cities; foodless toads
Within voluptuous chambers panting crawled;
When Plague had fallen on man, and beast, and worm,
And Famine; and black blight on herb and tree;
And in the corn, and vines, and meadow-grass,
Teemed ineradicable poisonous weeds
Draining their growth, for my wan breast was dry
With grief; and the thin air, my breath, was stained
With the contagion of a mother's hate
Breathed on her child's destroyer; aye, I heard
Thy curse, the which, if thou rememberest not,
Yet my innumerable seas and streams,
Mountains, and caves, and winds, and yon wide air,
And the inarticulate people of the dead,
Preserve, a treasured spell. We meditate
In secret joy, and hope those dreadful words,
But dare not speak them.

PRO. Venerable mother!
All else who live and suffer take from thee
Some comfort; flowers, and fruits, and happy sounds,
And love, though fleeting; these may not be mine.
But mine own words, I pray, deny me not.

THE EARTH. They shall be told. Ere Babylon was dust,
The Magus Zoroaster, my dead child,
Met his own image walking in the garden.
That apparition, sole of men, he saw.
For know there are two worlds of life and death:
One that which thou beholdest; but the other
Is underneath the grave, where do inhabit
The shadows of all forms that think and live
Till death unite them and they part no more;
Dreams and the light imaginings of men,
And all that faith creates or love desires,
Terrible, strange, sublime and beauteous shapes.
There thou art, and does hang, a writhing shade,
'Mid whirlwind-peopled mountains; all the gods
Are there, and all the powers of nameless worlds,
Vast, sceptred phantoms; heroes, men, and beasts;
And Demogorgon, a tremendous gloom;
And he, the supreme Tyrant, on his throne
Of burning gold. Son, one of these shall utter
The curse which all remember.

Or the following beautiful chorus, which has all the soft and tender gracefulness of Euripides, and breathes, at the same time, the very spirit of one of the grandest odes of Pindar.

SEMICHORUS I. OF SPIRITS.

The path thro' which that lovely twain
Have past, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue;

Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind nor rain,
Can pierce its interwoven bowers,
Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,
Drifted along the earth-creeping breeze,
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
Of the green laurel, blown anew;
And bends, and then fades silently,
One frail and fair anemone:
Or when some star of many a one
That climbs and wanders thro' steep night,
Has found the cleft thro' which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon
Ere it is borne away, away,
By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,
It scatters drops of golden light,
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:
And the gloom divine is all around;
And underneath is the mossy ground.

SEMICHORUS II.

There the voluptuous nightingales,
Are awake thro' all the broad noon-day,
When one with bliss or sadness fails,
And thro' the windless ivy-boughs,
Sick with sweet love, droops dying away
On its mate's music-panting bosom;
Another from the swinging blossom,
Watching to catch the languid close
Of the last strain, then lifts on high
The wings of the weak melody,
'Till some new strain of feeling bear
The song, and all the woods are mute;
When there is heard thro' the dim air
The rush of wings, and rising there
Like many a lake-surrounding flute,
Sounds overflow the listener's brain
So sweet, that joy is almost pain.

We could easily select from the Prometheus Unbound, many pages of as fine poetry as this; but we are sure our readers will be better pleased with a few specimens of Mr Shelly's style, in his miscellaneous pieces, several of which are comprised in the volume. The following is the commencement of a magnificent "VISION OF THE SEA."

'Tis the terror of tempest. The rags of the sail
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale:
From the stark night of vapours the dim rain is driven,
And when lightning is loosed, like a deluge from heaven,
She sees the black trunks of the water-spouts spin,
And bend, as if heaven was raining in,
Which they seem'd to sustain with their terrible mass
As if ocean had sank from beneath them: they pass
To their graves in the deep with an earthquake of sound,
And the waves and the thunders made silent around
Leave the wind to its echo. The vessel, now toss'd
Through the low-trailing rack of the tempest, is lost
In the skirts of the thunder-cloud: now down the sweep
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep
It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,
Dim mirrors of ruin hang gleaming about;
While the surf, like a chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death-flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron
With splendour and terror the black ship environ,
Or like sulphur-flakes hurl'd from a mine of pale fire
In fountains spout o'er it. In many a spire
The pyramid-billows with white points of brine
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine,
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea.
The great ship seems splitting! it cracks as a tree,
While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast
Of the whirlwind that stripped it of branches has past.
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from heaven
Have shatter'd its mast, and it stands black and riven.
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
Like a corpse on the clay which is hung'ring to fold
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,
One deck is burst up from the waters below,
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
O'er the lakes of the desart! Who sit on the other?
Is that all the crew that lie burying each other,
Like the dead in a breach, round the fore-mast? Are those
Twin tygers, who burst, when the waters arose,
In the agony of terror, their chains in the hold;
(What now makes them tame, is what then made them bold;)
Who crouch, side by side, and have driven, like a crank,
The deep grip of their claws through the vibrating plank.
Are these all? Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain
On the windless expanse of the watery plain,
Where the death-darting sun cast no shadow at noon,
And there seem'd to be fire in the beams of the moon,

Till a lead-colour'd fog gather'd up from the deep
Whose breath was quick pestilence; then, the cold sleep
Crept, like blight through the ears of a thick field of corn,
O'er the populous vessel. And even and morn,
With their hammock for coffins the seamen aghast
Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast
Down the deep, which closed on them above and around,
And the sharks and the dog-fish their grave-clothes unbound,
And were glutted like Jews with this manna rain'd down
From God on their wilderness.

All are dead except a woman and a child; nothing can be more exquisite than that picture.

At the helm sits a woman more fair
Than heaven, when, unbinding its star-braided hair,
It sinks with the sun on the earth and the sea.
She clasps a bright child on her upgather'd knee,
It laughs at the lightning, it mocks the mixed thunder
Of the air and the sea, with desire and with wonder
It is beckoning the tygers to rise and come near,
It would play with those eyes where the radiance of fear
Is outshining the meteors; its bosom beats high,
The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled its eye;
Whilst its mother's is lustreless. "Smile not, my child,
"But sleep deeply and sweetly, and so be beguiled
Of the pang that awaits us, whatever that be,
So dreadful, since thou must divide it with me!

There is an "Ode to the West-wind," another "to a Sky-lark," and several smaller pieces, all of them abounding in richest melody of versification, and great tenderness of feeling. But the most affecting of all is "The sensitive plant," which is the history of a beautiful garden, that after brightening and blossoming under the eye of its lovely young mistress, shares in the calamity of her fate, and dies because she is no more there to tend its beauties. It begins thus:

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt every where;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noon-tide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tube-rose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

Then for the sad reverse—take the morning of the funeral of the young lady:

* * * The Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chaunt,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul,
Which at first was lively as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimsons now,
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds,
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks,
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless net-work of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin; and all sweet flowers.

These are passages which we do not scruple to place upon a level with the very happiest productions of the greatest contemporaries of Mr Shelley.

We cannot conclude without saying a word or two in regard to an accusation which we have lately seen brought against ourselves in some one of the London Magazines; we forget which at this moment. We are pretty sure we know who the author of that most false accusation is—of which more hereafter. He has the audacious insolence to say, that we praise Mr Shelley, although we dislike his principles, just because we know that he is not in a situation of life to be in any danger of suffering pecuniary inconvenience from being run down by critics; and, *vice versa*, abuse Hunt, Keats, and Hazlitt, and so forth, because we know that they are poor men; a fouler imputation could not be thrown on any writer than this creature has dared to throw on us; nor a more utterly false one; we repeat the word again—than this is when thrown upon us.

We have no personal acquaintance with any of these men, and no personal feelings in regard to any one of them, good or bad. We never even saw any one of their faces. As for Mr Keats, we are informed that he is in a very bad state of health, and that his friends attribute a great deal of it to the pain he has suffered from the critical castigation his Endymion drew down on him in this magazine. If it be so, we are most heartily sorry for it, and have no hesitation in saying, that had we suspected that young author, of being so delicately nerved, we should have administered our reproof in a much more lenient shape and style. The truth is, we from the beginning saw marks of feeling and power in Mr Keats' verses, which made us think it very likely, he might become a real poet of England, provided he could be persuaded to give up all the tricks of Cockneyism, and forswear for ever the thin potations of Mr Leigh Hunt. We, therefore, rated him as roundly as we decently could do, for the flagrant affectations of those early productions of his. In the last volume he has published, we find more beauties than in the former, both of language and of thought, but we are sorry to say, we find abundance of the same absurd affectations also, and superficial conceits, which first displeased us in his writings;—and which we are again very sorry to say, must in our opinion, if persisted in, utterly and entirely prevent Mr Keats from ever taking his place among the pure and classical poets of his mother tongue. It is quite ridiculous to see how the vanity of these Cockneys makes them overrate their own importance, even in the eyes of us, that have always expressed such plain unvarnished contempt for them, and who do feel for them all, a contempt too calm and profound, to admit of any admixture of any thing like anger or personal spleen. We should just as soon think of being wroth with vermin, independently of their coming into our apartment, as we should of having any feelings at all about any of these people, other than what are excited by seeing them in the shape of authors. Many of them, considered in any other character than that of authors, are, we have no doubt, entitled to be considered as very worthy people in their

own way. Mr Hunt is said to be a very amiable man in his own sphere, and we believe him to be so willingly. Mr Keats we have often heard spoken of in terms of great kindness, and we have no doubt his manners and feelings are calculated to make his friends love him. But what has all this to do with our opinion of their poetry? What, in the name of wonder, does it concern us, whether these men sit among themselves, with mild or with sulky faces, eating their mutton steaks, and drinking their porter at Highgate, Hampstead, or Lisson Green? What is there that should prevent us, or any other person, that happens not to have been educated in the University of Little Britain, from expressing a simple, undisguised, and impartial opinion, concerning the merits or demerits of men that we never saw, nor thought of for one moment, otherwise than as in their capacity of authors? What should hinder us from saying, since we think so, that Mr Leigh Hunt is a clever wrongheaded man, whose vanities have got inwoven so deeply into him, that he has no chance of ever writing one line of classical English, or thinking one genuine English thought, either about poetry or politics? What is the spell that must seal our lips, from uttering an opinion equally plain and perspicuous concerning Mr John Keats, viz. that nature possibly meant him to be a much better poet than Mr Leigh Hunt ever could have been, but that, if he persists in imitating the faults of that writer, he must be contented to share his fate, and be like him forgotten? Last of all, what should forbid us to announce our opinion, that Mr Shelley, as a man of genius, is not merely superior, either to Mr Hunt, or to Mr Keats, but altogether out of their sphere, and totally incapable of ever being brought into the most distant comparison with either of them. It is very possible, that Mr Shelley himself might not be inclined to place himself so high above these men as we do, but that is his affair, not ours. We are afraid that he shares, (at least with one of them) in an abominable system of belief, concerning Man and the World, the sympathy arising out of which common belief, may probably sway more than it ought to do on both sides. But the truth of the matter is this, and it is impossible to conceal it were we willing to do so, that Mr Shelley is destined to leave a great name behind him, and that we, as lovers of true genius, are most anxious that this name should ultimately be pure as well as great.

As for the principles and purposes of Mr Shelley's poetry, since we must again recur to that dark part of the subject, we think they are on the whole, more undisguisedly pernicious in this volume, than even in his Revolt of Islam. There is an Ode to Liberty at the end of the volume, which contains passages of the most splendid beauty, but which, in point of meaning, is just as wicked as any thing that ever reached the world under the name of Mr Hunt himself. It is not difficult to fill up the blank which has been left by the prudent bookseller, in one of the stanzas beginning:

O that the free would stamp the impious name,
Of * * * * into the dust! Or write it there
So that this blot upon the page of fame,
Were as a serpent's path, which the light air
Erases, &c. &c.

but the next speaks still more plainly,

"O that the WISE from their bright minds would kindle
Such lamps within the dome of this wide world,
That the pale name of PRIEST might shrink and dwindle
Into the HELL from which it first was hurled!"

This is exactly a versification of the foulest sentence that ever issued from the lips of Voltaire. Let us hope that Percy Bysshe Shelley is not destined to leave behind him, like that great genius, a name for ever detestable to the truly FREE and the truly WISE. He talks in his preface about MILTON, as a "Republican," and a "bold inquirer into Morals and religion." Could any thing make us despise Mr Shelley's understanding, it would be such an instance of voluntary blindness as this! Let us hope, that ere long a lamp of genuine truth may be kindled within his "bright mind;" and that he may walk in its light the path of the true demigods of English genius, having, like them, learned to "fear God and honour the king."

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Comets.—M. Encke, Assistant Director of the Observatory at Gotha, has traced out the track of the comet which appeared in 1786, 1795, 1805, and 1819. It is by means of an ellipsis of an uncommon form, if not absolutely unique, that the orbit of this body (rather to be reckoned among the *planets* than comets) has been traced. That this body is not self-luminous, may be considered as fully ascertained. That the tail or radiance, emanating from it, was a lucid vapour through which rays of light passed, cannot be doubted, and so probably is the tail of all comets; and if confidence might be placed in an accidental observation of the face of the sun, at the time when, by calculation, this body should have been passing over it, the body was also diaphanous;—otherwise it was so small as to escape the notice of the observer, who was then most intent on examining the spots visible on the face of the sun.

Remarkable Hail-Storm.—The south-eastern part of the county of Mayo has been visited by one of those awful visitations which occur but very rarely in our happy and temperate climate. Of its devastating effects we have the following description and appalling particulars from a respectable gentleman residing in the vicinity of Ballyhannes:—"A shower of ice-stones, accompanied by a tremendous thunder-storm, fell in this district on the 29th June, and in its course has caused general destruction. Its breadth did not exceed half a mile, which it left a perfect ruin—the potato crop cut close to the earth—the flax bruised as in a mill—the corn shattered and blasted, never to rise again! All the windows within its limits are broken—numerous tame and wild fowl killed by it. Some of these stones were flat, heavy, and as large as a watch! the greater part of the shape, but of a larger size than a pigeon's egg. I have seen a bog turf penetrated by them as if bullets had been shot into it. How far this frightful phenomenon may have run its course, I cannot as yet say—possibly into the Western Sea. A poor lad, unfortunately bathing, disregarded its terrific approach; his head is dreadfully cut and injured: his body partially quite black, and covered with contusions.

Atmospherical Phenomenon.—One of those very singular and curious phenomena which are occasionally seen among the Hartz mountains in Hanover, and have once or twice been observed on Souter Fell in Cumberland, has been seen in Huntingdonshire. About half past four o'clock on Sunday morning, July 16, the sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and the light vapours arising from the river Ouse were hovering over a little hill near St Neot's, when suddenly the village of Great Paxton, its farm-houses, barns, dispersed cottages, trees, and its different grass fields, were clearly and distinctly visible in a beautiful aerial picture which extended from east to west about 400 yards. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and admiration of the spectator, as he looked at this surprising phenomenon from a gentle declivity in an opposite direction, at the distance of half a mile, or his regret at its disappearance in about ten minutes.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

Electrical Battery.—Dr Dana, of Harvard University in America, has constructed an electrical battery of plates extremely portable and compact, and from his experiments, appearing to be very powerful. It consists of alternate plates of plate glass and tin foil, the glass plates being two inches larger than those of foil. The alternate plates of tin foil are connected together, *i. e.* 1st, 3d, 5th, 7th, &c. on one side, and the other series, or 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, &c. on the other side, slips of tin foil extending from the sheet to the edge of the glass plates for that purpose. These connexions unite together all the surfaces, which, when the battery is charged, take by induction the same state. A battery constructed in this way contains, in the bulk of a quarto volume, a very powerful instrument, and when made of plate glass, it is extremely easy, by varnishing the edges, to keep the whole of the inner surfaces from the air, and to retain it in a constant state of dry insulation.

Ancient Latin MSS.——Baron Niebuhr, Prussian Ambassador to the Holy See, has again discovered and published several ancient MSS. hitherto unknown. They are chiefly fragments of Cicero's Orations pro M. Fonteio, and pro C. Rabirio; a fragment of the 91st book of Livy; two works of Seneca, &c. Baron Niebuhr has dedicated this edition to the Pope, by whose favour he was enabled to discover these literary treasures in the library of the Vatican.

On Composition of Milk.—Professor Schuber has published "Researches on Milk, and its constituent Principles." The results of his analysis differ greatly from

those lately published by Berzelius; and hence, in the author's opinion, prove the great influence of food and climate on the lacteal secretion. 1000 parts of new milk contain 110 of fresh cheese, 50 of fresh *serai*, 24 of butter, 77 of coarse sugar of milk, and 739 of water; or in a dry state, 42·6 cheese. 7·87 *serai*, 24·0 butter, 77·0 sugar of milk, and 848·53 water. 1000 parts of skimmed milk contain 43·64 dry cheese, 8·06 dry *serai*, 77·94 sugar of milk, and 869·34 water. 1000 parts of cream contain 240 butter, 33 cheese, 6 *serai*, and 721 whey. Lastly, 721 parts of whey contain 60 coarse sugar of milk.—These observations were made at Hofwyl, which is some distance from the mountains, and where the cows are kept constantly in the stable, so that the milk must be nearly the same as in other flat countries.

Preservation of Animal Bodies by Means of Wood-Vinegar.—Mr Stotze, apothecary at Halle, has discovered a method of purifying vinegar from wood, by treating it with sulphuric acid, manganese, and common salt, and afterwards distilling it over. For this method he has obtained a prize from the Royal Society of Gottingen. This gentleman has likewise verified the method proposed by Professor Meineke in 1814, of preserving meat by means of vinegar from wood, and by continued treatment with the same acid has converted bodies into mummies.

Petrified Tree at Cowcaddens.—An interesting specimen of 'organic remains' was last week laid open at the quarry behind Cowcaddens. It consists of part of a tree, or at least the representation of one, of about six feet in circumference, rising about two feet from the root, which is partly uncovered, and is seen spreading out in every direction. It is about twenty feet from the surface, and may probably have been entire, or nearly so, but has been cut away in former operations in the quarry. The substance of it seems, in no respect, to differ from the surrounding mass, which is a coarse granular freestone; and the surface is covered with a thin coating of a black shining substance, resembling coal, representing what was formerly the exterior integument of the bark. Several interesting questions occur to the speculatist upon such appearances; but we can only at present remark, that they do not appear to be at all satisfactorily accounted for on the ordinary theory of petrifaction.

The patent Water Engine.—The general appearance of the water engine, which has been invented by Mr Dickson, engineer of this town, much resembles the steam engine, there being several parts of the former so contrived, that water, when applied to it, works with the smoothness of an elastic fluid.

The water comes in a pipe from the reservoir to the cylinder of the engine, in this, by its natural weight, corresponding to the pressure of the steam, and if there can be got a declivity from the cylinder, the suction of the water in the pipe leading from the cylinder corresponds to the condensation. Taking the force upon the piston of a common steam engine, at 18 lbs upon every square inch, which is allowing 3 lbs for pressure, and 15 lbs for the condensation, a column of water 40 feet high will have the same force upon the piston, and although the whole height may be above the cylinder, yet the power will be undiminished, if there should be 34 feet leading from the cylinder, and in that case, the pressure and suction will be the same as in a common steam engine. As the water engine can be accommodated to a fall of any height above it, and retain the power of the water for 34 feet perpendicular below where the cylinder is placed, (the fall both to or from the cylinder may be at any slope) it will work with a great power in some situations, where an overshot water wheel, even of the diameter of 30 feet, will have very little effect.

Besides the benefit that may be derived from using the water engine on a large scale, the great convenience from the small space occupied, the freedom from damp, and the safety from explosions or fire, makes it an object to gentlemen, manufacturers, or others, having reservoirs or the means of collecting water on the top of their house, who wish a small power, for useful purposes, exercise, or amusement.

Auscultation.—This singular mode of discovering the various disorders of the chest, by percussion, was, we believe, first suggested by Avenbrugger, a physician of Vienna, who published a work on the subject, since translated by M. Corvissart. A memoir has lately been presented to the French academy, by M. Laennec, detailing the various modes of employing this discovery. Among others, M. L. recommends the use of a tube, with thick sides, or a cylinder pierced along its axis, with a narrow aperture. This, on being applied to the chest of a person in good health, who is speaking or singing, produces a sort of trembling noise, more or less distinct; but if an ulcer exists in the lungs, a very singular phenomenon happens. The voice of the sick person can no longer be heard by the ear at liberty; the whole of the sound passing along the aperture of the cylinder, to the observer. Commissioners appointed by the French Academy have verified the experiment in various cases of consumption.

Easy mode of determining the Solubility of Salts in Water.—A valuable paper on this subject has been published by M. Gay Lussac. His method consists in agitating the water with a greater quantity of salt than it will dissolve at a given temperature, till it ceases to take up any more. The liquid is then placed in a balanced Florence

flask, inclined on a sand-bath, and allowed to remain till the whole water is driven off. On the flask being weighed again, the increase of weight will denote the quantity of salt contained in the liquid, previously saturated, subjected to evaporation.

Carmine.—A new process for preparing carmine, and depriving it of the usual yellow shade, has lately been discovered by M. Von Grotthus. To effect this, M. G. employs ammonia, and subsequently acetic acid and alcohol, which gives to it a permanent and vivid colour.

Improved mode of printing copper-plates.—A late number of the Annales de Chimie, treating on the progress of French industry, announces a discovery by M. Gonord, by the adoption of which, engraved plates, of a large atlas size, may be adapted to an edition in octavo, without any reduction of the copper from whence the impression is obtained.

Method of Preserving Vessels.—An American ship now at Cowes, built with spruce and white oak, sixteen years ago, has all her original timbers and planks in the most perfect state of preservation and soundness, owing to her having been, while on the stocks, filled up between the timbers with salt; and whenever she has been opened for examination filled up again.

Prize Question.—Variation of the Compass.—The Royal Academy of Copenhagen proposes the following prize question:—"Num inclinatio et vis acus magneticæ iisdem, quibus declinatio, diurnus variationibus sunt subjectæ? Num etiam longiores, ut declinatio, habent circuitus? Num denique has variationes certis finibus circumscribere possumus?" The prize is 50 Danish ducats.

Ivory Paper.—The Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, have voted thirty guineas to Mr S. Einsle, for his communication on the method of making ivory paper for the use of artists. He produced, before the Committee of the Society, several specimens of his ivory paper, about the eighth of an inch thick, and of superficial dimensions, much larger than the largest ivory: the surface was hard, smooth, and perfectly even. On trial of these, by some of the artists, members of the society, it appears that colours may be washed off the ivory paper more completely than from ivory itself, and that the process may be repeated three or four times on the same surface, without rubbing up the grain of the paper. It will also, with proper care, bear to be scraped with the edge of a knife, without becoming rough.

New Memoirs of Linnæus.—Professor Afzelius, of Upsal, is about to publish memoirs of the celebrated Linnæus, written by himself, the manuscript of which was some time ago found in the University of Upsal. The work will, we hear, be translated into French, German, and English. Lord Strangford has undertaken the English translation.

Animal Magnetism.—The Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin have proposed animal magnetism as a prize subject, essays on which are to be rewarded in August 1820. It is desired that the phenomena known by the name of animal magnetism be described so as to admit of a positive judgment respecting their nature; and it is observed that, though there are many difficulties attached to the subject, still it appears that the number of facts ascertained is such as to admit the hope that, in the present state of the physical sciences, some light may be thrown on animal magnetism, when the probability of these facts has been estimated, and when their analogy with the better understood phenomena of natural sleep, dreams, somnambulism not magnetic, and many nervous affections, has been established. The academy also would be glad to receive essays on the medical properties of magnetism. The prize is 300 ducats, and no memoirs can be received after 3d August 1820.

Ethnographic Museum.—Under the title of the *Ethnographic Museum*, in a foreign journal, we learn that a collection is formed at Gottingen, which is now very complete, of the dresses, fashions, ornaments, utensils, arms, and idols of all the nations which inhabit the islands and the shores of the Great Ocean. Beginning at the north, these people are the Samoiedes, the Techoukehis, the Kamtchadales, the Curiles, the Eleuths, the natives of Ounalaska, of Kadiak,—then the inhabitants of China, of Japan, of Thibet;—those of the Sandwich Islands, of Otaheite, &c. Even the miserable Patagonians of Terra del Fuego, the most southern point of the globe, have furnished their necklaces of shells to this Museum. Among the most curious articles contained, are complete suits of clothing made of New Zealand hemp; overalls against rain made of fish-skin, and the clothing made of furs of Kadiak and the north-west coast of America; also the implements for tatooing, and the mourning-dress of Otaheite; the needles made of fish-bones; the thread made of the tendons of animals, and the beautiful patterns wrought by the natives of the north-west coast of America; with instruments apparently the most uncouth and clumsy. Besides the curiosity of this collection, it may furnish materials for thinking to the philosopher and the philanthropist. The first may reflect on the infinite diversity of tastes, and the pains taken by man, the lord of the creation, to obtain *additional* beauty of person beyond what Nature has appointed—the final purpose of such pains and labour, in many cases, also, such sufferings and inconveniences—the exertion and diligence used to convert the bounties of Nature to his own use—whether bestowed on the vegetable or the animal creation—the dexterity and

skill, the patience, also, consumed in this pursuit. The philanthropist will rejoice in the reflection, that in every part of the world Nature has provided for the welfare of man, *and something more:* it rests with him to turn to account, and to apply according to his inclination and purposes, whatever of non-necessaries strike his eye, or captivate his fancy. This employs his leisure; and though often frivolous, is unquestionably better than that idleness which consumes time and life in total unproductiveness. To render this Museum completely what its name imports, a representation of people, the variations of fashion should be obtained, from time to time, where practicable, or at least delineations of them; by which means past ages might be brought under the inspection of the observer, no less than the most distant parts of the world; and nations calling themselves *civilized*, no less than others to which we kindly apply the appellation *savage* or *barbarous*.

Excavations at Rome.—Count Blacas, French Ambassador at Rome, has caused excavations to be made for several months past, in the Temple of Venus at Rome, built by Adrian, situated between the Coliseum and the Temple of Peace. They are superintended by M. Fea, one of the Antiquarians of Italy, and by M. Landon, an architect, and a pensioner of the King of France. The excavations which have been made near the Arch of Titus, have been attended with results which were not expected. They found there six white Grecian marble steps, which conducted them to the portico of the buried temple, and a large pedestal which supports the steps, a part of the ancient way, five feet and a half in breadth and thirty in length, on which a balustrade of white marble was supported, the fragments of which have been found. Opposite to the Temple of Peace they have discovered two pillars of Phrygian marble, two feet in diameter, with a Corinthian capital of beautiful workmanship, an entire entablature covered with ornaments, in a very good style, and several Corinthian bases. All these fine fragments are in the same order. In the same place have been found the remains of several private habitations, which had been taken down by Adrian, in order to make room for his Temple. Two rooms still exist, which are decorated with paintings: they have evidently suffered from some local fire, for a great quantity of calcined materials and broken marbles have been found. They have also found two human skeletons, some pieces of terra cotta, a little bust of Bacchus, and several ornaments in bronze and marble.

Beavers in Europe.—There exists at this time, in Bohemia, in the lordship of Wettingau, the domain of Prince Schwartzenberg, a colony of beavers, settled on the river Goldbach; the industry of these yields in nothing to that of their brethren which inhabit the great rivers and lakes of North America. The abundance of willows which adorns the banks of this river, furnishes them with both food and dwelling: in summer they eat the leaves, and in winter the branches.

That the beaver was formerly an inhabitant of Europe, appears evidently, from the numerous traces of beaver dams which are still remaining in various parts. It has long been questioned, whether the original race was extinct in Germany; as appearances of their excursions were noticeable from time to time; but our authority for the present article does not go so far as to determine that these on the estate of Prince Schwartzenberg are of the indigenous breed; they may be modern importations; like those of the late Sir Joseph Banks into England, where they are novelties, although they were anciently even numerous in our island; and were also inhabitants of Ireland, where some of their constructions still remain. The creature is well known in the Welch language, under the name of "the fish-tail animal," a very descriptive appellation: many astounding tales of other times announce its wonderful powers and properties; and it still forms the crest of an ancient coat of arms. The animals common to America and to Europe are so few, that every instance capable of verification becomes interesting to the naturalist, and not less to the philosophical historian, as evincing the connection and communication between the old and the new continent, in ages past.

Lycopus Europæus Lin. recommended in place of Peruvian Bark.—M. Ré, Professor of the Materia Medica at the Veterinary School of Turin, has discovered, in a common plant, a real succedaneum for Peruvian bark. This plant is found in Piedmont, and principally in marshy places, as if Providence had intended to place the remedy by the side of the evil. It is the *Lycopus Europæus* of Linnæus, and called by the peasants of Piedmont the *Herb of China*. The trials and experience of M Ré give every confidence in its efficacy.

Account of three thousand and sixty-four different languages.—M. Fred. Aderburg, counsellor of state to the Emperor of Russia, has lately published, in 153 pages, "A View of all the known Languages and their dialects." In this view we find in all 937 Asiatic, 587 European, 276 African, and 1,264 American languages and dialects, enumerated and classed: a total of 3,064.

Letters from Canton report the successful prosecution of Mr Morrison's labours, in the printing of his Chinese Dictionary. The second part was begun in April 1811; this volume consists of a thousand printed pages, in 4to, and contains above 12,000 Chinese characters, the most in use, with numerous examples. In February 1819, 600 pages,

comprising near 8000 characters, were completed. The printing of all the volumes of this important work will occupy a space of hardly less than ten years.

GREECE.

Hospitable Institution.—The labours, the attentions, and the hazards of the monks of St Bernard, who inhabit the highest regions of the Alps, are well known, nor can any considerate person, whether or not he has been assisted by their exertions and hospitality, withhold the praise due to that compassionate fraternity. But it is not so well known that a similar institution exists among the defiles of Mount Olympus; or, at least, an institution that has in view the same purposes, and employs the same means. It is maintained by five villages, the inhabitants of which pay no kind of tax; but are bound to give their assistance to all travellers who cross the mountains; and to serve them as guides. They discharge this honourable task, with the greatest alacrity and good management: and, like the benevolent religious already alluded to, they employ the sagacity of dogs, to discover travellers who may have been so unfortunate as to be buried beneath the snow.

Prevalent disposition to suicide.—The Continent has affected to consider Britain as the seat of suicide; and not a few *facitiæ* have been sported on the supposed disposition of the natives of our island to seek refuge in an unknown world from troubles felt in this; especially from that most discontented condition, too often attendant on too extensive capabilities of enjoyment—*ennui*. We recollect one, in the form of an epitaph, which, said the wits of Paris, might serve for constant application on the grave-stones of London:

> Ci git Jean Ros-bif, ecuyer,
> Qui se pendit pour se desennuyer.

But, certainly, at this moment, the number of Suicides in the city of London, notwithstanding the glooms and the fogs of the climate, bears no proportion to that of Paris: the year 1819 counted no less than *three hundred and seventy-six* instances of disastrous self-destruction. To what this may be owing is not unworthy the consideration of the statesman as well as of the philanthropist; perhaps, we ought also to add, of the truly religious mind, as well as of the mere worldling, or man of pleasure; for, it will be recollected, that this refers to the gay capital of the Grande Nation.

During the year 1819 the number of deaths in Paris, was 22,137; the births were 23,263.

An extraordinary phenomenon was lately observed at Augsburg. At day-break two luminous bodies appeared on each side of the sun. The sun itself was surrounded by a brilliant circle not entirely closed. In the evening, from 58 minutes after six to within 17 minutes of seven, the ground was covered with transparent dew; and after sunset a thick fog arose.

Classical MSS. discovered.—The learned world may reasonably expect in a few years, complete and perfect translations of Plutarch, Sallust, Livy, Tacitus, Aristotle, Hippocrates, &c. from the Arabic: the French have been lately assiduous in their researches after such Arabian treasures.

M. Giardin, the French ambassador at Constantinople, has sent to Paris fifteen valuable works in Arabic from the imperial Library at Constantinople, among which are the complete works of Plutarch and Herodotus!

The works of Aristotle, Hippocrates, Livy, Tacitus, Sallust, &c. are known to have been translated into Arabic, and might be discovered and purchased by well-directed search after them, at Fas, Morocco, or some other ports of West or South Barbary.—Mr Jackson, in his recent travels in those countries, annexed to Shabeeny's Account of Timbuctoo and Housa, page 325, says, "It is more than probable, that the works of many Greek and Roman authors, translated during the æra of Arabian learning, are to be found in the hands of literary individuals, in several parts of West and South Barbary!"

Mr Jacks, librarian to the Royal Library at Bamberg, has discovered there a manuscript of the Roman history of Eutropius, which was probably brought from Rome by the Emperor Henry, the founder of the Bishopric of Bamberg. The MS. is more complete than any of the best editions hitherto published of this author, and very likely to correct a number of false readings. Professor Goeller, of Cologne, had previously discovered in the Royal Library, a MS. of Livy.

Professor Cramer, at Kiel, discovered two years ago, in the library of the Convent of St Gallen, a MS. of the eleventh century, containing illustrations of Juvenal, which are said to be of greater importance than any hitherto known. He has now published a specimen on occasion of the king's birth-day, under the title of Specimen novæ editionis scholasticæ Juvenalis.

Radical Tea.—The article sold in London, under this name, we find to be a composition of the cheapest herbs; viz. balm, rosemary, mint, agrimony, and colt's foot. This may be prepared at the rate of about eight pence a pound, although usually retailed to the public at three shillings. It may also be proper to observe, that the above composition, unlike the foreign tea, is stimulating only, and therefore its long continued use must be injurious to the nervous system.

Fata Morgana.—This singular and curious phenomenon, which is occasionally seen near the Bay of Naples, and which is nearly allied to the *mirage*, so well known in the east, was observed in Huntingdonshire, during the late hot weather. The

sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and the light vapours, arising from the river Ouze, were hovering over a little hill, near St Neot's; when suddenly the village of Great Paxton, its farm-houses, barns, dispersed cottages, and indeed, the whole of its beautiful and picturesque scenery, were distinctly visible in these vapours, forming a splendid aerial picture, which extended from east to west, for several hundred yards. This natural panorama lasted for about ten minutes, and was visible from a neighbouring declivity, about half a mile from Great Paxton.

Red Fire.—The beautiful red fire which is now so frequently used in the theatres, is composed of the following ingredients; forty parts of dry nitrate of strontian, thirteen parts of finely powdered sulphur, five parts of chlorate of potash, and four parts of sulphuret of antimony. The chlorate of potash, and sulphuret of antimony should be powdered separately in a mortar, and then mixed together on paper; after which they may be added to the other ingredients, previously powdered and mixed.

Bibliomania.—At no time during the highest rage of Bibliomanianism, did books of rarity bear higher prices than at the concluding sale of Mr Bindley's library. The competition for old poetical tracts and ballads was unexampled:—

No. 87	A small collection of Poetical Tracts, 8vo.	£31	10 0
160	Battel between Frogs and Mice	16	16 0
509	Peele's Pageant, 1591, (4 leaves)	15	15 0
632	Winstanley's Audley End	17	17 0
635	Engravings of Wilton Garden	56	14 0
698	Wits Bedlam	15	15 0
722	Father Hubbard's Tales	13	13 0
917	History of Two English Lovers, 1561	30	19 6
922	The Mastive or Young Whelp	25	10 0
930	The more the merrier	20	0 0
966	Whetstone's Life of the E. of Bedford	23	2 0
1125	Collection of Poetical Ballads from 1640 to 1670	192	0 0
1126	——— Ditto from 1670 to 1680	183	15 0
1127	——— Ditto from 1679 to 1685	174	6 0
1128	——— Ditto 5 vols.	231	0 0
1130	——— Ditto	43	1 0

The three first collections of Ballads, and of halfpenny and penny songs, were bought by the Marquis of Buckingham. The five volumes of the same kind by Mr Heber.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

An Essay on the Genuineness, Authenticity, Credibility, and Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; including a Critical Investigation of the Contradictions which are asserted to exist in the Sacred Writings; by Thomas Hartwell Horne, M.A. of St John's College, Cambridge, author of the Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Bible; Deism Refuted, or Plain Reasons for being a Christian; and the Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity stated and defended.

Mr Egan has in the press, a new and original Work, entitled, "Life in London, or, Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq. accompanied by his elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis." It will be completed in about Twelve Numbers, each Number illustrated with three characteristic coloured plates. The scenery will be drawn from *real life*, by Robert and George Cruickshanks.

Mr Brookshaw, (author of that celebrated work, the "Pomona Britannica,") will shortly produce the first two parts of an entirely new work on fruit, entitled, the "Horticultural Repository," containing delineations of the best varieties of the different species of English fruit: to which are added, the blossoms and leaves, in those instances in which they are judged necessary, accompanied with full descriptions of their various properties, their time of ripening, and directions for planting them, so as to produce a longer succession of fruit; such being pointed out as are particularly calculated for open walls, and for forcing. It will be completed in about twenty-six parts, price 5s. each.

The History and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of St Patrick, Dublin, in a quarto volume, with engravings; by W. M. Mason, Esq.

Shortly will be published, Travels in

Georgia, Persia, Armenia, ancient Babylonia, &c. during the years 1817-1820; by Sir Robert Ker Porter.

Preparing for the press, Letters from Spain, giving an account of the principal historical and political events that have occurred in that country, from the period of Ferdinand the Seventh's return in 1814, until the Revolution; also anecdotes and observations on public characters, religion, literature, and manners.

A fourth volume of Mr Lingard's History of England, comprising the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

In the press, Rome in the Nineteenth Century, in three volumes.

R. Ackermann has in the press, Historical Sketches of the Cossack Tribes, illustrated with 24 lithographic portraits, drawn from life, in 1815, during the campaign in Paris; super-royal, 4to

A new edition of Mr Bingham's *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*; or Antiquities of the Christian Church; with a biographical account of the author, by his great grandson, the Rev. Richard Bingham, B.C.L.

The Life of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII.; by Miss Benger. Being the first of a series of historical female patriots.

A New Metrical Version of the Psalms; by the Rev. R. N. Turner of Denton.

An Account of the Naval and Military Exploits which have distinguished the Reign of George III. with coloured plates; by Mr Aspin.

Traits and Trials, a novel, in 2 vols.

Facts authentic in Science and Religion; by the Rev. W. Cowherd; consisting of two parts in one volume quarto; containing upwards of 6000 extracts illustrative of Scripture, from nearly 1000 different authors; besides Mr Cowherd's own remarks.

A series of designs for private dwellings, lithographed, in quarto; comprising perspective elevations, and plans of the several stories, with explanatory references; by T. Hedgeland.

An Appendix to the description of Paris, by Madame Domeier, is in the press.

Anti-Scepticism; or an Inquiry into the nature and philosophy of language as connected with the Sacred Scriptures; by the author of the Philosophy of Elocution.

A Treatise on the Plague, designed to prove it contagious, from facts founded on the author's experience, during the visitation of Malta in 1813; with observations on its prevention, character, and treatment; by Sir A. B. Faulkner, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c. &c.

Lectures on the book of Revelation, being the substance of forty four discourses preached at Olney; by Rev. H. Gauntlett.

A new edition of Fleury's Manners and Customs of the ancient Israelites, with additions, and a life of the author; by Adam Clarke, L.L.D. F.A.S.

In two octavo volumes, The Holy Bible, arranged in chronological and historical order, that the whole may be read in one uniform connected history; by the Rev. G. Townsend.

The Scripture Testimonies to the Divinity of Christ, collected and illustrated by the Rev. G. Holden; in one volume, 8vo.

A narrative of the Persecutions of the Protestants in the South of France, during the years 1814, 1815, and 1816; by Mark Wilks, in one volume, octavo, illustrated with a chart of the department of the Gard.

EDINBURGH.

THE Rev. Dr Chalmers, Minister of St John's Church, Glasgow, has in the press a volume of Discourses on "The Application of Christianity to the Commercial and Ordinary Affairs of Life," 8vo. Price 8s. bds. The work will be published about the beginning of November.

An Appendix to Dr Gilchrist's Guide to the Hindoostanee, in which every word in that very valuable work will be explained, and each marked with the Initial Roman Letter of the name of the language, whether *Hinduwee*, Sanscrit, Arabic, or Persic, from which it appears to be derived; by Alexander Nivison, Preacher of the Gospel, and Teacher of the Oriental Languages in Edinburgh.

Proposals are issued for publishing Dissertations on the Apostles' Creed, translated from the Latin of Herman Witsius, D.D. and followed with Notes, critical and explanatory, by the Rev. Donald Fraser, Kennoway. The original work contains admirable illustrations and defences of the grand Doctrines of Revelation, and is particularly distinguished by an animated strain of evangelical and fervent piety. Competent judges have esteemed it equally worthy of attention with the author's celebrated treatise *on the Covenants*, and have regretted that hitherto it has been inaccessible to the English reader. The translation now offered to the public is recommended by the Rev. Dr Peddie, as "faithful, and as conveying not only the sense of the author, but a considerable portion of his spirit and manner." The notes are intended to illustrate what to some might appear difficult and obscure, and partly to afford a little farther assistance to the inquisitive reader on various subjects of sacred criticism. Every effort has been used to render this translation equally suited to clergy and laity, to the established Christian, and the young inquirer. The work

will consist of two volumes 8vo, of nearly 600 pages each; and it will go to the press in the month of October, *if there shall be a sufficient number of subscribers to defray the expense of publication.*

Illustrations of Phrenology; by Sir George S. Mackenzie, Bart. F.R.S. L. & E. one volume 8vo, with 16 engravings. This work is undertaken for the purpose of giving a succinct, and, as far as possible, a popular view of the new System of Philosophy, and of furnishing the student with the means of satisfying himself of its truth, by instructing him in the art of observing.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

A Catalogue of the Library of the Athenæum at Liverpool.

Anderson's Catalogue of Medical Books. 1s. 6d.

Simco's Catalogue of Illuminated Books, Prints, &c. for 1820. 2s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

Original Letters to the Hon. Henry Flood, principally from Lord Charlemont, 4to. 18s.

The Life of Queen Anne Boleyn, with notes, forming No VII. of Smeeton's Tracts. 5s. 6d.

Posthumous Letters from various celebrated men; addressed to Francis Colman and George Colman, the elder; with annotations and occasional remarks; by George Colman, the younger, 4to. £1, 5s.

Letters from Mrs Delany, (widow of Dr P. Delany) to Mrs Francis Hamilton, from the year 1779 to 1788; comprising many unpublished and interesting anecdotes of their late Majesties and the Royal Family, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

BOTANY.

Green's Botanical Dictionary, or Universal Herbal, 2 vols 4to, with plates, coloured and plain.

The Botanist's Companion, or an Introduction to the knowledge of practical Botany, and the uses of plants, 2 vols 12mo. 12s.

DRAMA.

Prometheus Unbound; a lyrical drama, in four acts, with other poems; by Percy Bysshe Shelley, 8vo. 9s.

A Dramatic Synopsis; containing an Essay on the Political and Moral Use of Theatres. 5s.

Edda; or, the Hermit of Warkworth; a melo-drama; by Edward Ball, 2s.

EDUCATION.

The establishments of Emanuel de Fellenberg at Hoffwyl, considered with reference to their claims upon the attention of men in public stations; by the Count Louis de Viellevieille. 2s.

The Young Lady's Guide to Practical Arithmetic and Book-keeping; by C. Morrison. 3s. 6d.

A Selection of Greek Sentences, with an Index and Lexicon in Greek and English; by the Reverend G. N. Wright, 12mo. 4s.

The Greek Primer; or, a praxis on the various terminations and formations of nouns and verbs, with copious lists of examples, Greek and English; by D. B. Hickie, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Les Proteges du dix-huitieme siecle; histoire religieuse et morale; par Mad. D * * 6s.

The Monitor's Manual; or, figures made easy for the use of Schools; by T. Fitch. 2s. boards.

Les Ogres du Seizieme Siecle; conte des Fees historique, par Mad. D * *. 3s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Picturesque Scenery on the River Meuse and its banks, from drawings made on the spot in the summer of 1818; by G. Arnold, A. R. A. No II. containing six plates. £1, 1s. To appear every three months.

GEOGRAPHY.

Myer's new and comprehensive System of Modern Geography, 4to. Part VI. with plates and maps. 7s.

A new and improved Map of India, on one large sheet; compiled from the latest documents, and engraved by John Walker. 16s. or on rollers, £1, 1s.

HISTORY.

A Political History of the City of Carlisle, from the Year 1700 to the Present Time; to which are added, full and correct Lists of the Poll in 1816, and in May 1820. 2s.

Memorials of the Reformation under the Reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. and Queen Mary; with the Original Papers, Records, &c.; by John Strype, M. A. 7 vols 8vo. With New Indexes. £5, 5s.

LAW.

A System of the Shipping and Navigation Laws of Great Britain; and of the Laws Relative to Merchant Ships and Seamen, and Maritime Contracts; by Francis Ludlow Holt, 2 vols. £2.

A Digest of the Law of Landlord and Tenant; by P. Bingham, 8vo. 19s.

A Treatise on the Law of Property, aris-

ing from the relation between Husband and Wife; by R. S. D. Roper, royal 8vo, 2 vols. £2, 2s.

Original Precedents in Conveyancing, with notes critical and explanatory, and concise directions for Drawing or Settling Conveyances; by J. H. Prince. 12s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Law of the Prerogatives of the Crown, and the relative Duties and Rights of the Subject; by Joseph Chitty, jun. Esq. of the Middle Temple, royal 8vo. £1, 1s.

A Treatise on the Law between Debtor and Creditor; by John Dufrene. 3s. 6d.

MEDICINE.

A Toxicological Chart, exhibiting, at one view, the Symptoms, Treatment, and Modes of detecting the various Poisons, Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal, according to the latest experiments; by a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London. 2s. 6d.

A Synopsis of the various kinds of difficult Parturition, with practical remarks on the Management of Labours; by S. Merriman. 12s.

Medical Transactions, published by the College of Physicians in London, Vol VIII. with coloured plates. 12s.

Researches into the Nature and Causes of Epilepsy, as connected with the Physiology of Animal Life, and Muscular Motion; by T. G. Mansford. 7s.

First Series of the Practice of Surgery; by Samuel Cooper, Vol II. 15s.

MISCELLANIES.

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Vol. II. 8vo. 12s.

The Athenian Oracle abridged; containing Questions and Answers on History, Philosophy, Divinity, Love and Marriages, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Parlour Portfolio, or Post-Chaise Companion; by A. M. Bingham, 8vo. 21s.

The Shooter's Companion; by T. B. Johnson. 5s. 6d.

The Incomparable Game of Chess, developed after a new method of the greatest facility; translated from the Italian of Dr Ercoledal Rio; by J. S. Bingham, Esq. With a Letter on the Origin of the Game; by Eyles Irwin, Esq.

A Selection of Fifty Games, from those played by the Automaton Chess Player, during its exhibition in 1820. 3s. 6d.

A Treatise on Domestic Wine-making, calculated for making Excellent Wine from all the Various Fruits of this United Country, 8vo. 7s.

The Cottager's Manual, for the Management of Bees; by Robert Huish. 2s.

The New Practical Gauger; by M. Iley, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Pomarium Britannicum; an Historical and Botanical Account of Fruits known in Great Britain; with three coloured plates, relating to the parts of Fructification; by Henry Phillips, royal 8vo. £1, 1s.

Court News; or, the Peers of King Coal: and the Errants; or, a Survey of British Strata; with explanatory notes, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

A Select Cabinet of Natural History, with an Historical Account of the Silk Worm, and an elegant method of obtaining very exact and pleasing representations of plants; by the late George Shaw, M. D. F. R. S. Principal Naturalist of the British Museum. To which are added, the Gardener's Calendar, and Ladies' Flower Garden. 6s.

A Compendium of the Ornithology of Great Britain, with a reference to the Anatomy and Physiology of Birds; by John Atkinson. 8s.

NOVELS.

The Chieftain of the Vale; by George West. 3s. 6d.

Baldwin, or the Miser's Heir, a serio-comic Tale; by an old Bachelor. 11s.

The West Indian, 3 vols 12mo. 15s.

Sir Francis Darrel, or the Vortex; by R. C. Dallas, 4 vols 12mo. £1, 8s.

Valdimar, or the Career of Falsehood, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Hulne Abbey; by Mrs Frederick Leyter, formerly Miss Jemima Plumptre, 3 vols.

St Kathleen, or the Rock of Dunnismoyle; by the author of Redmond the Rebel, &c. 4 vols 12mo. £1, 2s.

POETRY.

The Tour of Dr Syntax in Paris, in Search of the Grotesque; embellished with 18 humorous coloured plates, by Rowlanson and others, 21s. boards, or in eight parts, 2s. 6d. each.

Immortality; a Poem, in two parts, 12mo. 4s.

Sultan, Sham, and his Seven Wives, in three Cantos; by Hudibras the younger. 2s.

Lyric Hymns; by E. A. Bray. 2s.

A Poetical Epistle to a Friend on the Subject of Missions, Schools, and Bibles; by a Non-Confabulist. 2s.

POLITICS.

Testamen; or, an Essay towards the History of Whittington, some time Lord Mayor of London; by Vicesimus Blinkinsop, L.L.D. F.R.S. A.S.S. &c. &c. 3s.

The Queen's Magazine. Numbers 1 to 10, price 7d. each. This work will be exclusively dedicated to her Majesty's Case. The numbers already published, contain a full Account of each Day's Proceedings in Parliament upon the Bill of Pains and Penalties, illustrated with Documents connected with the subject.

The Political Quixote, or the Adventures of the renowned Don Blackibo Dwarfino and his trusty Squire Seditiono; embellished with wood-cuts, from designs by Cruikshanks. 4s.

Something respecting the Queen and Somebody else, with cuts. 1s.

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The Speech of Lord Erskine, on moving that a List of Witnesses, in Support of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, be forthwith delivered to the Queen. 1s.

THEOLOGY.

Sacred Lectures; by J. Hodgson, 12mo. 6s.

Discourses illustrative of the Designs of Christianity, and of some parts of its internal evidence; by Daniel Dewar, 8vo. 12s.

A Summary of the History of the English Church, and of the Sects which have departed from its Communion; with Answers to each Dissenting Body, relative to its pretended ground of separation; by Johnson Grant, vol. III. 12s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Modern Voyages and Travels, No VI. of vol. III, containing Brackenridge's Voyage to Buenos Ayres, 8vo. 4s. 6d.

EDINBURGH.

The Abbot, by the Author of Waverley, 3 vols 12mo. £1, 4s.

The New Picture of Edinburgh, in which the History and Improvements are brought down to the present time, and embellished with many New Views, 18mo, price 5s. boards, 6s. bound.

Divine Meditations and Holy Contemplations, by the late R. Sibber, D.D. recommended by the Honourable and Rev. Walter Shirley, a new Edition, revised and corrected, 18mo. bds. 1s. 6d.

Edinburgh Christian Instructor, No CXXII. for September, 1s. 6d.

Edinburgh Monthly Review, No XXII. for October, 2s. 6d.

Edinburgh Review, No LXVII. 8vo. 6s.

The Characters of the Classes, Orders, Genera, and Species, or the Characteristics of the Natural History, System of Mineralogy; by Frederic Mohs, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

Literary and Statistical Magazine for Scotland, No XV. 2s. 6d.

Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica; Edited by Macvey Napier, F.R.S.L. and E. Vol IV. Part II. 4to. £1, 5s.

Phingalleis, sive Hibernia liberata, epicum Ossianis Poema, e Celtico Sermone conversum, tribus præmissis Dissertationibus, et subsequentibus Notis; ab Alexandro Macdonald; royal 8vo, £1, 1s.

The Trial of the Queen, Nos I. II. III. IV. and V. 1s. each. This work (the remaining Numbers of which will be published with all possible despatch) will contain a full, accurate, and impartial account of the Proceedings in this important case; the Speeches of Counsel will be faithfully given; and the whole Evidence of Witnesses will be accurately printed from the Journals of the House of Lords.

Edward and Amanda, a Poem. 2s. 6d.

The Farmer's Magazine; No 83.

The Classical Enumeration of the Inhabitants of the City of Glasgow, Statistical Tables, &c.; by James Cleland, Superintendent of Public Works for the City, Member of the Chamber of Commerce and Manufactures, late one of the Magistrates, and Convener of Trades House, Glasgow. 12s.

A Sermon on Union to Christ; with the Second Edition of Two Sermons on the Union of Christians amongst themselves; by the Rev. James Clark, Jedburgh. 8vo. 1s. 9d.

New Foreign Works, imported by Treuttel and Wurtz, Soho-Square, London.

Gourbillon, Voyage Critique à l'Etna, 2 vols 8vo *avec fig.* £1, 1s.

Vialla de Sommières, Voyage Historique et Politique au Monténégro, *avec une carte, et* 12 *gravures coloriées*, 2 vols 8vo. £1, 5s.

Suzanne, Traité de l'Education Publique et Privée dans une Monarchie Constitutionelle, 2 vols 8vo. £1.

Say, Lettres à M. Malthus, sur différens Sujets d'Economie Politique, notamment sur les causes de la stagnation générale du commerce, 8vo. 5s.

Essai sur la Monarchie de Napoleon, 2 vols 8vo. £1.

Portalis, de l'usage et de l'abus de l'esprit philosophique durant le dix huitième Siècle: précédé d'une notice sur la vie de l'auteur et d'un discours préliminaire, *avec portrait*, 2 vols 8vo. £1.

Hyppolite, Mélina de Cressanges, ou les Souterrains du chateau d'Orfeuil; 3 vols 12mo. 12s.

Mme de Flahault, Mademoiselle de Tournon, 2 vols 12mo. 9s.

Les Carbonari, ou le Livre de Sang; 2 vols 12mo. 8s.

Paris, Saint-Cloud, et les départemens ou Buonaparte, sa famille et sa cour, 3 vols 8vo. £1, 4s.

Vicomte de Saint-Chamans, Du Système d'impôt fondé sur les principes de l'économie politique, 8vo. 10s.

Laveaux, Nouveau Dictionnaire de la langue Française, 2 vols 4to. £3, 3s.

Janin, Campagne de Waterloo, ou Remarques critiques et historiques sur l'ouvrage du General Gourgaud, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Sir Walter Scott, Le Monastère, 3 vols 12mo. 16s.

Biographie Universelle, Vol XXV. and XXVI. 8vo. £1, 4s.

Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales, Vol XLV. and XLVI. 8vo. £1.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Sept. 11, 1820.

Sugar.—The prices of Sugar for some time have been steady. The demand continues very considerable; yet the prices by no means have any appearance of improving. This is remarkable, as the stock on hand is greatly reduced in comparison to what it usually was at this season of the year, and the crops in the Colonies have greatly fallen off. These have also been unusually late; but as the total quantity can now be ascertained with a tolerable accuracy, it is remarkable that Sugar does not advance. The causes which occasion these low prices, it is not, however, difficult to point out; and the first and greatest is, the increased cultivation of Sugar in foreign Colonies, and the increasing quantity which, from these, continues to be poured into the British and other European markets. Till this is completely checked, the West India Colonies must consider their prosperity as far distant. In Refined goods there is little doing. Molasses continue steady. *Coffee.*—The price of Coffee has considerably advanced, and the demand is extensive. This article, however, fluctuates much, and the market is constantly changing. There is, however, a certain prospect of Coffee bearing a good price, at least the accounts from the Continent would lead us to anticipate such to be the case. Every thing regarding the value of Coffee depends upon the state of the Continental market. *Cotton.*—The market for Cotton has, of late, been very languid, and the price rather declining. The great quantity of East India Cotton in the market must tend to keep it down, notwithstanding the demand continues considerable. It is now more used in mixing with other Cottons. A further decline is anticipated; but it is by no means probable that it will be to any extent, or of long duration. *Corn.*—The favourable state of the weather, and the abundant harvest, is necessarily tending to lower the price of all kinds of grain. A short time will now complete the harvest. Everywhere the crops are excellent. This, with the opening of the ports to foreign grain, must render every necessary of life most abundant and very reasonable, during the ensuing winter. *Rum.*—In the Rum market there has been some movement; but the prices are very low, and ruinous to the planter. In *Brandy* there is nothing doing. *Oil* is on the decline. The other articles require no particular observation, with the exception of *Indigo*, which is advancing in price.

Since our last, commercial matters in the manufacturing districts are assuming a more active and pleasing prospect. Considerable sales have been effected. The profits, however, are but small, and wages are but little advanced, though it is said there is a sufficiency of work for all the hands that can be obtained. The advices from some foreign markets are also more favourable for business; and we would fain hope that matters will progressively improve. On the other hand, the military revolutions which are taking place in different countries of Europe, must embarrass trade in these places. When all things depend upon what the sword may will or may please, commerce can neither flourish nor be safe; while the agitated state of the public mind in this country, is by no means favourable to an improvement of trade in general. Foreigners must have suspicions of the irritated state of the minds of men in Britain. It is doing more harm than many are thinking of, or are aware of. The energy, however, of the executive government will, we hope, repress tumult and disorder, and ultimately extinguish the revolutionary embers which are scattered amongst us, and which are, and must be, so fatal to the pursuits of peaceful commerce. The day is not distant also, when we expect to see new markets opened up to the British capital and industry—markets of great extent, and which might have been—may yet be—rendered ours exclusively. This, however, will require decision both in our government and our merchants.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Aug. 1820.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	223½ 224	222 223	221 ½	——
3 per cent. reduced,	69⅛ 8⅞	68⅝ 9	68½ ⅝	68⅝ ⅝
3 per cent. consols,	68½ ¼	68¼ ½	67⅝ 68	68 7⅛
3½ per cent. consols,	77⅛ ¼	77⅛ ¼	77 6⅞	76⅞ ⅞
4 per cent. consols,	87¼ 87	87⅛ 6⅛	87¼ ⅛	87 6¾
5 per cent. navy ann.	103¼ 2⅝	102⅝ 3	102⅝ ⅝	103 2¾
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.	——	——	——	——
India stock,	218 ¼	215¼ 217	——	215⅜
—— bonds,	22s. 23 pr.	22s. 23 pr.	24s. 23 pr	20 pr.
Exchequer bills,	3s. 5 pr.	5s. 5 pr.	5s. 3 pr.	1s. 4 pr.
Consols for acc.	69⅛ ⅜	68¼ ⅜	68 7⅛	68 7⅜
American 3 per cents.	——	——	——	——
French 5 per cents.	——	——	——	——

Course of Exchange, Sept. 11.—Amsterdam, 12 : 7. Antwerp, 12 : 9. Hamburgh, 37 : 7. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 80. Bourdeaux, 26 : 10. Madrid, 34½. Cadiz, 34. Lisbon, 48½. Oporto, 48¾. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 46¾. Genoa, 43¾. Malta, 45. Naples, 38¾. Rio Janeiro, 54. Dublin, 7 per cent. Cork, 8.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. New Doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½. New dollars, £0 : 4 : 10½. Silver in bars, stand. £0 : 4 : 11½.

PRICES CURRENT.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Musc.				
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60 to 65	58 to 61	57 to 59	57 to 59
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76 86	62 76	60 72	60 67
Fine and very fine, . .	84 96	— —	76 83	72 82
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, . .	106 110	— —	— —	92 113
Single ditto, . .	103 112	— —	100 105	— —
Small Lumps . .	94 98	— —	98 102	— —
Large ditto, . .	92 96	— —	90 98	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	47 56	— —	48 50	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30 31	28 29	30 —	25s 6d —
COFFEE, Jamaica . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	122 132	122 128	120 128	110 134
Mid. good, and fine mid.	137 148	133 138	130 138	135 148
Dutch, Triage and very ord.	100 121	100 118	100 118	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	124 134	120 133	120 133	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	136 148	134 139	134 139	— —
St Domingo,	126 128	— —	125 127	— —
PIMENTO (in Bond) lb.	8¼ 8¾	8¼ 8½	8¼ 9	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 0d 3s 2d	2s 9d 2s 10d	2s 9d 3s 2d	2s 6d 4s 0d
Brandy, . . .	4 0 4 6	— —	— —	3 2 4 0
Geneva, . . .	2 6 2 9	— —	— —	2 0 2 2
Grain Whisky, . .	7 1 7 4	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	— —	— —	£35 65
Portugal Red, pipe.	35 46	— —	— —	50 54
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	30 32	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, . . .	60 65	— —	— —	35 45
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£7 0 —	5 15 6 0	6 5 6 15	6s 10d 7s 0d
Honduras, . .	8 —	6 0 6 6	7 0 7 10	6 10 7 0
Campeachy, . . .	8 —	— —	7 15 8 5	— —
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	7 —	7 10 8 0	7 10 —	8 0 9 0
Cuba, . . .	9 11	9 10 10 0	8 15 9 0	1s 3d 1s 6d
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	7 6 8 6	8 0 9 0	10 0 10 6d
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6 1 8	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, . .	3 0 3 4	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2 0 —	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany	1 4 1 8	1 2 1 3	1 0 1 4	— —
St Domingo, ditto .	— —	1 4 3 0	1 3 1 9	— —
TAR, American, . brl.	20 —	— —	18 19	17 0 —
Archangel, . .	22 23	— —	— —	18 0 —
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	8 6 10 6
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	58 59	58 60	58 59	— —
Home Melted, . .	60 —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	48 —	— —	— —	£43 0 —
Petersburgh Clean, .	44 —	— —	55 —	41 10 42 0
FLAX,				— —
Riga Thies. & Druj. Rak.	— —	— —	— —	
Dutch, . . .	58 100	— —	— —	59 60
Irish, . . .	48 54	— —	— —	65 75
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	5 80	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,				3 15 4 0
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 —	— —	— —	— —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	34 35	— —	— —	37s 38s
Montreal ditto, . .	41 46	37 38	37 —	40 41
Pot, . .	38 44	31 6 32	32 34	34 40
OIL, Whale, . . tun.	33 —	33 34	— —	£31 —
Cod, . . .	84 (p. brl.) —	30 31	— —	28 —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	8 8½	7¾ 8½	0 6½ 0 8	8d 9d
Middling, . . .	6¾ 7¾	1 7¼ 7¾	0 4 0 6	5 7
Inferior, . . .	6 6¾	4 5	0 3¼ 0 3¾	4 4½
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	1 0¼ 1 0½	0 11 1 0½	1 0 1 0½
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 10 2 1	2 0½ 2 4	1 7 2 0
Good, . .	— —	1 7 1 9	1 6 1 9	— —
Middling, . .	— —	1 6 1 7	1 2 1 5	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	1 3 1 5	1 1 1 4	1 1 1 4
West India, . .	— —	1 0 1 1	0 11 1 1	0 11 1 1
Pernambuco, . . .	— —	1 4 1 4½	1 2¾ 1 4	1 3 1 4
Maranham, . .	— —	1 4 1 5	1 2 1 2¾	1 2 1 3

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 15th of July and the 19th of August, 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Armitage, J. Birmingham, saw-maker
Barke, J. Stockport Etchells, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer
Barrow, J. Bramall, dealer
Bettely, R. Standon, Stafford, maltster
Bird, H. Bristol, cheese-factor
Booth, J. Burley Woodhead, Yorkshire, worsted spinner
Bradbury, S. Oxford-street, draper
Brotherton, J. & W. Liverpool, tailors

Browne, J. R. New-road, St Pancras, statuary
Browne, W. H. Bristol, broker
Cobbett, W. late of Catherine-street, Strand, bookseller
Corfield, W. Norwich, tanner
Coupland, R. W. Bridlington
Crawford, J. T. Judd-street, Brunswick-square, merchant
Crook, W. Beanacre, Wilts, farmer
Devey, J. Wolverhampton, factor
Donaldson, A. Liverpool, linen-draper
Edwards, W. Battle, toyman
Ellis, C. Birmingham, plater
Estard, H. Brentford, carpenter
Faulkner, T. Hayes-court, Leicester-square, straw-hat manufacturer
Fisher, M. Tintern, Monmouth, shopkeeper
Fotheringham, W. A. D. Plymouth Dock, coal-merchant
Freeman, T., & Jones, H. H. Worcester, tallow-chandlers
Gillet, J. Crown-court, Fleet-street, printer
Gimson, T. F. & J. Nottingham, merchants
Goldsworthy, W. Sun Tavern-fields, rope-maker
Greaves, J. Birmingham, victualler
Gregson, E. Spindleston, Northumberland, corn-merchant
Gunby, J. Birmingham, sword-maker
Hall, J. North Shields, master-mariner
Handley, S. Helderstone, miller
Harrison, R. & W. Cowran, Lawrence-Pountney-lane, merchants
Harrison, J. Saxilby, Lincolnshire, timber-merchant
Harvey, J. Bull Head-passage, Leadenhall-market
Heap, W. & J. Hepworth, Yorkshire, clothiers
Hellings, R. H. Bristol, coal-merchant
Hilton, C. Over Darwon, Lancashire, whitster
Houghton, W. J. Hull, stationer
Housman, J. Bromsgrove, wool-dealer
Howard, A. Kennington-place, Surrey, merchant
Huly, C. Lancaster, twine-manufacturer
Isaacs, J. Liverpool, merchant
Jackson, J. Boxford, Suffolk, maltster
Jacobs, J. Bristol, glass-manufacturer
John, T. Narbeth, Pembrokeshire, shopkeeper
King, G. Norwich, brandy-merchant
Langford, J. Milk-street, Cheapside, wholesale haberdasher
Longhurst, W. Tonbridge, ironmonger
Machan, L. Sheffield, mill-wright
Mattey, W. Leominster, Herefordshire, auctioneer
May, E. & J. Bristol, schoolmasters
Millengen, J. Castle-street, Houndsditch, jeweller
Mills, H. Cullompton, Devon, fellmonger
Milthorp, J. Pot Ovens, Yorkshire, clothier
Moody, C. Hitchin, Herts, maltster
Moses, A. Fleur-de-lis-street, Spitalfields, feather-manufacturer
Moule, B. Stone, innkeeper
Neale, C. Brimscomb, Gloucestershire, engineer
Newbold, Leamington Priors
Newell, R. Hereford, tailor
Nutt, R. Deptford Lower-road, fellmonger
Parish, J. late of Salisbury, linen-draper
Phillips, T. A. Ardwick, Lancashire, common-brewer
Poole, F. Collumpton, Devon, money-scrivener
Preston, W. Dove-court, George-street, Mansion-house, bristle-merchant
Redhead, T. Ulverstone, mercer
Reed, J. Dowgate Wharf, Upper Thames-street, merchant
Richardson, B. Brighton, builder
Ring, S. Bristol, earthenware-dealer
Rockliffe, W. Chatham, baker
Rollington, W. Sutton-upon-Trent, victualler
Royal, J. F. Pall-mall, fancy paper-manufacturer
Rudd, C. Lawflat, Rochdale, woollen-manufacturer
Sackett, T. Bermondsey-wall, Bermondsey, shipwright
Samson, T. Lynn, coach-maker
Sampson, S. Size-lane, auctioneer
Sewell, J. Egremont, Cumberland, inn-keeper
Smith, J. Bristol, stationer
Smith, J. late of Liverpool, merchant
Smith, R. A. Sheffield, grocer
Spratly, T. Mill-wall, Poplar, victualler
Stevens, R. Banstead, Surrey, cordwainer
Swift, J. Leeds, dyer
Tayler, J. T. Merton, Surrey, silk-manufacturer
Taylor, H. Manchester, & E. Taylor, Blackley, calico-printers
Thornton, D. Kirkeaton, victualler
Thorp, J. Reddish, Lancashire, calico-printer
Toll, W. St Germans, miller
Toller, E. Godmanchester, corn-merchant
Tozer, J. Bristol, woollen-draper
Wace, R. Castle-street, Falcon-square, merchant
Walden, M. & J. Hackney, butchers
Warburton, T. & G. Parsons, Liverpool, sail-makers
Watkis, J. J. Salford, dealer
West, J. Little Newport-street, haberdasher
Whitmore, F. jun. Waltham-green, brewer
Williams, W. South Shields, clothier
Williams, E. Edmonton, Grocer
Wood, W. Holm Farm, near Weatherby, cattle-jobber
Woodcroft, J. Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, linen-draper
Wright, C. Hackney, victualler
Wroots, R. Sleaford, draper.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st and 31st August 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Alves, James, merchant, Cupar-Fife
Brown, John, & Co. merchants, Leith; and carrying on business under the firm of R. & W. Ballingall & Co. merchants, Rotterdam; and Ballingall, Brown, & Co. merchants, Glasgow
Bullock, John, lime-merchant, Campsie
Carruthers, David, cattle-dealer, Raggiewhat, Dumfries-shire
Collins, J. & E. paper-manufacturers and merchants, Glasgow, and at Dalmuir
Cumming, George, merchant, Inverness
Geddes, George, late merchant in Stromness
Gould, Alex., builder and mason in Muthil, near Crieff
Hamilton, D. & J. brickmakers, Glasgow
Lawson, Alex., merchant, Glasgow
Macdonald, Donald, grain and victual-dealer at Monar
Macdougall, merchant, Glasgow, and partner of A. Macdougall & Co.
Macivor, Alex. & Co., brick-makers, Glasgow
Mackintosh, William, merchant and shop-keeper, Glasgow
M'Gregor, James, cattle-dealer, Kinchiven
Menzies, James, fish-curer and merchant, Glasgow
Moffat, John, jun., hosier, Glasgow
Oswald, Wm., & Co., merchants and general agents Leith
Pettigrew, John, merchant and agent, Glasgow
Pringle, James, tanner in Haddington
Ritchie, David, merchant in Arbroath
Turnbull, Thomas, carpet-manufacturer in Hawick
Wright, Malcolm, merchant, Paisley

DIVIDENDS.

Anderson & Brown, tanners, Glasgow; a dividend on 15th September
Henderson, T. & W. & Co., merchants in Edinburgh; a dividend on 15th September
Lamb & Eadie, bleachers, Burnbank, near Glasgow; a dividend 30th August
Mason, Baird, & Co. manufacturers, Aberdeen; a dividend 11th September
M'Knight, Samuel, jun. merchant, Kirkcudbright; a dividend, 30th September
Reid, John, late cabinet-maker and timber-merchant, Glasgow; a dividend 26th September
Stevenson, Colin, merchant and trader from Scotland to Newfoundland, and grazier and cattle-dealer, residing at Coull, in the island of Islay, Argyllshire; a dividend 19th September.

EDINBURGH.—September 13.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....44s. 0d.	1st,.....25s. 6d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.
2d,.....37s. 0d.	2d,.....24s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 6d.	2d,.....21s. 0d.
3d,.....30s. 0d.	3d,.....22s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 17 : 1 : 2-12ths per boll.

Tuesday, September 12.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7½d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s.		
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7½d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s.		
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone,	16s. 0d. to 0s.		
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 0s.		
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 9d. to 0s.		
Quartern Loaf	0s. 10d. to 0s. 11d.	Tallow, per stone	8s. 6d. to 9s.	6d.	

HADDINGTON.—September 8.

NEW

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....37s. 6d.	1st,.....24s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....—s. 0d.	1st,.....—s. 0d.
2d,.....34s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.	2d,.....—s. 0d.
3d,.....31s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....—s. 0d.	3d,.....—s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 12 : 8 7-12ths.

London, Corn Exchange, Sept. 11.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, Red	58 to 64	Hog Pease		40 to 42	
Fine ditto	66 to 70	Maple		44 to 46	
Superfine ditto	72 to 74	White pease		40 to 42	
White	60 to 66	Boilers		44 to 46	
Fine ditto	68 to 72	New do.		— to —	
Superfine do.	74 to 76	Small Beans		42 to 44	
Old do.	76 to 82	Old do.		— to —	
Foreign	— to —	Tick do.		39 to 41	
Brank, new	32 to 38	Old do.		— to —	
Rye	34 to 35	Foreign		36 to 38	
Fine do.	36 to —	Feed Oats		17 to 21	
Barley	30 to 32	Fine do.		22 to 23	
Fine do.	34 to 36	Poland do.		19 to 22	
Superfine	38 to —	Fine do.		23 to 25	
Malt	50 to 60	Potato do.		21 to 23	
Fine do.	64 to 70	Fine do.		24 to 27	

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Must. Brown,	12 to 15	Hempseed		48 to 56	
—White	14 to 15	Linseed crush.		56 to 63	
Tares	8 to 9	New for. Seed		70 to 76	
Turnip, White	17 to 20	Ribgrass		18 to 44	
—New	0 to 0	Clover, Red		42 to 74	
—Yellow	20 to 24	— White		50 to 106	
Caraway, new	60 to 65	Coriander		16 to 20	
Canary, new	84 to 88	Trefoil,		30 to 72	

New Rapeseed, £38 to £40.

Liverpool, Sept. 5.

	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.			Pease, grey	36 0	to 40 0
Eng. new	10 0	to 10 6	—White	46 0	to 54 0
American	9 3	to 9 9	Flour, English, p. 240 lb. fine	47 0	to 48 0
Dantzic	9 0	to 10 3	Irish	44 0	to 46 0
Dutch Red	9 3	to 9 9	Ameri. p. 196 lb.		
Riga	8 9	to 9 3	Sweet, U.S.	37 0	to 40 0
Archangel	8 9	to 9 3	Do. in bond	26 0	to 28 0
Canada	9 1	to 9 3	Sour do.	34 0	to 35 0
Scotch	9 6	to 10 0	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		
Irish,	9 6	to 10 0	English	32 0	to 34 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.			Scotch	28 0	to 31 0
Eng. grind.	4 9	to 5 3	Irish	26 0	to 30 0
—Malting	0 0	to 0 0	Bran, p. 24 lbs.	1 2	to 1 4
Scotch	4 3	to 4 9			
Irish	4 3	to 4 6			
Oats, per 45 lb.					
Eng. pota.	3 3	to 3 6			
Irish do.	3 2	to 3 4			
Scotch do.	3 5	to 3 7			
Rye, per qr.	40 0	to 42 0			
Malt per b.					
—Fine	9 6	to 10 0			
—Middling	7 6	to 8 0			
Beans, pr qr.					
English	47 0	to 50 0			
Irish	44 0	to 46 0			
Rapeseed, p. l.	£39	to £40			

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	s.
Butter, per cwt.		
Belfast new	83	to 85
Newry	84	to —
Waterford	77	to 79
Cork, pick. 2d,	78	to 79
3d dry	67	to 69
Beef, p. tierce	110	to 120
Tongu. p. firk.	75	to 80
Pork, p. bar.	70	to 80
Bacon, p. cwt.		
—Short middles	57	to 58
Hams, dry	53	to 58

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 2d Sept. 1820.

Wheat, 71s. 9d.—Rye, 43s. 6d.—Barley, 36s. 11d.—Oats, 27s. 1d.—Beans, 45s. 6d.—Pease, 46s. 0d.
Oatmeal, 26s. 9d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

During the first nine days of August it rained more or less every day, and till the 25th the weather was showery. At the commencement of the month the thermometer sometimes approached 70, but after the 8th, the mean of the daily maximum temperature did not exceed 60. In this respect it presents a striking contrast to August 1819, when the thermometer rose 17 times to 70 and upwards—sometimes within a degree or two of 80. Though the greatest depression of temperature, as indicated by the minimum thermometer, was not lower than 39½, the ground was covered with hoar frost on the morning after this depression took place. The mean temperature of the month is nearly 6 degrees lower than that of the corresponding month last year. The mean daily range of the thermometer is also one degree, and the temperature of spring water 4½ degrees less. The mean height of the barometer is about 3 tenths lower than in August 1819, and the mean daily range about a tenth greater. The greatest depressions of the barometer took place in consequence of high winds about the 9th and 26th. Notwithstanding the showery state of the weather, Leslie's hygrometer indicated greater dryness than in August last year. The difference is about 2½ degrees, and if allowance be made for difference of temperature, it will be considerably more. The mean point of deposition is a degree below the mean minimum temperature. It will be seen from the abstract, that the mean of the daily extreme temperatures coincides almost exactly with the mean of 10 morning and evening. Contrary to what usually takes place, the former is lowest.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25′, Elevation 185 feet.*

August 1820.

Means.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat,	62.6
..... cold,	49.1
..... temperature, 10 A.M.	58.6
..... , 10 P.M.	53.6
..... of daily extremes,	55.8
..... 10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	56.1
..... 4 daily observations,	56.0
Whole range of thermometer,	419.5
Mean daily ditto,	13.5
..... temperature of spring water,	56.2

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 61.)	29.599
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 61.)	29.629
..... both, (temp. of mer. 61.)	29.614
Whole range of barometer,	6.580
Mean ditto, during the day,	.101
..... night,	.111
..... in 24 hours,	.212

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Rain in inches,	2.228
Evaporation in ditto,	2.380
Mean daily Evaporation,	.077
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M.	27.0
..... 10 P. M.	15.9
..... both	20.4
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	48.2
..... 10 P.M.	47.9
..... both,	48.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	72.1
..... 10 P. M.	83.2
..... both,	77.6
.....Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	.253
..... 10 P.M.	.230
..... both,	.231

Extremes.

THERMOMETER.	Degrees.
Maximum	3d day 71.0
Minimum,	22d, 39.5
Lowest maximum,	21st, 58.0
Highest minimum,	3d, 56.0
Highest, 10 A.M.	3d, 66.5
Lowest ditto	21st, 52.0
Highest, 10 P.M.	3d, 61.5
Lowest ditto	21st, 45.0
Greatest range in 24 hours,	22d, 20.0
Least ditto,	8th, 7.0

BAROMETER.	Inches.
Highest 10 A.M.	22d, 30.025
Lowest ditto,	26th, 29.135
Highest 10 P.M.	22d, 30.035
Lowest ditto,	28th, 29.190
Greatest range in 24 hours,	9th, .595
Least ditto,	18th, .020

HYGROMETER.	Degrees.
Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M.	7th, 45.0
..... Lowest ditto,	6th, 1.0
..... Highest, 10 P.M.	10th, 25.0
..... Lowest ditto,	15th, 6.0
Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M.	3d, 61.0
..... Lowest ditto,	28th, 40.0
..... Highest 10 P.M.	3d, 59.0
..... Lowest ditto,	21st, 38.0
.....Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M.	6th, 99.0
..... Least ditto,	7th, 58.0
..... Greatest, 10 P.M.	13th, 94.0
..... Least ditto,	23d, 71.0
..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M.	3d, .345
..... Least ditto	28th, .179
..... Greatest, 10 P.M.	3d, .319
..... Least ditto,	21st, .167

Fair days, 12; rainy days, 19. Wind west of Meridian, 22; east of meridian, 9.

Meteorological Table, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Aug. 1	M.52	29.310	M.68	W.	Rain, thunder.
	E. 64	.370	E. 65		
2	M.47	.680	M.65	S.	Fair and warm.
	E. 59	.588	E. 65		
3	M.50½	.464	M.65	S.	Showery.
	E. 46	.514	E. 65		
4	M.53	.228	M.66	S.W.	Warm fore. rain aftern.
	E. 60	.326	E. 65		
5	M.47	.335	M.65	W.	Fair morn. rainy day.
	E. 58	.334	E. 61		
6	M.47	.157	M.62	W.	Rain morn. fair day.
	E. 58	.101	E. 63		
7	M.47½	.575	M.62	W.	Fair.
	E. 59	.535	E. 62		
8	M.45	.451	M.59	S.W.	Heavy rain.
	E. 56	.190	E. 60		
9	M.48½	.350	M.60	W.	Dull, with showers.
	E. 57	.585	E. 60		
10	M.48	.777	M.61	S.W.	Fair.
	E. 60	.829	E. 62		
11	M.51	.907	M.65	S.W.	Fair.
	E. 59	.844	E. 65		
12	M.48½	.797	M.61	S.W.	Fair.
	E. 57	.826	E. 61		
13	M.48	.756	M.65	S.W.	Fair day, rain night.
	E. 60	.580	E. 62		
14	M.51½	.465	M.65	S.W.	Rain morn. fair day,
	E. 65	.505	E. 61		
15	M.48	.406	M.63	S.W.	Rain all day.
	E. 60	.102	E. 63		
16	M.48	.252	M.60	W.	Fair morn. rainy day.
	E. 56	.351	E. 61		
Aug. 17	M.45½	29.328	M.63	W.	Rain morn. fair day.
	E. 57	.480	E. 60		
18	M.41	.516	M.60	Cble.	Rain morn.
	E. 55	.482	E. 59		Thund. hail.
19	M.40	.460	M.57	W.	Dull morn.
	E. 52	.552	E. 57		Fair day.
20	M.43	.628	M.56	E.	Fair.
	E. 51	.690	E. 56		
21	M.39	.741	M.59	E.	Fair.
	E. 54	.764	E. 59		
22	M.36	.851	M.57	E.	Frost morn. fair day.
	E. 50	.851	E. 59		
23	M.39	.861	M.59	Cble.	Ditto.
	E. 55	.806	E. 58		
24	M.45½	.620	M.61	S.W.	Dull, with showers.
	E. 58	.550	E. 61		
25	M.46	.155	M.62	Cble.	Showers all day.
	E. 60	.157	E. 60		
26	M.45	28.999	M.60	N.W.	Rain morn. cible day.
	E. 55	.999	E. 58		
27	M.42	29.166	M.59	W.	Fair.
	E. 55	.194	E. 58		
28	M.36	.101	M.59	W.	Fair foren. rain aftern.
	E. 51	28.998	E. 58		
29	M.42½	29.184	M.58	Cble.	Changeable.
	E. 53	.412	E. 58		
30	M.42	.694	M.58	E.	Rain morn. fair day.
	E. 53	.790	E. 58		
31	M.41½	.854	M.58	W.	Fair.
	E. 54	.951	E. 58		

Rain, 2.700 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

MILITARY.

R.H.G. Cornet Lord H. A. Hill, to be Lt. by purch. vice Lambard, ret. 20th July 1820.
Rowland Hill, Cornet by purch. 27th do.
2 Dr. G. Cornet Duncombe, fm. 19 Dr. Cornet, vice Williams, 16 Dr. 21st June
F. Copland, Cornet by purch. vice C. Smith, 2 F. G. 10th Aug.
6 T. Bates, Cornet by purch. vice Moore, pro. 20th July
3 Dr. Lt. Blathwayte, Capt. by purch. vice Watson, ret. 27th do.
Cornet Bagot, Lt. by purch. do.
A Maclachlan, Cornet by purch. do.
8 Cornet Kelso, Lt. by purch. vice Elliott, 21 Dr. 20th do.
H. Clagett, Cornet by purch. do.
12 J. B. Daubuz, Cornet by purch. vice Haydock, ret. 3d Aug.
16 Cornet Baillie, Lt. by purch. vice Beauchamp, 19 Dr. 20th July
—— Williams, fm. 2 D. G. Cornet do.
19 Gent. Cadet W. Osborne, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Cornet by purch. vice Duncombe, 2 Dr. Gds. do.
21 Lt. Boulton. Capt. by purch. vice Kent, ret. 9th do.
Cornet Rycroft, Lt. by purch. do.
A Wathen, Cornet by purch. do.
22 G. Fead, do. do. vice Taylor, ret. 17 Aug.
3 F.G. Capt. Rodney, Capt. & Lt. Col. by purch. vice Wigston, ret. 3 do.
Lt. —— Keppel, Lt. & Capt. by purch. do.
Hon. C. B. Phipps, Ens. & Lt. by purch. 17th do.
Capt. Stockdale, Adj. vice Elrington, res. Adj. do.
1 Foot Lt. M'Conchy, fm. h. p. 58 F. Lt. vice Scott, cancelled 20th July
4 Lt. Col. Piper, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Brooke, ret. 3d Aug.
Lt. Mackenzie, Capt. by purch. vice Kipping, ret. 27th July
Ensign Breton, Lt. by purch. do.
Qua. Mast. Serj. B. Doran, Quart. Mast. vice Richards, dead 20th do.
11 Capt. Fitz Clarence, fm. Cape Corps, Capt. vice Walker, h. p. 7 W.I.R. 9th Aug.
15 Bt. Maj. Conolly, Maj. vice Meadows, dead 27th July
Lt. Ford, Capt. do.
Ensign Galway, Lt. do.
16 C. F. Thompson, Ensign, vice Brand, 73 F. 17th Aug.
18 Qua. Mas. Serj. G. King, Quar. Mas. vice Gallie, 9 R. Vet. Bn. 27th July
30 Lt. Sutherland, fm. h. p. York Chass. Lt. vice Davies, 35 F. do.
35 —— Davies, fm. 30 F. Lt. vice Nixon, h. p. York Chass. do.
41 —— O'Reilly, Capt. by purch. vice M'Aulay, ret. 13th do.
Ensign Webster, Lt. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet J. B. Estcourt, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
45 Ensign Hodgson, fm. 50 F. Ens. vice Cornwall, 38 F. 3d Aug.
47 A. F. Strettell, Ens. vice Lowry, dead 27th July
Gent. Cadet J. M. Geddes, fm. R. Mil. Col. Ens. vice Strettell, canc. 17th Aug.
49 Lt. Ellis, Capt. vice Dillon, 2 Vet. Battn. 10th do.
Ens. Maclachlan, Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet A. Gammell, fm. R. Mil. Col. Ens. 17th do.
50 J. C. Nicolls, Ens. vice Hodgson, 45 F. 3d do.
57 Qu. Mast. Johnson, fm. h. p. Qua. Mast. vice Moore, ret. list 18th May
71 F. Lt. Stewart, Capt. vice Campbell, 2 Vet. Battn. 27th July
Gent. Cadet H. Dallas, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
72 Ensign Yates, Lt. vice Steuart, pro Cape Corps do.
C. C. Craven, Ens. do.
Ens. Fitz Gerald, Lt. vice Coventry, 4 Vet. Bn. 3d Aug.
J. E. Deere, Ens. do.
73 Lt. Raymond, Capt. vice Ritchie, dead 17th do.
Ensign Brand, fm. 16 F. Lt. do.
77 Capt. Geil, fm. 2 W.I.R. Capt. vice George, dism. 9 do.
78 Lt. M'Iver, Capt. by purch. vice Grant, ret. 17th do.
Ensign Twopenny, Lt. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet Lord Wm. Thynne, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
84 Lt. Beamish, Capt. by purch. vice Burns, ret. 20th July
Ens. Vaughan, Lt. by purch. do.
P. B. F. C. Gillies, Ens. do. 27th do.
Ens. Mansell, Lt. vice Frederick, dead 17th Aug.
R. Blake, Ens. do.
85 Hon. H. F. St Clair Erskine, En. 10th do.
88 Lt. Hill, Capt. by purch. vice Lewis, ret. 20th July
Ens. Gells, Lt. by purch. do.
Gent. Cadet, W. Buller, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 27th do.
Cape Corps, Lt. Fox, fm. 85 F. Capt. vice Fitz Clarence, 11 F. 9th Aug.

Medical Department.

James Craufurd, Hosp. Assist. to the Forces 13th April 1820
Hosp. Assist. Lamont, fm. h. p. Hosp. Assist. vice Mitchell, 48 F. 3d Aug.

Chaplain's Department.

Rev. G. Kendall, M. A. Chaplain to the Forces

Garrisons.

Bt. Maj. Diggle, fm. h. p. R. York Rs. Capt. of a Company of Gent. Cadets, vice Erskine, h. p. 10th Aug. 1820
Lt. Austin, of late 5 Vet. Bat. Fort Maj. at Duncannon Fort, vice Quin, dead 27th July

Exchanges.

Bt. Major Diggle, fm. 52 F. with Capt. Northey, h. p. York Rang.
Capt. Gale, from 17 F. with Capt. Crewe, h. p. 26 F.
—— Stewart, from 25 F. with Capt. Biddulph, h. p. 96 F.
—— Lee, from Rifle Brig. with Capt. Travers, h. p.
—— Anderson, from 1 W.I.R. with Capt. Mercer, h. p. 6 W.I.R.
—— Stockenstrom, from Cape Corps, with Capt. Lowen, h. p. Corsican Ran.
—— O'Flaherty, from 23 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Powell, h. p. 15 F.
—— Burke, from 38 F. with Capt. Daniell, h. p. York Chass.
—— Gordon, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Capt. Wood, h. p. 21 Dr.
—— Dawson, from 22 Dr. with Capt. Barlow, h. p. 69 F.
Lieut. Shawe, from 2 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Askew, h. p. 18 Dr.
—— Lowry, from 8 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Forman, h. p. 95 F.
—— Nicholson, from 17 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Cary, h. p. 101 F.
—— Waite, from 58 F. with Lieut. O'Neill, h. p. 83 F.
—— Richardson, from 1 Life Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Legge, h. p. 2 F. G.
—— French, from 6 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mairis, h. p. 36 F.

Lieut. Ferrall, from 11 F. with Lieut. Haggup, h. p. Rifle Brig.
——— Meech, from 3 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lockyer, h. p. 45 F.
——— Moody, from 4 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Lardy, h. p. Meuron's Regt.
——— Macdonald, from 19 F. with Lieut. Edwards, 47 F.
——— Warren, from 30 F. with Lieut. Blackall, 55 F
——— Peers, from 80 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Jeffery, h. p. 55 F.
Ensign M'Dermott, from 8 F. rec. diff. with 2d Lieut. Ward, h. p. Rifle Brig.
——— Close, from 47 F. with Ensign Murphy, 86 F.
——— Wilton, from 57 F. with Ensign Smith, 92 F.
——— Lum, from 61 F. with Ensign Dawson, h. p. 55 F.
Paym. Ker, from 3 Dr. Gds. with Paym. Lutyens, h. p. 103 F.
Assist. Surg. Wharrie, from 86 F. with Ass. Surg. Thompson, h. p. 32 F.
——— Williams, from 50 F. with Assist. Surg. Young, 4 Vet. Bn.
——— Hett, from Rifle Brig. with Assist. Surg. Scott, h. p.
——— Morrison, from do. with Assist. Surg. Campbell, 7 Vet. Bn.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Wigston, 3 F. G.
——— Brooke, 4 F.
Major Kipping, 4 F.
——— M'Auley, 11 F.
Captain Watson, 3 Dr.
——— Kent, 21 Dr.
——— Grant, 78 F.
——— Burns, 84 F.
——— Lewis, 88 F.
Lieutenant Lambard, R. Horse Gds.
Cornet Haydock, 12 Dr.
——— Taylor, 22 Dr.

Appointments Cancelled.

Capt. Grant, 9 R. Vet. Bn.
Lieut. Scott, 1 F.
Ensign Strettell, 47 F.

Reinstated.

Lt. Col. John Boscawen Savage, R. Mar.
Capt. Lee, Rifle Brig.

Dismissed.

Capt. George, 77 F.
Assist. Com. Gen. Boocock
Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Reynolds

Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. P. Sinclair, Lybster, Caithness, 31st Jan. 1820
——— L. S. Orde, Swinburne Castle, Hexham, 5th Aug.
Maj. Gen. Borthwick, R. Art. at Margate, 28th July 1820
——— Sir G. T. Calcraft, Kt. late of the 3 Dr. Gds. 20th Aug.
Lieut. Col. Tulloh, h. p. R. Art.
Capt. Malthy, 16 F. Ceylon
——— Ritchie, 73 F. on passage from Ceylon on board the Alexander 21st May 1820
——— Smith, h. p. 8 F. formerly Capt. in Shropshire Mil. 5th Aug.
Lieut. Fitz Gerald, 33 F. Moorasukully, Madras, 10th Feb. 1820
——— Frederick, 84 F.
——— Wilmot, R. Gar. Bn. London 26th June

Cornets and Ensigns.

Grindred, h. p. 11 Dr. 9th June 1820
Matchett, h. p. 28 Dr. 19th do.
Lowry, 47 F.
Mathewson, 65 F. killed in action in the Persian Gulph 21st Dec. 1819
Vyvyan, 74 F.
Quart. Mast. Doyle, 27 F. Gibraltar, 27th May 1820
——— Mason, h. p. 7 W.I.R. 10th April

Miscellaneous.

Fort Major Quin, Duncannon Fort

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 24, 1818. At Bhangulpore, Bengal, the lady of Capt. John Graham, of the Hill Rangers, a son.

May 15. At Shetland, Mrs Bryden of Standsting, a daughter.

June 28. At Kingston, Upper Canada, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Charles M'Grigor, 70th regiment, a son.

July 29. At Benfield, the lady of Daniel Mackinnon, Esq. a daughter.

30. Lady Charlotte Macgregor Murray, a daughter.

— Mrs Dr Murdoch, a son.

31. The lady of Dr Thos. Y. Simons, of South Carolina, a daughter.

Aug. 1. At Rothmaise, Mrs Forbes, a daughter.

2. Lady Minto, a daughter.

— At his house, Woodslee, the lady of G. Scott Elliot, Esq. of Larriston, a son.

— Mrs Johnstone, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Gayfield-square, Edinburgh, Mrs J. Smith, a daughter.

4. At Islabank, the lady of Peter Wedderburn, Esq. a son.

— At London, Viscountess Errington, a son.

5. At Woodhouselee, Mrs Tytler, a son.

6. In Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Campbell of Possil, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Norman Lockhart, Esq. a son.

8. At Buccleuch-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Short, a daughter.

— At his house, York-place, Edinburgh, the lady of Rear-Admiral Otway, commander-in-chief, a son.

9. Mrs J. Saunders Robertson, Pitt-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Pitt-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Harbourne Strachan, a daughter.

10. At Rachan-cottage, Mrs Couper, a daughter.

11. At Hanover-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Dr Gairdner, a son.

12. Mrs Scott, George-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At Dalhousie-castle, lady Mary Hay, a daughter.

13. At Great King-street, Mr Alexander Thomson, a daughter.

15. At Gilmore-place, Edinburgh, Mrs George Hutchison, a son.

16. At Hutton-hall, the lady of Col. C. Bruce, C. B. a son.

17. At Edinburgh, Mrs White of Howden, jun. a daughter.

18. At Edinburgh, the lady of Captain Houston Stewart, royal navy, a son and heir.

— At Kemnay-house, Mrs Burnett of Kemnay, a son.

20. In Heriot-row, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Fraser, a son.

— At 76, George-street, Edinburgh, Mrs William Burn, a son.

22. At 58, Queen-street, Edinburgh, Mrs M'Farlan, a daughter.

23. At Whyteside-cottage, Polmont, Mrs Clark, a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Robert Nasmyth, a daughter.

— At Buckland-Abbey, the lady of Sir John Gordon Sinclair, Bart. a son and heir.

— At his Lordship's house in Piccadilly, London, the Countess of Roseberry, a daughter.

24. At Cornhill, near Aberdeen, the lady of David Young, Esq. a son.

26. Mrs Lunning, Mary's-place, a son.

27. At Inveresk, Mrs D. Elphinston, a son.

31. At Langley Farm, Kent, the Hon. Mrs Colville, a daughter

Sept. 1. At 37, George-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Adolphus Ross, a son.

2. Mrs Kermack, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a son.

Lately. At No 18, Forth-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Orr, a son.

At Willey-place, Farnham, the lady of Charles Grant, Esq. a daughter.

The Countess of Verulam, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

May 30. At Philadelphia, North America, Frederick Campbell Stewart, Esq. of Ascog, to Miss Maria Smith, second daughter of the late Judge Smith, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

June 23. At Corfu, Major-General Sir Frederick Adam to the Signora Diamantina Pallatiano.

July 17. John Farquhar, Esq. of Pitscandly, Forfarshire, to Mary Ann, daughter of Mr George Shillito of Upper Thames-street, London.

22. At Doddington, Mr James Ormston, merchant, London, to Miss Atkinson, daughter of the late William Atkinson, Esq. Yeavering.

24. At Everton, Myles Sandys, jun. Esq. eldest son of Myles Sandys, Esq. Graythwaite-hall, Lancashire, to Frances, fifth daughter of the late Thomas France, Esq. Bostock-hall.

27. At Greenock, Mr H. C. Sempill, Glasgow, to Susan Ann, second daughter of Mr John Dow, Greenock.

31. At Greenock, Mr Daniel M'Kellar, merchant, to Miss Wilhelmena Jane Monteath.

— At Kelso, Mr David Rider, manufacturer, Leeds, to Margaret, second daughter of Mr Joseph Henderson, draper, Kelso.

Aug. 1. At Newton-Stewart, the Rev. Charles Anderson, minister of Closeburn, to Elizabeth Hathorn, daughter of William Macmillan, Esq.

— At Braehouse, James Stewart, Esq. of Crossmount, and Captain in the 82d regiment of foot, to Jane, eldest daughter of Captain Campbell, Boreland.

— At George's-street, Edinburgh, Mitchell Patison, S. S. C. to Mary, daughter of Mr John Bryce, Carluke.

— At Liverpool, Mr Robert Stewart, writing-master and accountant, St James's-square, Edinburgh, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late John Powell, Esq. of Liverpool.

2. At Edinburgh, Francis Cobham, Esq. M. D. of the island of Barbadoes, to Mary Harvie, eldest daughter of William Gordon M'Crae, Esq.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr William Ross, clothier, St Andrew-street, to Catharine, daughter of the late Mr James Richardson.

— At Mountblow, Mr Alexander Cochran of Kirktonfield, to Jessie, eldest daughter of the late John Bowie, Esq. Paisley.

8. At Leith, Mr John Taylor, merchant there, to Jane, daughter of William Lamont, Esq. controlling surveyor of his Majesty's customs, Leith.

— At Fenton, John Hope, Esq. 89th regiment to Helen, youngest daughter of the late George Logue, Esq. of Woodhall.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Whitehead, merchant, to Helen, second daughter of Mr Josiah Livingston, merchant.

9. At London, Colonel Alexander Woodford of the Coldstream regiment of guards, aide-de-camp to his Majesty, to Charlotte Mary Anne Fraser, eldest daughter of the late Charles Henry Fraser, Esq. formerly his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Circle of Lower Saxony.

— At London, William Bowles, Esq. captain in the royal navy, to the Hon. Frances Temple, eldest daughter of the late Viscount Palmerston.

10. At Clyde-place, Glasgow, Mr Alex. M'Nab, merchant, to Margaret, only daughter of Mr P. Macfarlane, merchant.

12. At London, Alexander Watson Law, Esq. of the East India Company's service, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr Robert Romanes of Cheapside.

— At Chelsea, Charles C. Young, Esq. of Burton-crescent, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late James Hay, Esq. of Sloane-street.

14. At Droitwich in Worcestershire, John Phillips, of Hanbury Hall, Esq. to Miss Weir, niece of the late John Weir of Broughton-house, Esq.

— At George-street, Edinburgh, John Jeffrey, Esq. to Elizabeth Helen, eldest daughter of the late Dr James Hunter, Professor of Logic in the University of St Andrews.

— At Risk, Stirlingshire, Mr Robert Kennedy, merchant, Glasgow, to Agnes, fourth daughter of William Bryson, Esq. of Risk.

— At Glasgow, Mr James Arnot Storey, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Jas Galloway, Esq. writer and lecturer on conveyancing.

— At Cart-vale, Paisley, Mr Alexander Wardrope, manufacturer, to Agnes, second daughter of John Fleming, Esq.

17. At the Manse of Tough, William Scott, Esq. of Campfield, to Anne, daughter of the Rev. Alex. Urquhart, minister of Tough.

19. At Mary-la-bone Church, London, Campbell Marjoribanks, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-street, to Mrs Parker, widow of the late William Parker, Esq. of Bengal.

21. At Pitcullo, Mr William Drummond, writer, Cupar-Fife, to Catherine, daughter of Mr Bell.

23. Lieutenant-Colonel Raikes of the Coldstream guards, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Henry Boulton, Esq. of Givon's-grove, Surrey.

25. At Edinburgh, Mr William Miller, writer, to Christian, eldest daughter of the late Mr Wm Brown, editor of the Edinburgh Weekly Journal.

26. At London, Thomas Mackenzie, Esq. of Marlborough-square, son of the late Charles Mackenzie, Esq. writer, of this city, to Miss Teresa Redings, daughter of —— Redings, Esq. merchant in Cork.

— At Glasgow, by the Rev. Dr Ranken, Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Duncholgine, to Miss M'Corquodale, daughter of Mr M'Corquodale, merchant in Oban.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Happer, surgeon, Sunderland, to Miss Jessie Lock, youngest daughter of Mr Peter Lock, wood-merchant, Leith-walk.

27. At Flatt, Liddisdale, Roxburghshire, Robert Elliott, Esq. of Redheugh and Tarras, to Jessie, eldest daughter of John Elliot, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Henry Scott, junior, hat-manufacturer, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late John Martin, Esq. Lauriston-place.

29. At Great King-street, William Thomas Carruthers, Esq. of Dormont, to Helen, daughter of the late Donald Maclachlan, Esq. of Maclachlan.

— At Edinburgh, Lieutenant W. C. Anderson, royal horse artillery, to Miss Gibson of Harehope, only child of the late George Gibson of Brewlands, Esq.

31. At Edinburgh, James Ritchie, Esq. of the 67th regiment, to Mary, eldest daughter of Dr Minto, George-street.

DEATHS.

Nov. 12, 1819. At Bombay, James Erskine, Lieutenant of the 4th regt. of native infantry, youngest son of the late Colonel James Francis Erskine.

Jan. 19, 1820. At Namcul, in the Mysore country, Lieut.-Col. Olof Godlier Fehrzen, 53d regt. of a spasmodic cholera, which carried him off in a few hours.

Feb. 11. At Madras, Dr Alexander Stewart, secretary to the medical board, &c. at that place, youngest son of the late Captain Donald Stewart of Shierglass.

24. At his plantation in East Florida, Lindsay Toodie, Esq. son of the late Mr Andrew Toodie of St Andrews.

April 14. At the Cape of Good Hope, whether he had gone for the benefit of his health, Hugh Spottiswood, Esq. of the civil service on the Madras establishment.

22. In M'Intosh county, Georgia, America, John Raillie, Esq.

May 14. At Richmond Bay, Prince Edward's Island, North America, the Rev. Andrew Nicholl, minister of that place.

31. At Sierra Leone, Mr Henry Alex. Elliott, royal navy, youngest son of the Rev. Robert Elliott of Maitland-street, Edinburgh.

June 8. At Edisto Island, South Carolina, Hen. Calder, Esq.

20. At Aux Cayes, in the island of St Domingo, John Ure, jun. Esq.; and on the 28th, Geo. Lawson, Esq. both of Glasgow.

21. On board the ship Hibberts, on his passage from Jamaica to this country, Robert Murray, Esq. of Knapdale, in that island.

July 3. At Trieste, Colonel Simpson of the royal imperial marines, (a native of Fifeshire, Scotland.)

9. At Montreal, Mr Hugh Aird, youngest son of Robert Aird, Esq. of Crossflatt.

16. At East Houses, aged 78, Gideon Walkingshaw. He was father to 12 children, grandfather to 64, and great-grandfather to 41, making a total of 117; 50 of whom are dead, and 87 living. He was in the employ of the Marquisses of Lothian for 61 years, and 34 of his progeny are yet at his lordship's works.

17. At his house, near Meikle-Govan, Mr Andrew Orr, late bookseller, Glasgow, aged 66.

22. At Glasgow, Mrs Ann Hepburn, wife of the late Mr Robert Hepburn, stocking-maker, Glasgow, aged 94.

23. At Kemnay, Mr Charles Dawson, who, for the long period of 40 years, had been the parochial schoolmaster.

— At his house, Arthur-street, Edinburgh, Mr James Munro, goldsmith.

24. At Alloa, Mrs Margaret Cowie, wife of John Drummond, Esq. writer there.

— At Newbottle, Diana, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Donald Macleod of St Kilda.

26. Jane, infant daughter, and on 7th August, Mary, in her 14th year, then only daughter of Mr Richard Tosh, writer, Kirkaldy.

— At Holywood-manse, the Rev. Dr Crichton, minister of that parish.

29. At Joxtith-park, near Liverpool, Eliza Anna, wife of Mr John Macintyre, merchant, and daughter of General Ferrier, Dumbarton-castle, aged 33.

— At Inverness, Jas Errol Gray, Esq. surgeon.

30. At Workshop, Nottinghamshire, Robert Barber, Esq. aged 85.

31. At Chessels'-court, Wilhelmina Marjoribanks, wife of William Jamieson, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At her father's house, St Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, Dorothea Clerk, eldest daughter of Joseph Bell, Esq. surgeon.

Aug. 1. At Blackness, Linlithgowshire, Mr Geo. Allan, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Mound-place, Edinburgh, Miss Mary Napier.

2. At Swinebourne-castle, very suddenly, in the prime of life, Leonard Shafto Orde, a Lieutenant-General in his Majesty's service, a Justice of Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant for Northumberland.

— At Margate, Mr Gilbert Hamilton, son of the late Gilbert Hamilton, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Chapel, Fifeshire, Robert Arnott, Esq. aged 78.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. David Dickson of Persilands, one of the ministers of this city.

3. James, the infant son of Mr Wm Dalrymple.

— At Edinburgh, in his 21st year, Mr Edward Finlay Marnoch, student of medicine, fifth son of the late Mr John Marnoch, carver and gilder, Edinburgh.

— At Glenpark, Janet Agnes Bell, daughter of Thomas Bell, Esq. Wharton-place, Edinburgh.

5. At Brussels, Major-General Sir William Nicolson, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Boswell, the last of the name in the direct line of the ancient family of the Boswells of Balmuto.

6. At Clifton, George Anna, second daughter of Captain John Paterson of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At his house, St Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, David Craigie, second son of Joseph Bell, Esq. surgeon.

— At her house, Abercromby-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Taylor, relict of the late Mr Robert Taylor, Canongate.

— At Forres, William Tulloh, Esq. of Bogton, and formerly of Calcutta.

7. At his house in the Tower, London, John Urquhart, Esq. of the Ordnance-office.

— At his house, 13, Gayfield-square, Edinburgh, Thomas Brown, Esq. bookseller.

8. At Gilmerton, Miss Christian Trotter, daughter of the late Thomas Trotter, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

— Mr Thomas Waugh of Laretburn.

— At Greenock, Patrick James Hunter, son of Patrick Hunter, jun. Esq.

9. At Liverpool, the celebrated Miss Margaret M'Avoy, whose faculty of distinguishing colours, &c. by the touch, gave rise to much discussion about three years since.

10. At his seat, Elcombe-place, Kent, the most noble Walter, Marquis of Ormonde. His Lordship was born in 1770, succeeded his father John, the late Earl, in 1796. Having died without issue, he is succeeded in his titles and estates by his next brother, James Wandesford, now Earl of Ormonde. The title of Marquis and the British Peerage are extinct.

11. At London, the Right Hon. Lady Lilford.

— At his house, Albany-street, North Leith, Thomas Robertson, late Commander of the Royal Charlotte, revenue cutter.

12. At Edinburgh, Mr J. Swanston, merchant.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Finlayson, widow of Mr William Finlayson, formerly of Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica.

— At Musselburgh, in his 67th year, John Taylor, A. M. rector of the grammar school there.

14. At his house, Allan's-close, Edinburgh, Mr Richard Cleghorn, solicitor-at-law.

16. At Edinburgh, John Livingston, Campbell, Esq. of Achallader.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr Jas Johnston, engraver.

— At Leith, Robert, son of Mr James Ainslie, merchant there, aged 17.

— At Edinburgh, John Livingston, Esq. of Shortridgehead, writer in Edinburgh.

18. At Lude, Colonel John Robertson.

19. At Edinburgh, Mr James Miller, deputeclerk to the Commission of Teinds.

— At West Calder-manse, May, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Muckersy, minister of the gospel at Kinkell.

20. At Bath, Major-General Sir Graney Thomas Calcraft, Knight of the orders of Maria Theresa, Tower and Sword, &c. &c.

21. At his house in Queen Anne-street, Sir Hugh Inglis of Milton Bryant, in the county of Belford, Bart.

— At Brussels, Lieutenant-General Sir Ewen Baillie, Bart.

22. At Edinburgh, David Johnston Malcolm, Esq. collector of his Majesty's customs, Kirkaldy.

— At Nelson-street, Mrs Elizabeth Suther, wife of George Melville, writer in Edinburgh.

23. At Castle-Semple-house, John Harvey, Esq. of Castle-Semple, in the 67th year of his age.

25. At his house in Grosvenor-street, London, the Right Hon. Lord Stawell, in his 64th year. His Lordship was only son of the Right Hon. H. Bilson Legge, formerly Chancellor of the Exchequer.

— At Lathrisk, Charles Maitland of Rankeilour, one of his Majesty's Deputy Lieutenants for Fifeshire.

26. At Candy, Stirlingshire, Margaret, only daughter of Mr Alexander Robertson.

— After a lingering illness, Mr Thomas Strong, merchant in Leith.

27. At Bridgend, Isabella Mary Campbell, spouse of Major Todd, late of the 33d regiment.

28. At Edinburgh, Mrs Rachell Ann Morrieson, widow of Major David Morrieson, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Linlithgow, after a lingering illness, Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr John Henley of the Excise there.

— At Camberwell Grove, London, William, youngest son of William Scott, Esq.

30 At Queen-street, Enfield-highway, Middlesex, Mrs Mary Anne Burgess, wife of John Keir, Esq.; and, same day, John William, their infant son.

— At London, Ensign James Wight of the 79th regiment, eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Wight of Chapelerne.

Lately—At Bouverie-street, London, of apoplexy, aged 80, James Dobie, Esq. solicitor, for 34 years secretary to the Scottish Corporation.

On board the Streatham, East Indiaman, on his passage from Bengal to China, in October last, Richard Turnbull, assistant-surgeon, third son of the late John Turnbull, Esq. of Branxton.

At Paris, William Thomas Sandford, Esq. formerly a Major on the Bombay Establishment, and aid-de-camp to General Abercrombie during the Mysore war.

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